

man that Ellen has never seen. I am very cross with her.

We had to have "Hi, Sir," our poor dachshund, put away this morning. He has been getting more and more blind, and that made him snappy and dangerous, so we sent him to the vet. Tipper took him and brought back the news: "He went off like a snuff." I was thinking about it all yesterday, after we decided, and most of the night. It seems so awful to arrange for the death of any living thing.

I hope you have got good news of Violet.—
Your loving

MOTHER

CCXXIV

Richard Haven to Barclay Vaughan

MY DEAR B.,—My nephew Toby Starr, who is a second lieutenant at the front, has sent me an astonishing chorus, or litany, or what you will, that the men are singing. The Germans hear them, of course, but I doubt if it is sent across No Man's Land as an intimation of our own eventual bliss and the Germans' certain loss of it. I should guess not. That is not the British soldier's way, his heart being far more in conquering the enemy than in criticizing him. Indeed, I find such men from the front as I chance to meet very loth to talk about the Hun at all and rarely voluble as to his