CHAPTER XI

SOME ANXIOUS MOMENTS

Some good wives—A duchess is magnificent—Her tolerance—A pretty actress' picture—A gentleman under the table—Mrs. Disraeli—Her husband in his bath—Debts and nightmares—Mrs. Lloyd George at an exciting meeting—A suffragette tug-of-war—Suffragettes' athletic feats—Mr. Lloyd George's sense of humour—Some anxious moments—Mysterious parcels—Miss Megan Lloyd George on Brighton Pier—Some unhappy wives—Lady Henry Somerset—As temperance preacher—Princess Henry of Pless' broken *en-tout-cas*—Quarrelsome women—A row on board ship—How it ended—Character study—Moral cowards—Sulky folk—A red nose—A fit of temper—Repentance—What the laughing hyena laughed at—Conscience and finance—Genius and ill-health—King George IV. is sarcastic.

WHO have been the best wives amongst those I have known? There have been many, some happy, some long-suffering, too many to enumerate; but I remember in my early married days thinking the wife of a certain hunting Duke, who was a Master of Hounds, was magnificent. Her dignity and broad-mindedness was wonderful when confronted with her husband's indiscretions, or, indeed, with any social contretemps. In addition to this, she was one of the most innate ladies that ever lived. I use the word "lady" in the sense which we understood long ago, before we had char-ladies.

Not only was the Duchess tolerant, she was sympathetic over her husband's little affairs. Once when he was feeling desolate after parting with a little friend, he sent her picture to his home. On its arrival the Duchess had it unpacked, and showed it to the family admiringly, and suggested that it should be hung on the drawing-room wall.

From this she was dissuaded by other members of the family, who thought that his Grace's dressing-room was more suitable. I believe this suggestion was carried out as a pleasant surprise for the Duke on his return home.

On another occasion, when a popular and pretty actress had been asked by the Duke to stay at his house, as the ladies were retiring for the night he whispered fairly audibly to his wife: "Will you see that —— puts her feet into hot mustard and water? I fear she has caught a cold." Had the Duchess not been a wise woman there might have been trouble, but she accepted life as she found it, and made no comments.

One night a guest came to dinner who had already had some refreshment. Before the meal was over he subsided under the table, dragging with him the tablecloth and what was on his end of it.

Her Grace took no notice whatever, and continued her conversation as though nothing had happened, or as if it was an everyday occurrence, leaving the servants to put things straight. It requires some nerve to stand these shocks.

Doubtless love and jealousy often go hand in hand, but wives only make themselves look ridiculous by showing feelings of jealousy, and may quite likely estrange their legal partner altogether. It does not follow that because our man is attentive to other women or they are attentive to him that he is a faithless brute, and even if he is, jealousy is not going to mend matters.

Our man may be a god to us, but it does not follow that he appears godlike to others. So when some kindly she-male bores herself to tears making polite conversation to him, it is not wise to abuse him and to assume that he is in love with her and faithless to his

partner, or that the amiable woman who has been trying to fulfil her social obligations by amusing our adored one, or possibly our clod-hopper, is a fast person, and "No better than she should be,' which is an amusing expression that sounds very housekeeper-roomy.

There are no doubt some designing and mischievous women who think all men, married or single, are fair game, but making scenes will not mend matters.

Personally, I should not wish to hold a man who really liked somebody better than myself, but a little flirtation is wholesome for every man and every woman; it keeps them up to the mark, and is good for one's self-respect.

After all, the wife holds the trump card; she has been chosen out of all her husband's world to bear his name, which is an honour, and we must be content with that as long as we can.

In Queen Alexandra we had an example of what good wives should be and do· her beautiful life of unselfishness was a lesson to us all.

In a previous chapter I have shown what a loyal wife Lady Cowans was. Then there was Mrs. Disraeli, a devoted and good wife, but her life was comparatively easy; her husband gave her no anxiety beyond his everlasting debts, which gave her nightmares, she being a particularly canny and careful person in financial matters. She admired her husband's mental qualities, also his physique, and she it was who said: "Ah, but anyone wishing to see a true specimen of manly beauty should see Dizzy in his bath." I am sorry I never had the opportunity.

Mrs. Lloyd George is another wonderfully good wife; many, many times I have admired her, she tries so hard to live up o all that is required of her by her husband's kaleidoscopic career.

Very early in her married life she was called upon to take part in public life, owing to her husband's activities, all of which were strange to her. She had only been married two years when her husband was asked to stand for Carnarvon Boroughs as Liberal, at a bye-election on the death of Sir E. Sweetman, a Conservative; he won this election by eighteen votes.

Public speaking had not been one of Mrs. Lloyd George's educational advantages, but she bravely stepped in where many angels fear to tread. At first she was horribly nervous, and felt sure that she would forget all she had to say; but not being an egotistical person, and being full of the desire to help her husband, as soon as she began to speak all fear fled, and she tells me that whenever she has spoken in public she has been most courteously treated.

I once asked her which was the most exciting meeting she had taken part in. She at once replied: "The big Albert Hall meeting, at the time that the Suffragettes were somewhat militant."

Well do I remember that meeting. One-half of those attending it were excited people in favour of the woman's Suffrage Movement; the other half were ready to fight tooth and nail against it, so all the elements for a real good row were present.

Mr. Lloyd George was to speak, but so busy were the crowd in the hall fighting one another that he could not make himself heard; they abused each other and him, which was curious, as Mr. Lloyd George was in sympathy with the Suffrage for Women Movement. When he could make himself heard for a moment he told them their conduct was undeserved. They shouted out that he could have done a great deal more to help them if he had liked.

I have been at a good many turbulent meetings in

this country and elsewhere, but at this Albert Hall meeting I began to wonder if any of us would reach home alive, and if there would be sufficient ambulances in London to convey us there.

I was not on the platform, but not far away, and I saw one excited and militant woman, with her hair half down her back and her clothes bearing signs of conflict, jump through three chairs in her endeavour to reach the platform and have a bout with Mr. Lloyd George. Fortunately, she was somewhat detained while trying to extricate herself from the débris of the last chair, which gave an opportunity to some officials to restrain her ardour and movements.

I was not at the meeting with any sympathy with either side, but because I wished to hear the question argued, feeling uncertain in my own mind as to the advantages to be gained by the movement, knowing that there are some women whose vote would be well considered and valuable and others who were not capable of doing any good by their vote. I remember asking one woman why she voted for a certain person who shall be nameless, and she replied: "Because he has curly hair."

That meeting decided me. I came to the conclusion that if women were so uncontrolled, the time had not come for them to have the vote.

All sorts of fights were going on in the body of the hall. I watched one going on between combatants over the capture of the suffragettes' flag—a well-matched tug of war. In the end some of Solomon's wisdom descended on the flag, and each party went away with half.

One man who had been very noisy and troublesome in one of the boxes, seeing there was a movement in his direction and that his proper method of exit was cut off, promptly jumped out of his box on to the

heads of the people below. Then it was a veritable pandemonium; people ran to rescue him, people ran to kill him.

All this time Mr. Lloyd George was an interested spectator, and beginning to think it was useless for him to try to speak. But his wife, sitting behind him, kept saying: "Go on; don't give in." At last, so exhausted had many become that there was a comparative lull, patience won the day. Mr. Lloyd George spoke for about twenty minutes with only a certain number of interruptions.

I wondered that nobody was killed, and both Mrs. Lloyd George and her husband feared the worst. I did not hear of any deaths, but I saw a good many with sore heads; some of the suffragettes fought holding on to the hair of their opponents.

A little later, at another meeting of much the same order, but smaller and a little less turbulent, when it was over Mr. Lloyd George was asked if he would be photographed in a group. He assented, and, turning to some of the suffragettes, he said in his bright way: "Now some of you ladies come and be photographed at my feet."

Such an opportunity of publicity was not to be refused, and at his feet they sat—an instance of the Wizard's sense of humour and powers of capture. This good-tempered little manœuvre answered two purposes: Box and Cox were satisfied.

The most anxious time in Mrs. Lloyd George's life was during the Boer War. Her husband was a pro-Boer. He practically carried his life in his hands from day to day. At one meeting in the North he had to escape dressed as a policeman.

At this time various strange parcels and gifts arrived for the Lloyd George family. One on being opened was found to contain a loaf of bread. Not

being in immediate need of anything of the kind, it was sent to Scotland Yard, not as nourishment for any of the police, but for their inspection and examination. It was proved to contain poison. I wonder what idiot could have sent it hoping to poison any of the family, for a loaf sent in this anonymous fashion was not likely to be eaten.

All parcels were opened with considerable caution; one very heavy one filled all with suspicion. It was carried into the garden to be examined; everybody held their breath and wondered how near it was wise to approach the thing. One paper after another was removed until the contents were laid bare. It was part of the kitchen fireplace that had been sent to be mended! All breathed freely once more.

Of course anonymous letters and postcards were received in numbers by Mr. Lloyd George, causing his wife much uneasiness. But nobody who appears in public life can escape from that; even I, humble person as I am, have had some beauties bespeaking an early death for me, but I am here still. The individuals so honoured do not usually take much notice, but it is worrying for the relatives who happen to care.

One postcard arrived for Mr. Lloyd George telling him that his death was at hand, and that the writing on the card was signed in blood, and Mrs. Lloyd George said it had all the appearance of it.

Naturally, it was necessary to be very careful as to who was admitted to meetings when Mr. Lloyd George was going to speak. Once, when he was speaking in London, his wife was a little late in arriving at the appointed place, and found she had forgotten to bring her card of admittance with her. The authorities placed at the door to guard the speaker refused to allow her to enter the building

She told them who she was, but that was no use; they said they had heard that story before.

Presently, seeing some people going into the hall who had not forgotten their tickets of admission and whom she knew, she appealed to them to come and identify her; after this she was allowed to enter.

Miss Megan Lloyd George, who is a great favourite of her father's, is a very bright little body with some inherited brains. Once, when still quite a child, she was with her parents at Brighton at the time when her father was Chancellor of the Exchequer. She amused herself when on the pier with her people by putting all her pennies in the slot machines. When all her own supply was exhausted, she ran to her father for more. At last all his were exhausted, and he told her: "My dear, I have not any pennies left." For a moment she looked thoughtful, then, remembering hearing a good deal while her father was busy preparing his Budget about putting a penny on to this, that, and the other, she said "Never mind; put a penny on to something."

Even when a very small child she loved pretending to be other people; it was her favourite game. It appealed to her imagination, and being very observant her studies were clever and lifelike.

One day she would pretend to be her mother's secretary, carrying out the idea in every detail; another day she would pretend she was one of the maid-servants, and nobody could make her smile during this impersonation, no matter how they tried to make her do so. She entirely lived for the time in the part.

Mrs. Lloyd George amused me a short time ago by telling me about their new house they have built at Farnham, on the Surrey Hills. She says it has been named Bron-y-Dé, which is Welsh for "Facing the

Sun," while as a matter of fact none of the rooms face the sun; the front door is the nearest approach to it, facing south.

Many women in Mrs. Lloyd George's place would in her husband's successful days and during his dictatorship have become spoilt and given herself airs and graces, but no one can ever say that of her; she is, and always has been, a perfectly natural and lovable little woman.

During his later days she might be forgiven if she had shown a little bitterness, but here again no one has seen anything of the kind. It must be hard to see one's man one day treated as a little god, and the next cast aside and abused by many that he had benefited.

Naturally, Mrs. Lloyd George's politics are those of her husband, and I am neither Liberal nor Radical, but that does not prevent me from admiring so good a wife, especially one who has passed through so many political vicissitudes and maintained a kindly attitude towards mankind at large; and at all times homely and unpretentious, her blue eyes still look out calmly on to the world. But for her care of her husband I doubt very much whether he could have borne the strain of all his work in the early days of the war.

Those who have never seen this little lady may like to know that she is of medium height and figure, looks wonderfully young, has blue eyes in which I have sometimes seen a look of sadness, hair turning grey, and still keeps her Welsh accent.

Hanging in her dining-room is a picture of her husband's uncle, who was responsible for his nephew's education. It is a pleasant picture of a serious-looking man with white beard and side-whiskers all growing into one, as was the fashion in

the days when he lived, and which I think rather becoming. This portrait is evidently much valued. It hangs in a good light, and has special electric lights so arranged as to show it to the best advantage at night and on dark days.

So much for some of the good wives. It would perhaps be wearisome to give more, therefore I will turn to some who have had much to endure—for instance, beautiful Princess Henry of Pless, so happy in her early married life, little thinking of what was before her in the horrible days of the Great War, when her sons were fighting against the country of her birth and she was in Germany, called a spy.

I remember soon after her honeymoon, when she was at the height of her beauty and happiness, I went to see her, and had to wait a few minutes. Her maid came in to explain to me that her mistress would be with me in a minute or two, and seeing a pretty *en-tout-cas* broken in two pieces on the table, I said: "What a pity this is broken!"—taking it up in my hand. The maid said: "Yes, the Princess broke it over her husband's back in playful rebuke about something." And now? Oh, why do English girls marry foreigners?

In the pre-war days Princess Henry was very popular in Germany, notwithstanding her being a trifle unconventional. She it was who started the smart set in that country; she must have been a revelation to the German women, who are not as a rule very smart.

Another disappointed life was that of Lady Henry Somerset, whose husband wrote such charming love letters and songs; he was a gifted musician. Many can remember the time when he went abroad and his wife left him. I was never greatly drawn towards Lady Henry; we had no interests in common, and

I thought her manner dictatorial and forbidding. But she was a good woman, and even her husband's relations, contrary to the usual rule when marital relations are strained, stood by her during her troubles.

After the parting of the ways she spent her whole life in doing good works and shunned Society, as she felt very much the way some of the world treated her after she left her husband. It is ever the woman who pays, even when she is not the party to blame. It is very unjust, but there it is. Lady Henry became a great temperance preacher. I have heard it said that as most of her money came from public-houses this was a short-sighted policy on her part. Whether she did really own any public-houses, I cannot say; but if so, it only shows how much in earnest she was in her preachings.

However, be that as it may, not having a mathematical mind, and lacking any sort of business training, she at times found that her charity exceeded her finances—uncomfortable situations arising in consequence. She used to come and tell me of her trouble and the differences she used to have with people, often very wordy, and sometimes I did not think the line she took was quite logical.

I wonder why it is women are so much more quarrelsome than men. Some are never happy unless they have a first-class row on with somebody.

When I was going out to Malta once, it was my fate to have a cabin next to a couple of ladies having a serious quarrel. It was rough in the Bay, and neither of these two women was a good sailor. They were strangers to one another, meeting for the first time on the P. and O., and were on their way to India to rejoin their husbands.

The trouble began by both of them demanding the

attention of the stewardess at one and the same time; the latter pointed out this was not possible, but she would do her best for both of them if only they would give her time. So trying and quarrelsome did the ladies become that the stewardess called in the ship's doctor, hoping he would put the matter straight and on a better and more practical footing.

His diplomacy was not equal to the occasion, and he beat a hasty retreat, shrugging his shoulders and saying uncomplimentary things about women in general and these two females in particular.

The row continued noisily, and I wished my cabin was not quite so close. At last the occupier of No. 17 berth wrote a note to the captain saying the lady in berth No. 18 was a disgrace—in fact, not a lady at all, for she monopolised the whole cabin and everything in it, besides bribing the stewardess to attend only to herself, would the captain please see justice done?

A pacifying message was sent by the captain, hoping thereby to put off the evil moment.

Early the following morning, shortly before the breakfast hour, loud and piercing shrieks were heard by all with cabins down the sides of the saloon, and lady No. 18 burst out of her cabin in her dressing gown, having all the appearance of having suffered from the voyage and a neglected toilet, evidently past caring in the least what she looked like.

Between sobs and tears she told all of us who had collected to find out who was being murdered that lady No. 17 had pulled her hair and thrown a shoe at her, hitting her in the face, and she was unaccustomed to such treatment, having hitherto always associated with gentlefolk, who knew how to behave themselves.

No. 17 now put in an appearance to explain her

version. Both seemed well enough to fight, but not well enough to dress and come to breakfast in the usual way.

Several of us tried soothing methods, without avail, and as there were signs of fresh combat, the captain was sent for, and he had to come and read the Riot Act. Both women at one and the same time poured into his ear their wrongs; no detail, however intimate, was forgotten. No. 17, who had the loudest voice, quite drowned No. 18, who, she said, was most exigent, and would not allow the stewardess to attend to anybody but herself, and bribed her to do it, winding up by saying tearfully: "It is a great shame, as I was sick first."

This was too much for the gravity of those watching events, and we melted away, fearing our amused faces might add fuel to the fire and appear unsympathetic to the seasick ladies.

The captain, after speaking fairly plainly to both women, made arrangements for one of them to occupy another cabin, advising both of them on their next voyage to take ladies' maids or nurses with them.

Peace reigned once more, and I had a chance of going to sleep; but there was armed neutrality between the late belligerents. I left the ship at Malta. A fellow-passenger, writing to me from Aden, informed me that the quarrelsome ladies were still not on speaking terms, and each said that when they arrived at Bombay they were going to tell their husbands the way they had been treated and there would be heavy damages to pay. In my heart I pitied those husbands who were to be greeted with their wives' grievances.

Character study is an engrossing pastime, and on board ship there is plenty of time for indulging in

it. All my life character study has been a habit of mine. I am a student of humanity without a system, and it is not an acquired habit, for I cannot remember a time when the study of the characters around me did not interest me. My young brother used to say it was not safe to allow me to travel by myself, as the train would always go without me, owing to my being so engrossed in studying all the people around me. But then we know that nobody is a prophet in his own country!

How do we come by our characters? Surely they are partly inherited from our ancestors, also partly engrafted unconsciously from the lives of those we are thrown amongst, leaving a composite individuality of many lives merged into one.

I think that moral cowards are the most difficult to understand and be patient with. Their greatest enemies cannot wish them anything worse than their own company. Yet many mean well, forming great ideals of goodness and integrity; then, under the least breath of criticism or disapproval, something fails them, for they want to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

Perhaps it is physical; anyway, they beat a retreat from any previous line of thought or action, unable to live up to their ideals, and cover their retreat with prevarication and falsehood.

These characters are consumed with wondering what people are thinking about them, unable to realise that probably no one is thinking about them at all, being too busy thinking about themselves.

There is undoubtedly a certain amount of satisfaction to be found in the respect and appreciation of our equals that appeals to the strongest of us; but moral cowards are not respected, for they are unable to be true to anybody, themselves included. They

cannot give expression to their real feelings, for fear someone should not agree with them.

Sulky natures are trying and difficult to deal with; they are unhappy themselves, and will not allow others in their vicinity to be happy either. It is often so hard to find out what is the matter, and they will nurse some supposed slight for years, until it assumes enormous proportions, and eventually their brain becomes warped.

There is no frank passion in these unhappy souls; it is weary work and often waste of time trying to find some material to work on. They prefer a splendid isolation, and then resent the situation they themselves have elaborated.

I knew a man some years ago who rented one of our cottages; he was well born and had plenty of money, but elected to live alone. Thinking he must be lonely, we tried to be kind to him, but he resented all our overtures. He would not go out in the daytime, as he feared people might speak to him or look at him, which would be intolerable.

In the dusk of the evening or at night he went lonely walks. I thought that perhaps he had some great sorrow, and would be better if he spoke of it; perhaps one could help him to bear it, so I persevered in trying to talk to him. After some time we became more or less friendly, and I found out the source of his misery; it proved to be that his brother had some years before told him that he had a red nose.

This hurt him, and being of a sulky nature he brooded over it, but said nothing, and went away to live by himself, where nobody should see it. He told me his brother meant that drink had caused his nose to be red, and it was most unfair, as he never touched anything stronger than ginger ale, so it was un-

pardonable and a scandal. Also his brother had tried to turn people against him, telling them that he drank, whereas his nose was red from indigestion.

What an unhappy mind and nature, and what a life, nursing an absurd idea, which was probably only brotherly chaff! It was so childish that I wondered if the man had not a kink, a little bee in his bonnet; but he seemed sound and rational in other ways whenever he condescended to talk to me. He was well read and surrounded with learned books.

I have a comfortable feeling that perhaps he felt better and less lonely after I was brave enough to beard him in his den, and we had exchanged commonplaces until he had thawed a little. It was uphill work at first, as I had to ask questions and then supply the possible answers. It was by his contradicting my rendering of his supposed views and feelings that I arrived at the truth, and found how his mind was obsessed with his imaginary wrong.

He died some years later when I was far away from England, and news reached me that he had made a will in which he left me all his worldly goods, books, and diaries.

When I returned home and had time to read the diaries, which were evidently meant for me to read, I was sad, for they revealed to me what an unhappy life his had been, chiefly, I thought, through his sulky nature, and not being able to speak his mind to those he was offended with; he preferred nursing his annoyances. In the diaries I found some very kindly references to myself, so perhaps I brought some sort of comfort to him. I hope so.

Passionate people are alarming but often lovable; we may hate the deed but love the doer. I am always sorry for angry people; it feels so horrid to be angry. I have had considerable experience of quick-tempered

and passionate people, and very dear some of them have been.

Once my father, who had a passionate temper and whom I dearly loved, was annoyed with me about something on which we did not agree, so he took up my work-basket, which was standing on a table beside me, full of fragile things being prepared for a little stranger, and threw it bodily with all its contents into the fire.

It is worse than useless to argue with an angry person, so I sat quite still and went on with the work in my hand, as if nothing had happened, while the precious little garments, over which I had so often pricked my finger, made a beautiful flame. Father looked at them, then at me, dashed out of the room and banged the door. I was glad he slammed the door, because I knew it would relieve his feelings.

Before very long the drawing-room door opened slowly and softly, a repentant relative crept in, threw his arms round me, and pushed a cheque into my hand, saying he was ashamed of himself, and I must buy some more pretty things with the cheque. It was a large one, and would have bought all that he had destroyed two or three times over.

I told him I did not want the cheque, and could soon make some more things to replace what had gone, and I hoped he would think no more about the incident. But he declared he would not be happy if I did not accept it, so I took it, and later bought more things and a new work-basket as well. He shed tears of regret, and I stroked his dear grey hair as he knelt beside me, and told him he might burn all I possessed rather than see him so upset.

I know a big six-foot-three man in the East Riding of Yorkshire who is a real terror when upset. I have often feared that in some of his unrestrained moments

he may do something which he would regret all the rest of his life. When annoyed he trembles and his face becomes distorted with passion, yet I have seen him reduced to tears simply by the hand of his love being slipped into his silently. He said her touch soothed him.

Then there are the people who can never see a joke, even a feeble one. When first I married I found my man had to be educated in humour. He did not understand it, and looked at me with frightened eyes when I ventured on the feeblest, most infantile joke.

I remember saying to him once when we were out for a walk together, and were talking about Court rules and etiquettes: "When I am Queen I shall arrange things differently." He stood still, staring at me, and then said, most seriously: "But, dear, you never can be Queen: whatever put such an idea into your head?"

Schoolmasters and mistresses are as a rule somewhat prosaic. I wonder what the lady thought after she had paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens in search of knowledge to impart to her pupils. Addressing a keeper, she asked: "Which is the most curious animal under your care?" He replied: "Well, miss, you have asked me a difficult question to answer;" then, scratching his head, said: "I think the laughing hyena, for he eats once a week, is washed once a month, and sees his wife once a year. I don't see much to laugh at, do you?"

Before leaving the study of humanity I must say a word about the happy, sanguine, optimistic temperament, so pleasant to meet in Society, and, up to a point, pleasant to live with, it has so many and varied interests, always cheery, unable, perhaps, to grasp its own limitations and superficiality

These natures skim lightly over the surface, not

capable of any great depth of feeling, but always full of that light diet of hope, never knowing when beaten, ready at all times to come more than halfway to meet you, full of things they mean to accomplish, which, however, do not always materialise, for they are unable to make any steady effort—like butterflies, a little sip here and there and nothing for long. But—and it is a big but—I think they are individually happy, for their very superficiality prevents them from worrying; not thinking much, they are spared the penalty.

Nevertheless, we owe them a debt of gratitude, for they carry sunshine with them wherever they go, and who would wish to deprive them of their consistent happiness? It may be that the shallow thinkers can offer us the most consistent theory of our being. It would be a sin to deprive these people of their optimism, even if we could.

Occasionally I have found the optimistic and sanguine a little too sanguine—over their investments, for instance; too apt to believe in things and undertakings that were doomed to failure.

A sanguine youth to whom we were much attached was staying with us at one time, and we gathered that he was thinking of marrying a girl whom we thought was not likely to make him happy, he being fond of sport in all its branches, while she knew little and cared less about it, was dull to a point of exasperation, had no ideas beyond district visiting, and, like many other charitable women, liked to poke into the most unpleasant cases of wrongdoing. She was not popular in the county or the village, where she delivered many tracts and advice. She was comely enough, though a little square, and had large, soft, calf-like eyes, the same gentle and vacant expression.

To tease his friend, and also in the hope of saving

him from making a mistake, my son said to him: "But, my dear fellow, you have nothing in common with Miss ——"

"Ah, but you do not know her as well as I do; she is splendid."

"She comes out hunting in a protesting sort of way, I allow, but once we are away she is never seen again. Can she sit a horse over a fence?"

"Rather!"—spoken scornfully.

"Does she know anything about fishing? Can she throw a fly?"

"Of course; she is A 1 at it."

In despair my son said: "Well, she can't run," thinking this would be unanswerable, though what should have made him say such a silly thing I cannot conceive, for we could not imagine the rather fat and square young lady sprinting. "Can't she?" replied the enamoured youth. "You should just see her run."

Such is the little blind god Love. But he was not to be deterred; he married the young woman. Happily, his sanguine nature saved the situation. He said she could do all sorts of wonderful things if she felt inclined, but she did not feel inclined.

The exact counterpart of the sanguine are the melancholy folk, so lovable for their depth of feeling that it quite makes up for their flexibility.

These characters dig deep into moods and feed on them, and require a fully occupied, busy life, or they brood until they slip into the Slough of Despond. I have met some emotional people, both men and women, who appeared to enjoy deep grief and nurse it, probably from a craving for sympathy and finding comfort in a warm expression of it. They reject optimism as a miserable confectionery.

The sanguine can be left to take care of themselves.

Not so the melancholy; they must be led by the hand, or they may become so mastered by melancholy and anticipation of misfortune that they end in bringing about the catastrophes they have been dreading.

More philosophers, however, are to be found among this type than any other, which sounds paradoxical; but we all of us have strange contradictions in our natures. Philosophers are, of course, splendid fellows, who have done great work in the world, but all of us are not capable of being philosophers. And how few take any notice of philosophy or the professors who propound great discoveries for the good of mankind, for the majority think what is the use of anything that does not appeal to the passions, that cannot be eaten or be floated into a company?

Conscience and finance are both fine things, but somehow they do not mix kindly, therefore no brief is held for philosophy. Many there are who have consciences carefully hidden under the mask of expediency, as anybody who studies characters with their hydra-sides will know.

The artistic temperament, often fascinating and clever, is the one most seriously handicapped; their perspective is so entirely different from the rest of the community. The more ordinary characters and temperaments are unable to feel the enthusiasms which give the artistic exquisite pleasure—that dangerous mood of ecstasy that in our minds we mostly associate with poets and mystics, which, however, leads the individual off the high road into tortuous paths.

These natures are often plunged into excesses; they mount on wings of intense pleasure, and desire to carry all along with them, wishing all souls to be thrilled as theirs is thrilled.

Geniuses and the artistic are always highly strung,

live very near the border; a very little push, and over they go. We have observed this both in history and in our own experience. That genius Sir Walter Scott dictated the "Bride of Lammermoor" during intervals of lucidity, between taking large doses of opium to deaden agonising pain. Yes, alas, it is too true that genius and ill-health too often go together. It is wonderful that a book should have been compiled under such circumstances. Insanity and genius also often go together; they are, indeed, first cousins, so to speak. I do not mean to suggest that Sir Walter Scott was insane, but that he was a genius who suffered from ill-health I think nobody will deny.

The self-important people are happy; they think all their geese are swans, that everything they do is right—all are knaves or fools except themselves, which makes them a little difficult to deal with as friends.

There is a story told in Yorkshire of one of the dead and gone Lumleys, who was a self-important person. Once, when boasting to King George IV. of his own pedigree, the King replied: "I never knew that Adam was a younger son of the Lumley family."

I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but so it goes in Yorkshire.

Enough of character study for the moment. It is not possible in this book to deal with all one has met, and as to happiness, each individual is the best judge of his own feelings; even the greatest fool knows what gives him the most pleasure.

Whatever form of happiness we make our own, a sort of warfare and conspiracy goes on amongst the rest of our cravings, all calling for recognition as well. That is why so many people, who to all appearances have been successful and well rewarded for

their labour wish they had chosen some other profession or business than the one practised.

It seems inevitable that one feeling must always be pushing another out. Perhaps if we succeed in being stoics in appearance we may end in being stoics in very truth.