

in foreign families, had an intimate acquaintance with Channel crossings and the general ethics of travel I accepted her offer with relief, although at the same time I resented the advice she gave me in such quantities, for if I *am* inexperienced I don't want to be continually reminded of it.

"It's just the very thing for you, Priscilla," she said in her hard-hearted tactless fashion, "you've been stuck at home so long that you've never had a chance to see anything beyond our stupid village which is chiefly inhabited by the dearest old maids—yes, some of them wear trousers I know—never mind—the dearest old maids in the world, as Early Victorian as they can be and about as stimulating as cocoa. This journey is just come in time to save you from adding one more to the number. Oh, yes, I daresay they are nice old creatures, prattling about their geraniums and roses and pet dogs, and they think themselves wildly enterprising if they go up to London now and then by the Thursday excursion and spend the day at Harrod's Stores, coming back with a cushion cover or an afternoon tea-cloth at something three farthings which they might have just as well bought at home. I know you yourself are very intellectual and try to keep abreast of the great thoughts of the day, but it's no good attempting to live at second hand in books, your views of life get distorted and your ideas on many subjects are quite false."

Julia has a brutal way of telling her relations what is wrong with them mentally, and diagnoses their