

luxurious if you were not trying not to be coarse—English.

Others, Mr. Lawton, Under-Secretary of State, impossible to corrupt (save perhaps with a peerage by-and-by); Colonel Raleigh, soldier, who believes in efficiency and making Lord Kitchener Governor of every British Colony. Gallant Colonel, you made Yorkshire smile last year when you, a J.P., were caught in a quiet assembly where cocks were fighting a main. . . . Dicky Bell. . . . I like your round face, your short nose and bright eyes, your devotion to the little slum boys whom you still drill. You have some ideas of education. Games and classics, you say, have gone too far in our country, but you're not going to do away with them. And many more, the acute and the dull, Stanley, Neville, pretty Muriel and her sapper, Farr the abominable, old Purkis, the young Liberals of Hambury, Mrs. Lawton, enjoying a quiet life between an at home, a dinner and the supper that follows on the play, the eighty-seven clerks of Stanley, Cadrosse & Co., and all the others whose nameless faces crowd round me, what are you doing?

Living. That is enough. Asking no more. Just wanting to keep the blinds down so that life may be decently obscured.

England is busily engaged in not pulling the blinds up.

Living cleanly, without worrying about what will happen next. You'd die well, most of you, if it came to that: it's a good deal.

I love you, oh, not blindly as in Edwardian days. I know you're not so nimble as the French, and that you enjoy shooting ideas as much as you enjoy shooting grouse. But I love your calmness in the presence of life; I love your neutrality, your unobtrusive courage, your economy of emotion, and the immense, sane generosity of you. To the stranger within your gates you give bread, and you give him your kindly heart too. On the