

and talk with a great many English people. Also, he kept saying to himself—for he felt vaguely jealous of the young men in Germany and France—“Well, if Armageddon’s *on*, I suppose one should be there.” . . . Of France, he tells me, he thought little. The French always seemed to him people to be respected, but very remote ; more incomprehensible than the Japanese, more, even, than the Irish. Of Russia, less. She meant nothing to him except a sense of hysteria and vague evil which he had been given by some of her music and literature. He thought often and heavily of Germany. Of England, all the time. He didn’t know whether he was glad or sad. It was a new feeling.