

showed me that the dear lady had not meant quite what I thought she had meant. Eventually I convinced her that I was far from approving of such goings-on as she had described.

Madame has many good qualities, one of which is punctuality and this has stood me in good stead. Being, for my sins, no more than an Other Rank it behoves me to present myself, clean and shaved, on parade at 7-55 a. m. each morning. One half minute late would mean that I should sink from the level of a soldier of good conduct to that of a defaulter and suffer a severe punishment. I owe to Madame the fact that, so far, I have always been punctual, since she has never once failed to call me in good time. With such a sword of Damocles always suspended over my head (especially as I do not wear a steel helmet) my comrades will agree that it is a great boon to be almost free from that awful haunting dread of over-sleeping and its dire consequences.

Another good quality she has, one that ought to appertain to every woman, but which, alas, is sometimes lacking, she is an excellent Cook. Still, I discovered that even in this Art she has certain limitations. She has not once set before me an apple dumpling, one of those luscious, suetty apple dumplings that, it is said, so appealed to the palate and puzzled the brain of one of our English Kings, George the I forget which. I have made acquaintance with some new ideas in this matter of feeding and I have likewise imparted to my landlady some of which she had hitherto been ignorant. *She* had never heard of strawberries being eaten with cream *I* had never seen them eaten with wine or vinegar. I experimented with red wine and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more. There I let the matter rest, being content to take her word for it that strawberries and vinegar go well together.

Like all daughters of La Belle France, Madame is liberal in her views or at any rate in some of them. If I should arrive home somewhat later than usual, say on a Burns night, or on my birthday, she greets me next morning with a twinkle in her eye, asks if I have slept well and perhaps in gentle raillery murmurs something about a « vagabond ». At first I used to enlarge on the terrible pressure of work at the Bureau and complain that such long hours at the desk, by artificial light, fatigued my eyes and produced severe headaches. But here I found her singularly incredulous and so I gave up these excuses.

Madame is a good Patriot and firmly believes that France leads the world. She, however, is willing to admit that the British have their good points and this is another proof of her broad-mindedness. Once I ventu-