

damp. We had a compartment to ourselves. X. had one seat, I another, the "Mercure de France" a third, the "Figaro" a fourth, and the valise a fifth. Male travellers passed along the corridor and examined us with secret interest, but externally ferocious and damnatory. Outside were two little Frenchmen of employés, palefaces, with short, straggly beards. One yawned suddenly, and then said something that the other smiled at. What diverts me is to detect the domestic man everywhere beneath the official, beneath the mere unit. I never see a porter without giving him a hearth and home, and worries, and a hasty breakfast. Then the train went, without warning, like the other, silently. I did not pick up my newspaper nor my magazine at once, nor take the new book out of my pocket. I felt so well, so full of potential energy. . . . and the friendly dog was still biting . . . I wanted to bathe deep in my consciousness of being alive . . . Then I read unpublished letters of de Maupassant, and a story by Matilde Serao and memoirs of Ernest Blum, and my new book. What pleasure! After all what joy I had in life! Is it not remarkable that so simple a mechanism as print, for the transmission of thought, can work so successfully!

At Melun there were teams of oxen, with the yoke on their foreheads, in the shunting-yard. Quaint, piquant, collusion of different centuries! And Melun, what a charming provincial town—to look at and pass on! I would not think of its hard narrowness, nor of its brewery. . . .