

been his own back yard"—whereupon there was dashed off a dissertation on the text, "Discretion is the better part of valour." In due course came an answer, pleading "Not Guilty" to the implied charge. "You see," he wrote, "my work is not easy, and my nights are spent in the front line and in No Man's Land; but my business takes me there. . . . You need not worry. I know enough about this game to keep me from taking fool risks, and I have seen enough sights to last till the end of my life."

A few months after his return to France he was promoted in rank, and became a Captain at nineteen. A little later, in the spring of 1918, came a Decoration, the Military Cross, "for continuous good service at the front and conspicuous bravery on the field of battle." When I gave this news-item to the press and innocently sent him the clippings, this erstwhile pupil of mine sent me back a gentle reprimand, saying that he disliked publicity, and that there had been too many references to his family in the papers to suit his taste. I was reminded of Donald Hankey's Average Englishman, who glories in never having had his name in the newspapers. But I think that, if he could speak to-day, my boy would not refuse me the privilege of penning this little tribute to his memory.

In a letter dated August 16, he described the drive which began on the 8th, praising the gallantry of Col. Harbottle (who evidently proved