

the strong white teeth –and instinct with the power behind it. It is a business figure and a downright face "that looks straight out upon the big plain things."

And so is the man himself, straight and abrupt in maner and in speech; critical and reserved rather, but alert, ready and sympathetic, for the eyes above, do they not soften always the set of the jaw beneath. Yet that jaw can be dominant at times and the voice has a note to match. A gracious host, he is upon occasion a brilliant talker with quiet listening moods between, and over all the Gods have flung the kindly, keen, Mulvaney, soul-refreshing humour. A simple, vigorous, self-possessed soul that the London drawing-rooms have signally failed to spoil!

And the day at Rottingdean is a well-ordered and industrious day, given, the major part of it, to his honoured craft. He writes slowly and at great pains, in constant search of the perfect, glove-fitting word. For every story that appears, scores are sacrificed to oblivion, for he is, as nearly as may be, a perfect craftsman.

And the rest is his home and his children. Devoted to out-door life he rides and tramps the country round and is a gardener enthusiastic. All children love him as they did "McAndrew," and "Vic's" memory is kept ever green with many dogs. We can guess how well he knows the rustic and the village folk, and rumour has it that within the sanded parlour of the village inn, many a pipe is smoked across two pints of "bitter," while the old landlord, "Welfare," talks to Kipling of the inwardness of things.