

6 IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

would perhaps, like to shew me all your papers, to satisfy me of the truth of your story."

That was what an American would call "the limit."

I got up and opened the door. "I have told you the truth and I don't allow any man to question my word. You'd better go before I lose my temper."

I stood six feet without bootheels; I had been the heaviest number five in my college eight that Corpus had had for years; and was in the pink of condition. He saw that I meant business and rose.

"I don't question your word," he began.

"Are you going?"

He went out into the corridor. "We shall probably require you to come to Warsaw."

"If you wish to arrest me do it, and be hanged to you."

"You mustn't talk like that, and had better leave Bratinsk. So long as you stay here you will be under surveillance—" the rest of his sentence was lost, for I slammed the door in his face.

The attempt at any kind of surveillance over my movements would drive me out of Bratinsk like a shot; and I should have been much more annoyed by the incident but for the fact that I had been daily expecting my visit to be brought to a close by the weather. I had been very lucky to hit such an open season; but it was late in December, and the snow was so long overdue that by leaving at once I should miss very little sport.