

certainly I could save up \$200 in three months. Perhaps I will as I'm expecting leave about that time. My last two days in London cost a lot of money. Thrown away, I'll admit, but that was the last two such days for six or eight months. Reduced to writing it sounds awful but money is worth so little in London. As to lacking things! Why should anyone lack things when the only thing he has to do with \$3.60 a day is spend it? You need not worry about my lacking anything. If I prefer spending money to amuse a girl I like, then I have so much less to buy things I want. But there's nothing in life to a soldier except the infrequent leaves. Leave provides the staple topic of conversation between leaves. We just live by virtue of those crimson days we get once in six months.

Don't believe all that the "holy brethren" may say of our dissolute lives. Gambling with death as a duty, and gambling with figures on coloured paper for dissipation—it doesn't hurt to lose. The fortunate help the unfortunate, and our gambling is no more vicious than playing bridge for a prize. We all know that a very great number of us will not know any other life but this, in this world. Oh! it's hard to get the atmosphere unless you happen to be one of the crowd. There are so many girls here that get so little out of life, isn't it worth while to give them a good time?—when they're young; when it means a good time for you too? I could get introductions to "nice" people, patriotic people with means, who do their bit by entertaining impecunious subs, but the joy of life is in giving, not in getting—in paying your own way. It's just as much, maybe more, fun to feel like a millionaire than to be one. I wish you were in England for me