

human beings and dogs too, because so few of us were perfectly aristocratic.

He claimed that it was impossible to acquire finish of manner and conventional elegance in a country as new as America. We used to have heated arguments about it, and his known opinions on the subject kept him from becoming a favourite among the dogs in our set.

He said I was an aristocro-democrat dog, while he was pure aristocrat. I said I was a good, American dog, and believed in our own institutions, George Washington and all that sort of thing; and I claimed that if one worked hard enough at it, one could obtain ease of manner and polish in this country as well as in any other.

Walter was never convinced. I used to say to him, "Don't you call your own owner a perfect lady?"

"Yes," he would say uneasily, "yet her manners in repose, haven't the perfect repose that characterises the pose of women abroad."

By abroad he meant "Europe," which he never would say. Europe was "the continent" to him. England, Scotland and Ireland were "home."

"But you never were in Ireland," I used to say to him, "how can you call it 'home'?"

"It is in the old country," he would reply seriously.

To come back to the ladies. Walter or Sir Walter, as he preferred being called, liked a dull, dead stillness of manner—a kind of "I've-just-been-to-a-funeral," or "I'm-just-going-to-one," air.

Now I like liveliness in women. I've been abroad,