

Out cascaded the darling young. It was no tragedy ; that was, no tragedy comparable with the fire here in the Latham Chapel in 1906. Yet, I supposed, to wantonly look back like that buttered no parsnips. Just like reverting to old tunes after they were damned and dead : how often had I not caught myself whistling Alexander's Ragtime Wedding Feast in my frugal bath. I felt that Henry was about all I could hope to cope with, or with whom, if you like, I could hope to cope. I was the more fed up, therefore, with the incursion of an untidy fellow, a myopic-looking creature, who clumsily stepped on my foot and touched a chord of memory at the same time. Surely this has eavesdropped at my last crucial meeting with the old man. It mattered little enough, of course. But that sort of thing was like a mosquito about the ears, making Kreisler on his little fiddle. It distracted.

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