WEI………Waigal, continental and detached, tiredwearlt grose shootin. To stand propped against a sod fence while his host’s workmen routed up the birsds with long poles ansd drove them towards the waiting guns, made him feel himself a parady on the ancestors who hasd roamed the moors and forests of his west riding of Yorkshire in hot pursuit of game worth the killing. But when England in August he always accepted whatever proffered for the season, invited his host to shoot pheasants on his estates in the south. The amusements of life, he argued, should be accepted with the same philosophy as its ills.