

brains. Jack was the kind of boy to make the kind of man who can lead five hundred Tommies into action, and fail in the most splendid and honourable way to do anything expected of him, except to be cheered by the two hundred and fifty that he brings back, or who bring him back. When he was eighteen, he was over six feet and as strong as an oak. He was pink and brown like a sun-kissed peach; he could walk fifty miles and run fifteen without turning a hair. His eyes were blue, his hair darkish brown with red gleams in its curls, and, alas! all the women looked at him too kindly. Certainly he would go to the devil.

Till he was nineteen, however, boxing, ferreting, hunting, and harrying tutors (the tutor in the pond was the last) kept Jack clear of the girls. In between times he had fits of angry depression because he was not in the army and not going to be. If he boxed, then boxing became fighting, and something had to give way. He was so full of strength that it was hard, nay, almost impossible, to tire him. He couldn't tire himself, and he tired every one but his father and his mother. Lady Bexley believed him the finest product of the modern ages. He was a mixture of Hercules, Apollo, and Sir Galahad, and he was her only son. She said he was clever. She proposed, on that account, to make