

rier, attracted my notice. He guessed it; became self-conscious, bridled, and called sportsmannishly to the dog. His recognition of his own vital existence had forced him into some action. He knew I was English, and that, therefore, I knew all about dogs. He made the dog jump into the car, but the animal hadn't enough sense to jump in without impatient and violent help from behind. I never cared to have my dogs too well-bred, lest they should be as handsome and as silly as the scions of ancient families. This dog's master was really a beautiful example of perfect masculine dressing. His cap, the length of his trousers, the "roll" of the collar of his jacket—perfect! Yes, it is agreeable to see a faultless achievement. Not a woman on the train to compare to *him*! It is a fact that men are always at their sartorial best when travelling; they then put on gay colours, and give themselves a certain licence. . . . The train seemed to go off while no one was looking; no whistle, no waving of flags. It crept out. But to the minute. . . .

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It is astounding the lively joy I find in staring at a railway bookstall. Men came up, threw down a son, snatched a paper, and departed; scores of them; but I remained, staring, like a ploughman, vaguely. . . .

I was a quarter of an hour in buying the "Figaro." What decided me was the Saturday literary supplement. We mounted into our train before its toilette was finished. It smelt nice and