

one's hands at the blaze, to shoot them down as they run screaming like rabbits from their houses ! We will kill, kill, kill ; we will destroy everything, everything.

Q. ELIZABETH. Fee, fi, fo, fum. This is a pretty devil, to button itself in a panoply of all the virtues. Were we on earth again, I would box those big ears of yours, woman as I am.

BOMBASTES. In my country we listen not to women. When the officer walks the pavement women must take the gutter. What right has England to complain ? The bones of a single German soldier are worth more than all this British Empire. Empire ! An Empire is built of blood and iron. This thing they call an empire, scattered over the globe, without logic, without organization, we will break it in our German hands, we the world-hammers on the anvil of destiny. It transgresses every rule laid down by our professors ; it has no right to exist. We forbid its existence.

Q. ELIZABETH. The things that grow