

October 5, 1917.—A fine mess at Paris! Senator Humbert, who has been judging everybody mercilessly for years, criticizing everybody for everything, scolding, preaching, passing final judgments on every one at sight, now writing columns in *Le Journal* to exculpate *himself*, caught with 5,500,500 francs paid him by Bolo Pasha! Leon Daudet, the royalist ass, accuses Malvy, ex-minister of the interior and Socialist ass, of being a traitor! ¹ Great row in the

¹ M. Louis Malvy had been Minister of the Interior in France until he resigned on August 31st. He was fiercely attacked by Clemenceau in *l'Homme Enchaîné* and by Leon Daudet in the *Action Française*, and on October 4th a letter by Daudet to Premier Painlevé was read in the Chamber of Deputies, accusing Malvy of treason. The Government began an investigation, and although M. Painlevé declared on October 16th that all the charges were baseless, before the end of the year Malvy was held for trial before a high court. He was accused of relations with Louis Bolo (Bolo Pasha), a supposed enemy agent, and of tolerating or conniving at various plots against the national defence.

Bolo Pasha had meanwhile been arrested on the charge of using German funds in traitorous operations in France. With the help of the American Government, large sums of German money were actually traced to him. He had used part of this money to help support *Le Journal*, a newspaper of excellent reputation. But M. Humbert, its director, asserted that he had accepted these funds from Bolo at a time when there was no reason to suspect him of being a German agent. Humbert also was brought into the French Courts, and on December 8th resigned his directorship of *Le Journal*. Bolo, a remarkable French adventurer, was convicted and shot at Vincennes on April 17, 1918. Malvy was also convicted by the high court of gross neglect of duty, but escaped with a relatively light sentence.

Chamber—and Viviani getting out of a scrape himself by apostrophizing the shades of Jaurés! France, alas, evidently rotten to the core, the physical filth one sees everywhere evidently symbolic of moral ditto. Poor France!

American francophiles meanwhile working up statue for Baudelaire, himself a filthy person. I suggest for the pedestal what Baudelaire said of America in his review of E. A. Poe's works.