

but he was not a Hans Breitmann to "solfe der infinide in von edernal shpree." He never got "dipsy," and he hated drunkenness above all other vices. The only time we quarrelled was when, hearing that I was going to see him, another man whom I scarcely knew forced himself upon me, and had to be introduced. The great man plied him with liqueurs till he fell on the floor, and quarrelled with me for six months because he had to help to carry the fellow to his lodgings.

I should like to see him again, but Bloomsbury has been the poorer for some time, being without him. I think he is in France. I never dared ask if the wife lived or died. It would have been so difficult to find the correct manner. Something like this, I suppose: "By the way, that wife of yours; underground or not? Pass the cigarettes."