

worship were to be found only in cottage gardens. Gentlemen's places were distinguished by their geraniums, and carpet bedding was the only correct thing. Herbaceous borders were an eccentricity, a bid for an odd reputation.

Having walked about the lawn as long as he wished, Rudd used to slip off to the greenhouse to hunt for the tortoise and pinch the fuchsia buds to make them go pop, for in those days fuchsias were still thought beautiful by the old and found entertaining by the young. He would then pick a lemon verbena leaf and carry it to his mother. On a week-day Rudd would hasten to possess himself of a croquet mallet, but on Sundays no croquet was allowed, nor were the hoops and coloured sticks left up, but all put away in their box, so that not even the venial offence of ringing the bell in the central cage was left. None the less the Sunday visit, with all the innocuous mildness of its excitements, was a treasured event.

Rudd's grandfather, his mother's father, was smooth shaven, with very white soft hair. He dressed in black with a wide-brimmed tall hat.

Whenever a grandchild was born he gave it a sovereign and was much entertained by the way in which the baby treated it. Rudd at once allowed his coin to fall on the floor. "Tut, tut! a spendthrift!" said his grandfather, chuckling. In the pocket of the first knickerbockers there was always a shilling from the same hand. For years Rudd believed that it was a