

MARGOT ASQUITH

I ride better than most people and have spent or wasted more time on it than any woman of intelligence ought to. I have broken both collar-bones, all my ribs and my knee-cap; dislocated my jaw, fractured my skull, gashed my nose and had five concussions of the brain; but—though my horses are to be sold next week*—I have not lost my nerve. I dance, drive and skate well; I don't skate very well, but I dance really well. I have a talent for drawing and I am intensely musical, playing the piano with the touch of the real thing, but have neglected both these accomplishments. I may say here in self-defence that marriage and five babies, five step-children and a husband in high politics have all contributed to this neglect, but the root of the matter lies deeper: I am restless.

“After riding, what I have enjoyed doing most in my life is writing. I have written a great deal, but I do not fancy publishing my exercises. I have always kept a diary and commonplace books and for many years I wrote criticisms of everything I read. It is rather difficult for me to say what I think of my writing. Arthur Balfour once

*My horses were sold at Tattersalls, June 11th, 1906.