

Spur and bridle, champ of bit, creak of saddle, and ring of shoe would seem to promise Romance and happy adventure, but he had never been much of a horsey man. He remembered a Baboo's essay on The Horse—"The horse is a noble animal, but when irritated he will not do so"—and he felt himself quite capable of irritating even the staidest steed.

No, the refrain which the swishing tyres hinted to his ears yesterday afternoon suggested the best method of going.

"I will bundle my wallets and walk, walk !
I will bundle my wallets and walk."

"Walk it, foot it, tramp it, chance it, let system go hang and you go as you please ! " That was what the rhythm of the 24-h.p. double-cylinder car had murmured to him all yesterday (though he had not understood it till after dinner) —yesterday afternoon, as the car rushed up and tobogganed down the Limousin highlands. And all this is why Dick Stewart came to be saying, "Here beginneth again !" that morning, as he swung his stick and went off along his unknown road.

I see him glance at his left elbow, as if he felt something tugging him back. The something is Habit, of course. Habit sticks to him ; though it is only five weeks old. Habit holds on to him, and "Hang habits !" he growls. "Habit's a kind of epidermis. Naturally one doesn't jump out of one's skin all at once."

The anti-walking habit which motor-cars form ; it is telling him that he will soon be dog-tired. Formal and fashionable habit, the male Mrs. Grundy, of Bond Street ; it warns him that dust and rents would soon make him look like a tramp. "Hang habit !" He torments his moustache. He has read in Pater that to form habits means failure in life. A man ought to be flexible and adaptive. "Any kind of binding habit is bad—even the good ones. Happily, nothing's so hard to form as a good habit, and nothing's so easy to leave off !"

Away with habits and habitudes ! He will really let himself go ! The road and the footpath shall allure and