

enemy time to get ready. And then somehow, I couldn't go on. For I remembered Master and the way he talked to me at Biarritz when I started to tackle a French poodle, an overdressed thing all tied up with ribbons.

“What a typical Englishman you are, Cæsar,” said Master, “you can't meet a foreigner without beginning to growl, and strut about as if the whole world had been created just for you. Now, look here, I'm tired of all this snarling and fighting, and you've just got to make friends