

This is to explain why I know you by heart, while I rather look as a stranger to you. If you don't read my papers, I read yours—at least when my spectacles are at hand. As a matter of fact, a magnifying glass would not be too much to decipher the microscopic and compact letter-press to which your eyesight is used, whereas my favorite gazette must be printed in prayer book type, with plenty of air and light circulating all through between the lines and paragraphs. In this, if not in the matter of large families, I apparently care more for quality than quantity. This is one of the little differences between us—and there are many others.

* * *

Of course, I don't mean to say that I peruse everything that is printed in your language, but very little, if any, of the public effusions of your thinkers, politicians and writers escapes my attention; what I don't read myself, I get it translated in my own vernacular. Thus have I become aware of the disagreeable fact, that while I am familiar with your characteristics good or bad, you know me only by half—and alas! it is the worst to look at. If I was half as black as the cartoon picture you have of me, I should be ashamed of myself.

Leaving aside the *obligato* mutual compliments that are now and then being exchanged between the Bonne Entente delegates, is it not a fact that in the majority of cases what you are given to read about my person is not of the loving-cup