

appointment with my editor, shook hands with him, was pressed to come again, ran downstairs, and walked away up the street. I walked quickly away, but not so quickly that I did not see the little woman hurry back into the house with Victor Hugo, to resume, doubtless, her occupation of sorting the pages of deathless prose that her "big bull baby" dropped from his desk.

I saw him more than once there later, and always the room was in the same condition, the child howling, the wife pretty, untidy as ever, the great man unwashed but working. How he could work! Sheet after sheet used to drop from his desk. Sometimes when I called upon him he would be in the middle of a chapter, and then he would ask me to sit down and smoke, while his pen whirled imperturbably to the end. He could write in any noise, and he could throw off his work completely as soon as the pen was out of his hand. He was quite contented in the lodging-house, living with wife and child in a single room. He seemed more amused than annoyed by its inconveniences. "After all," he would say, "I have to pretend to superb intellect, and the pretence would be exposed at once if I let such things worry me."

One day I had a post-card from him, saying