

House-Mates

and I might have succumbed to that temptation if I had had more confidence in my ability as a romancer.

One result of this recovery of mine strikes me as worth noting—namely, that while I am thankful to have re-achieved a certain normality, I am inclined to regret the lost spirit of my first three chapters. I know that I shall never recover it, and I could not wish to pay the penalty that alone might re-induce the nervous sensitiveness which enabled me to write of my more or less transcendental experiences. But I feel that I came nearer to the underlying truth of life when I concluded my earlier history than when I plunged into the realistic account of my year in Keppel Street. If I could have written that, too, subjectively, I might have justified any claim to hatching.

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To return to my loose ends; Hill did not join up until last April, and he is at the present moment (October, 1916) in Ireland. I hope he may remain there; I believe he will. Since the early days, when we lost such men as Rupert Brooke and Dixon Scott, there has been a recognisable disposition to save men whose services to literature, art, and science cannot be replaced. Hill's name would, of course, be known if I described his literary activities during the past ten years; but he has asked me to say nothing that will "place" him, and I must respect his wish.

Mrs. Hargreave is less easily disposed of. She developed a form of megalomania not long after she left Keppel Street, and her husband, who had completely failed to find any evidence against her that would give him grounds for divorce, had her confined in a private asylum at Chiswick. She was released