

with himself. He was tall and straight and perfectly dressed. He was graceful and most courteous, no matter how aggravated he might be inside. When things went wrong he was always the first to say, "What of it? Carry on." I never heard him speak sharply, but he was always insistent. He took a pride in his men, they took a pride in him. His word was absolutely iron-clad. His punctuality was the same. I used to set my watch by his arrivals at parades. Yet with all that, in America we would call him a snob. He was distinctly of the "upper class" and realized it. To him the commission meant he was of the "army officer class." But there were among us, officers who joined after the war began who were distinctly not of that class, and there were some who had worked their way up through the ranks. He was not chummy with these, but he was always pleasant. They never felt out of place. If they were British officers he extended them the right hand of fellowship. No matter where they might stand in relation to court society, they were British officers and were taken in without a grudge. But there was still underneath some-