

not be. Presently he came in from his bedroom and began to talk in the manner of the night before but I cut him short. "Cæsar," I said brutally, "you are no better than an ass. Look at these rooms. Is this the place for a man who has lived and fought in a motor-boat, a battle-cruiser, and a t.b.d.? You have sunk a German submarine, served in the Jutland Battle, and lost a leg in your country's service. Hug these things to your soul, don't throw them away. Brood upon them, write about them, for the love of Heaven don't try to forget them."

I saw his eyes light up, but he said nothing. His lips began to twitch and, knowing him as I did, I should have heeded their warning. But unchecked I drivelled on:

"Are you the man to shrink from an effort because of pain? Did you grouse when your leg was blown off? Wring all you can out of the future. Read History, join the F.O., study Russian. But do these things in a manner worthy of Lieutenant-Commander Cæsar, and don't try to revive the puling Oxford spark that you were two years ago before the war came to sweep the rubbish out of you."

He gave a clumsy leap, tripped over his new leg, and fell into a chair. Lying there he laughed and laughed and laughed. How he laughed! Not loud, but deeply, thoroughly, persistently, as if to make up for a long abstinence.

"Confound you!" I growled. "What the deuce are you laughing at?"

"You," said Cæsar simply.

At the word the truth surged over me in a shameful flood. That preposterous dinner with