

La Vie has now passed the Larvae, stage.

*T'is easy to read La Vie
Made from others ability,
But I think that you might,
Start away to write,
Contributions and hand them to me.*

My Landlady.

Madame « X » is my landlady, under whose hospitable roof I have lived for more than a year. When I first came to this city to take up Active Service duties at the back of the Front, I lived in a Hotel. Such a life has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. For instance, one never knows if the rabbit one eats may or may not have taken the form of a cat before its demise. Also there are more chances of being noticed by the Military Police and others who, at times, take a strange and, one feels, an unnecessary interest in one's movements.

I therefore took thought, with the result that I decided to seek out a lodging in a quiet neighbourhood, where I could live a peaceful home life, with some kind motherly person to care for my creature comforts. By great good luck I found just such a haven as I wanted. Madame X was a trifle nervous at first at the idea of having a Warrior from the West in her house. But my gentle and polished manners dissipated her fears and we soon settled down.

The chief drawback to begin with was the fact that the good lady appeared to be lamentably ignorant of French, I should say, of *my* French. But having a lively intelligence, she soon mastered the strange language and we were able after some weeks to carry on a conversation. At times, it is true, no doubt owing to absent-mindedness on my part, we found that she had been talking about, say, religion, while I had been talking about say, baseball. For instance, on one occasion when she related some little affair of a rather shocking nature that had recently happened, I replied. « *Oui, Madame, c'est très naturel* ». But her astonished look