JULY 1931

Nash's—

Pall Mall Magazine

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Peggy Wood says *Au revoir*

—by TOM CLARKE

Shall We Lose Another Continent?

Nash's—Pall Mall Magazine

No 458

For Good Reading—

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Nash's
Pall Mall Magazine

Contents for July

Vol. LXXXVII No. 458

Cover Design *by* **Harrison Fisher**

7 Short Stories

10 Features

2 Serials

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Contributions to NASH'S—PALL MALL MAGAZINE should not be submitted without a preliminary letter.

The Editor begs to inform the readers of NASH'S—PALL MALL MAGAZINE that the characters in the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and that no reference or allusion is intended to apply to any living person or persons.

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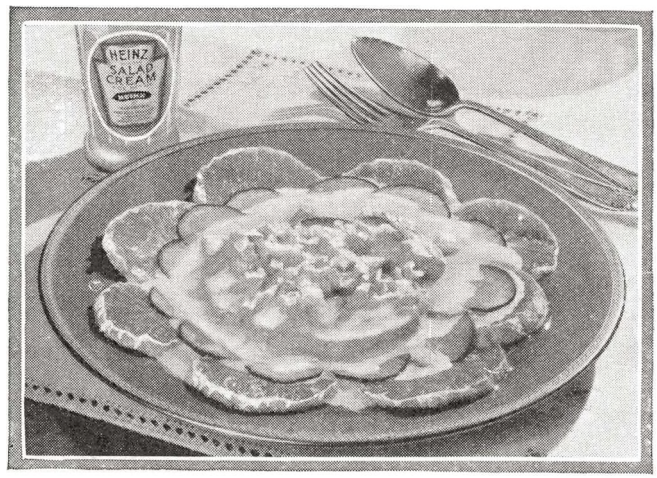
And what a variety of delightful and healthful salads one meets nowadays!—served, not in the "family bowl," but on charming individual plates. Here are three irresistible examples which you can make quickly and cheaply. As a dressing use HEINZ SALAD CREAM—the one cream with just that fascinating "tang" that fruit salads demand. You can buy it at any grocer's at 6d., 10d., and 1/1½d. a bottle.
Send name and address to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., London, N.W. 10, who will send you a Recipe Folder of new salads.

Lettuce and mixed fruit salad

INGREDIENTS: 1 *Grape-fruit*, 2 *oranges*, ½ *cupful white grapes*, ⅓ *cupful chopped pecan nuts*, *lettuce*, *red pepper or tomato and Heinz Salad Cream.*
INSTRUCTIONS: Peel grape-fruit and oranges and divide into sections. Skin and pip grapes. Shred lettuce and arrange on flat dish, placing fruit and nuts on top. Cover with Heinz Salad Cream and decorate with strips of red pepper or tomato.



Orange and cucumber salad

INGREDIENTS: *Cucumber*, 2 *sweet oranges*, *chopped nuts and Heinz Salad Cream.*
INSTRUCTIONS: Peel most of cucumber, soak for 1 hr. in cold salted water and cut into slices. Peel oranges and divide into sections, removing all pith and pips. Arrange on dish and cover with Heinz Salad Cream. Garnish with chopped nuts and thin slices of unpeeled cucumber. This salad goes particularly well with roast meats.

Brazilian Salad

INGREDIENTS: *White grapes, fresh pineapple, apples, celery, Brazil-nuts, lemon juice and Heinz Salad Cream.*
INSTRUCTIONS: Skin and pip grapes and cut into halves. Chop pineapple, celery and nut kernels finely. Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream, and season with lemon juice.

ENJOY YOUR SALAD DAYS—THESE THREE NEW WAYS!

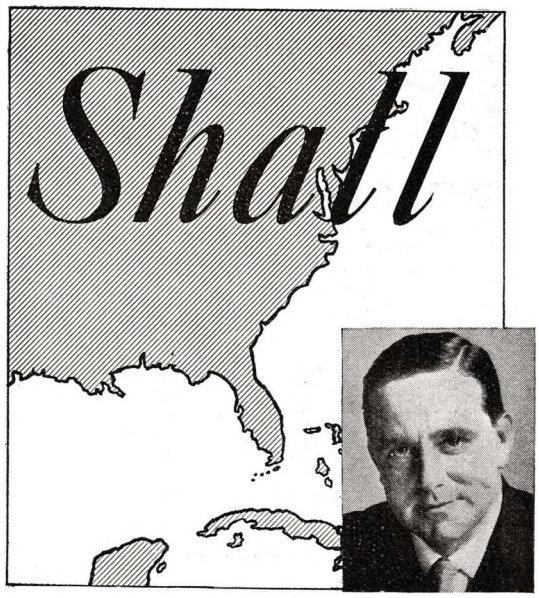
CITIZENSHIP

In an essay on "The Englishman as a Man of Action" in his very excellent book* Professor Salvator de Madariaga writes:

"—the English people, composed of men of action, is endowed with the *instinct* of co-operation in the highest possible degree. This conclusion is confirmed by experience. A wag of unsure taste once said: 'One Englishman, a fool; two Englishmen, a football match; three Englishmen, the British Empire.' Well observed though deplorably said. The first term of the epigram is not merely discourteous; it is absurd. But its absurdity is but a twisted view of a truth which in due time we are to find. The second term is better: a match is perhaps one of the social phenomena which most clearly reveal English character. As for the third it is admirable and sins only on the side of modesty. Contrary to what the author of the epigram seems to think, in order to make up the British Empire it is not necessary to bring together three Englishmen: one is enough."

There is no reproach in this nor in any other part of Madariaga's book. It is a tribute to those qualities which have made the British citizen the envy of all other peoples. The Englishman a pioneer at the outposts of civilisation becomes the ambassador of Progress, the centres around which has grown up all that is finest and best in modern life.

* "*Englishmen Frenchmen Spaniards*," by Professor Salvator de Madariaga. (*London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.*)



Shall we Lose

by TOM CLARKE

The *critical* "Situation *in* India" *put in a nutshell* by The EDITOR of the *London* "News-Chronicle"

FOUR things come to my memory.

1. A typical figure of British aristocracy, Lord Willingdon, the new Viceroy of India, telling a London audience of after-dinnered, boiled-shirted representatives of the English governing classes that he hoped to lead India towards her goal of responsible government and absolutely equal partnership in the British Empire.

2. The comment of an English Editor that that was all bunk and what Willingdon had to think about was "governing the blighters with a strong hand."

3. The arrival of news from Delhi that Gandhi on release from gaol had been to the Viceroy (Lord Irwin) and come to an agreement to co-operate in the next steps to frame a new constitution for India; and the gladness with which this news had been received, except in stiff-necked die-hard quarters where it had been bemoaned as Surrender. (Mr. Winston Churchill had talked contemptuously of this "seditious saint . . . striding half naked up the steps of the Viceregal Palace.")

4. The words of an American friend as we passed down the Strand amid an array of newspaper contents bills reflecting the conflicting opinions on India. . . . "Are you English going to lose another continent?"

* * * *

This year of 1931 is charged full measure with Destiny for the British Empire, nay, for the whole world; for more is at stake in these India negotiations than the relations between this country and India. In the dim background loom the whole relations between EAST and WEST. Between these two India has become the natural interpreter. Will it be possible to make her a friendly and an understanding interpreter? The whole course of future history, perhaps the fate of the world, depends on the answer.

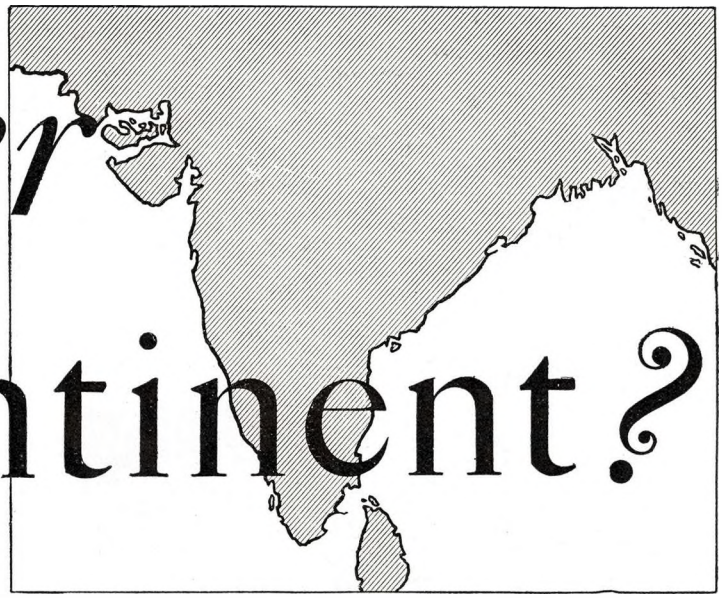
People sometimes talk as if this crisis had come on us suddenly like a thief in the night. It has been coming for one hundred years, inevitable, irresistible and quite observable. We have fostered and encouraged its evolution. The last lap, as is always the case, has been speedy and dramatic, that's all. We, the masses (including most of our Members of Parliament), who never gave India more than a passing thought, have wakened up and found to our astonishment that there is something afoot. Sir John Simon's Blue Books have rivalled "best sellers" on the bookstalls; working men's clubs have set about organising debates; to be a social success in Mayfair you have had to be able to talk as intelligently about India as about Charlie Chaplin. All this is because of the Democratic Age in which we live, of course.

For while India through the generations has been in the slow travail of evolution to the present flaming up, so have

"An array of newspaper contents bills—

—reflecting the conflicting opinions on India . . ."

Another Continent?



These bills are reproduced by kind permission of the newspapers

we been in the slow travail towards Democratic government.

Listen, my American friend! You wanted to know if we are going to lose another continent. You also made reference to 1776, when we had a row with our American colonists and lost them for ever. You were really wondering whether we are going to make the same mistake after those 155 years. I cannot tell. You must look to our Democracy for the answer. It also is on trial. There is even a Labour Government. It is true it has up to now the co-operation of the other political parties in this India business. But *its* hand is on the steering wheel.

Democracy never had such a chance to show if it understands, and stands for, conciliation and friendship and justice in a matter which will shape the future course of world history.

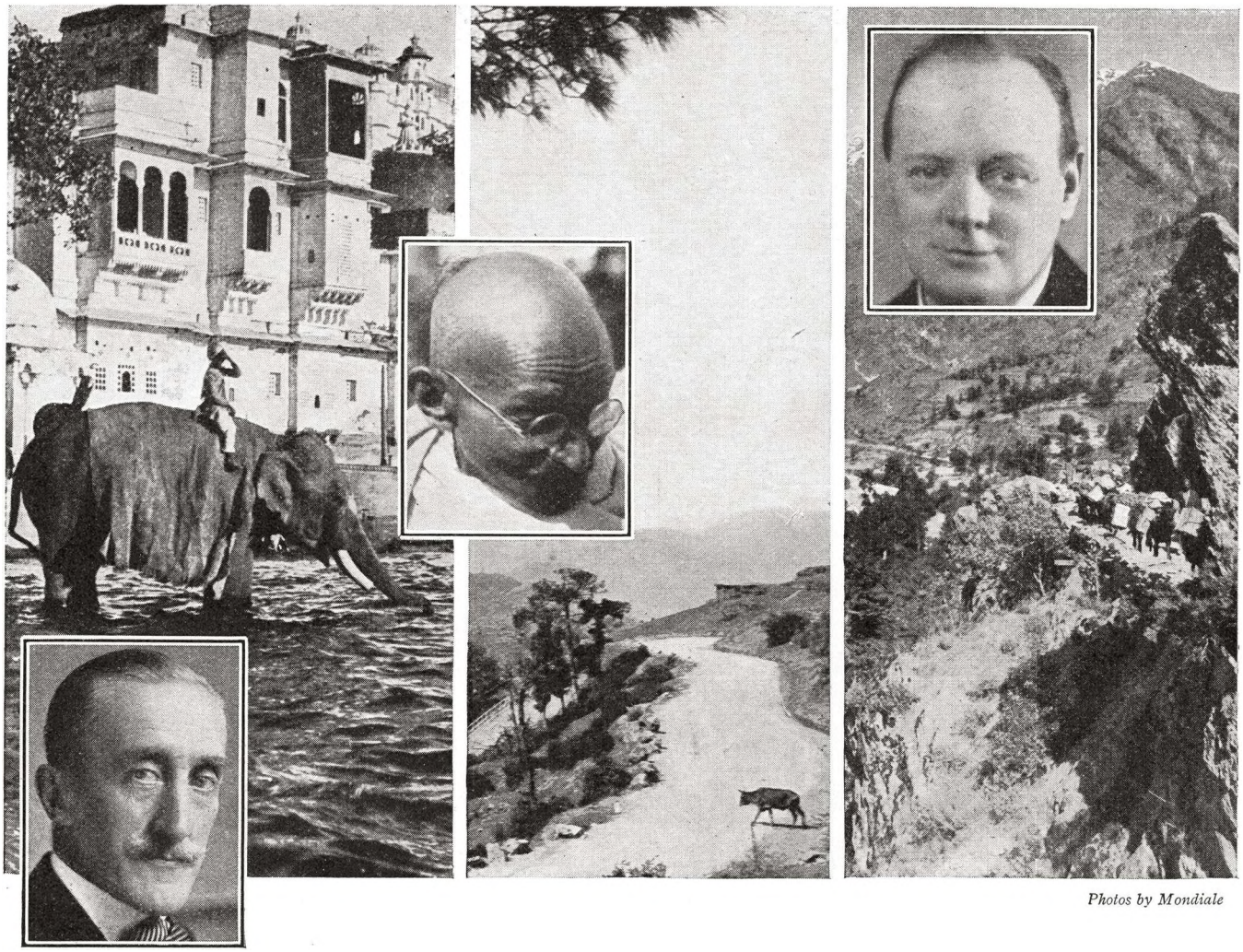
Quite different people, you see, are to settle this India business from those who lost us America. The latter were a stiff-necked oligarchy led by a foolish king, the voices of William Pitt and of Edmund Burke being the only voices of reason in the strident chorus of swashbuckling diehardism. Have we—has our democracy—sufficiently grown up to have learnt the lesson of history? Will they (and I have no particular political party in mind, for one is just as much a piece of democracy as another)—will they remember that we lost America for one reason. *We* would not agree to a partnership, but insisted on a dependency? Thereupon America demanded nothing less than independence and took it.

* * * *

Now, let us get back to these EAST and WEST relations, and the portents that have been there for years for those with eyes to see. In the days when we "owned" the EAST I lived there, an impressionable young man full of the arrogance and importance of race.

Had I met Mr. Gandhi on the sidewalk of any Eastern Treaty Port, I should have expected him to clear out of my important path.

India, like all the other blobs of Red on the map, was *ours* —just like Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. We young folk had learned to lisp at school that India was the brightest jewel in the British Crown. In those days I moved about in various Eastern centres from Suez to Shanghai, among Chinese, Indians, Japanese, Siamese and others, with that head-thrown-back jauntiness of which only a fresh young Englishman striding his Empire is capable. Generally quite undeliberate and merely arising out of his upbringing and education . . . but how it got us hated! In the clubs and hotels, to which a white face was the essential passport, we would talk of the inferiority of the Oriental, his ingratitude for our kindly interest, of the colour line and how it must be upheld; there would be sniggers about the Eurasians.



Photos by Mondiale

¶ *Viscount Willingdon* ¶ *Ghandi* ¶ *The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill*

All the time we were sending Indians and Chinese and Japanese over to our Western schools and universities. I saw shoals of them pass through this port or that to centres of learning in Europe or the United States. That was twenty-five years or more ago. They came back with the new wine of the West in their heads. London, Oxford, Harvard, Berlin and Paris had administered copious draughts. They came back to the East full of the ideas of the West on self-government and education and emancipation. We had taught them the civilising influences of roads and railways and canals and telegraphs and shown them how to build these things. We had taught them logic and law and the Christian outlook. We had revealed to them the mysteries of medical science; how to fight famine and plague. . . .

One of them—he was a Chinaman, but that makes no difference to the argument—came to see me in Hongkong. He had done me a great service and so I asked him to dine with me. That was an incredible blunder. The hotel manager refused to let him into the dining-room. I had to engage a private room and hide my guest there. That made me begin to think. I had never seen that side of the case in the club chitter-chatter about the colour line.

There came the war between Russia and Japan, between the East and West. The East won handsomely. The play of forces took a new turn. Glittering beacons were lit all the way from Bombay to Bangkok. The eyes of the East were lifted towards the horizon of equality. India, China, and others quickened their march. No one living in the East at that time could miss the portent.

I have said I was in the East when we owned it. Before I left we had begun to cease owning it.

Back in England I listened to Indian students orating in Hyde Park, Brockwell Park and elsewhere. They were demanding Home Rule, the removal of the foreign yoke. They were called "agitators" and were listened to with good-humoured contempt by crowds of Cockney clerks. "Must let 'em blow off steam." "India is *ours* all right, make no mistake."

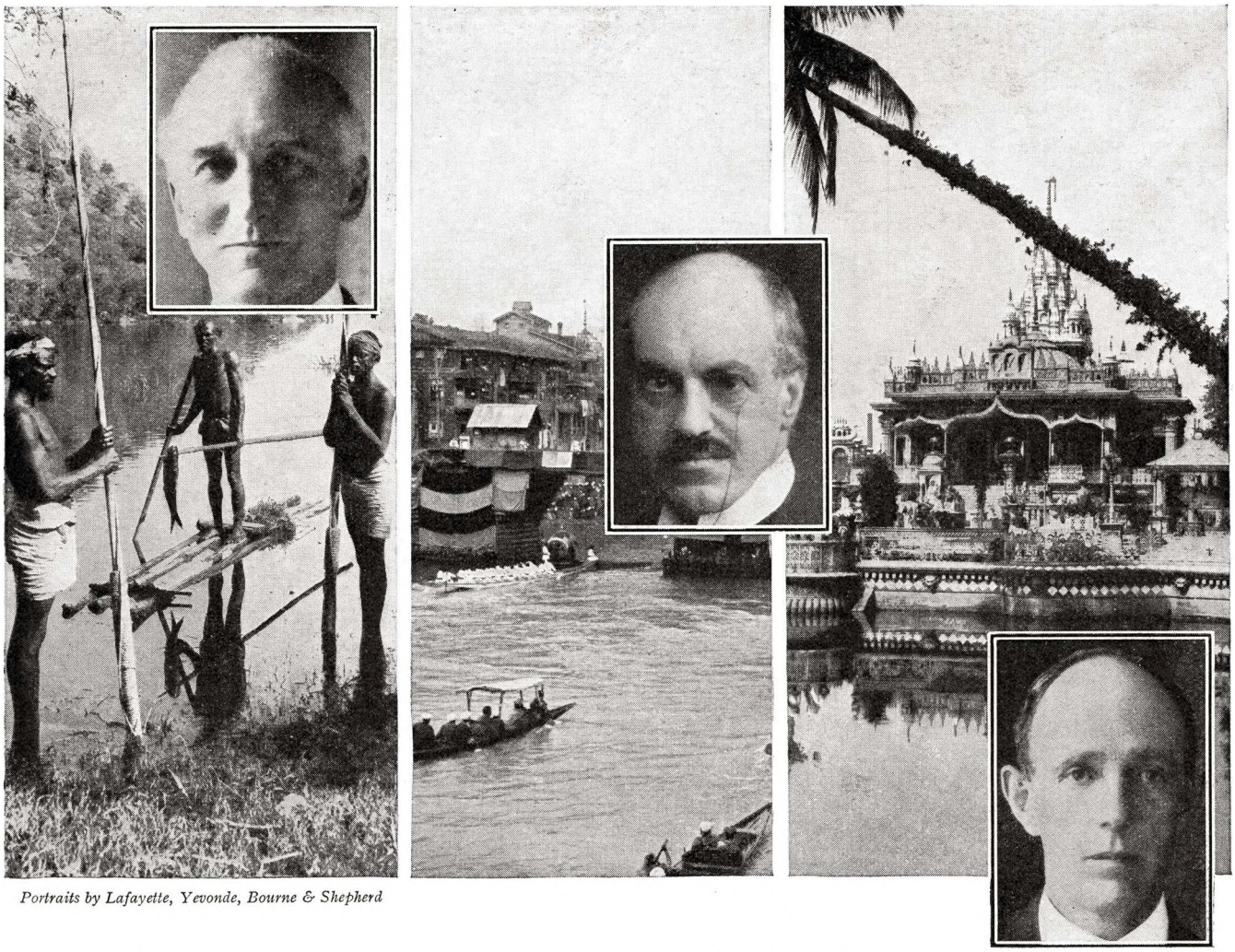
Then the Great War. We asked India to help us. She came. We praised her troops. We thanked them. We brought her to our Councils of Empire and to the League of Nations.

After that, in Australia, again this play of East and West was set before me. The religion there is "White Australia." No Indians allowed, or any others of colour—red, yellow, black or brown. I heard an Indian statesman (admitted over the fence by courtesy) speak there, a giant in culture and intellect compared with his Australian chairman. I wondered what he thought of all this mix-up of the Empire families, some daughters being given the right of deciding their own destiny, like Australia; others being told they must be "governed with a firm hand," like India.

* * * *

Well, that's all just a background for the immediate problem—a sketchy background, maybe, of the factors, or some of them, that have been slowly but surely reshaping the channels of world thought these many years past. This reshaping, this Evolution, call it what you will, goes on regardless of the immediate issue on which we have to-day to get down to brass tacks. Let us leave the background and examine the foreground. Something has got to be done about *that* this very year.

Amid the clatter of warring tongues and the spilling of printers' ink, the real facts as to the position at the moment between Britain and India are often obscured. Let us review them. We start with the year 1917, when Mr. Montagu made a historic Declaration to the House of Commons of British policy towards India's aspirations for full self-government. He said:



Portraits by Lafayette, Yevonde, Bourne & Shepherd

¶ *The Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon* ¶ *The late Rt. Hon. E. S. Montagu* ¶ *The Rt. Hon. Lord Irwin*

"The policy of His Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in complete accord . . . is the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire. . . . I would add that progress in this policy can only by achieved by successive stages."

That pledge and assurance, offered to India by Great Britain herself, came from a Coalition Cabinet of all parties during the War. It was the pen of Lord Curzon, a former Viceroy of India, a Conservative of Conservatives, that inserted the reference to "responsible government." Ten years later, in 1927, a Conservative Government appointed a Statutory Commission under the chairmanship of Sir John Simon, the eminent Liberal, to review and report on the position. All political parties were represented on the Commission, which paid two visits to India. Events were marching rapidly even while its members proceeded patiently with their inquiries, so much so that their terms of reference had to be enlarged. In this way: the 1917 Declaration had referred only to responsible government in what is called "British India," and had not concerned itself with the "Indian States"—those wide areas ruled by the Indian Princes independent in their own domains. But the problems involved all India, and the Commission pointed out that the solution must apply to the whole of the sub-continent. It may be useful to bear in mind that the Indian States occupy one-third of the territory and have between one-fourth and one-fifth of the population (351,500,000) of India. Another thing happened before the Simon Commission reported. In a "Gazette Extraordinary," the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, announced that a Round Table Conference would be summoned in 1930 to formulate proposals for a new Constitution, and he stated: "It is implicit in the Declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress is the attainment of Dominion Status." Thus was the goal defined. India was to imagine herself one day wearing the grown-up clothes of Canada and Australia and others of the Imperial family. While English folk by their firesides were beginning to wake up, in face of news of this sort, to what was taking place 6,000 miles away in India, the Simon Commission issued its bulky reports. I wonder how many people have read them. No one who has not done so has any right to pontificate about India. The recommendations of the Commission, made in June of last year, may be summarised thus:

Full autonomy for the Provinces, the Governors to retain over-riding powers for emergencies.

A Central Government as at present.

A Council for joint consultation with the Princes.

The defence of India to remain in the hands of the Viceroy; Indianisation of the Army to go steadily forward.

Maintenance of the security services (Indian Civil Service and Police) as all-India services.

Separation of Burma from India.

A system of All-India taxes, some to be set aside for distribution to the Provinces, with the idea of making them self-supporting financially.

The next step, which followed five months later, was the assembly of the Round Table Conference in London. The Indian National Congress, the strongest and most widely popular of all Indian political bodies, refused to recognise the Conference and was not represented. Under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, they were demanding full independence.

An immense and surprising step forward marked the opening of the Conference. The Indian Princes, who had been expected to desire to hold aloof from the idea of Federation, swept away many difficulties by announcing their willingness to join an All-India Federation. At once, a united India, which had merely seemed a (*Continued on page* 82)

Go East, Young man

In Paris Whit found artistic adventure—and Isadora.

THE grandfather was Zebulun Dibble. He had a moustache like a horse's mane; he wore a boiled shirt with no collar; and he manufactured oatmeal, very wholesome and tasteless. He moved from New Hampshire out to the city of Zenith in 1875, and in 1880 became the proud but irritated father of T. Jefferson Dibble.

T. Jefferson turned the dusty oatmeal factory into a lyric, steel-and-glass establishment for the manufacture of Oatees, Barlenated Rice, and Puffy Wuffles, whereby he garnered a million dollars and became cultured, along about 1905. This was the beginning of the American fashion in culture which has expanded now into lectures by poetic Grand Dukes and Symphonies on the radio.

T. Jefferson belonged to the Opera Festival Committee and the Batik Exposition Conference, and he was the chairman of the Lecture Committee of the Phœnix Club. Not that all this enervating culture kept him from burning up the sales manager from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. He felt that he had been betrayed, he felt that his staff, Congress, and the labour unions had bitten the hand that fed them, if the sale of Rye Yeasties (Vitaminised) did not annually increase four per cent.

But away from the office, he announced at every club and committee where he could wriggle into the chairman's seat that America was the best country in the world, by heavens, and Zenith the best city in America, and how were we going to prove it? Not by any vulgar boasting and boosting! No, sir! By showing more culture than any other burg of equal size in the world! Give him ten years! He'd see that Zenith had more square feet of old masters, more fiddles in the symphony orchestra, and more marble statues per square mile than Munich!

by Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

T. Jefferson Dibble was a squat, square man with hair like a section of doormat a little bitten at the edges by the old house-dog. He did not look peculiarly cultured. Perhaps that was why he worked at it even harder than most of the people who go about informing the world that Beauty is Better than Beefsteak—providing you can have both of them.

T. Jefferson's only son, Whitney, appeared in 1906. T. Jefferson winced every time the boys called him mere "Whit." He winced pretty regularly. Whit showed more vocation for swimming, ringing the doorbells of timorous spinsters, and driving a flivver than for the life of culture. But T. Jefferson was determined.

Just as he bellowed "By golly, you'll sell Barley Gems to the wholesalers or get out" in the daytime, so when he arrived at his neat slate-roofed English Manor Style residence in Floral Heights, he bellowed at Whit, "By golly, you'll learn to play the piano or I'll lamm the everlasting daylights out of you! Ain't you *ashamed*! Wanting to go skating! The idea! It's your mother's shanty blood coming out in you!"

Whitney was taught—at least theoretically he was taught—the several arts of piano-playing, singing, drawing, water-colour painting, fencing, and French. And through it all Whit remained ruddy, grinning, and irretrievably given to money-making. For years, without T. Jefferson's ever discovering it, he conducted a lucrative trade in transporting empty gin bottles in his father's spare sedan from the Zenith Athletic Club to the emporia of the bootleggers.

But he could draw. He sang like a crow, he fenced like a sculptor, but he could draw, and when he was sent to Yale he became the chief caricaturist of the *Yale Record*.

For the first time, his father was delighted. He had Whit's original drawings framed in heavy gold, and showed all of them to his friends and his committees before they could escape. When Whit sold a small sketch to *Life*, T. Jefferson sent him an autographed cheque for a hundred dollars, so that Whit, otherwise a decent youth, became a little vain about the world's need of his art.

At Christmas, senior year, T. Jefferson (with the solemn expression of a Father About to Give Good Advice to His Son) lured him into the library, and flowered in language:

"Now, Whitney, the time has come, my boy, when you must take thought and decide what rôle in this world's—what rôle in the world—in fact, to what rôle you feel your talents are urging you, if you get what I mean."

"You mean what job I'll get after graduation?"

"No, no, no! The Dibbleses have had enough of jobs! I have money enough for all of us. I have had to, in fact, toil and moil. But the Dibbleses are essentially an artistic family. Your grandfather loved to paint. It is true that circumstances were such that he was never able to paint anything but the barn, but he had a fine eye for colour—he painted it blue and salmon-pink, instead of red, and he was responsible for designing the old family mansion on Clay Street—I should never have given it up except that the bathrooms were antiquated—not a single coloured tile in them. It was he who had the Moorish turret with the copper roof put on the mansion, when the architect wanted a square tower with a pagoda roof. And I myself, if I may say so, while I have not had the opportunity to develop my creative gifts, was responsible for raising the fund of $267,800 to buy the Rembrandt for the Zenith Art Institute, and the fact that the Rembrandt later proved to be a fake, painted by a scoundrel named John J. Jones, was no fault of mine. So—in fact—if you understand me—how would you like to go to Paris, after graduation, and study art?"

"Paris!"

Whit had never been abroad. He pictured Paris as a series of bars, interspersed with sloe-eyed girls (he wasn't quite sure what sloe eyes were, but he was certain that the eyes of all Parisian cuties were sloe), palms blooming in January, and Bohemian studios where jolly artists and lively

models lived on spaghetti, red wine, and a continuous singing of "Après de Ma Blonde."

"Paris!" he said; and "That would be elegant, sir!"

"My boy!" T. Jefferson put his puffy palm on Whit's shoulder in a marvellous impersonation of a Father About to Send His Son Forth into the Maelstrom of Life.

"I am proud of you. I hope I shall live to see you one of the world's great pictorial artists, exhibiting in London, Rome, Zenith, and elsewhere, and whose pictures will carry a message of high ideals to all those who are dusty with striving, lifting their souls from the sordid struggle to the farther green places. That's what I often tell my sales-manager, Mr. Mountgins—he ought to get away from mere thoughts of commerce and refresh himself at the Art Institute—and the stubborn jackass, he simply won't increase the sale of Korn Krumbles in Southern Michigan! But as I was saying, I don't want you to approach Paris in any spirit of frivolity, but earnestly, as an opportunity of making a bigger and better—no, no, I mean a bigger and—a bigger—I mean a better world! I give you my blessings."

"Great! Watch me, Dad!"

When, after Christmas, Whit's classmates revelled in the great Senior Year pastime of wondering what they would do after graduation, Whit was offensively smug.

"I got an idea," said his classmate, Stuyvesant Wescott, who also came from Zenith. "Of course it's swell to go into law or bond-selling—good for a hundred thou. a year—and a fellow oughtn't to waste his education and opportunities by going out for lower ideals. Think of that poor fish Ted Page, planning to teach in a prep. school—associate with a lot of dirty kids and never make more'n five thou. a year! But the bond game is pretty well jammed. What do you think of getting in early on television? Millions in it!"

Mr. Whitney Dibble languidly rose, drew a six-inch scarlet cigarette-holder from his pocket, lighted a cigarette and flicked the ash off it with a disdainful forefinger. The cigarette-holder, the languor, the disdain, and the flicking-habit were all strictly new in him, and they were extremely disapproved by his kind.

"I am not," he breathed, "at all interested in your low-brow plans. I am going to Paris to study art. In five years from now I shall be exhibiting in—in all those galleries you exhibit in. I hope you have success with your money-grubbing and your golf. Drop in and see me at my *petit chateau* at—I think I'll have one at Moret-sur-Loign—when you're abroad. I must dot out now and do a bit of sketching."

Whitney Dibble, riding a Pullman to greatness, arrived in Paris on a day of pearl and amber. Paris can be hard and grim enough in summer dust, but this October day, in the peace of hazy sunshine, the grey buildings were palaces in a dream. When he had dropped his baggage at his hotel, Whit walked out exultantly. The Place de la Concorde seemed to him a royal courtyard; Gabriel's twin buildings of the Marine Ministry and the Crillon were the residence of emperors themselves. They seemed taller than the most pushing skyscraper of New York, taller and nobler and more wise.

All Paris spoke to him of a life at once more vivid and more demanding, less hospitable to intrusive strangers, than any he had known. He felt young and provincial, yet hotly ambitious.

Some night like this, five years from now, he too would be elegant in a high-ceilinged apartment on the Avenue Montaigne . . . an artist who had changed all art into a living force . . . perhaps wearing the red spark of the Legion d'Honneur ribbon and a beard . . . no, not a beard, because someone from Zenith or Yale might catch him at it!

Quivering with quiet exaltation, he sat on a balcony that evening, watching the lights fret the ancient Seine, and next morning he scampered to the atelier of M. Cyprien Schoelkopf, where he was immediately to be recognised as a genius.

He was not disappointed. M. Schoelkopf (he was of the celebrated Breton family of Schoelkopf, he explained) had a studio right out of fiction; very long, very filthy, with a naked model on the throne. The girls wore smocks very baggy at the throat, and the men wore corduroy jackets.

M. Schoelkopf was delighted to accept Whit, also his ten thousand francs in advance.

Whit longed to be seated at an easel, whanging immortal paint on to a taut canvas. He knew he could beat the red-headed girl who was depicting the model as a slender nymph clad in innocence and cloudy blue vapour, also the red-faced and large-nosed Dutchman who was revealing her as a fat fishwife steaming from her monthly bath, also the tremulous thin youth with spectacles sidewise on his nose who saw her as a series of children's blocks rather badly piled. Whit—oh, he'd catch the model's very soul; make it speak through her eyes, with her mere body just indicated. . . . Great if his very first picture should be a salon piece!

But before leaping into grandeur, he had to have a Bohemian background, and he went uneasily over the Left Bank (to live on the Right Bank, in comfort, would be Bourgeois, Philistine, American, Rich and all other abominations) looking for a flat.

He rented an apartment way out on the Avenue Félix-Faure.

It had belonged to a doctor. Whit suspected that the doctor had died of insanitation. The apartment was packed with brocade furniture, gilt chairs, fringed scarves on a fireplace that didn't, the agent said, match, boule cabinets, and windows not intended to be opened; and it smelled of hair oil, carbolic acid, cabbage and dead air.

But it was quiet and light—and Whit was tired.

That evening he cowered in a corner of his parlour, sniffing at mice, poking with a tentative forefinger at the dust on the formerly gilt frame of a picture—a masterpiece worthy of Paris, the Capital of the Arts—nothing less than an engraving of Landseer's "Stag at Bay."

He fled from the apartment to the famous Café Fanfaron, on the Boulevard Raspail, of which he had heard as the international (i.e. American) headquarters for everything that was newest and most shocking in painting, poetry, and devastating criticism in little magazines.

In front of the café the sidewalk was jammed with tables at which sat hundreds of young people, most of them laughing, most of them noticeable—girls in slinky dresses, very low; young men with jaunty tweed jackets, curly hair and keen eyes; thin-faced Jewish intellectuals with spectacles and an air of disdainful humility; large men (and they seemed the most youthful of all) with huge beards that looked false. A few were sour and worried, but most of them were laughing, while they shouted about colour values and the poetry of Rimbaud.

Whit was waved to a table with a group of Americans. In half an hour he had made a date to go walking in the Bois de Boulogne with a large-eyed young lady named Isadora, he had been reassured that Paris was the one place in the world for a person with Creative Hormones, and he had been invited to a studio-party by a lively man who was twenty-four as far up as the pouches beneath his eyes, and sixty-four above.

It was a good party.

They sat on the floor and drank cognac and shouted. The host, with no very great urging, showed a few score of his paintings, which stood with their faces to the wall. In them, the houses staggered, the hills looked like garbage heaps, the churches had forgotten geometry, and the trees had St. Vitus's Dance, so Whit knew they were the real advanced thing, and he was proud and happy.

From that night on, Whit was in a joyous turmoil of artistic adventure. He was the real thing—except, perhaps, during the hours at M. Schoelkopf's, when he tried to paint.

Like most active young Americans, he discovered the extreme difficulty of going slow. During a fifty-minute class in Yale he had been able to draw twenty caricatures, all amusing, all vivid. That was the trouble with him! It was infinitely harder to spend fifty minutes on a square inch of painting.

Whit was reasonably honest. He snarled at himself that his pictures had about as much depth and significance as a croquis for a dressmaker's magazine. And M. Schoelkopf told him all about it. He stood tickling the back of Whit's neck with his beard, and observed "Huh!" And when Mr. Schoelkopf said "Huh!" Whit wanted to go off and dig sewers.

So Whit fled from that morgue to the Café Fanfaron, and to Isadora, whom he had met his first night in Paris.

Isadora was not a painter. She wrote. She carried a brief-case, of course. Once it snapped open, and in it Whit saw a bottle of Vermouth, some blank paper, lovely pencils all red and blue and green and purple, a rather mussy handkerchief and a pair of silk (*Continued on page* **84**)

¶ In Russia to-day, the schools and colleges are primarily food and clothing must first be dealt to the "black force just after Rostislav passed his examinations,

The Turning of another WORM

BEGINNING with Galileo, they are all listed in the well-known book by G. Tissendier, published in St. Petersburg in 1901. But for our times this book is undoubtedly obsolete: for example there is not a word in it about the famous Frenchwoman Madame Curie, nor is there mention of our compatriot Madame Stolpakova. To the memory of the latter we dedicate this modest effort. Through one heroic feat Madame Stolpakova expiated all her errors; nevertheless, we do not think we have the right to conceal them from the general public.

Varvara Sergeyevna Stolpakova made her first error when she selected her parents with extreme lack of foresight: her father had a beet-sugar factory known throughout the country. Even this, as a matter of fact, was not irreparable. All Varvara Sergeyevna had to do was to yield her heart to any one of the honest toilers in the factory and her biography would have been purified even as refined sugar is purified by charcoal. Instead, she achieved a second error: she married Stolpakov, carried away by his Guard Regiment riding breeches and his exceptional gift of blowing smoke rings.

The athletic, monumental figure of Varvara Sergeyevna was the cause of her third error, which occurred almost unnoticed by her, when she stooped to pick a mushroom in the Stolpakov forest. Bending over she groaned, and a quarter of an hour later in the

Illustration by

for those who work with their hands, just as workers." When you realise that this rule came into you understand why Varvara did not marry Misha.

A Humorous Adventure *in* Marriage *in* Soviet Russia *by* EUGENE ZAMYATIN

mushroom basket lay this error—of the male sex, eventually inscribed in the birth certificate under the name "Rostislav."

Of written historical source material there survived one other document, composed on the day Stolpakov, the father, departed for the German front. On this day the coachman Yakov Bordyug brought from the cloister Sister Anna, known to all the neighbourhood, and Colonel Stolpakov dictated to her:

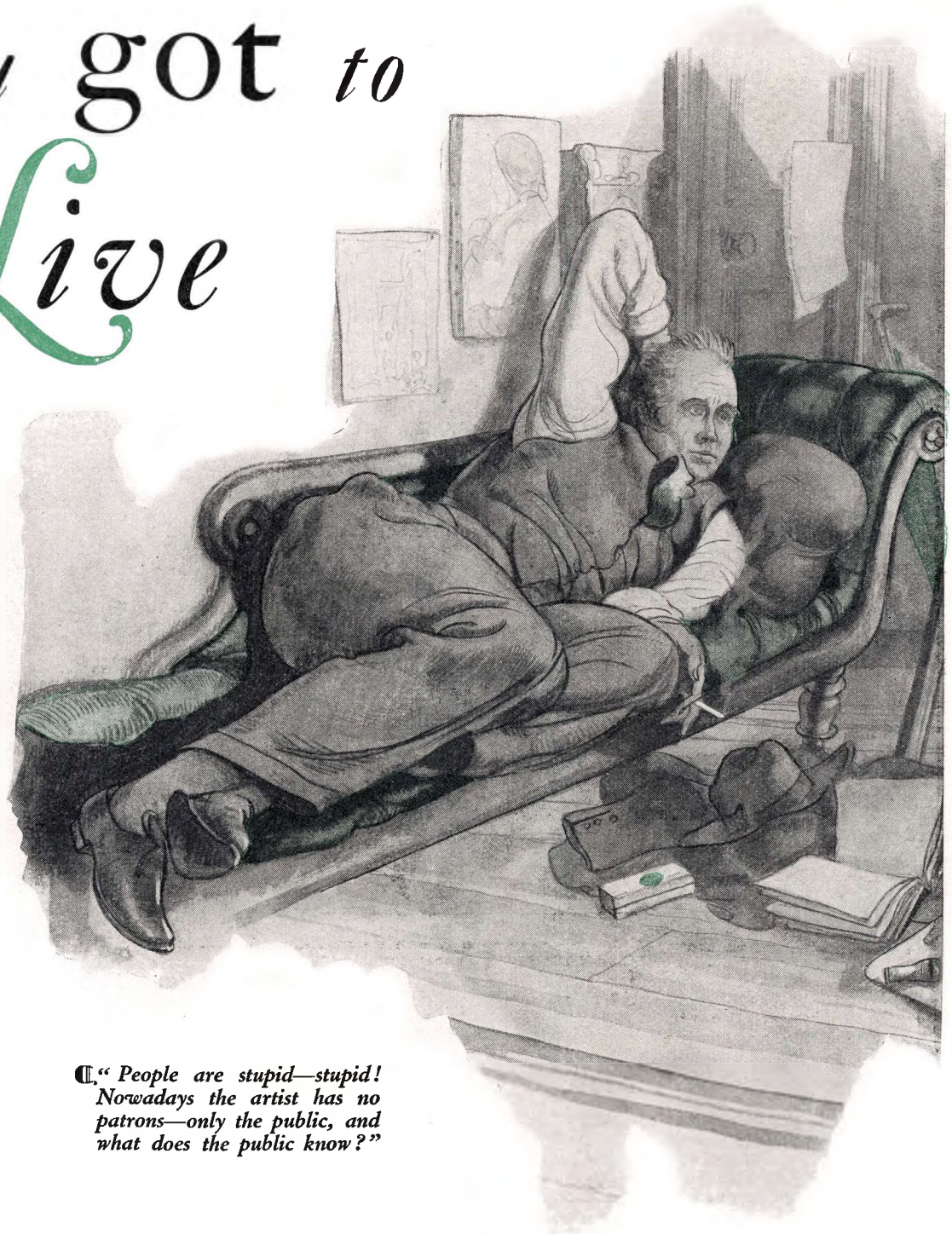
"Write a receipt: 'I, the undersigned nun Anna, have duly received from Madame Stolpakova 10 (ten) roubles, for which I obligate myself to make three obeisances every day on behalf of her husband, guaranteeing thereby that the same will return from the war without any injury to his limbs and with promotion to the rank of general.'"

Sister Anna fulfilled only one-half of this contract. Stolpakov was really promoted to be a general, but a week after his promotion a shell took off his head, so that Stolpakov could no longer blow smoke rings nor could he even live.

The newspaper with the item about Stolpakov's decapitation was brought by the very same coachman, Yakov Bordyug. If you can imagine an earthquake on our Nevsky Prospekt with Alexander III beginning to rock on his pedestal but still holding on to his iron steed, and shouting in a helicon voice to the idlers below: "What are you gaping at, fools?"—then it will be approximately clear to (*Continued on page* **91**)

Dan Sayre Groesbeck

You got to Live



¶ *"People are stupid—stupid! Nowadays the artist has no patrons—only the public, and what does the public know?"*

By Susan

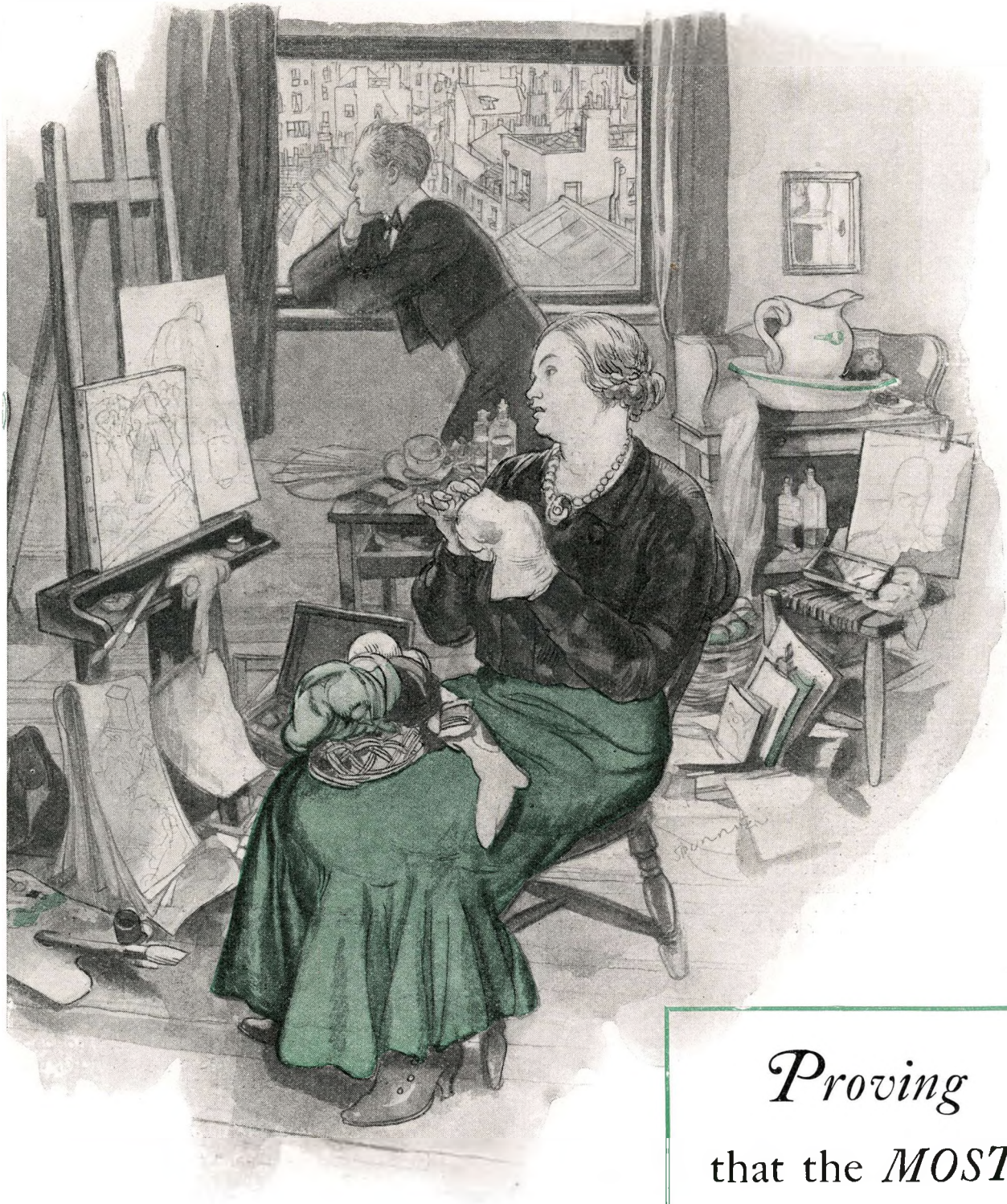
MR. KEPPLER'S chauffeur, a remarkably punctual and efficient person, was in the habit of depositing him at the station each morning just five minutes before the departure of the nine o'clock train to London. But on a certain Monday morning, Mr. Keppler's watch had gained during the night and he sent for his car in great haste and scolded Fredericks for being late. Fredericks, whose policy it was never to contradict the most obvious misstatement if uttered by his employer, made great speed to Brighton, with the result that Mr. Keppler had more than fifteen minutes to wait.

It was a cold, bleak morning with a prying East wind, and he walked briskly up and down the platform, angry with himself for having been in the wrong, and with Fredericks for his habit of agreeing with him. But presently, his annoyance subsiding, he began to look with a mild interest at the people about him, an interest which was as mildly returned, for Mr. Keppler, judged as a mere spectacle, was nothing to write to the papers about.

He concluded that they were Brighton week-enders, for the most part, of the usual type; clerks, shop-girls, racing folk, business men, idlers, and that he had seen them all, or their counterparts, many times before, and would see them, if he were spared, many times again. But he had no sooner made this somewhat sweeping observation than two persons detached themselves from the crowd over which his eye had been so casually roaming, and by reason of their total dissimilarity to the rest, caught and held his attention.

Mr. Keppler was a much travelled man, and he knew Central Europe as few people know it, for he spent all his holidays there, and had a great affection for certain of the lesser known portions of it. And as soon as he saw those two totally un-English figures, his mind at once and almost automatically conjured up a more suitable background for them. He saw green pastures, distant mountains, apple orchards, small white farms, fields of corn and rye. In imagination he whipped off the woman's hat, tied a big coloured handkerchief under her chin and an apron about her ample waist, and left her shoeless and stockingless. The boy was already hatless, and Mr. Keppler's imagination dressed him in a short coat of some checked woollen material and short green trousers. The woman he put to work raking hay under a hot sun, the boy carrying cider along a dusty road, or standing beside a grazing cow, patient and watchful.

It was curious that Mr. Keppler's mind should have done these things, for the two who were waiting there on the



Ertz

platform were dressed in the cheap and shoddy stuffs worn by the poor in London streets. But he had a trained and observing eye, and images that had once impressed themselves upon it were accurately retained. He felt a strong impulse to go up to them and say, "Grüss Gott," knowing, with an odd certainty, that he would get a startled "Grüss Gott" in return. But the train came in then, and he got into a first-class compartment and the woman and boy into a third.

And as he sat there, about to unfold his paper, it struck him that as far as the boy was concerned the interest had been mutual. From under a wide, full forehead, those bright blue eyes had regarded him intelligently and shrewdly. He remembered the look well, and was still conscious of it.

"Something unusual about that lad," he thought. "I wonder what they're doing here, and how they got here?" And when he saw them an hour later hurrying ahead of him out of Victoria Station, the boy dragged down on one side by the heavy suit-case he carried, he felt sure of two things;

Proving that the *MOST Important Part* of *Art* is SALESMANSHIP

that whatever there was to be known about them would have interested him, and that he would never see them again.

About fifteen minutes later he was sitting at his desk in the Keppler Gallery in Brook Street.

"Mrs. Ballantyne has rung up again about that Renoir, Mr. Keppler," Swann, his secretary, told him. "She wants to know if you've said your last word on the subject of price. She hinted that she was going to fly over to Paris to-morrow to see another Renoir at Hoffenstein's. It's a later one, she says, and more typical. The blues are bluer and the browns browner, or something of the sort."

"Let her go, then," said Mr. Keppler. "She has pots of money and could afford double the price. I've already knocked off sixty pounds. She must take it or leave it."

"I'll tell her so. Those water colours of Gustav Frommel's arrived this morning."

"Good. I believe we'll do well with those. Did Vaudier send everything he promised?"

"Yes, I went over the list this morning."

"That's all right then. I went to a private sale in Hove, Saturday, and succeeded in buying an early Sisley, a lovely little thing. You might ring up Lord Ferrersleigh and tell him. I think it would interest him."

"I'll do that this morning. You'll come upon a letter presently from Liebl, that chap whose work you exhibited three years ago, just before I came. I'd barely finished reading it before he rang through, to know if he could see you."

"Johann Liebl. Oh, dear, I thought he'd gone to America for good. We never sold one of his pictures, you remember. What does he want now?"

"I think this is the letter," said Swann, going through a pile on the desk and extracting a yellowish sheet from the bottom. "Yes, here it is. He seems to be on his beam ends."

"That's where he was before, poor devil. I don't know what's wrong with Liebl. Personally I like his work. He's got talent, lots of it. He's quite as good a painter as many who do sell their stuff. He simply doesn't catch on. You remember Felix Shapiro, who died some months ago? He believed in Liebl. I think it was he who paid his passage to America, thinking he might have a better chance there. It's no good. I'm afraid he's unlucky. I'll just see what he says. 'Dear friend' . . . hmm . . . 'am back in London since more than a year now . . . working always very hard . . . sure you would like my new style. . . .' I think that's one of his troubles, he has too many styles. Poor fellow! I really can't be bothered with him, Swann."

"He's sure to ring up again. Shall I tell him that?"

"Tell him I can't possibly see him. One's got to live. If poor Liebl can't paint pictures that will sell, well, it's no fault of ours."

"True," said Swann. "I'll be as firm as I can. I'd better go and see about hanging those Frommels now."

"I'll look in presently. I want the Vaudiers in the first room. Mr. Thorogood knows. Has he come in yet, by the way?"

"He hadn't a moment ago."

"And it takes him barely twenty minutes to get here," grumbled Mr. Keppler. "Tell Miss Flood to come in now, will you please?"

Swann departed. He was a tall, thin young man with a long nose, a pleasant smile, and shrewd, bright eyes. He had a considerable knowledge of pictures, and Mr. Keppler sometimes wished that his ailing and somewhat erratic partner, Mr. Luther Thorogood, would retire, as he had long been threatening to do, and allow Swann to take his place. He and Swann got on very well, but Mr. Thorogood thought him too young to be made a partner. Mr. Keppler liked him for being young. He liked youth and liked to have people about him who were younger and more hopeful than himself. Few people knew that he was deeply and secretly fond of children, for he was in the habit of suppressing his great affection for them in order not to make his wife unhappy, she having given him none. He was a kindly, weary, disappointed man who had started life with great ambitions, one of which was to make enough money to possess one of the choicest collections of paintings in the world, a collection he meant to leave to the nation at his death. But as a business man he was signally unfortunate, and in the end his flair for pictures had to earn him his daily bread. His wife had a little money of her own, and they lived comfortably enough in an old, modernised farmhouse on the Sussex Downs.

He had just finished dictating letters to Miss Flood when Swann came in with a smile on his long face.

"Do you want me in the gallery, Swann?" he asked. "I was just coming."

"We do," said Swann, "but that isn't what I came in about. Liebl's here, and won't go."

"Won't go? Nonsense, you must get rid of him. I won't see him. Tell him I'm very busy arranging for an exhibition and can't possibly see him."

"I did, but he says he won't go without seeing you."

"Where is he?"

"In the hall. He's sitting there with his hat on his knee as if he meant to spend the day. Do you want me to put him out? He's bigger than I am."

"I find it so difficult to be firm with people like Liebl," said Mr. Keppler, with a worried frown. "He got round me once. I don't want him to get round me again."

"I think you'd better just see him," urged Swann. "Remember that times are bad and that Mr. Thorogood's blood-pressure soars whenever he hears his name."

"There are other galleries in London," fussed Mr. Keppler. "Why can't he go to them? Very well, Swann, send him in. That will be all for the present, Miss Flood. I want copies of all those letters, and please ring through to Hobbs and Rixon about those catalogues. They ought to have been ready last Friday."

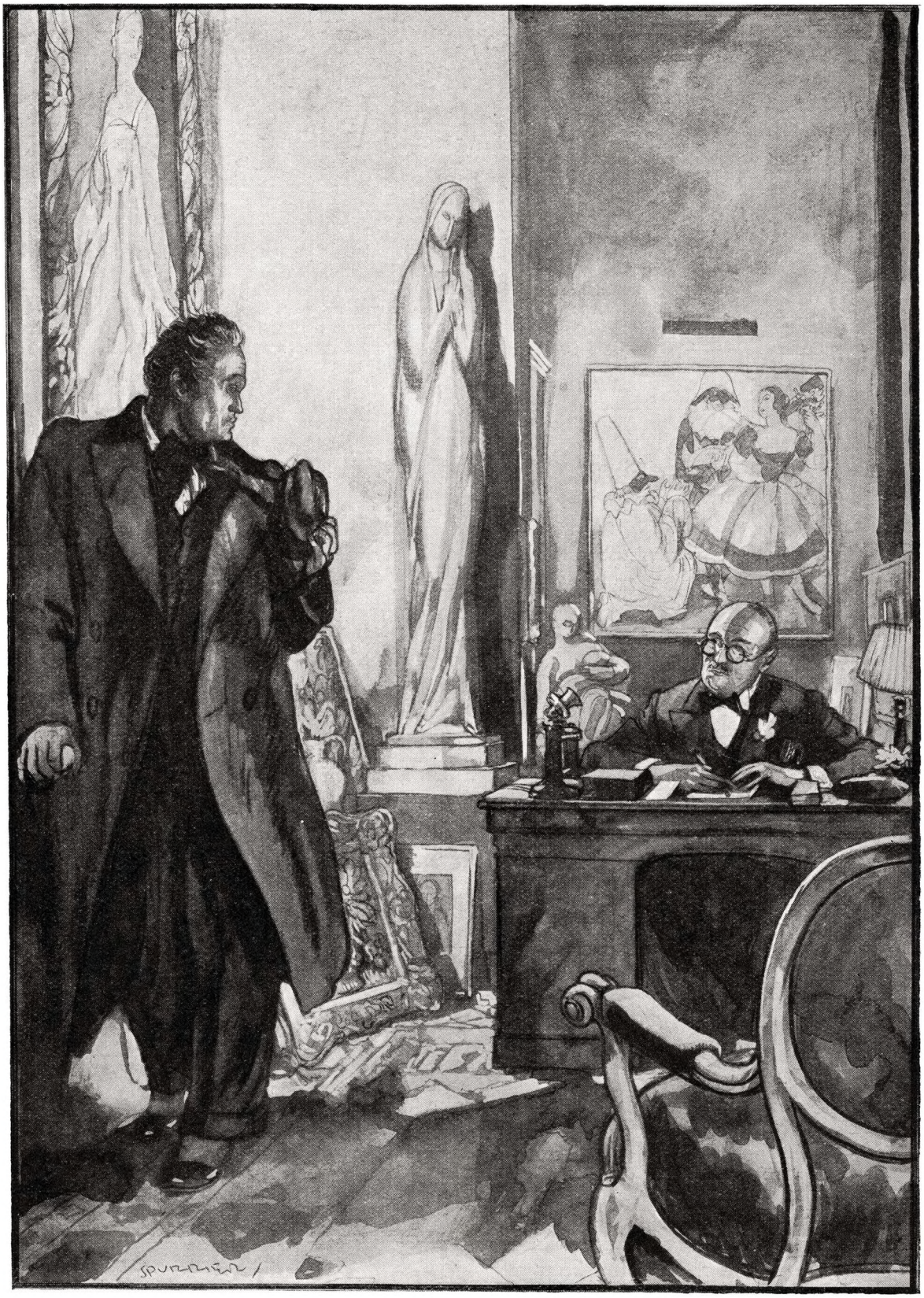
And in the short interval before the appearance of the painter, he walked to the mantelpiece, glanced absently, his mind on other matters, at his reflection in the glass above it, assumed an expression of even greater pessimism, and once more seated himself at his desk. Then the door abruptly opened, and Liebl came into the room.

In the three years that had elapsed since Mr. Keppler had last seen him, his recollections of him had not grown dim, so he was perfectly prepared for the figure that now crossed the heavily carpeted floor towards him. Liebl was a big man, with a fine, powerful-looking head set upon a strong neck. His features were heavy, and roughly handsome, and his hair was permitted to grow low down on either side of his full cheeks into the side whiskers of La Bohème. His clothes were very loose on his powerful frame, and suggested that they had been bought in days of greater prosperity and more lavish meals. His look was free and candid, his small, bright blue eyes alive and genial. He had an immense forehead and huge hands, and his whole appearance suggested vigour, self-confidence and a determination to stride over obstacles. He looked far more like a man prepared to grant favours than one about to seek them. It was that forceful, unintimidated eye of his that had such a hypnotising effect upon Mr. Keppler, who, as he half rose from his chair and proffered a joyless hand, tried to avoid its searching and vigorous beam.

"How do you do, Mr. Liebl?" he said primly, but his chilly greeting was lost in the strong rush of Liebl's words.

"Goodness gracious, Mr. Keppler, three whole years it is now since I have that show here and don't sell any pictures. So unlucky we both were, but that don't happen again, no, sir. Why, good gracious, I am a child then, a baby. Since that time I work, work, work. I change my style, I find myself. Johann Liebl is born two years ago, Mr. Keppler, a new man. You shall see my pictures, you shall say at once, 'Hallo! Hats off!' Eh? Like that. 'Hats off! A genius!'"

Mr. Keppler could feel himself growing smaller and weaker under this vigorous onslaught. But he had scarcely needed young Swann to remind him that times were bad and that Mr. Thorogood reacted to the name Johann Liebl much as a cat with kittens reacts to the neighbour's dog. Johann Liebl had cost the firm good money. He had been a total loss. No exhibition that had ever been held within and upon the renowned walls of the Keppler Gallery had been such a disastrous failure. And although Mr. Keppler himself put a good deal of this down to bad luck, bad weather and a Stock Exchange crash that had occurred at the same time, he had no wish to repeat the experience. You had to tickle people's fancy nowadays with the unusual and the bizarre. Those astonishing water-colours of Frommel's, fantastic to the point of madness, were what they liked. Or Vaudier's bold impressions of tropical sunlight upon lithe, brown bodies. Two-thirds of those were sold a week before the



Illustrations by Stephen Spurrier R.O.I.

¶ *"Listen, Mr. Keppler," pleaded Liebl. "I got a boy and that boy is a genius. So big a genius that I get scared."*

exhibition. But Liebl was neither original enough to please the moderns nor traditional enough to suit the conservatives. And Mr. Keppler hardened his heart and steeled himself against that ebullient personality.

"While I am very pleased indeed to see you again, Mr. Liebl, I must tell you at once that I'm afraid there is nothing I can do for you. Nothing at all. I told Mr. Swann, my assistant and secretary, that I couldn't possibly see you, but he said you particularly wanted to see me, so I gave way. The fact is, conditions at present do not warrant any risks. You are quite unknown in England, in spite of the efforts we made three years ago, and believe me, this is a far less propitious moment——"

"Please?" interrupted Liebl.

"A far less propitious, a far less advantageous moment to attempt to launch an unknown painter. Frankly, Mr. Liebl, I was very glad when I heard you had gone to America. There is more money there, people spend more freely, and the foreign artist has a better chance of establishing himself within a comparatively short time than he has here. I——"

"Please, Mr. Keppler, sure, I like very much America, but goodness gracious, I got a wife and son, Mr. Keppler, and try how I like, I cannot get those two people into the country. Well, I am a family man, I don't like my boy should grow up and not know his own papa, or my wife should maybe get too lonely, so I come back. Then my good friend Mr. Shapiro is dead. (*Continued on page* **96**)

By Anthony Gibbs

Veterans

THIS is a bow drawn at a venture, in the hope that, by aiming a little wildly at the sun, a shaft may fall among some people of my own age, to communicate something of my uneasiness and bring with it, perhaps, a suggestion of the light. I should like it to be a barbed shaft, but only so that it may make a deeper hole in the insensitiveness of my contemporaries, and because editors are very fond of barbs. If you like you may discount the barbs. But I want to touch the imaginations and the consciences of those who, like myself, were just too young to cover themselves with glory by being conscripts in the recent little folly of green memory.

By the grace of God and the highly unpatriotic behaviour of our parents in the year 1902 or thereabouts, we were spared all the gallantry and discomforts of that episode. The thing means little to us. We had no hand in its conscientious preparation. The emotionalism of those early August days passed us by. When the crowd gathered before Buckingham Palace and stood bareheaded, while the figure of the King appeared remotely stepping from a window to a balcony—we were then twelve years old or less. We cannot even remember whether the nation entered into the affair gravely, with a sense of awful responsibility, or whether it was swept by a wave of bland hysteria. We seem to remember some enthusiasm, a vague confusion of bands and flags and laughing girls and porters and trains leaving Victoria Station. Did Mr. Asquith stand boldly up in Parliament to denounce the declaration or didn't he? The whole time is doubly vague from being a compound of childish memory and history. For myself I have a vague recollection of being a unit in that crowd before the Palace. I can remember my own sensations rather definitely. I felt almost as pleasantly uplifted as if I had been presented with a new, shiny bicycle. I thought—"By gosh, now *we're* at war. England has never been beaten at war yet. *We'll show these dirty foreigners.*" I had been brought up, you see, on that most comforting legend which is known as English History. And I repaired forthwith, to Hope Brothers I think it was, and purchased a "patriotic tie" and wore it proudly, together with an enamelled Union Jack.

While the world fought we were at school. We were isolated from the mass emotion. We had no conception of the war as a composite sensation. We only came within its reach in a series of isolated impressions—the lengthening of the Roll of Honour in the chapel—the visit of the school V.C.—the deterioration of the tuck shop—food cards and stuff called honey sugar—the sudden obliteration of a brother or one's father, and a dim sense that all about us was a nervous tension carefully fenced off from our microcosm within the playing fields and the dormitories and the classrooms.

It must seem curious to older people for whom the war remains as the most abiding influence on their psychologies—an unhealed and gangrened wound, that it is as remote from us as the Great Exhibition of 1851. Our idea of it as an emotional experience is gleaned not from memory but from the things we read. It must have been an odd affair. To dig into the *Punches* of the period is to be in a world which is every bit as false and alien to our comprehension as was depicted by Du Maurier. But we have a pretty clear idea of it all the same. Our imagination shies at the queer universality of putrescent flesh, at the unceasing din of detonation, at the extraordinary familiarity our elder brothers must have achieved with such ordinarily unfamiliar things

Heroes have made a mess of the World—

of the PEACE!

as disease and death and lice and harlots and courage and fear and the inside of men's bodies and stink and sightlessness and damnation. It is too difficult for us to conceive what it felt like to be in the trenches in a world bounded about by such horrors. We cannot put ourselves in their place and say that we would have behaved like this or that. But we know what happened, better perhaps for our detachment, than if we had been a cog in the machine or a brief incident in the catastrophe.

We know, for instance, that to anyone who has read the Poincaré-Isvolsky correspondence it must be immediately clear that the French were as ready for the war as the Germans. We know that England jumped into the fray, not for little Belgium or to end war or for any of those motives which sent our young men across the Channel with a sense of high moral purpose, but from fear of what might happen if the Germans won, with special reference to the Channel ports. We think—at any rate *I* think—it would have been a more intelligent policy to have preserved our neutrality, to have emerged into peace as the richest nation in the world, with the lion's share of the world's trade, and a million young Englishmen still alive. It would have been a more honourable policy, because from whatever angle it is viewed, organised slaughter is not a noble game, nor fear a reputable master. And it would have been a more honest policy, because to play at once on the better feelings and primitive instincts of our people so that they lay down their lives for a magnificent misconception is disgraceful. It was unfortunate for our elder brothers, the veterans of the war, that the misconception did not last for more than a couple of years, so that they were caught in the momentum of the machine and carried up into its entrails, with frightful damage to their belief in the goodness of God and other pious matters.

But enough of the war. The war is boring. I dwell on it at some length only to emphasise the clean division between half the world and us—the veterans of war and the veterans of peace. The machine spins on. For thirteen years now we, of my generation, have been grown up in a world which may be fit for heroes, but is not fit—I submit the novelty—for us.

By that tactless misdemeanour of our parents hereinbefore referred to, we have escaped not only the fighting but the aftermath. We are not nervous wrecks. We do not suffer from seared souls. We are not convulsive with reaction. We have lost no faith and no idealism. We are not heroes. We are not disillusioned by the anticlimacteric of peace. We get no sympathy. The dole was not made for us. Yet we have grown up into a world in which these things are normal. We had nothing to do with the war. It was rather before our time. And we are left, not to put too fine a point upon it, with the baby.

Near my house in Chelsea I see the Chelsea pensioners, old men who hobble in red coats, jiggling with lumbago, into the adjacent pubs, and hobble out again with dank moustaches, perfect dignity, and a watery look about the eye. I watch them digging rather feebly in their gardens, and clustering in furtive groups about the gates to greet the coming of a man with the early editions of the evening papers, who gives a quick look up and down the street before he enters into the most beautiful building in London and one that is certainly worth ten of the Palace of Versailles. I see them treading solitary paths among the nursemaids and their brats, or merely standing still, gazing at the pebbles

Let *us* step into the Leadership!

on the ground before them, unmoving, while the traffic roars along the Embankment and the children come and play and are tired and go, and the sun goes to bed behind the four great chimneys of the power station.

Sometimes I feel that we are rather like that. The others made the world we live in. We must live in it—in it but not of it. We have endured for thirteen years now a set of conditions imposed upon us from behind. It is not age we have to contend against but youth—the disgruntlement of youth just a little less young than we are. We have to suffer with the heroes. The heroes have made a mess of the world. They have made a mess of morality, a mess of art, a mess of industry and finance, a mess of religion, a mess of peace. We have to bear the consequences. We are expected to conform, not only to the mess but to the admission of helplessness, to all the pessimism and depression, and the recognition of futility. And we do conform. All about us are a thousand things which in our heart of hearts we know are wrong, and we stand gazing at the pebbles between our feet.

I suggest quite simply, that we step into the leadership. I suggest it is time to break through the reaction and dismay, and to begin to build up again the ruins of the world's idealism. Not the old idealism, which was shattered because of its ideals which were both false and unattainable, but a new idealism in which we can believe. The old system reached its *reductio ad absurdum*. That is not to say that all systems are unworkable. The world has lost its faith. So much the better for the world. We must substitute another faith, and not give ourselves over to discouragement and despair. It is well to remember that the future of the world rests with us, not with the heroes. It is a grave responsibility, but its very gravity may give us courage. Not that we require courage. The thing is perfectly easy. We have the concept of a new order in our minds, implanted there through no credit to ourselves, by the detachment from the older order which I have emphasised. All that is necessary is that we should become vocal. We merely have to say in a loud voice that we propose to disinherit ourselves from the legacy of the past. We respectfully decline to hold the baby. And we propose a few fundamental reorientations of outlook in regard to such subjects as beauty, religion, finance, government, sex, domestic morality, world politics, usury, and, of course, war.

Let us get down to details. I think it may safely be said that most people in England to-day have lost faith in government by political party. No ordinarily intelligent person can possibly be expected to cast his vote with any consciousness of sincerity upon Liberal or Conservative or Labour. Those of us who have been in our time almost passionate believers in the economic precepts of Mr. John Maynard Keynes have been shocked back into apathy by the deplorable tactical manœuvres of the Liberal Party. Yet the fundamental thing the matter with professional politicians is their honesty. This is mistakenness; this is absurd. It was for this reason that we had hopes of Mr. Lloyd George. Yet even Mr. Lloyd George seems to labour under the remarkable conviction that the salvation of the Liberal party might be a good thing for the country. Both Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Macdonald carry conviction to the point of danger. It seems incredible, but both these gentlemen appear to believe that the policies of their respective parties are right. Both of them indeed could go to the polls and place hands on their hearts and crosses against the names of Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. Saklatvala. This is pretty pathetic. Most of the older generation have already spotted the pathos there. But the veterans of peace must go further. We must realise that with a system of representative government it is necessary for the candidates to go down to their prospective constituencies and talk bilge in order to be elected. The system worked perfectly well so long as politicians were intelligent and dishonest men. They talked their bilge to the electors, and then proceeded with the government of the country. But this new note of sincerity has brought government to a standstill. It has reduced a polite fiction to actual government by the electorate. And government ought not to be able to be brought to a standstill by paradoxes of this unpleasing variety.

The whole arrangement is a silly arrangement, and we should get rid of it. Our elders made great play with the idea of government by the uneducated. They called it Democracy, and felt they were getting back to Plato. Let us get rid of Democracy. Let us prevent the under-housemaid and Lady Angela Snooksbottome and the man who is interested in football competitions from deciding whether or not we should return to a gold standard or India become

Illustrations by Bowmar

A Challenge to the

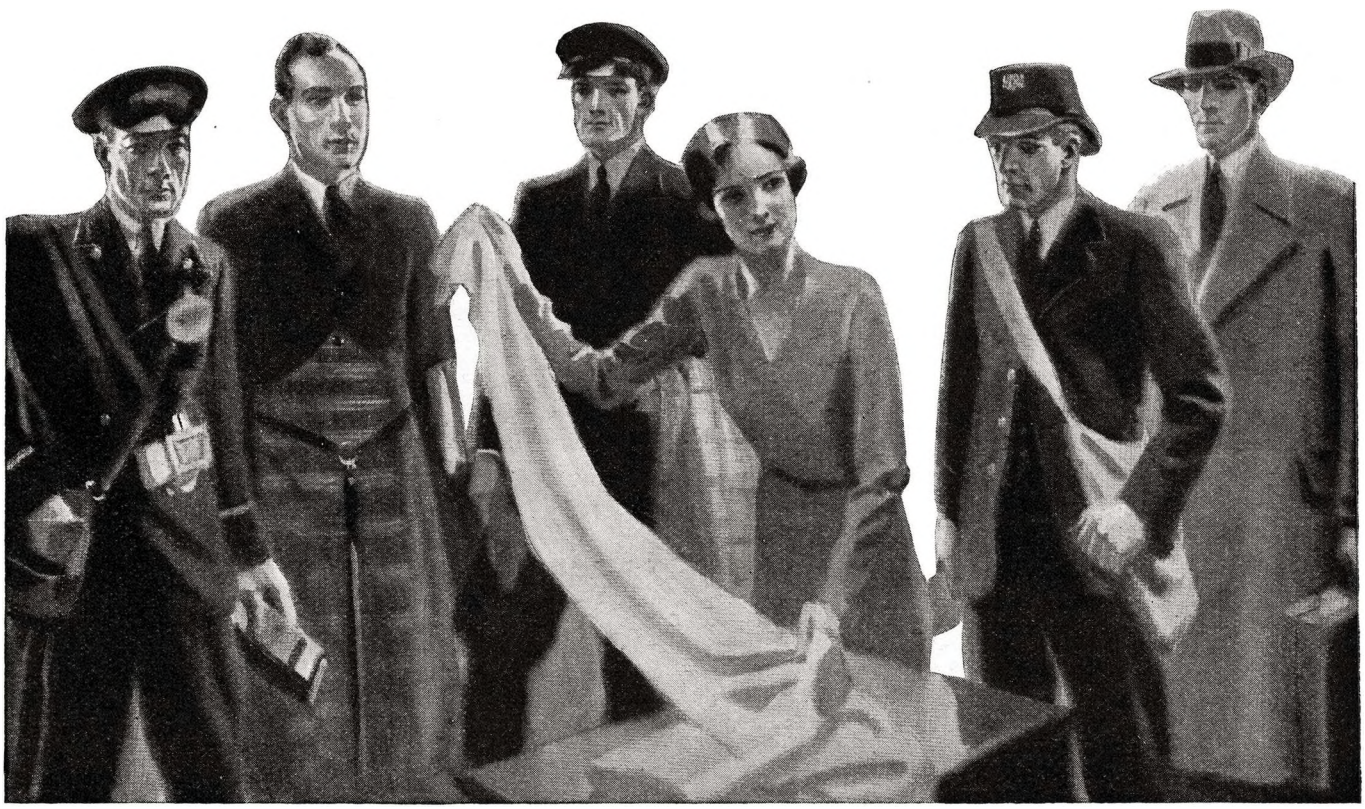
a self-governing dominion. It might be a sound idea to substitute some form of government by education. There are many possible forms. There is autocracy, which presupposes the availability of a suitable autocrat. There is aristocracy, which works very nicely in some countries where the aristocrats have not been to an English public school. There is hereditary despotism, which may reach both the heights and the depths, and depends again upon the personality of the despot. There is no doubt, however, that the genius of the English people is best expressed in the idea of Civil Service. Let us institute government by exam. Let all parliamentary candidates read "politics" at their school and university, pass the stiffest parliamentary examination we can devise, spend ten years devilling in the lobbies and be finally "called to the floor." The remuneration might well be in excess of the scale which is customary at the Bar.

In any country but our own the experiment would be disastrous. In England, however, that besetting honesty of the race would be turned to good advantage, and I for one firmly believe that under a "Benevolent Bureaucracy" England might achieve another lease of greatness. The chief difficulty would be in keeping the conduct of affairs out of the hands of the examiners. Examiners have a tendency to be elderly men, steeped in the tradition of their calling. They might develop into some kind of Cabinet, to the complete immobilisation of the junior member with his new ideas. This is a minor difficulty and there are ways out of it. We might make this concession to democracy, that their examination papers, or their thesis or whatever it is, be put to the vote of the House. I should be inclined, too, to suggest the retention of the House of Lords. This chamber of hereditary negatives provides a useful check on exuberant administration, is inoperative in the last resort owing to the Parliament Act, and provides just that touch of picturesque survival which goes so far towards making England what it is.

With a government of that sort we might press on with some very necessary reforms. Let us deport Mr. Epstein, and remove *instanter* the Albert Memorial, Rima, Nurse Cavell, the whole of Trafalgar Square, St. Pancras Station and the museum of natural history, and in fact every object of art or architecture which has been perpetrated since 1820 with certain obvious and notable exceptions. We want to eliminate every indication of the degeneracy of taste since the last of the Georges. In particular we want to eliminate the "disgruntlement" of the post-war period. The Victorians were bad enough, God wot, but Tennyson was a long way nearer good taste than James Joyce, and I do believe that even Landseer's lions were better bits of work than "Genesis." Let us disabuse art of the necessity to be shocking, to make obscene gestures in the face of beauty. Let us set beauty back upon her pedestal, the beauty of the human figure, the beauty of the countryside, the beauty of graceful architecture, and furniture, and silver, and all those things which help to make life a gracious and a cultivated exercise. Let us touch our old cities with new beauty, so that even railway stations and catholic churches may be as easy on the eye as a cinematograph theatre or a bank. Above all we want to set up beauty not as an Aunt Sally but as an ideal.

I will not touch upon religion here, except to say that it seems a little hard on God to blame Him for mankind's biggest blunder. Odd how men cannot believe that God's in His heaven unless all's right with the world. And how incorrigibly anthropomorphic we are! Sir James Jeans thinks God is a pure mathematician. I've no doubt Professor Julian Huxley would have Him a biologist. This is a scientific age. Perhaps the scientists will have their way. Perhaps the time is ripe for a new kind of religion with a new kind of God, who will be very much the old kind of God. For God is the Universal Explanation. I fear we cannot do without God. As the fabled philosopher of ancient times once said in effect: "If you know of a better explanation——" We cannot expect our parliament of intelligent persons to legislate about God, but the veterans of peace might well advocate a fresh outlook on morality.

Now here again I am beginning to suspect that our vaunted novelty is little more than a return to standards that were overthrown. For myself (and here most probably I speak alone) I am all for a tightening up of the system with regard to marriage. I feel the present flexibility in this matter is not only disgusting but unbiological. The family has too long been the basis of every form of human organisation to be overthrown without the whole human organisation going with it. I believe that since man is the highest form of mammal (*Continued on page* **100**)



Imagination of the Youth of To-day

Homes, Sweet Homes

by Peggy Wood

Photo: Cigarini

Bitter-Sweet

—that happy assembling of the brilliant creative genius of NOEL COWARD, the dramatic skill of CHARLES B. COCHRAN, and the perfection of sympathetic art of PEGGY WOOD—has become a classic of the English stage. On the eve of her departure for America PEGGY WOOD sends this message to her friends in England, and as she goes we hopefully listen to the assurance of the refrain:

"I'll see you again whenever spring breaks through again."

Photo: Sasha

¶ *ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT. One of the scenes from "Bitter-Sweet," with Peggy Wood in the arms of her music-master lover. She runs away to become a singer, SARI LINDEN, and to see her lover killed in a duel.*

Photo: Sasha

¶ *NOEL COWARD, playwright, composer and writer of lyrics, who created the operette.*

¶ *C. B. COCHRAN, the great impressario in the English theatre, who produced "Bitter-Sweet."*

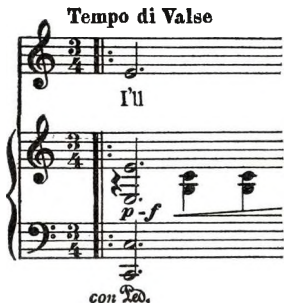
Photo: Foulsham & Banfield

THE actor is never supposed to have any home at all. The classic tradition is that he is born in the wings, and grows up in the tray of a trunk. Wherever that trunk is, is home. Out of it he pulls his few tiny belongings—the photographs, cushion-covers and treasured odds and ends which he has picked up here and there, and redecorates whatever four walls and sticks of furniture there are already in the place, and calls it home. Therefore there are, I suppose, dotted all over the world, innumerable homes, each claiming its bit in the memory of some rogue and vagabond who carries his make-believe into his life as well as on to the stage. There are towns and places which have suited those meagre belongings more aptly than others, and for those towns there is always an answering response, at the mention of the name, in the heart of the strolling player. Thus his eye lights up at the mention of Chicago, or Manchester, or some little place where he spent weeks in repertory, and where he managed to scrabble out of his surroundings an imitation of home.

In the past few years, the actor, notoriously improvident, has decided to prove to the world that he is as good a citizen as the next man, and nowadays his first few pennies go into the purchase of a home, to show the world that he, too, is a person who can pay his rent and his rates, his grocer's bills and his children's schooling, and take his place in society. He has got a lot of the world to pick from, since he has been all over it, and the place he chooses is liable to be one of those cities where first he

Photo: Sasha

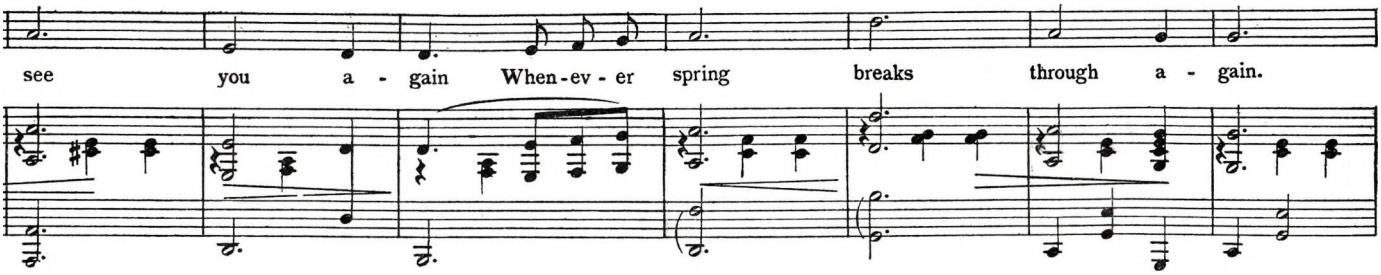
¶ *After the play's fitful fever Miss Wood, now as Lady Shane, smiles sweetly.*



Not very long ago I went for a holiday across the Channel, and as I set out, I looked across the waves towards where America might be, my native land. Suddenly I found myself saying, "Which is home now?" for after two years in England there are so many places and so many things that have become part of the home I have made here, that it will be a deep wrench to uproot me and send me back to my own little farm in Connecticut, which I have not seen for so long. I have never been troubled with nostalgia as a real disease, perhaps because I have travelled about a lot, and the adaptability that all actors must have, in suiting themselves to new theatres every week, and new audiences, has stood me in great stead; yet England, the home of my forefathers, will, I know, cause that emotion to rise when I see the water widening between me and the vanishing shores of this island. One never knows in the theatre business where one will be from week to week, let alone from year to year, and there will be a pang in my heart to think perhaps it may be a long time before I see these bluebell-filled woods again. And yet there is an answering reassurance that perhaps it won't be so long after all.

People say that it isn't the town or the country that matters, it is the associations. Thus, you may be in the most beautiful place in the world, surrounded by the most poisonous neighbours, who can destroy all sense of loveliness which the eye may find. But here, in my short experience, has been the perfect combination, of every prospect pleasing, and the following line of the hymn utterly belied.

Looking back over one's life one finds it divides itself into periods; thus such-and-such a time was "before Edwin was born" or "just after that long bout with 'flu," rather than "August 1925" or any such definite date, and in this instance was able to find the atmosphere and environment where he could expand and invite his soul. This is sometimes a matter for great deliberation, for he may be torn between two places, even two countries. This is the position in which one Thespian I know finds herself, and I know her pretty well because she happens to be me. I was not born in the wings, and I was not raised in the tray of a trunk, but I have gone about a lot, like the rest of my tribe, and I know that there are bright spots which one would like to take along with one, to place in that refuge which an actor calls a home.



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find the period of "those two years in England" fast becoming a 'before-and-after" date. As the coast falls away at Land's End there vill be crowds of memories calling, "Remember me? I'm the time 'ou first saw the Devon downs!" And "Remember me? I'm the taste)f treacle tart!" Until at last it will be like old school friends getting ogether after many years, with slappings of thighs and mighty chortles)ver their escapades and dreams of long ago, and the crowding nemories will vie with each other until what might fade into forgetful- ıess is stamped for ever in the heart.

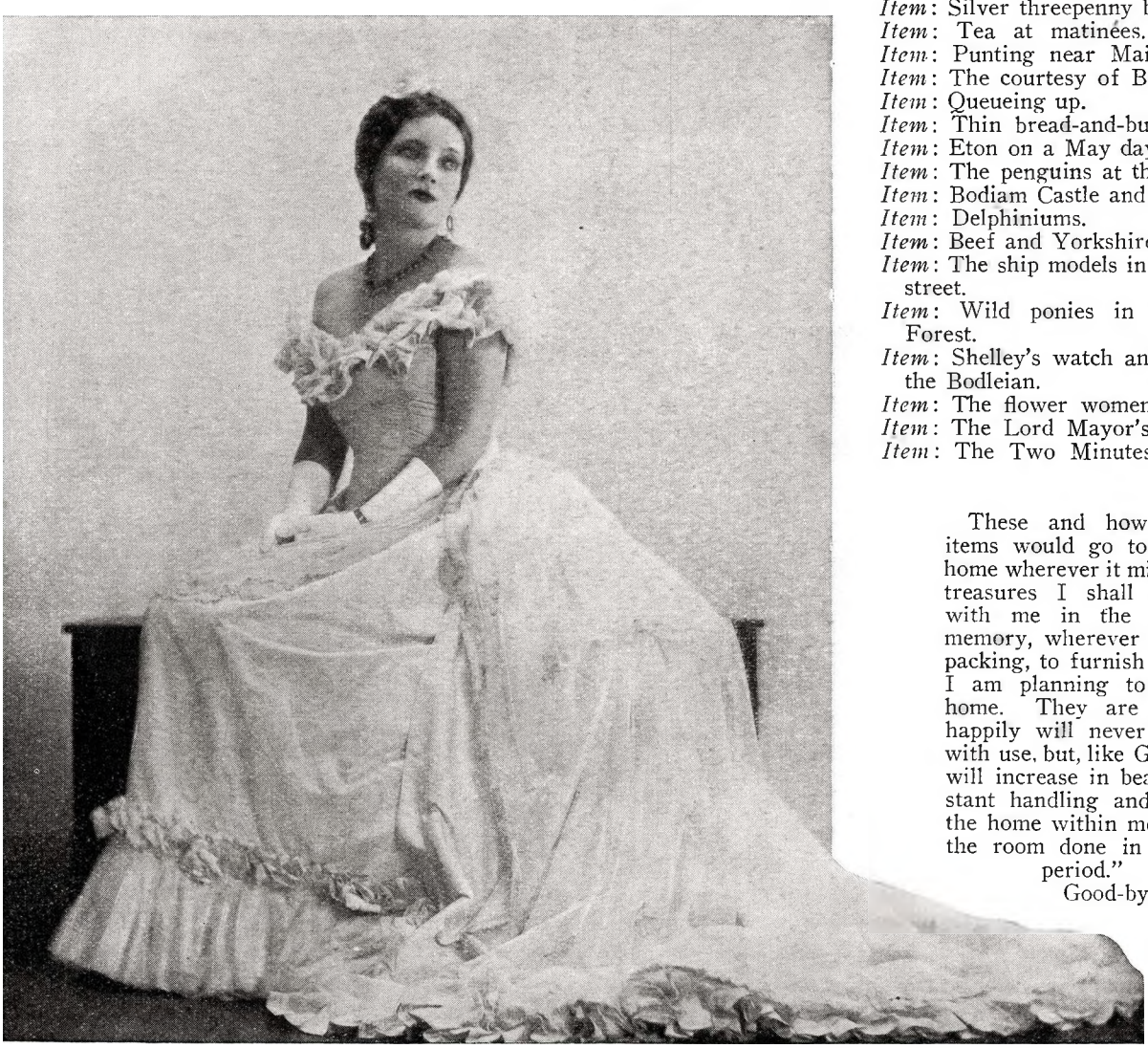
If I could write a poem like that of Rupert Brooke's where he calls ıimself "The Great Lover" and itemises the things he loves—you :now, the one which includes in the delightful list that line about "the)enizen of hot water"—I should make a poem out of those scraps and leeting memories. But alas, my words are too feeble, and my en- leavour would be much more like an inventory than anything else, an nventory perhaps of the bits and pieces which go to make up a ıome.

There would be:

Item: English bacon (lovely stuff!).
Item: Primroses, the wild ones and the pinky ones in shops.
Item: The Renoir in the Tate called "La Première Sortie."
Item: The Caledonian Market.
Item: That tiny, beautiful Saxon church at Dorchester, near Oxford.
Item: The backyard gardens anywhere, tenderly cared for and filled with some sort of flower, no matter how poor the tenant.
Item: The long summer twilight.
Item: The flares at Hyde Park Corner in a real fog.
Item: The Cockney accent.
Item: The Baby Austins.
Item: The Dover sole.
Item: The ubiquitous umbrella.
Item: Magdalen Chapel evensong and the straight unwavering flames of the candles.
Item: Silver threepenny bits.
Item: Tea at matinées.
Item: Punting near Maidenhead.
Item: The courtesy of Bobbies.
Item: Queueing up.
Item: Thin bread-and-butter.
Item: Eton on a May day.
Item: The penguins at the Zoo.
Item: Bodiam Castle and the moat.
Item: Delphiniums.
Item: Beef and Yorkshire pudding.
Item: The ship models in Cockspur street.
Item: Wild ponies in the New Forest.
Item: Shelley's watch and book in the Bodleian.
Item: The flower women.
Item: The Lord Mayor's carriage.
Item: The Two Minutes' Silence.

¶ *PEGGY WOOD as the girl who ventured all for love.*

Photo: Pauline Portraits



These and how many other items would go to make up my home wherever it might be. These treasures I shall carry around with me in the trunk of my memory, wherever I shall be unpacking, to furnish whatever it is I am planning to make into a home. They are things which happily will never grow shabby with use, but, like Georgian silver, will increase in beauty with constant handling and care, and in the home within me they shall be the room done in "the English period."

Good-bye, Land's End, and yet not good-bye, for I am taking you with me, although you don't know it.

The Case

¶ *"What I'm going to tell you I've never told to a living soul!" said Louisa.*

by J. S. Fletcher

for the Defence

Josiah, the gossip.

Who killed Roger Maidment?

is the theme of this baffling mystery in four parts, by J. S. Fletcher. The Crown view of the murder was presented last month. Here is the story of the Lawyer for the defence. In succeeding issues will appear:—

PART III

The Deliberations of the Jury

PART IV

The Prisoner's own Story

(The statement of Mr. E. H. Wilsborough, Solicitor, of Ullathwaite.)

AS the Solicitor entrusted with the preparation of the defence, and at the request of Mr. P. W. Wrenne, Chairman of our local Bench of Magistrates, I proceed to set down all that I know of the arrest, examination before the magistrates, and trial at the Grandminster Assizes, of Richard Radford, charged with the murder of Roger Maidment at Hagsdene Wood on the night of October 17th, 1899.

On October 14th I went up to London on legal business and was detained there until late in the afternoon of October 18th. I left town by the 5.30 train, and arrived at Ullathwaite four hours later. I was sitting in my dining-room at ten o'clock, over a late supper, when my parlour-maid came to tell me that Mr. John Radford, the Mayor of Ullathwaite, and a prominent member of my own profession, was in the hall and wished to see me immediately.

I saw—as soon as he entered the room—that Mr. Radford was in a state of high nervous tension. But it was manifested—to me—by the unusual, and quite unnatural calmness of his manner. His face was set and stern, and his voice, when he spoke, cold and formal.

"You have been away, Wilsborough?" he said as he took the chair I offered him. "You have not yet heard of anything that has happened—here—since you went away?"

"Not yet. Has anything happened?"

He turned his hat over on his knee; I fancied I detected a slight trembling of his hands. "You would know Maidment, the rent-collector?" he asked.

"Maidment? Yes! What about him?" I replied. "Run away?"

Again he turned his hat over, once or twice, eyeing me closely out of his eye-corners. "Maidment," he answered, "was found dead this morning in Hagsdene Wood. He had been murdered—and robbed."

I stared at him in amazement.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "And——"

He cleared his throat with a slight cough.

"The police," he said, with an effort, "the police have arrested my son—Richard!"

I was lifting some food to my lips when he said this, but I paused in the action and dropping the fork back on the plate, rose to my feet. "You don't mean it!" I said. "Dick!"

I knew Dick Radford well enough—after all, I was only a few years his senior. He was a bit wild and rakish, but nothing would ever have induced me to suspect him of murder—nor of theft.

"He was arrested an hour ago," he answered, simply. "He is at the cells in the police court."

"Some mistake, of course," I said. "What does Dick say? Denies it, I'm sure! And Dick's truthful."

"On the whole, yes," replied Dick's father. "He has told me lies, to be sure, now and then. But I should call him truthful—if it comes to it. He has stated, unequivocally, that he did not kill Maidment or rob him, alive or dead. I believe him."

"But the ground for arrest?" I said. "What evidence is there against him?"

He shook his head at that, and I began to see that behind his effort at calmness there was a good deal of mental agitation.

He answered. "There is circumstantial evidence. I had better tell you all I know—Henderson—the police superintendent, has told me of all that is known to him. It is just this: Yesterday evening, Maidment, following his usual practice, went to collect the monthly rent of that new property at Hagsdene Park. He collected about £100—perhaps rather more. Some of the tenants paid him by cheque; some in notes; some in gold. One tenant, Collingwood——"

"I know Collingwood," I interrupted.

"Collingwood paid him in gold, giving him six sovereigns," Mr. Radford went on. "One of these sovereigns had a small hole drilled in it. Collingwood noticed it when he was paying it over and drew Maidment's attention to it—Maidment poohpoohed it and accepted it. Maidment went away from Hagsdene Park, with his £100 or so in his possession, about a quarter past ten last night. This morning, at an early hour, he was found dead in Hagsdene Wood—and there was no money."

Illustrations by
Gilbert Wilkinson

¶ *"The mistress and young Radford came out of the summer-house late that night."*

"But—murder?" I said. "How do they know it was murder?"

"He had received blows—heavy blows—on the head," replied Mr. Radford. "Some blunt weapon. Any one of the blows would cause death, so the medical men say."

"Why is Dick suspected?" I inquired.

"It is very puzzling, very puzzling!" he answered. "I had better tell you all I know from another angle. We understood, at home, yesterday evening, that Dick was going to ride over, on his bicycle, to Lowsthorpe, to spend the night at Verrill's. He said he was. But—that wasn't true. At any rate, he didn't go to Verrill's. He left home about six o'clock—where he went after that, I don't know. But at ten o'clock he was seen to enter Hagsdene Wood, and to go across towards the west side of it—he'd pass close by the place where Maidment's body was found. Where he went, then, no one knows; he will not say. But he spent the night somewhere—certainly not at home. And before ten o'clock this morning he was at my office. At half-past ten he went to see Fardale——"

"The bookmaker?"

"Exactly. It appears that, unknown to me, Dick has been betting. He owed Fardale £50. Fardale had been threatening him with exposure. Well, this morning he paid Fardale the £50. Amongst the gold was the perforated sovereign which Collingwood paid to Maidment the night before."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "But how did Fardale know anything about that?"

"Collingwood happened to meet Fardale at the Black Bull this morning, and told him, in discussing the murder, about the perforated coin. Fardale had the money which Dick had given him in a certain pocket; he examined it and found that particular sovereign. Then he and Collingwood went to Henderson."

"That's serious, Mr. Radford!" I said. "But—can't Dick explain? Won't he say where he got the sovereign?"

"He will give no answer whatever to these questions," replied Mr. Radford. "He will not say where he spent last night. He will not say where he was between six o'clock yesterday evening and ten o'clock, when he was seen to enter Hagsdene Wood. And he will not say where he got the money to pay Fardale."

"Not even where he got the marked sovereign?"

"No! He says that he knows nothing whatever about a marked sovereign. He admits that he gave Fardale some gold in paying the £50, but he swears that he never noticed any marked coin amongst it."

"But—why won't he tell?"

"I cannot tell you. But—he won't!"

"But—you, his father? And—his mother? Won't he tell either, or both?"

"No! I am sure he will not—whatever happens!"

"A good deal may happen, Mr. Radford. But—what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to act for him—to prepare his defence. Of course, they'll commit him to the Assizes. I don't see how they can do anything else—on the evidence."

"It's very suspicious, certainly. But if Dick's innocent, how did he get hold of that marked sovereign? Surely he could tell us that! In confidence, if in nothing else."

"He will not tell, in confidence or in any other way or for any reason! All he will say is that he knows nothing of Maidment's murder, did not murder him, did not rob him, never set eyes on him last night, alive or dead!"

"And you believe him?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then, Mr. Radford, I think Dick is shielding some other person! What do you say?"

"I think it likely."

"Do you think he knows who killed Maidment?"

Mr. Radford reflected on this question during a brief silence.

"I think he may have a suspicion," he replied at last.

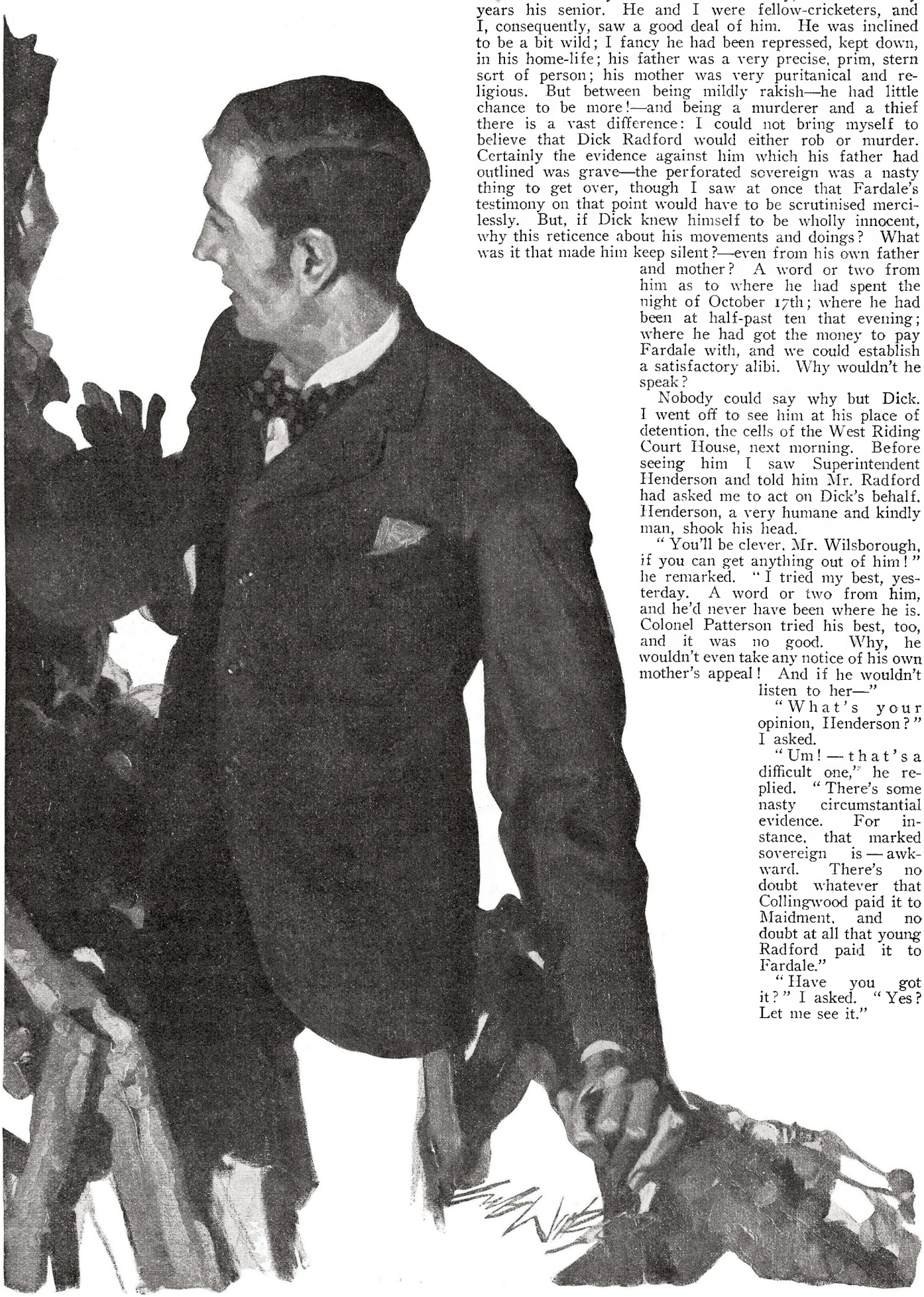
"Have you asked him if he has?"

"No! He doesn't want to talk about it. His policy is silence. Will you see him in the morning, before the Court proceedings begin——"

"Yes," I said. "I'll see him—immediately after breakfast."

He rose at that, shook hands, and went away in silence.

I sat down again to my interrupted supper, and thought over what he had told me. And the more I thought, the more I was convinced that I was confronted with what



the story-tellers call a first-class mystery. I knew Dick Radford intimately—as I have said already, I was not many years his senior. He and I were fellow-cricketers, and I, consequently, saw a good deal of him. He was inclined to be a bit wild; I fancy he had been repressed, kept down, in his home-life; his father was a very precise, prim, stern sort of person; his mother was very puritanical and religious. But between being mildly rakish—he had little chance to be more!—and being a murderer and a thief there is a vast difference: I could not bring myself to believe that Dick Radford would either rob or murder. Certainly the evidence against him which his father had outlined was grave—the perforated sovereign was a nasty thing to get over, though I saw at once that Fardale's testimony on that point would have to be scrutinised mercilessly. But, if Dick knew himself to be wholly innocent, why this reticence about his movements and doings? What was it that made him keep silent?—even from his own father and mother? A word or two from him as to where he had spent the night of October 17th; where he had been at half-past ten that evening; where he had got the money to pay Fardale with, and we could establish a satisfactory alibi. Why wouldn't he speak?

Nobody could say why but Dick. I went off to see him at his place of detention, the cells of the West Riding Court House, next morning. Before seeing him I saw Superintendent Henderson and told him Mr. Radford had asked me to act on Dick's behalf. Henderson, a very humane and kindly man, shook his head.

"You'll be clever, Mr. Wilsborough, if you can get anything out of him!" he remarked. "I tried my best, yesterday. A word or two from him, and he'd never have been where he is. Colonel Patterson tried his best, too, and it was no good. Why, he wouldn't even take any notice of his own mother's appeal! And if he wouldn't listen to her—"

"What's your opinion, Henderson?" I asked.

"Um!—that's a difficult one," he replied. "There's some nasty circumstantial evidence. For instance, that marked sovereign is—awkward. There's no doubt whatever that Collingwood paid it to Maidment, and no doubt at all that young Radford paid it to Fardale."

"Have you got it?" I asked. "Yes? Let me see it."

He unlocked a drawer in his desk, took out a small cardboard box, and from it withdrew six sovereigns which he arranged in a row on his blotting-pad.

"There you are," he said. "Those are the coins which Dick Radford handed to Fardale."

I saw the marked coin at once. It had a very small hole drilled through it, just above the Queen's head and beneath the rim.

"And you say Collingwood will swear to his having handed that to Maidment?" I asked. "Positively?"

"Positively!"

"And Fardale will swear that it was handed to him by Dick Radford?"

"Just as positively."

"Look here, Mr. Radford told me last night that the rest of the money Dick paid to Fardale was in notes. Where are they?"

He pulled out a sealed envelope and broke the seal.

"They're here," he answered. "Fardale handed over to me the full amount of the money he'd received from Dick Radford: he'd never touched it since putting it in his pocket at the time of receipt until Collingwood told him of the marked sovereign. The precise amount was fifty-one pounds—a betting debt. Dick handed him six pounds in gold and forty-five in Bank of England notes."

One thing struck me at once. There were nine notes, of £5 each. Not a single note amongst the nine was a new one. All the notes showed signs of having been in circulation some little time; they were creased, thumbed, more or less soiled by usage.

"Look here, Henderson," I said, handing them back, "though you represent the other side and I'm to represent your prisoner, you won't mind telling me something? You say some of the residents at Hagsdene Park paid Maidment their rents in bank-notes. Do you know if those who did took the numbers of the notes they gave him?"

"Well, I do!" he answered. "They did not!—in any one case. Careless of them, of course, but—they didn't."

"Have you shown them, that is, those who paid in notes, these particular notes?"

He hesitated a moment, as if chary of answering.

"It'll come out, you know, Henderson, if you have," I said. "You may as well tell me."

"Well, I have," he replied. "Yes, I've shown them all round there."

"Did anybody recognise any of these notes as notes paid by themselves to Maidment?" I asked. "Come, now!"

"No," he said. "None of them. They all seem to have given Maidment new notes, recently obtained from the banks."

"Then these notes can't have been the notes which Maidment was carrying," I said. "All these nine notes have been used a good deal."

"Yes," he remarked. "But—how do we know what money Maidment had on him? We do know that he collected about £100 at Hagsdene Park, but he may have had other money in his possession when he was struck down. Anyway, he certainly had that perforated sovereign."

"Well, you tell me something," I said. "What do you police people know about Dick's movements on the evening and night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th?"

"No objection to telling you that," he answered. "He left home at six o'clock on the evening of October 17th saying he was going to Mr. Verrill's for the night. He didn't go. He was seen—by two credible witnesses—to enter Hagsdene Wood at ten o'clock that night. We know nothing of any further movement or whereabouts of his until next morning, when he called on Fardale about ten-thirty and paid his debt."

"Thank you," I said. "Now I know where I am. And I'd better see my client at once before you take him into Court. I suppose this morning's proceedings will be purely formal?"

"Just that, Mr. Wilsborough," he answered. "Remand for a week."

I got up to leave the room. But with my hand on the door, I turned and looked at him. "Henderson!" I said. "Between ourselves, what do you think of this case?"

He stared at me for a second or two; then he shook his head. "I'm absolutely licked by it!" he answered. "I don't know what to think!"

The chiming of a clock in the market-place outside warned me that there was now little time left before my client was due to appear in Court. He left the room, and in a few minutes one of his sergeants opened the door and showed Dick Radford in. Dick gave me a sheepish grin. He reminded me of a boy who has been caught robbing an orchard and is half-defiant and half-deprecatory.

"Hullo, Wilsborough!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

"You young ass!" I exclaimed. "What are *you* doing here? That's the question!—not what I'm doing here!"

"I didn't come here voluntarily," he retorted. "Had to!"

"Yes, and why?" I went on. "Because you've got some damned Quixotic notion in your silly head! Look here, my lad, you're no liar—in serious things, at any rate. You answer me two questions, on your honour. And remember that I shall believe what you say. One—did you kill Roger Maidment?"

He gave me a look that was almost a sneer, and his lip curled. "No!" he answered.

"Did you rob him—alive or dead?"

"No!"

"Then what the devil are you doing here?" I said, angrily. "Giving all this trouble to your father, mother, and sister, and causing no end of inconvenience and expense? Answer that!"

"How can I help it?" he replied. "They suspect me and they collared me. They won't take my word, of course."

"They'd take your word if you'd be reasonable and say where you were on the night of October 17th at the time Maidment was killed," I said. "You must have been somewhere near, and there's probably somebody who can prove it. There is, isn't there?"

He gave me a long, steady look.

"What have you come here for, Wilsborough?" he asked.

"Your father's employed me to act for you," I answered. "And I'm going to, and going to do all I can to save you from the possible consequences of your own stupidity. Come now, Dick, be reasonable! Tell me where you were at half-past ten that night, and with—whom?"

"No!" he answered. "I won't! Neither now nor at any time!"

"Look here, my lad," I said, "do you know that there's some very nasty evidence, of the sort styled circumstantial, against you? Very ugly evidence, in fact!"

"Quite aware of it," he answered.

"Jurymen," I continued, "are uncertain creatures to deal with. And—they're fond of solid facts. In this case there are some very unpleasant facts. On the face of it, there's a strong case against you, Dick. Now be sensible and tell me a few things. In confidence, you know—leaving me to judge how what you say should be made use of. You don't want your father, mother, sister——"

"What do you want to know?" he growled.

"First, did you leave your father's house at six o'clock on the evening of October 17th?"

"Yes!"

"Saying you were going to Verrill's, at Lowsthorpe?"

"Yes."

"You weren't, were you? Anyway, you didn't go?"

"I didn't go to Lowsthorpe."

"Did you enter Hagsdene Wood at ten o'clock that night, Dick?"

"I did. Ten o'clock is quite right."

"Well, where were you between six o'clock and ten o'clock?"

But he shook his head, smiling a little. "No, Wilsborough, you won't get me! I shan't answer that!"

"Will you answer this? Where were you between ten o'clock and next morning?"

"I shan't tell you that, either!"

"Never?"

"Never! Under any consideration!"

"Will you tell me where you got the money with which to pay Fardale?"

"No!"

"But you admit that you did pay him?"

"Certainly I paid him. Fifty-one pounds. Forty-five in five-pound notes; six in gold."

"Did you notice, amongst the gold, a sovereign through which a small hole had been drilled?"

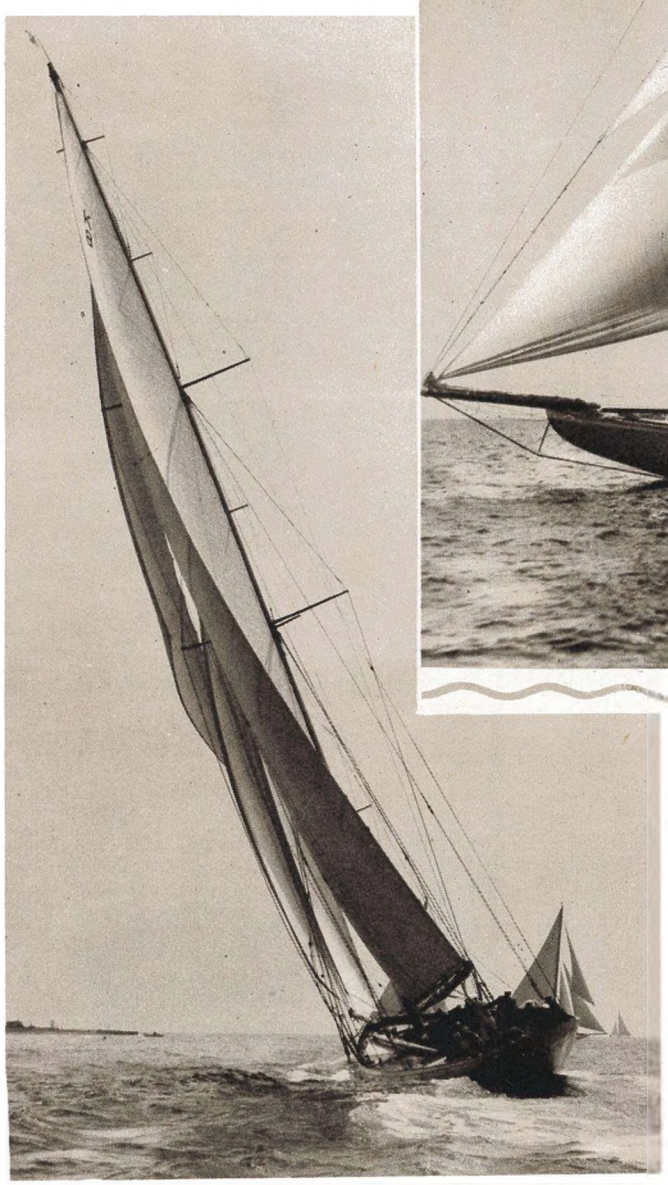
"No! I never noticed it." (*Continued on page* **101**)

Photo : Beken & Son, Cowes

BRITANNIA is the most famous racing yacht ever built. His Majesty's cutter, now 38 years old, won her 200th first prize last season, a record unequalled by any other large yacht. She has been radically altered during the winter months, and has been fitted with a gigantic hollow mast, 164 feet high above the deck and, like her opponents, will carry Bermudian rig. She was designed by the late G. L. Watson, and during her early years defeated the American invader Vigilant.
On the left : The King on board.

ISTRIA.—The 15-metre record breaker built for Sir Charles Allom by Mr. Charles Nicholson in 1912. She profoundly influenced modern yacht designing and her experimental mast showed the way to the Bermudian cutter of today. She had won 35 prizes in 36 starts and 91 prizes in 100 starts when the war put an end to her career. (Right.)

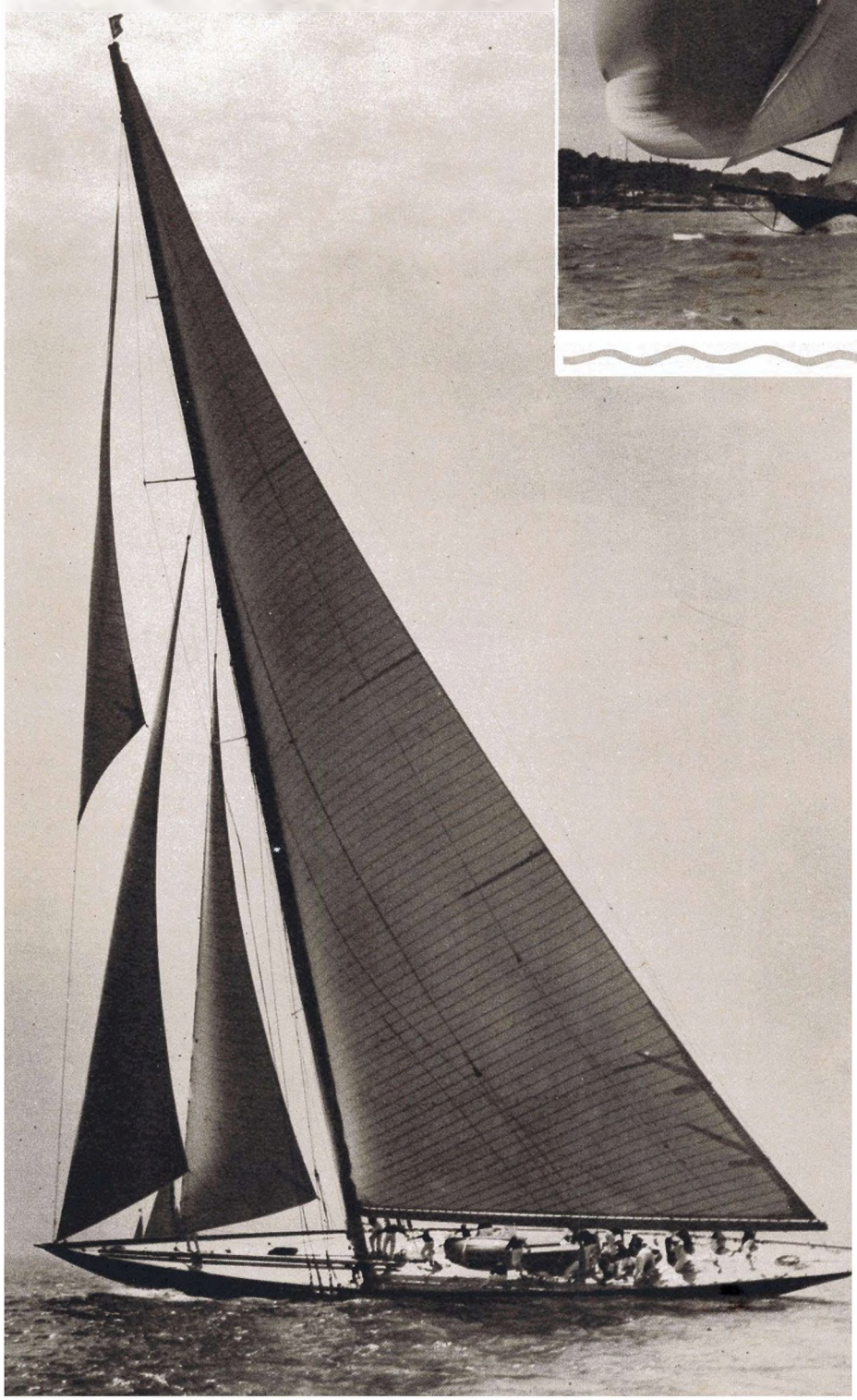
Photo by courtesy of Sir Charles Allom



CANDIDA, Mr. H. A. Andreae's 175-ton Bermuda cutter was built in 1929 by Camper & Nicholson's. She has shown herself a consistent prize winner. Her owner is one of the few owners of a large yacht who is his own skipper. Candida has been fitted with a new steel mast and re-rigged to race in the "J" Class, in competition with Britannia, Astra, and Shamrock V. (Left.)

ASTRA was built for the late Sir Mortimer Singer to meet an American yacht that was expected to compete in British waters in 1928 but did not arrive. She raced with a fair measure of success under her original ownership but rarely turned out last season. This year her designer, Mr. C. E. Nicholson, has altered her to conform to the new "J" class, and she will be seen at all the big regattas flying the flag of Mr. Hugh F. Paul. (Right.)

Photo : Beken & Son, Cowes



SHAMROCK V, Sir Thomas Lipton's fifth challenger for the America's Cup returns to British racing this year. Although unsuccessful in her quest, she has proved herself a very fast yacht and, prior to leaving for America last summer, had by far the best record in her class. Her rig has undergone slight alteration and this year she will carry a steel mast, like Candida. (Left.)

Photo : Beken & Son, Cowes

CUTTY, Capt. W. H. Dowman's 8-metre boat, was the champion of her class in Solent waters. Opposition was very strong, but Cutty gained the excellent record of 43 flags in 59 starts. She was designed by Mr. C. E. Nicholson and built at Camper & Nicholson's Gosport Yard early last year. Much of her success was undoubtedly due to the skill of her helmsman, Capt. R. T. Dixon. (Below.)

Photo : Beken & Son, Cowes

MOUETTE was built in 1928 and, for three consecutive seasons, she has finished at the head of the 12-metre class. She is a splendid light weather boat and it is under these conditions that the majority of her prizes have been won. Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith has owned her since she first came out. Mouette is a Nicholson-designed yacht. (Above.)

Photo
Beken & Son,
Cowes

GOLDEN EYE won the Prince of Wales's Cup last summer. She was brilliantly handled by her owner, Mr. Tom Thornycroft, one of the finest small boat sailors in the country. Golden Eye is an Uffa Fox creation and is the latest of the series of International 14-foot dinghies which Mr. Thornycroft has owned. (Left.)

The brief histories of these yachts (the Istria excepted) are by courtesy of "Bob Stay" of "The Yachting World."

A Sonnet *with* *Goodbye*

AS many blossoms glow down in the meadow
As have been plucked, and all of them as fair ;
As many days will come when every hedgerow
Will scent—like yesterday—the morning air.
Though winter's frosts strip all the forests bare,
Swiftly the burgeoning phœnix spring comes after ;
So if to-day is bleak, why should we care ?
To-morrow there will be no dearth of laughter.
And so my lately-loved, we will not part
With show of vain regrets, instead I wish you
All happiness when next you give your heart,
And fortune to the lucky lad who'll kiss you.
With me all things go well, should you inquire.
(Ah, what it is, my dear, to be a liar !)

by Walter P. Kennedy

MAN *not* FOX *was* Hunted *across*

SAM CHADWICK, who earned his living precariously by farm work and less precariously by shooting other people's partridges and rabbits, leaned over the white garden gate.

"Mornin', Captain Ridley," he said.

Ridley, a lean, wiry man of 45, weather-beaten and clean-shaven, paused in his task of cutting down dead delphiniums and hollyhocks and lupins.

"Morning, Chadwick," he said.

"Doin' a bit of tidyin', sir?"

"Yes. This rubbish will have to be burned."

"Ah!" said Chadwick. He dug his yellow teeth into a lump of plug tobacco and tugged and twisted. "You got to keep on all the time if you want a garden to be a garden."

Ridley went on with his work.

"Fine huntin' day," said Chadwick, who was in no hurry to be gone. "Good scent. 'Ark at them 'ounds givin' tongue. That'll be over to Blackcap Woods. Hear 'em, sir?"

"Yes, I hear them," said Ridley.

He straightened his back and gazed through puckered eyelids in the direction indicated by Sam Chadwick's nod.

The day was fine and clear: not even in England is the month of November always cold and wet and foggy: the gale of the week before had blown itself out: a soft breeze blew from the south-west: the sun shone on the vivid green of the meadows and the brown bare woods and the distant blue hills.

"Good huntin' country this," said Chadwick. He turned and spat over his shoulder on to the tarred road.

"So they say," Ridley said.

"Grand sport, fox huntin'."

"It's not. It isn't a sport at all."

"Er?" said Chadwick, unable to believe his ears. "Why, the 'ighest in the land goes fox-huntin'. Foxes is vermin."

"I know that. That's why if foxes come prowling around my place I shoot them, like the farmers do."

"If the Master got to hear of it he'd 'ave a fit."

"The Master?"

"Ah! Colonel Sir James Brattle. It's a wonder to me, Captain Ridley, you don't go huntin' yourself."

Ridley continued to stare across the meadows towards the

Finest Sport in the

the *Fields* that *stormy* Night!

by

W. Townend

distant woods through which some wretched fox was being harried.

After a while Chadwick said:

"You've made changes in Sheepfold since you bought the property, ain't you, sir? For the better, all of 'em."

Ridley nodded his head. Yes, he had made a good many changes and for the better. Chadwick was right. He had laid down another strip of lawn by the side of the small apple orchard. He had planted four dozen dwarf and three dozen standard rose bushes. He had cut down a large dead willow tree that was an eyesore from the road. He had made a shrubbery and rockery. And the iron fences that had divided the large, rambling garden from the young pine wood and the meadows that sloped down towards Packman's Brook he had taken away, so that now he could walk from the stone terrace in front of his little old-fashioned red brick house across the lawn and through the roses into his fifteen acres of pasture with no intervening barrier. He liked to feel he was free. Fences and hedges irked him.

"You mean to settle 'ere permanent?" Chadwick asked.

"I think so."

Ridley cut down a clump of dead Canterbury bells with

his shears and smiled dryly at Chadwick's questioning.

The countryfolk regarded him with suspicion, he knew, because he was a stranger and because he did not talk about himself and his humdrum past and because he had, so far as they were aware, no friends. But why should he talk, even to Sam Chadwick who like himself had been at sea? What interest could it be to anyone to know that he had bought Sheepfold with the money that had come to him through the salving of the *Armadillo* in mid-Atlantic with her passengers and cargo? Why should he have to reveal his secret thoughts —his love of England—the English country—the fields and woods and hills—the animals and birds and flowers—his hatred of shams and cruelty—and his sorrow—the loss of his wife just when life had offered him at last the peace and quiet he had always craved?

Chadwick, still leaning across the gate, said:

"Hark at 'em. I bet the hunt's put up about ten old foxes in Blackcap Woods. Last night when I come through there, I seen two of 'em playin' like puppies, rollin' over an' over on the grass."

"Out late, weren't you?" said Ridley.

"Ah!" Chadwick glanced at him shrewdly. "I was that. Latish, anyway. My old woman, she warn't well, an' I had to go to the village for a bottle of medicine." He went on hastily, not wishing to be cross-examined. "They're comin' nearer. Mebbe we'll see the pack in full cry an' the hunt followin': ah! there's a sight, Captain Ridley: all them fine ladies an' gentlemen on their blood horses, ridin' after the one little red fox."

"Why do you keep on calling me Captain?"

"Your man, Sharman, told Bob Harker, Lord Crowborough's keeper, down to the Brattle Arms last week. Said you'd been a captain at sea."

"Sharman talks too much," Ridley said.

He saw in the distance a flash of scarlet against the brown of the hillside.

"They're coming this way," he said. "You're right."

"If we're lucky, mebbe we'll see the kill."

"If we're unlucky. I hate killing."

"How could us live without beef an' mutton an' pork? Us couldn't get on without killin', Captain Ridley, sir."

A motor-car drew up in the road by the gate. Two young girls in fur coats and little close-fitting hats jumped out and without asking permission climbed on to the bank and stood high above the low hedge to watch the hunt.

"Oh, there they are!" one of them said. "Look!"

"Aren't they splendid?" said the other. "The darlings."

"We'll see them quite close. I hope they kill."

They called out excitedly and clapped their hands. Their faces were flushed, their eyes were bright. They were young and happy, and without either conscience or sense of responsibility, Ridley thought bitterly.

Chadwick beamed up at them.

"A fine sight, miss, ain't it?"

"Oh, hullo, Chadwick!" said one of the girls. "It's you, is it? Any partridges left for father to shoot?"

"Now, Miss Diana, that ain't fair," said Chadwick. "I never touched a partridge in my life, nor a pheasant, neither."

"Of course you didn't. They fly into your pockets and die from trying to eat that tobacco of yours."

A laugh followed and a whispered conversation. Presently Ridley heard a clear, fresh young voice say loudly:

"You there, hey! Are you the gardener, without the hat?"

Ridley turned.

"If you like," he said. "Yes."

"Do you think my friend and I might cut across your garden and out through the wood into the field? We used to often before the house was sold to—to whoever it is owns it now."

"Meaning me? Well, I'm sorry, you can't."

"Oh!" said the girl. "Oh, righto! I wasn't going to steal anything in your stupid old garden, anyway."

A bent, white-headed old man rode up on a stout cob.

"My friends, Diana and Elizabeth, as I live!" he said. "And what's the meaning of this? You young people ought to be hunting, not following in an old rattletrap contraption like that. Why aren't you?"

"Rattletrap, indeed! It's the newest model there is and too marvellously expensive for words. And if it comes to that, Lord Crowborough, why aren't you hunting yourself?"

"Do you think I wouldn't be, if my doctor would let me. The finest sport in the world, and I'm too old for it. By Jove, listen!"

Ridley moved away from the white gate. He filled his wheelbarrow leisurely. How queer these people were! he thought. The countryside dead, fields lying fallow, farms going out of cultivation. Did they care? They only cared for the hunt and killing foxes.

Did they know what it was like to be chased for miles across hostile country? Did they know what it was like to feel that one's enemies were close at one's heels and that the slightest slip would be death? They didn't. They had no imagination.

He remained motionless, standing in an attitude of strained attention, his hands clasped on top of his rake, his eyes gazing blankly into space. He was no longer in his garden at Sheepfold, gathering rubbish, tidying his borders. He saw himself a prisoner of war, trying to escape, exhausted, famished, thirsty, hiding by day in dense woods, waiting in sick suspense while soldiers searched for him and then, when his hiding place had been discovered, in the open, running, stumbling, falling, picking himself up, panting for breath, hearing in the distance the baying of bloodhounds, hearing a bullet whip past his head, prepared to sell his life dearly, praying that the end would come quickly, praying that the bloodhounds might not—might not—what?

He came to himself, stooped, gripped the handles of the wheelbarrow, straightened his back and moved off.

"What a funny man that is," said the girl called Diana.

"He was very rude," said the girl called Elizabeth.

"He didn't want us in his silly old garden and he said so. I rather liked him."

"I thought he was horrid."

"He isn't just right in his head, miss," said Chadwick. "He don't like fox huntin'. He says it ought to be stopped."

"What's that? Stop fox hunting!" said Lord Crowborough. "The feller's crazy."

Ridley tilted the wheelbarrow and tipped its contents on to the heap of rubbish which presently he or Sharman would burn.

He was not pleased. He felt he had made himself look ridiculous. He had been rude in speaking so roughly to the two girls. But what else, he argued, could he have said? They were so rich and so sure of themselves and their rank and importance, they took it for granted they could do as they pleased.

On the other side of Packman's Brook he could see the hounds moving to and fro in the undergrowth.

A check. He hoped that the fox had got away.

A shrill yelp from a hound, carried thinly on the breeze, followed by the cries of the whole pack, told him that they had picked up the scent again.

He sighed. He could not keep the hunt off his property, exactly, though he would have liked to.

A sudden movement close at hand made him glance quickly over his shoulder. For an instant he did not know what had attracted his attention and then he saw creeping through the little pine wood, its belly close to the ground, its pointed ears thrust back, its bushy tail dragging, a big red dog fox, covered with mud, teeth showing in a snarl of fear, foam on the lips, death in the red eyes.

Ridley watched without moving.

And then the fox said:

"For God's sake, help me—they'll find me and kill me. Once your enemies might have killed you. Have mercy."

Ridley turned and gazed out across the meadow. He saw the hounds, the scarlet coats, the galloping horses.

The fox limped slowly towards the rose garden and the lawn and the red brick house. Chadwick began to yell:

"Tally ho! Tally ho!"

Ridley reached the lawn. Already the hounds were among the pine trees, tails erect, fangs gaping for the blood which was theirs by right. The fox cowered on the grass, snarling in its terror, exhausted, unable to run another yard, yet ready to fight its last impossible fight against odds.

As the pack came charging towards him, Ridley swung his rake from left to right, from right to left, in a sweeping semi-circle. A hound yelled in agony and sprawled on its back in a tangle of dead Michaelmas daisies. Ridley heard someone shouting angrily and continued to swing his rake. The hounds were on every side of him, snarling and yelping.

The huntsman, mounted on a big white horse, galloped through the pine trees, bawling:

"What the hell are you doing, you fool!"

Ridley threw away his rake, stooped and grabbed the bleeding fox in his arms. The hounds leaped at the fox. He called to the huntsman:

"Call off your hounds, can't you! They're in my garden."

The fox struggled in his arms. A hound grabbed its paw in its fangs. The fox snapped savagely. Another hound leaped and bit deep into its nose and jaw. Ridley staggered and fell. When he rose to his feet the fox was in the midst of the pack being torn to pieces.

The huntsman, a brown, wizened man, sat his horse, grinning.

"Serve you right, you dam' fool!" he said. "Teach you a lesson. You hurt my hounds. I hope they hurt you."

Ridley advanced. Without knowing exactly what he intended, he seized the huntsman by the knee and ankle and, paying no heed to the hunting crop that beat against his head and shoulders, he dragged him forcibly from the saddle. The white horse plunged and trod on one of the hounds. The huntsman, livid with rage, lifted his crop once more. Ridley punched him in the face twice and he sat back in the midst of dwarf roses.

"Get up," Ridley said.

A stalwart, red-faced man in scarlet coat and white cord breeches rode up on a big brown horse and dismounted hurriedly.

"You," he said in a high-pitched voice, striding towards Ridley, "what the hell do you mean by knocking my huntsman down? A man smaller than (*Continued on page* **110**)

He stumbled and fell forward. . . . As he rose, covered with mud, he heard a yell: "Tally ho! Tally ho!"

"The attempt to save Her Majesty has failed," announced His Highness. "What of Monsieur Moreau, Monseigneur?" asked Aline. Gently d'Entraques answered for him. "We have cause to fear the worst, Mademoiselle."

The KINGMAKER

The Story So Far:

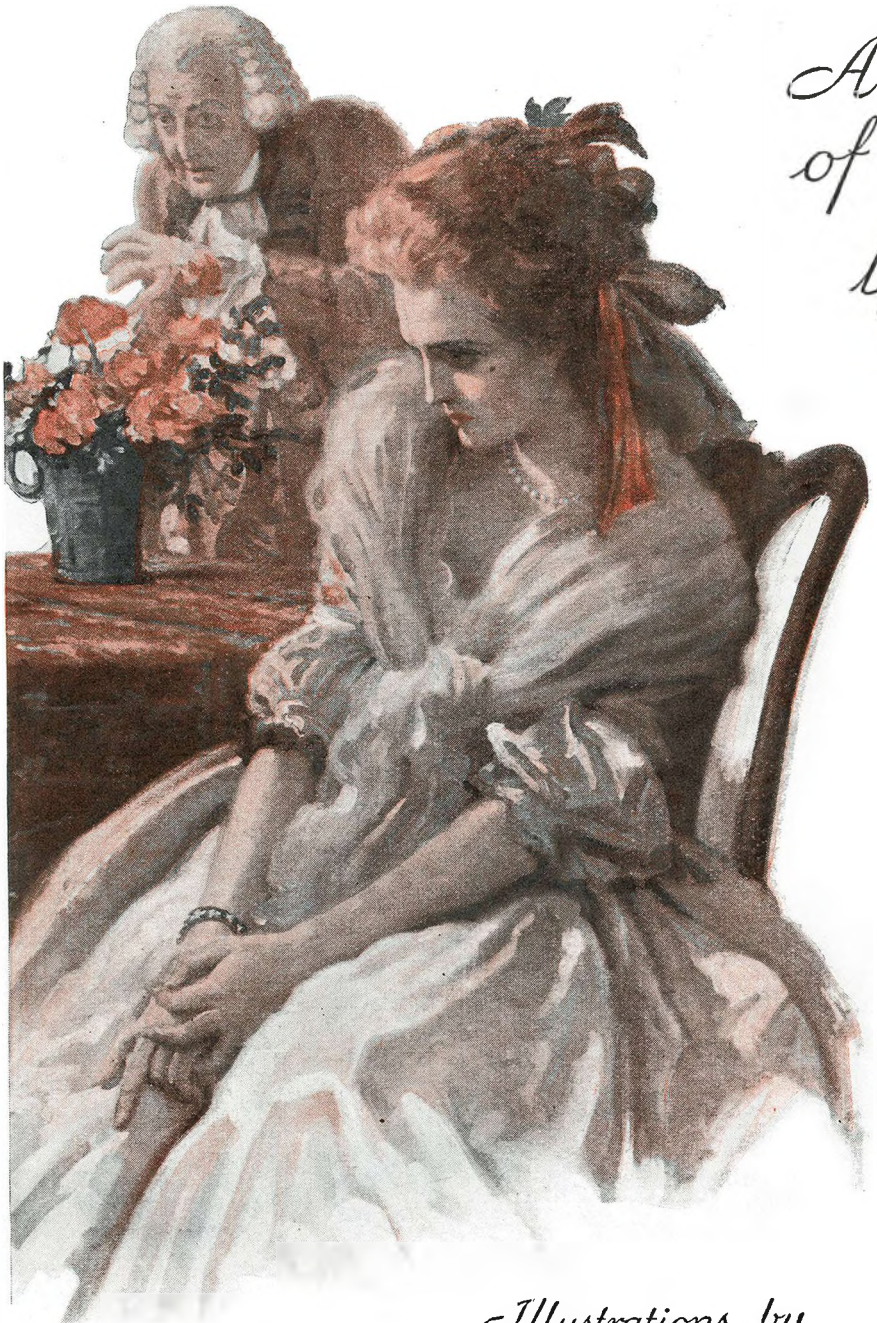
WHEN the versatile and gifted André-Louis Moreau, better known as Scaramouche, quitted Paris in August of 1792, it was with the knowledge that—as once before in his chequered career—he had flung all away for love. For accompanying the Citizen Moreau were three of those aristocrats whose heads even then were falling under the knife of the guillotine. These were his godfather, Monsieur de Kercadiou, Lord of Gavrillac; his godfather's niece Aline, and his mother (as he had recently learned) Madame de Plougastel.

With his three companions André-Louis made his way beyond the French frontier to Coblenz, where the emigrated princes, the Counts of Artois and Provence—brothers of the unhappy Louis XVI—now held their court. By this act he ruined his career as a leader of the popular movement in Paris.

From the outset, however, André-Louis found himself in disfavour with the proud and false Bourbon prince, the Count of Provence. Nor was it surprising, for he chose to announce himself boldly as that very André-Louis Moreau whose flashing sword and rapier wit had made him known as the Paladin of the Third Estate. Moreover, it was hardly to be expected that Monsieur, who had instantly been attracted by the golden beauty of Aline de Kercadiou, would look with favour upon the young man with the plebeian name to whom she had promised herself in marriage.

Monsieur lost no time in persuading his Countess to appoint Aline a lady in waiting at the *émigré* court. In so doing, however, he unwittingly played into André-Louis's hands in an affair of some importance to his own cause, for it was through Aline that André-Louis learned of a plot to assassinate the revolutionary agent, Isaac Le Chapelier, whom he had encountered in a by-street the evening before. André-Louis, by the simple expedient of exchanging clothes, contrived the patriot's escape. Thus, when three bully swordsmen presently thrust into the room, they beheld an apparently calm young gentleman standing beyond the barrier of the table. The flustered leader of the three, Captain de Tourzel, let fall a word reflecting on the paternity of André Louis. For this the captain found himself involved in an affair of honour. Instead of a duel, however, the following morning brought André-Louis a summons from Monsieur.

When the cause of the quarrel was explained, Monsieur



A new romance of Scaramouche

by RAFAEL SABATINI

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

directed his confidential adviser, Monsieur d'Entragues, to command an apology from de Tourzel. Nevertheless, it annoyed André-Louis that His Highness should make Aline the reason for his change of attitude. Further annoyance was caused by Monsieur's objection to the marriage of André-Louis and Aline. Then Baron de Batz came to the absurd court, which had shifted to the little town of Hamm, to report the failure of an eleventh-hour attempt to save Louis XVI from the guillotine, as well as to obtain sanction for an equally daring enterprise on behalf of Marie Antoinette. De Batz told the story of his Parisian adventure to André-Louis. And because the latter's own heart was heavy to find his hopes deferred, his meeting with the Baron was to bear unexpected fruit. This was nothing less than a mad dream for restoring the monarchy by exposing the dishonesty and corruption which de Batz knew to exist among the leaders of the revolution.

So it came about that André-Louis Moreau, pledged to a desperate adventure, set out for Paris with His Highness' gracious permission to get himself killed in his service. With him rode Baron de Batz and a Monsieur Armand de Langéac, who had been attached to them by the crafty and suspicious d'Entragues. They were disposed to be light-hearted; but in the ears of André-Louis rang ever Aline's despairing cry as he took his leave of her: "If you go, my André, I know that I shall never see you again!"

MOLOCH stood before the Palace of the Tuileries in the brilliant sunshine of a June morning, and raised his hideous voice in a cry for blood. The sprawling incarnation of him was made up of some eighty thousand men under arms: sectionary National Guards, battalions of the new army about to set out for the Vendée, and ragged patriots brandishing musket, pike or sabre, the bloodthirsty scourings of the streets.

Their leader was a poor creature of weakly frame, the Citizen Jean-Paul Marat, President of the powerful Jacobin Club, surgeon, philanthropist and reformer, commonly styled the "People's Friend," from the title of the scurrilous journal with which he poisoned the popular mind.

Monsieur de Batz, standing prominently on a horse-block by the courtyard wall with André-Louis beside him, smiled grimly as he looked on, well-pleased with the climax for which these two had striven and intrigued. This is not to say that the ruin of the Girondin party, which was now as good as encompassed, was solely the work of de Batz and André-Louis. From the moment when the Girondins first rendered themselves vulnerable by procuring the arrest of the rabble's idol, Marat, de Batz, with the assistance of André-Louis, had worked diligently through his agents to fan popular resentment into a fury in the face of which no jury dared to convict the offending journalist.

After this had come the laudable attempt of the Girondins to curb the insolence of the Commune of Paris; and they compelled the setting up of the Commission of Twelve to examine the conduct of the municipality and control it. The situation became strained. The party of the Mountain, with Robespierre at its head, feared lest the Girondins should recapture in the Convention the domination which they had held in the Legislative Assembly. Certainly the available talent lay with this band of lawyers and intellectuals and

Chapelier

without outside influence they must have prevailed. Outside influence, however, was at work, and none more active in it than de Batz, at once directed and seconded by André-Louis. It was André-Louis who composed those pamphlets in which the Girondins were charged with counter-revolutionary conspiracy. Their moderation was represented as a betrayal of trust; the Commission of Twelve set up by their influence was shown to be an attempt to hobble the Commune whose sole aim was to destroy despotism. Subtly was it suggested that the royalist victories in the Vendée, the reactionary insurrections at Marseilles and Bordeaux and the defeat of the Republican Army in Belgium were the results of Girondist moderation and weakness at a time when National necessity called for strength. Such had been the poison sedulously pumped into Parisian veins, and here at last was the result in this rising of the inflamed Parisian body: eighty thousand men and sixty guns.

There was a sudden movement in the crowd, and cries of, "They come!"

A group of men had made its appearance at the door of the Palace. It advanced, others crowding after it, to the number of perhaps two hundred, a considerable proportion of the whole body of representatives. At the head of these men walked that tall, graceful libertine, Hérault de Séchelles, President of the Convention at this time. He wore his plumed hat, as was usual in the chamber when proceedings were out of order.

He halted, and held up his hand for silence. He carried a paper, and he raised his resonant voice to read it. It was a decree just passed by the staggered body of legislators, commanding the instant withdrawal of this armed insurrectionary force.

"I charge you to obey!" cried Séchelles, lowering his paper and delivering himself resolutely.

General Henriot, who commanded the insurgents, thrust his horse forward. "Will you answer for it upon your head that the twenty-two traitors in the Convention will be delivered up within twenty-four hours?"

The president stood firm. "It is not," he began, "for the people to dictate that to the august body of . . ."

His voice was drowned in a roar, sudden as a thunderclap, and then, like thunder, protracted in a long roll of furious sound that waxed and waned. Above the sea of heads arms were thrust up brandishing weapons.

Henriot drew his sabre.

"Return to your place, and deliver up the deputies demanded by the people." In the bright sunshine the flourish of his blade made a lightning-flash above his head. "Cannoneers, to your posts!"

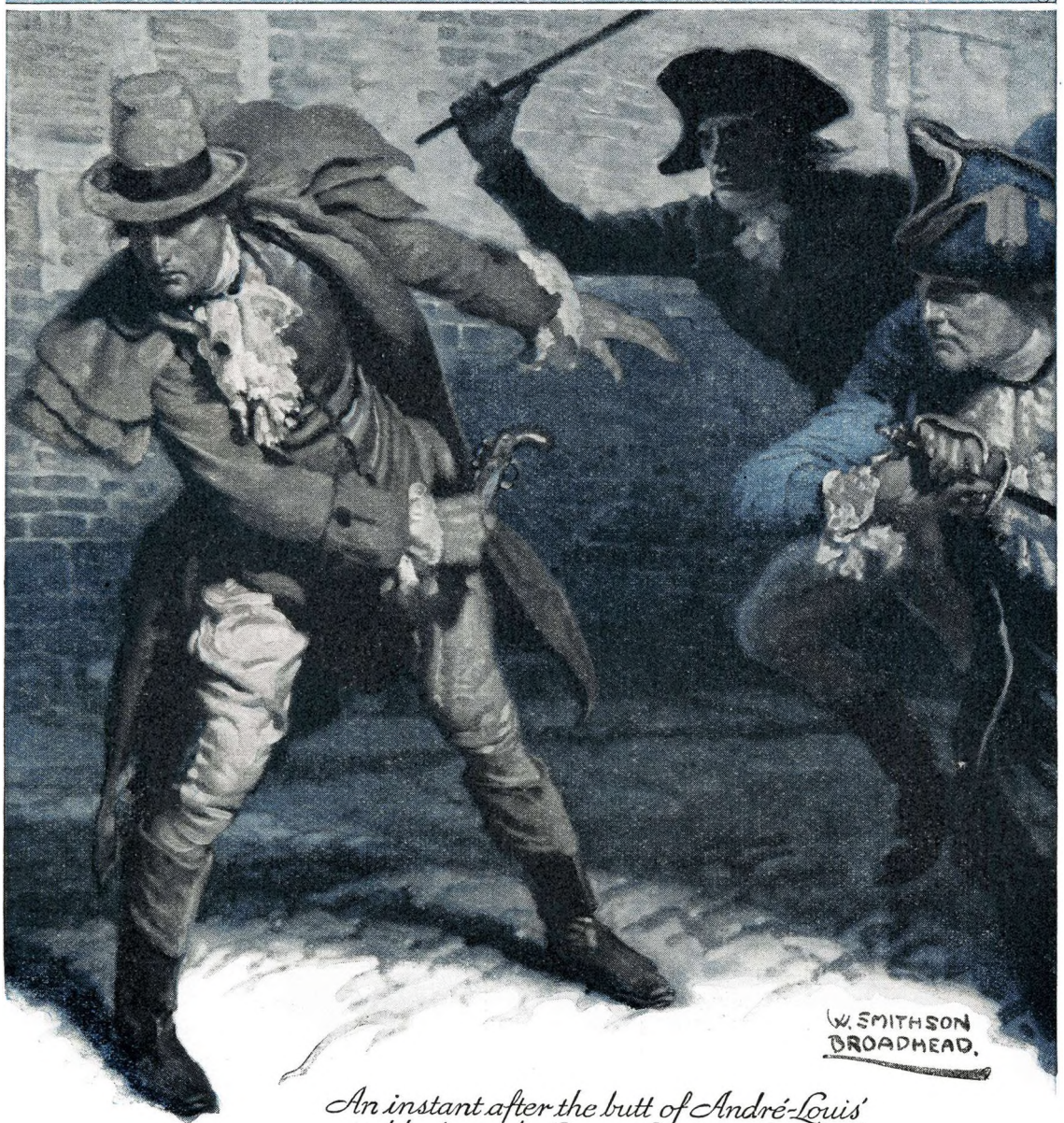
There was a movement towards the guns trained on the palace. Matches smouldered. Hérault de Séchelles and his crowd of deputies retreated and vanished into the building.

De Batz burst into laughter, which found an echo among those about him. Grinning ragamuffins looked round and up at him approvingly. Obscenely decked jests were tossed to and fro.

The Baron waited to see the tragi-comedy played out. Nor was his patience tried. Marat, supported by some scoundrels, had followed the deputies into the hall of the Convention, there to name the twenty-two whose exclusion was demanded. Resistance to such force was idle. Robespierre and a small group of the party of the Mountain passed the decree for the arrest of the Girondins. The main body of the assembly sat awed, humiliated, appalled by this dictation to which they were compelled to submit.

Thereupon Moloch raised the siege, and the members of the Convention, virtually prisoners until that moment, were allowed to depart. They filed out to the accompaniment of the ironical cheers of the multitude.

The Baron de Batz descended from his horse-block, and took André-Louis by the arm. "That rings down the cur-



An instant after the butt of André-Louis' pistol had sent the Citizen Simon reeling back, battle was joined. Suddenly André-Louis saw a patrol advancing at the double. "Away! Away! Every man for himself!"

tain on the first act. Come. There is no more to be done here."

By the Terrace of the Feuillants and the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, they made their way towards the Rue de Ménars. Here in the heart of the Section Lepelletier of the Commune of Paris, the Baron rented in the name of his servant, Biret-Tissot, the first floor of number seven. The locality was well chosen for a man in his precarious position. Of all the Paris sections, the Section Lepelletier was the least revolutionary. Consequently its members would have few revolutionary scruples against selling themselves. Of how widely they were in the pay of de Batz—from Pottier de Lille, the secretary of the Revolutionary Committee of the section, down to Captain Cortey, who commanded its National Guard—André-Louis had already come to realise. As they went the two fell naturally into talk of what was done.

"You have no scruples?" asked André-Louis. "Your conscience makes you no reproaches?"

"Reproaches!"

"These men, after all, are the cleanest, the best, the most upright and honest in that galley."

"They're in the galley no longer. They are overboard, and the craft will go the more surely on to the rocks without them. Wasn't this your aim?"

"True. And yet ruthlessly to sacrifice men of such worth. . . ."

"Were they less ruthless in sacrificing the King?"

"They did not mean to send him to the guillotine. They would have saved him by suspending sentence."

"The more ruthless were they in voting for his death. A cowardly act to save their waning popularity. Bah! If you have pity, save it for worthier objects than this crew of windy ideologues. They're gone, and with them departs all chance of law and order in the state. The very manner of their going is the ruin of the Convention. Henceforth the august law-givers are the slaves of the sovereign rabble, which to-day has discovered its sovereignty. In the exercise of this sovereignty it must of necessity perish, for anarchy is of necessity self-destructive."

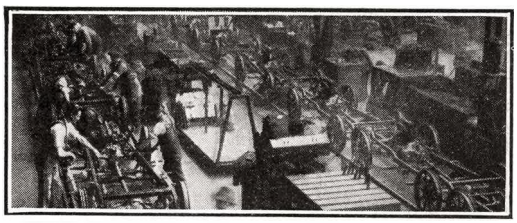
ANDRÉ-LOUIS and the Baron dined that afternoon with Benoît, the wealthy Angevin banker in the Rue des Orties.

In Benoît's well-appointed establishment, as in his own well-nourished, hearty person, there was little to proclaim the levelling doctrines of democracy, of which he enjoyed the reputation of being a pillar. He was a man to whom wealth had brought assurance and self-confidence and the poise permitted by a sense of security. Nor was this security shaken by the successive earthquakes that disturbed the nation, and in the course of which men of birth and quality were being constantly engulfed. There was no party in the State some of whose members had not operated through Benoît and profited by the operations. Recommended to him one by another they had come to regard him as a "safe man." And Benoît on (*Continued on page* **114**)

Marie Antoinette

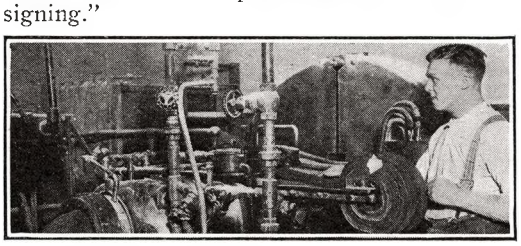
The Victory of Art

ALDOUS HUXLEY



"As a place to work in, pretty depressing"

ENGLISH motor factories are not quite so completely rationalised as the corresponding thing in America. It is still possible, at Birmingham or Coventry, to see a man step out of the assembling line for a second or two to fetch some necessary tool or part of the machine which is being put together. In Detroit a higher providence brings everything he needs to the workman's hand; he has no excuse ever to stir from his place. Industrial predestination is not yet so absolute in England. Very nearly, however; the difference is only one of degree, not of kind. Regarded as a pure design, as the embodiment of a faultless, logical process, a motor factory is a wonderfully interesting and even beautiful thing. Regarded as a place to work in, it seems, I confess, pretty depressing. Those machine tools. . . . The thought of having to spend eight hours a day feeding one of those monsters with bits of steel makes me shudder. But let us listen to what Mr. Ford has to say on the subject. "If the work goes through the tools, it must be right. It will thus be seen that the burden of creation is on management in designing and selecting the material to be produced by the multiple processes utilised in mass production. . . . The physical load is shifted off men and placed on machines. The recurrent mental load is shifted from men in production to men in designing."



The Burden of Creation

The implications of the phrase are terrifying. For what does it imply? It implies that one of the best, the most satisfying things in human life—creation—is too much trouble, is a burden of which, if possible, men and women should be relieved. The truth is, of course, that Mr. Ford is making a virtue of necessity. For, inevitably and by their very nature, all labour-saving devices are also, to a greater or less extent, creation-saving devices. That is the tragedy of the machine; it cannot do good without at the same time doing harm. It is the benefactor of labouring humanity inasmuch as it lifts from the shoulders of common men the intolerable load of mere drudgery. But inasmuch as it "shifts the recurrent mental load from men in production to men in designing," the machine is our enemy; for it deprives the overwhelming majority of men and women of the possibility, the very hope, of even the most modest creative activity.

Our leisures are now as highly mechanised as our labours; the notion that men can recover, as consumers, what they have lost as producers is quite illusory. In the sphere of play no less than in that of work, creation has become the privilege of a fortunate few. The common man has always had to suffer from lack of money; he is now condemned to psychological poverty as well. However much they may desire to do so, most men and women are simply not permitted to create. Consolingly, Mr. Ford assures them that creation is a burden—a burden which, with Christ-like unselfishness, he offers to bear for them. It remains to be seen whether men and women will believe him; whether they will want him as their saviour; whether it is psychologically possible for the human race to adapt itself to the new creation-saving environment which Mr. Ford and his privileged colleagues are now so busily creating.

"Nature still plays us a trick"

NOT nature, but, in the word's widest sense, art—this is now man's most formidable enemy; not matter, but his own mind. Nature, it is true, still plays us from time to time some frightful trick or other—sends us an epidemic or a flood, strikes when we least expect with iceberg or avalanche, with earthquake, locusts, lightning, drought. And matter, of course, is still unchangeably matter: stubborn, conservative and, in the teeth of the extravagant antinomianism of our day-dreams and our ideals, bottomlessly law-abiding. Nevertheless, it remains true that civilised man has to a very great extent succeeded in domesticating nature, in compelling recalcitrant matter to serve his own purposes. Nothing succeeds like success; but nothing also, on occasion, so surprisingly fails. In place of the old familiar enemies, with whom, since the beginning of things, he has been fighting, and fighting of late with ever more and more success, triumphant man now finds himself faced with new and unfamiliar foes—the products of his own inventive spirit. The moment of his first great victory over the forces of nature has turned out, ironically enough, to be the moment of his first great defeat in a new campaign against an entirely different enemy. The conqueror of nature has been defeated by art—by the very arts which he himself called into being in order to conquer nature. Human-

Third Article

over Humanity

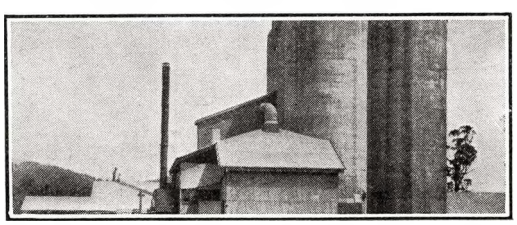
continues his discovery of England

ity is at present staggering under the blows received in the course of this disastrous conflict with the organised forces of its own intelligence. Every one of our major troubles at this present supremely uncomfortable moment of history is due, not to nature, not to matter, but to mind and to those arts and sciences which mind has brought into existence.

Why are there armies of unemployed in every industrial country in the world? Because there is over-production. (Not under-consumption, as Mr. Keynes and other economists would have us believe. During the boom, the Americans consumed more per head of population than any human beings have ever done before in the whole history of the world. This did not prevent the arrival of the slump.) Why is there over-production? Because those arts of invention, by means of which we have conquered nature, are now, in their turn, conquering us. The rate at which the machinery of production is being improved is far more rapid than the rate at which the consuming population grows, or even than the rate at which appetites can be created and stimulated by advertising and salesmanship. Result: too many goods, consequently too low a price, consequently a panic restriction of production, consequently unemployment. And at the same time and all the time, machines are being steadily made more and more efficient. (For once called into existence, the children of man's inventive mind develop on their own account, as though they were separate organisms, existing apart from their creators—apart and often, as we are now discovering, at war with them.) What is the result of these advances in efficiency? Higher production by fewer producers. More unemployed with less money to buy more goods. A combination of over-production and compulsory under-consumption. In the past it was supposed that this "technological unemployment," due to improvements in the process of manufacture, could always and automatically be cancelled out by the creation of new demands for the now cheaper article. For the same improvements which turn men out of their jobs reduce the cost of what they were making; lower costs encourage greater demand; and greater demand reinstates the unemployed workers—at any rate, until the next industrial revolution. Such is the theory—a theory which, for some time, the facts confirmed. During the nineteenth century technological unemployment was cancelled out by progressively increasing demand. But then, during the nineteenth century, there were few producers and a rapidly increasing population of consumers. There was also, after 1849, plenty of gold, with consequent rising prices, and a virgin market in the Far East. To-day there are many producers, using machinery about ten times as efficient as that of the few producers of last century, and a consuming population whose rate of increase has sharply declined. At the same time, gold is scarce and prices have therefore fallen. And the Far East has become, for political and monetary reasons, a very poor customer. The restoration of normal conditions in China and India, and the release of hoarded gold, would obviously help the manufacturers of the West. But there are now so many manufacturers, and they are all (relatively to nineteenth-century standards) so progressively efficient, that there is really no good reason to suppose that, even during a millenium of easy gold and Chinese customers, the technological unemployed can ever be wholly reabsorbed into industry. Victors over nature, we are vanquished by art.

We are vanquished not only in the factories, but also in the fields; vanquished by our own marvellous art of agriculture. Thanks to the engineers, the chemists, the botanists and entomologists, agriculture has become, for the first time in history, reasonably efficient; two blades

"Wheat stored in pathetic hope"



of wheat grow where only one grew before. Result: every wheat farmer in Europe, Australia and North and South America is now more or less completely bankrupt. Wheat is burned, or thrown into the sea, or given to the pigs and chickens. (The prosperity of English poultry farming is founded on the ruin of Manitoba and Hungary.) Or else it is stored —millions of tons of it—in gigantic elevators, hoarded up in the pathetic hope that somebody may some day offer to buy it at a price that will cover the costs of production. Once more, in the very moment of our triumph over nature, art has been too much for us.

We know the disease and its causes. What of the remedy? Clearly, the remedy must be homœopathic. The only cure for too much art and too much mind is not more matter and more nature (which would almost instantly destroy our complicated modern world) but more art and more mind. Art, it is true, is now the enemy. But that is only because we have been artful, so to speak, in patches, never artful all along the line. Man has used his mind to create a thousand separate arts, which are compelled by the very laws of their being to grow and proliferate like living things, independently of their creators. These separate arts require co-ordination; in the interests of all of us, their often monstrous and dispropor-

"All the Governments *of the World*

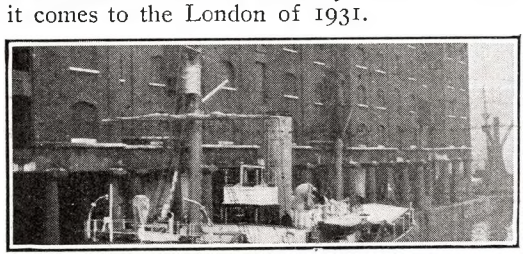
tionate growth must be curbed and regulated. But the art of regulating and co-ordinating remains to be invented. Only the half-formed seeds and rudiments of it exist at present. Its creation will have to be the joint labour of many different classes of men—of politicians co-operating with industrialists and men of science, with financiers and economists and manual workers; the joint labour, I repeat, of many different classes of men, belonging, if possible, to every nationality. For the art of co-ordinating the arts will be only very partially effective if it is not practised by all the principal nations of the world, acting in concert. There must be a world-wide adjustment of production to consumption, world-wide agreements about the establishment of new industries and the use of new inventions in old ones, a world policy for gold, for fuel, for agriculture—in a word, a general agreement to make some universally valid sense out of our babel of separate and private achievements. International agreement on any important issue is hard to reach. Impossible, a pessimist might have said a year or two ago. But necessity makes strange bedfellows. To take but one example, the collapse of wheat prices has already brought such inveterate enemies as Hungary and Roumania into conference and a measure of agreement. As I write, Mr. Macdonald's country house party at Chequers is still in the future. It remains to be seen whether anything will come of it, or whether it will end as so many hopeful international and inter-imperial confabulations have ended in mere expressions of a vague friendliness and the formulation of good resolutions which none of the governments represented is able to carry out. It was thus, to take a recent example, that the agricultural conference held in Paris at the end of February depressingly concluded. Delegates from the Central and Eastern European wheat belt met delegates from the industrial countries of the West. Both parties were in a very bad way; why not strike a mutually profitable bargain—so much wheat in exchange for so many manufactured articles? With an appalling lucidity, Mr. Poncet, the president of the conference, explained why this simple and sensible solution of the problem was not possible. "Most of the states represented at the conference," he said, "are countries in which the grain trade is free. The state, the government, is not a corn merchant and the delegates attending the conference are wholly without power to engage themselves as purchasers of such and such quantities or qualities of grain, at such and such a price, because it is not the habit of governments to proceed in this way."

It is not the habit of governments to proceed in this way.

The heart of the matter is there. All the governments of the world are dear old gentlemen who live by their habits—habits which were formed and fixed, for the most part, between 1830 and 1870: dilatory habits of parliamentarism; habits, in matters of political economy, of *laissez-faire*; habits of nationalism; tortuous and mendacious habits of Metternichian diplomacy; quaintly mediæval habits of going about armed to the teeth. Dear old gentlemen should never be upset. Their habits are sacred and must be respected—even when it is manifestly obvious that these habits are a danger to civilisation. Only by rejuvenating the dear old gents and breaking them of their century-old habits—only by bringing existing institutions up to date and empowering governments to deal adequately and promptly with the problems of a civilisation at war with its own arts—can we hope to come clear out of our troubles. The art of co-ordinating the separate arts has got to be first invented, then imposed by some strong and intelligent central authority. Yes, imposed. For, as usual, the desirable is not the same as that which is in practice desired—at any rate by an important section of the population. Governments are not the only dear old gentlemen with bad habits who afflict our modern world. Industry, commerce, finance, agriculture—there is a dear old gent in every cupboard. And even when these separate arts are young and active, there still remains an aspect of them which is old and hide-bound by habits inherited from the nineteenth-century individualists. This old man embedded in almost all our youths is in process of dying. But he dies too slowly. The difficult times demand his prompt assassination. There is no one who can kill him except a rejuvenated government, equipped with the necessary institutional weapons, and capable of acting swiftly and with a well-informed and intelligent ruthlessness.

"The warehouses are vast and splendid"

AMONG the rhinoceros horns and the ivory lay some twenty or thirty enormous tusks, strangely curved and as brown as the teeth of an inveterate smoker. It was not tobacco, however, that had stained them thus; it was five or ten thousand years of cold storage in a frozen tundra. For these were mammoth tusks. Caught by the last ice age or some more recent catastrophic change in their environment, the hairy old jumbos of the North have left their bones and ivory all over Siberia. Their tusks are dug up at the rate of at least a hundred pairs a year. A fair proportion of the fossil ivory finds its way to this particular warehouse in St. Catherine's Docks. From a distance at least as far in years as in miles it comes to the London of 1931.



are Dear old Gentlemen"

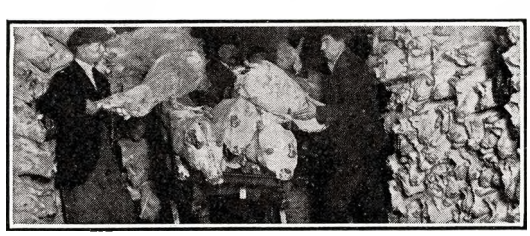
Wholesale prices are low this year, and the time-stained teeth of *Elephas primigenius* are not commercially so valuable as the tusks of his surviving relatives in Africa. With luck you can pick up a hundredweight of fossil ivory for seventy or eighty pounds.

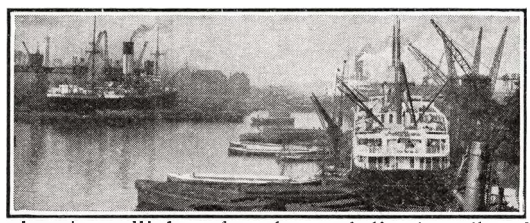
Outside, the sun was shining; the pale sky was tenderly blue and blurred—gauzy with that faint mist of watery smoke which makes every distant object in a London view seem so heartbreakingly remote, which gives such richness to the colours, such a fruity bloom to the lights, such velvety darkness to the shadows; that mist, in a word, which makes of London the most beautiful city, in its own pensive and profoundly melancholy way, of the whole world. The century-old warehouses of St. Catherine's Docks are vast and rather splendid buildings. Porticoes of cast-iron Doric columns sustain their bulk; the grimed brick walls rise black and blank and precipitous into the sky and are darkly reflected in the water at their feet. English architecture has often suffered from a certain smallness of scale, a fiddliness, a petty, hole-and-cornery preoccupation with detail. Round about St. Catherine's Docks the scale is Egyptian, the naked simplicity that of a mediæval stronghold.

From ivory we passed, through spices, to wool—tens of thousands of cubic yards of wool; then to an enormous cathedral full of rubber and from there, underground, into the cathedral crypt—seven acres of Norman vaulting upheld by a symmetrical forest of columns. Faint gas jets burned, point after luminous point in long recession down the black aisles. A rich rank perfume haunted the darkness. Raising our torches, we saw that the vaults

were festooned with a sooty lace-work of fungi. Innumerable casks lay dozing, as it seemed, between the pillars, their bulging forms rich with a kind of mellow and sleepy sensuality. We were in one of London's wine cellars.

Four miles further down the river, the Albert Docks can accommodate ships of twenty thousand tons. Big liners from South America and the Far East tie up at its quays; the largest of modern cargo boats can come and go with ease. Our sight-seeing here began with meat. In a refrigerator about as big as Westminster Abbey two hundred and fifty thousand carcases were waiting to be devoured. From the top floor, where the meat arrives on an escalator from the unloading ships, we descended by lift into the cold store. In a dim



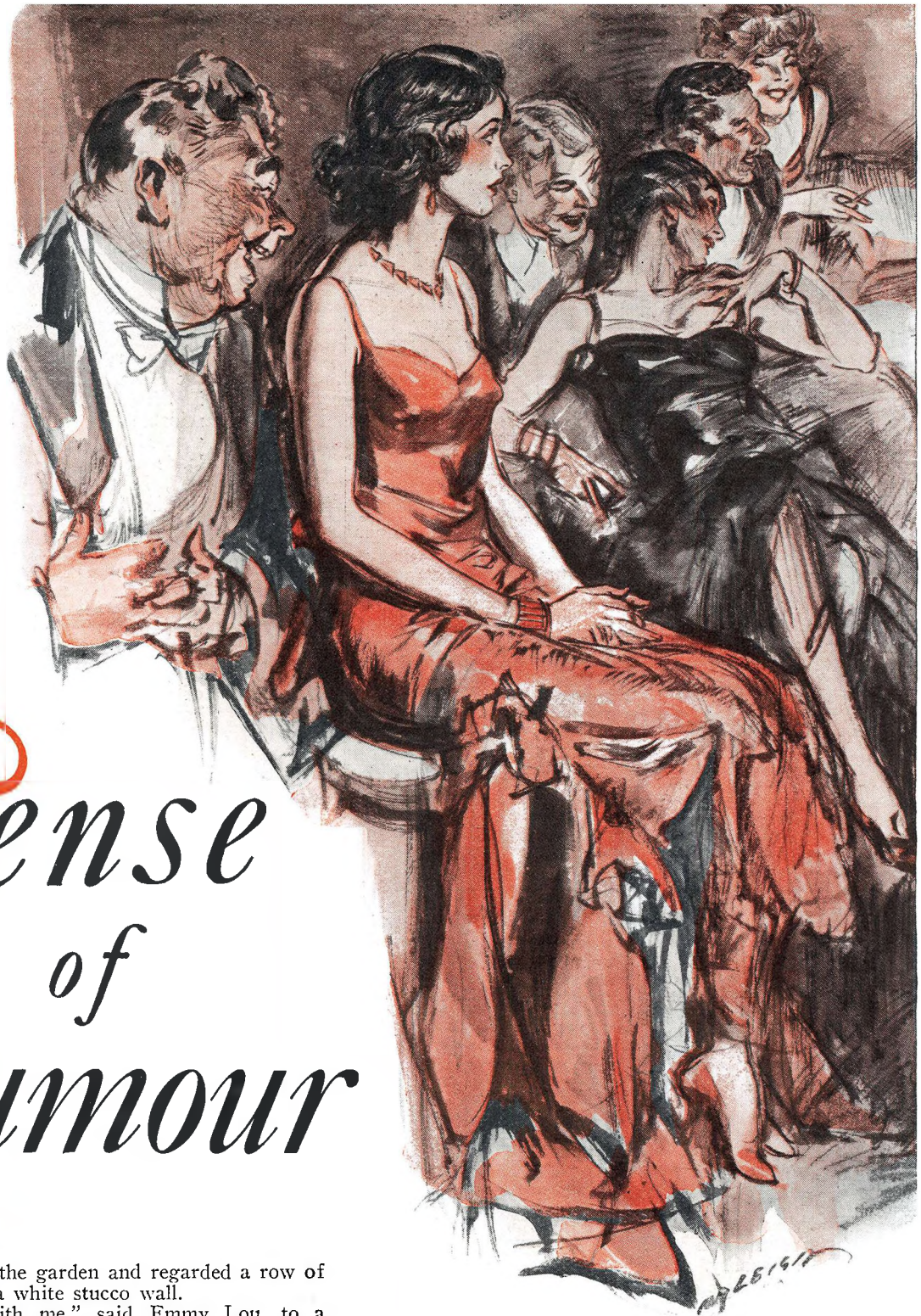


electric twilight (for the cork-lined walls of the store are wholly windowless) we walked in fifteen degrees of frost through an interminable morgue of sheep and oxen. A few muffled workmen came and went with their loads of mutton and beef. There was silence and, in spite of the cold, a faint persistent smell of butchery. I was glad to get out again; profoundly thankful, too, that I could earn my living otherwise than by lugging corpses about in arctic cold and darkness.

The work in the tobacco warehouse a little further up the quay seemed delightful in comparison. At any rate, the smell there was agreeable and the temperature normally English, not Siberian. How many thousand tons of potential smoke were stored in that warehouse? I have forgotten. All I know is that the figures seemed fabulous, larger than life. Yes, larger than life. The world of the Docks is Gargantuan. It would take a Rabelais to describe that fantastic profusion of eatables, drinkables, smokables, wearables and miscellaneous usables assembled from every corner of the earth along this short stretch of tidal river. A Rabelais to describe and, more important, a whole committee of Napoleons to organise their profitable exchange in the permanent interest of consuming and producing humanity. For, at the moment, this Gargantuan profusion at the Docks is the symbol and symptom of world-wide poverty. Wool is piled up in mountains—and Australia is bankrupt. There are cathedrals full of rubber—and the Malayan plantations cannot pay their way. Everywhere the same disease. And the remedy? Some sort of world-wide plan to co-ordinate the separate plans whose mutual incompatibility is the cause of the present confusion. The Docks of London are the best possible advertisement for planning. Themselves, not so long ago a flagrant example of planlessness, they have become, under the co-ordinating Port of London Authority, efficient and progressive. It remains for some larger equivalent of the Port of London Authority to deal with the larger chaos of world trade.

Looking down from the roof of the tobacco building over the wide expanse of water, with the great ships tied up at the quays, the warehouses, the cold stores, the silos and, beyond them, to the smoking factory chimneys and all those mud-coloured miles and miles of London, I was suddenly appalled. For any bird's-eye view of man's incessant and ant-like activity *is* rather appalling. All this carting of bits of matter about from one point on the world's surface to another point—don't we overdo it a little? Couldn't we take things a bit more buddhistically, try what it would be like to sit still for a change? When I am on a height or by the sea, my *weltanschauung* is always apt to turn rather quietistic. But the wind was uncommonly cold; I was driven down again into the aromatic warmth of the warehouse. My quietism evaporated; I hurried on to look at the silos. . . .

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh



Sense of Humour

EMMY LOU sat in the garden and regarded a row of hollyhocks against a white stucco wall.

"The trouble with me," said Emmy Lou, to a ruby-throated humming-bird, "is that I have no sense of humour."

When she had packed her one trunk in Gallopolis, Indiana, preparatory to leaving for Hollywood, Emmy Lou had recognised numerous flaws in her equipment to meet the glamorous and fascinating cinema capital of which she had read so much. She wasn't considered pretty even in Gallopolis, though she did have nice skin and eyes unusually wide and blue. She wasn't particularly clever. Aunt Em had often commented upon the fact that two girls in one family could be as different as she and Isabella. And her worldly goods, all that weren't in the trunk, consisted of a half interest in the Gallopolis feed and fuel store, left by Uncle Bill to Aunt Em, and by Aunt Em in turn to Emmy Lou.

But, apparently, none of these things mattered.

Upon her arrival, Isabella had looked her over with the hard eye of something over thirty for a good deal less than twenty, and had generously admitted the skin and the eyes.

"You're no knockout," Isabella had said, "but you may get by. And it doesn't matter whether you're smart or not. I've about decided that smart women invariably make a mess of their lives."

So that had been all right.

Then, last night, upon their return from a large and hilarious party at the Roosevelt where Emmy Lou had failed signally to make any marked impression upon the masculine contingent present, Isabella had said in a cold and weary voice, "The trouble with you, Emmy Lou, is that you have no sense of humour. Women without a sense of humour usually end by getting their hearts broken, besides having no fun."

Emmy Lou, in the peace of the garden—no one else including the servants was out of bed at ten o'clock—thought that over in her own slow way.

Isabella should know about these things. She was very successful in Hollywood. The public didn't know her name

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

Many people at the party had laughed when Emmy Lou didn't see anything to laugh at. The whole thing, so far as Emmy Lou could figure it, was that she didn't think the things were funny that Isabella's friends did.

as it did the names of dozens of pretty actresses, but in Hollywood itself she was more important. Things went wrong, it appeared, in picture production, and then there were frantic phone calls for Isabella, who doctored bad stories bought at fabulous prices, or re-wrote dialogue, or patched up a bad job of cutting. For this she made panicky producers pay through the nose.

Therefore, if Isabella said Emmy Lou had no sense of humour, it was probably true.

Emmy Lou rehearsed the party of the previous evening.

Certainly many people had laughed when she didn't see anything to laugh at. For instance, when two well-known comedians got out in the middle of the dance floor and did what they called a "blackout" about a man with a stiff neck watering the lawn. Everyone had roared at that. Jack Ratray had literally rolled on the floor. Emmy Lou had heard of people rolling on the floor over jokes, but Jack Ratray actually did it—all six feet of him—and then everyone else nearly fell off their chairs.

Emmy Lou had to admit that she hadn't seen anything funny. She had wanted to ask the exquisite Mrs. O'Brien, ex-wife of a champion prize-fighter, who sat beside her, what it was all about. But she hadn't dared. Another girl—a very pretty girl who was a leading lady in pictures—had asked Barney Wheaten. And Barney had made a silly face at her and said, "O—oh, papa, what is beer?" Everyone had laughed some more and the girl had grown crimson.

Emmy Lou wasn't so dumb that she didn't know what he meant by that. He meant that the girl was pretending she didn't understand, when all the time she did—pretending so that he'd think she was innocent. Then the joke must have been dirty.

So many of the jokes were about somebody sleeping with the wrong person, or in the wrong place, or at the wrong time. Emmy Lou reflected that her sense of humour would probably be better off if she'd done that a few times. But the idea seemed to her essentially gloomy.

Isabella had a marvellous sense of humour. Everyone was always saying how witty she was. Emmy Lou decided it was just as well, for Isabella had certainly lost her looks. When she left Gallopolis, she had been a lovely blonde. Now she did her hair in stiff, flat curls like a statue, and used too much make-up on her eyes and far too much lip rouge. To Emmy Lou it looked dirty, though people were always commenting upon how smart Isabella's appearance was.

The whole thing, as far as Emmy Lou could figure it, was that she didn't think the things were funny that Isabella's friends did.

Bills, for example. In Gallopolis, bills were a disgrace. But here they were one of Isabella's chief sources of comedy. Here was this great house, and servants all over it, and breakfast in bed, and clothes like the illustrations in fashion magazines, and yet Isabella never seemed to pay for any of it. She never had any money and she was always telling about the bills she owed. Emmy Lou had found out during her month in Hollywood that it was quite

the thing to make a great deal of money and never have any idea what became of it.

Nevertheless, Emmy Lou had worried a great deal over the cost of the clothes Isabella bought for her.

"You have to have some decent clothes if you expect to get married," said Isabella. "And I don't see what else you can do."

Isabella expected Emmy Lou to get married.

That was almost the first thing she said on the night of Emmy Lou's arrival in Hollywood. Emmy Lou's frightened, homesick arrival. She was frightened because she hadn't seen Isabella in ten years—and even a sister becomes strange and unknown in ten years. But Isabella had never had time to stop in Gallopolis on her hurried trips to New York, and Aunt Em, while she lived, would never allow Emmy Lou to go to Hollywood. "One in the family's enough to go out to that awful place and get their heart broken and lose their reputation," Aunt Em had said flatly. "I don't think you would, Emmy Lou, but I didn't think Bella would either and I guess you got as much chance to meet the wrong man as she had." So that Emmy Lou had been a little frightened of Isabella, and homesick in facing a new, strange world so far from the things she had always known.

Nor had there been anything in Isabella's welcome to overcome the loneliness and the fear. She had looked Emmy Lou over carefully, with those cool, narrow eyes, and then she had sighed.

"You'll never do anything in pictures," she said. "I thought perhaps you might be able to support me in my old age. And believe me, this is a hell of a place to get a girl married. All the men with marrying tendencies have been snapped up ages ago. The single ones have strictly dishonourable intentions. The young ones are just beginning to enjoy life and it takes an old head to land one in the well-known noose. However——"

"I could go to work," said Emmy Lou sturdily.

"At what?" said Isabella.

"I can cook," said Emmy Lou. "And——"

Isabella rippled with laughter. "No woman should go to work until all else has failed," she said. "No—we'll try to find you a husband of some description. Keep cool and don't fall in love and all may yet be well."

Right then, Emmy Lou knew that Isabella had no permanent place in her life for a younger sister.

Isabella herself had been married four times.

"Not," said Emmy Lou to the humming-bird who still fluttered in the honeysuckle arbour above her head, "that it's done her much good. Here she is alone, without any children, and she says herself that she hasn't got a dime. For that matter, I could have stayed in Gallopolis and married Herman. Only I'd rather marry somebody who looks nicer. Herman is so fat."

Not even to the humming-bird did Emmy Lou mention love. There were reserves in Emmy Lou. Yet somewhere within her beat a strong and vivid sense that she might love as well as any other woman.

"Just because I don't look sexy," thought Emmy Lou, "doesn't mean I'm not."

Only, in the month she had been in Hollywood, she had grown afraid of love. If she fell in love in this mad place, what without having any sense of humour, almost anything might happen to her. And Emmy Lou knew that she just couldn't go on living with herself if anything happened to her.

A maid came down into the garden.

"Miss Evers wants you, miss," she said.

Emmy Lou jumped with surprise. It was certainly early for Isabella to be up, especially after a party. A gang had come home with them when the party broke up, and Emmy Lou had heard them laughing long after she'd gone to bed at two o'clock. Nobody seemed to care what time it was unless they were working. Then they left right after dinner. "I'm working," they said, and no further explanation was needed. But if they weren't working they stayed until dawn.

She went in through the bright sun porch, a small sturdy figure in a straight blue frock. No one had ever told Emmy Lou, but the nicest thing about her, nicer really than her skin or her wide blue eyes, was the way she held her brown head, and the firm set of her square little jaw. It wasn't pretty, but it meant other things, such as courage, and loyalty, and self-respect, things it would be tragic to see destroyed.

Isabella was sitting up in bed, a wrap of chiffon and marabout thrown upside down across her shoulders, the telephone in one hand and a cigarette in the other. She certainly didn't look pretty.

"Maybe that's why she hasn't got any of those four husbands left," said Emmy Lou to herself. "Maybe I haven't got a sense of humour, but I do take my make-up off before I go to sleep." And then she felt just a little bit ashamed of herself. After all, she was eating Isabella's cake.

The receiver slammed back on the hook and her sister turned harassed eyes upon the girl.

"I've just had a call from T.M.," she said. Even Emmy Lou knew the great director to whom those sacred initials belonged. "I've got to go to the studio right now. And I do feel awful. Jeanne, get me a large, cold glass of tomato juice. If I haven't got a headache what I have got will do until one comes along. I'd have to feel like this when T.M. sent for me—and I need the money so bad the sheriff knows about it. The trouble with me is I don't live right."

Emmy Lou knew by now that this was supposed to be a joke, but she didn't smile. Isabella knew already that she didn't have any sense of humour, so what was the use of pretending about it?

"And I've got nineteen people coming to lunch," Isabella groaned.

"Nineteen!" said Emmy Lou.

Isabella gave her a twisted smile. "More or less, baby. At least I seem to remember asking practically everyone who was at that party last night to come and have lunch with me to-day in my beautiful garden. Every time I get tight, I give parties for weeks afterwards that I didn't know about. If they feel like I do, none of them will come. They won't be able to come. Wasn't that funny about Hank Remick?"

"What?" said Emmy Lou.

Isabella swallowed a draught of her tomato juice and closed her eyes.

"The pain of it!" she said. "I'll probably lose it later in T.M.'s lap. I wish I could keep a drink down. Oh—Hank. Well, he went downstairs to the main dining-room and saw his divorced wife with some bird he didn't like, so he took her away and brought her upstairs to our party. Then they forgot they were divorced and went home together. If that isn't funny, it'll do until something funny comes along. Jeanne, prepare me some fine raiment and see what can be done about this face. It looks as though I'd had it lifted and somebody just ripped out the stitches."

¶ The moment of decision had come for Emmy Lou. She knew what she should say and she could not say it.

"What do you want me to do about lunch?" said Emmy Lou.

"Anything except ask me to eat it," said Isabella, sitting on the edge of the bed with her head between her hands while Jeanne put on her stockings. "I can't remember who I asked so there's no way to call it off. Tell Barker to set a buffet in the garden and do your best to dispense true Gallopolis hospitality. I suggest silver fizzes. They'll need 'em. Jeanne, get a stretcher to take me to my car. Oh yes, my little white dove, I asked Ben Avery. He's a bachelor — a little dull, but he's a first-class camera man drawing a large salary and you might do something about him."

"I don't want to do anything about him," said Emmy Lou, managing to hold her lips steady.

"He hasn't any sense of humour," said Isabella wearily.

She went out and came back hurriedly, her plucked brows drawn in a real frown.

"Damn," she said, "I asked Tony Durango. He was sober. He'll come."

Emmy Lou said nothing, but her cheeks had grown softly pink. Isabella looked at her with eyes that slowly focused.

"Is he your pet movie idol or something?" she said harshly.

"No," said Emmy Lou, "not exactly. I liked him in pictures. I guess everyone does. We used to have all his pictures in Gallopolis. I didn't see him at the party."

"He wasn't there," said Isabella. "I—he telephoned me last night after I got home. Tell him I'm sorry. And for heaven's sake, don't do a dive off the deep end about that wop. He wouldn't marry the most beautiful woman in the world if she had fifty million (*Continued on page* **118**)

Continuing *Intimate Memoirs of* Frances, *Countess of* WARWICK

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.

¶ *"Tennyson gave me a volume of his poems as a wedding present."*

¶ *"Lord Haldane was the fine, wise type of unsensational politician."*

Photo: Vandyk.

I DIVIDE my life roughly into three periods, that of the thoughtful child that I was up to the day of my marriage, that of the young married woman, too intoxicated with the joy of life to realise that things would not continue for ever just as they were and too undeveloped to realise that the system under which I lived was decaying, and lastly, the rather impersonal woman that appeared half-way through the years, a patient striver for what I regarded as the betterment of humanity, one asking for no better monument than may be found in the causes I have championed.

On my marriage, I came into immediate control of Easton. I had long known that to deliver it in the condition in which it had been at the time of his marriage to my mother would not be Lord Rosslyn's first consideration. Realising that few can march ahead of their time, I bear no resentment, and even remember my stepfather, who died when he was forty-five, with affection. He was kind to me personally, and above all, he was clever and amusing, so witty and so engaging, indeed, that he was second only to Disraeli himself in gaining the ear of Queen Victoria, who listened to his sallies with undisguised enjoyment. What I lost financially by his marriage with my mother has been made

IV. The *Magnificence* of the ROTHSCHILDS

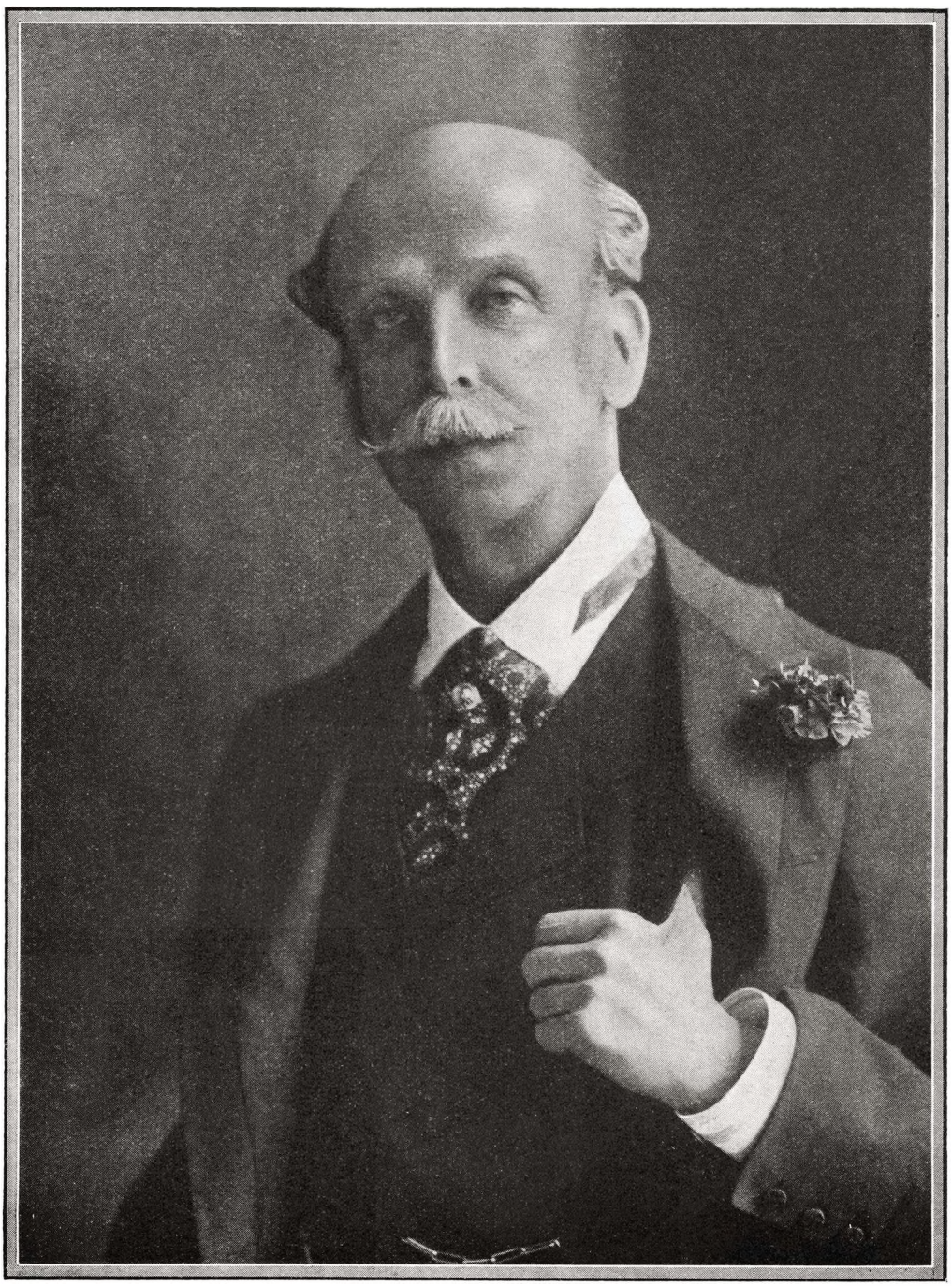


Photo: Rowney.

¶ "*Alfred de Rothschild can best be described as a connoisseur in the fine art of living.*"

up, I think, by his influence over my life and by the fact that he made me think. His selectiveness and appreciation quickened my perceptions, and it was largely owing to his influence that I became interested in the arts, and that later in life I formed friendships with great artists, among whom I numbered Rodin and Sargent.

Sargent painted a portrait of me, but towards the end of his too-short life, he gave up portrait-painting altogether, because he was actually afraid of prostituting his art by painting people who were of no artistic interest to him. Numbers of foolish women, who did not care at all about art, would offer him any amount of money to paint their portraits. He could not bring himself to do this and he realised that in view of his great fame, to paint some and refuse others would cause resentment. It was for this reason that he ended his life as a landscape painter.

"I must have a type to paint," he told me one day, "a type that expresses a phase of humanity. I can't do a face simply because it happens to belong to somebody who has money to spend!"

Another great artist that I met was G. F. Watts. He was a great friend of my mother-in-law's, the late Countess of Warwick, and we were introduced when he was staying at Warwick Castle before my father-in-law's death. I remember that old Lord Warwick sat to G. F. Watts, and while he was painting the portrait, Lady Warwick, who was an artist of great attainment, took advantage of the occasion to paint her own portrait of her husband.

I do not pretend to be an art critic, but I cannot help feeling that my mother-in-law had made the more convincing portrait. Hers was indeed a speaking likeness. It hangs now at Easton, where I write. The Watts portrait is at Warwick Castle. I understand that Mr. Watts himself admired immensely my mother-in-law's study of the old gentleman.

Talking of the arts recalls to me a very peculiar character, Sir Richard Wallace, who gave the Wallace Collection to the nation. My husband once told me a most extraordinary story about the old gentleman, who despite the fact that he had a beautiful home, "La Bagatelle," near

The Countess herself appeared as Marie in her life. "It was responsible for awakening

¶ *Princess Hans Heinrich of Pless and Constance, Duchess of Westminster*

¶ *(Sitting) The Countess*

¶ *Lady Arthur Paget*

¶ *The Earl of Rosslyn*

¶ *The Earl of Warwick*

Edwardian *Revels*—the *famous*

Paris, and so far as one could tell, every reason to be happy, had become a misogynist. My husband, who was visiting Paris, thought that he would like to see his old friend, and wrote to his secretary asking if an appointment could be made. In reply, he received a letter saying that Sir Richard would be delighted if my husband would lunch with him on a date that he named, and still gladder if he would bring with him Mesdemoiselles X—— and Y—— who at that time were stars in the Paris firmament.

My husband, who knew the two ladies, passed on the invitation, which was accepted eagerly. On the day of the luncheon, my husband and the two other guests drove to "La Bagatelle," where they were received by the butler, who expressed Sir Richard's regrets that he was unable to welcome them personally, as his health was giving him great trouble. He added, however, that Sir Richard begged that they would do him the honour of enjoying the lunch that had been especially prepared for them.

During the meal, which was served in a small room like a study, something drew my husband's attention to a panel in the wall, and as he looked at it, the panel was silently drawn back, and to his astonishment he saw Sir Richard's

Antoinette at this ball—a momentous occasion
me to the activities of Labour," she says

Deym and Sir Sidney Greville

¶ *The Earl of Lonsdale and the Earl of Chesterfield*

¶ *The Duke of Manchester*

¶ *Violet, Countess of Rosslyn*

¶ *The Duchess of Sutherland*

"Bal Poudré" *at* Warwick Castle

face appear! Sir Richard caught my husband's eye, but he gave no sign of recognition. Instead, he continued to stare fixedly at his guests, and my husband, realising what a shock it would be to the mesdemoiselles to discover their host gazing at them through a secret opening in the wall, used his unfailing tact to rivet their attention to something on the table. A few moments later, the panel was closed as soundlessly as it had been opened, and after lunch, my husband and his guests left "La Bagatelle" without having exchanged a word with their host. Lord Warwick never saw him again, because only a little while afterwards, Sir Richard's strange and eventful life came to a close.

Great patrons of the arts, were those picturesque and romantic brothers, the Rothschilds. Mighty financial powers that they were, they were, nevertheless, indifferent to money, save as a power by which to manipulate to best advantage, not their own affairs, but the financial affairs of the lands which had welcomed them. All were close friends of King Edward, and I think that His Majesty found much in common with Alfred and Leopold. Alfred can best be described as a connoisseur in the fine art of living.

"Statesmen, Rulers, Painters, Poets, all unburdened

In his famous white drawing-room in Seamore Place, I have heard the greatest artists in the world, who were paid royal fees to entertain a handful of his friends. Unfortunately, he could not share in the hospitality that he lavished upon those he esteemed, for he suffered from some obscure form of dyspepsia which no doctor could cure. Many a time I have seen him sit at the head of his table exercising all the graces of a host, while he himself took neither food nor wine.

He used to ride every morning in the park, followed by his brougham. Park-keepers, who soon learned how generous was the millionaire, used to put stones on the road by which he would enter, and then, when he came in sight, hasten to remove them, a courtesy which invariably was rewarded by a gift. He was shrewd enough to know just how the stones got there, but this rather babyish device amused him, and so he pretended ignorance.

He was very fond of the Empire Theatre, famous for its ballets. He liked the animal turns for which it was well known, and over which we differed vehemently, for I thought animal turns cruel, and he could not see that. When they built the new entrance to the theatre in Leicester Street, he used to go to his box, always Number 1, by that entrance, and as he went in he would give five shillings to the janitor on his right, and as he went out he would give another five shillings to the other janitor, who, of course, would also be on his right.

I heard, however, from a friend of mine who was an habitué of the theatre, that the older janitor, once Mr. Rothschild had gone in, would tell the younger one to change places with him so that when the millionaire came out again, he himself would receive the second tip as well as the first. I knew it was a fact that this great gentleman who gave away hundreds of thousands would find time to fret if he found out that a man had been deprived of a tip that he had intended to give him.

The Rothschilds were among the few millionaires that I knew who could envisage as well as the great drama of poverty the less sensational but perhaps more painful

Photo: Mills.

¶ "G. F. Watts and my mother-in-law painted Lord Warwick at the same time."

¶ "J. S. Sargent said, 'I can't do a face simply because it belongs to somebody with money to spend.'"

Photo: Purdy.

daily effects of it. Their hearts were never hardened. The poor never became a "class" to them. They remained a collection of individuals who were suffering and in want of help. The vivid Jewish imagination enabled them always to change places, mentally, with other individuals, a factor which quickened their sympathies and their great intellectual grasp of the needs of the poor.

I have spoken so far only of the English branch of the fascinating Rothschild family that dominated Society and finance during a great part of the time when King Edward was Prince of Wales and for some years after. But the Austrian cousin, the Baron Ferdinand, had a personality as attractive as any. He was a delicate, fragile man, all intellect, with an unerring taste in art, and a princely concept of hospitality. I always thought

Themselves to Me"

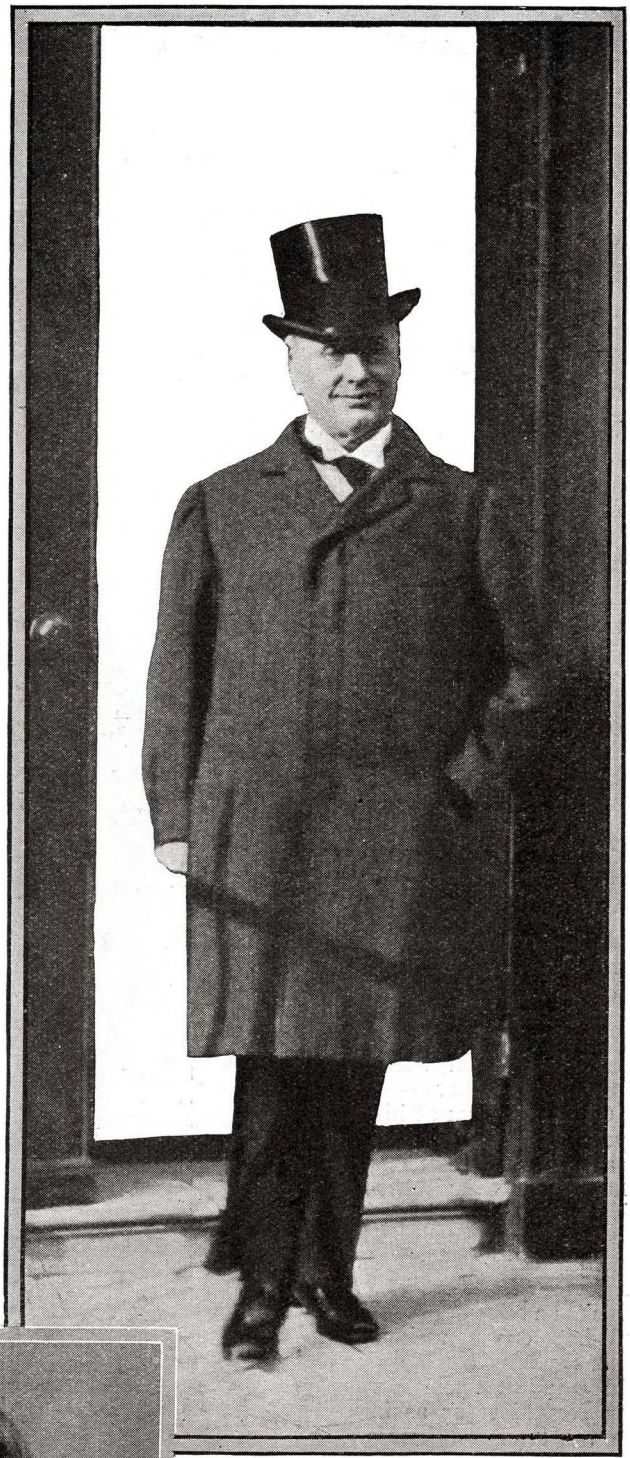
of him as a reincarnation of Lorenzo the Magnificent. I remember the great house-warming that he gave when Waddesdon Manor, which he had modelled on the Chateau de Blois, was completed.

I arrived on a Saturday afternoon, in pouring rain, and as we drove through the grounds I noticed that the flower-beds were full of geraniums that had been beaten and broken by the rain. The storm had played havoc and had devastated what should have been very lovely masses of bloom.

I happened to awaken at five o'clock on the Sunday morning. I was always a very early riser (I am still called every morning at six o'clock) and I thought of dressing and going out. I rose and went to the window, and a truly amazing sight met my eyes. I saw an army of gardeners at work, taking out the damaged plants and putting in new ones that had been brought, evidently, from the glass-houses, for these were in pots. I watched for a little while, and then, realising that I was not so wide awake as I had thought, I went back to bed.

After breakfast that morning, I went into the grounds. The gardens had been completely transformed. Not a damaged plant was to be seen anywhere. Also the small army of gardeners that I had watched earlier in the morning had vanished, leaving behind them a new garden. Everything had been done so quietly that, had I not risen at dawn, I should never have realised the extent of Baron de Rothschild's consideration for his guests' pleasure.

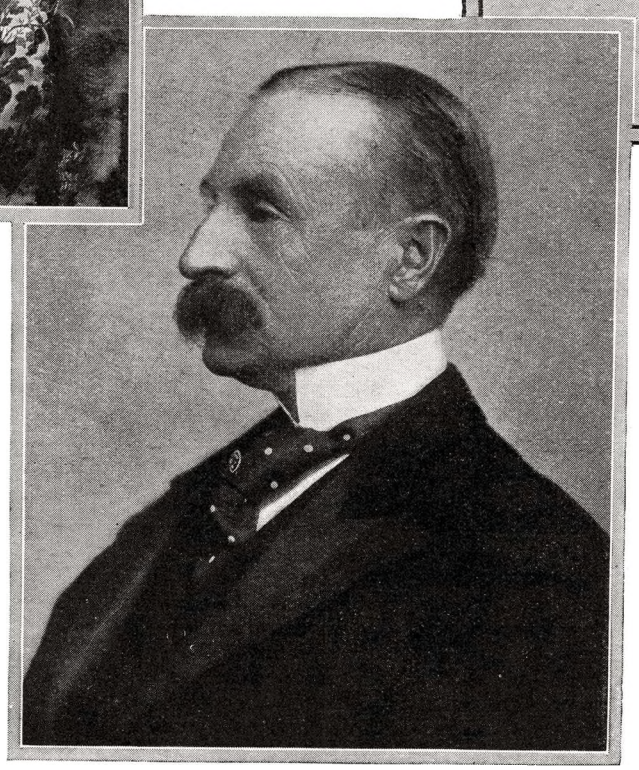
Baron Ferdinand kept a real zoo at Waddesdon. He had aviaries, too, filled with lovely birds. He wished to plant the hill on which the Manor stood, but in such fashion as to enable him to enjoy it during his lifetime, and therefore he transplanted full-grown forest trees. As a frequent visitor, I saw these trees take root and grow, although some were of enormous size when taken from their original home.



L.N.A. Photo.

Photo: Ellis & Walery.

¶ *"Lord Rosebery achieved his two dearest wishes, to be Prime Minister of England and to win the Derby."*



¶ *The Duchess of Teck—"I remember the time when she weighed twenty stone and could still dance charmingly."*

¶ *Lord Lambourne, of whom King Edward said, "He always goes about with a good story on his lips and a good flower in his button-hole."*

My memory often returns to that most interesting being, King Edward himself.

I know that for years social and diplomatic circles were troubled at the idea that I possessed correspondence which was compromising both to individuals and policies. King Edward's letters contained very candid criticisms of persons and

(*Continued on page* **120**)

By

George Weston

Young People

Illustrations by

THE Reverend Alpheus C. Winter stood before the mirror in the bedroom of his boarding house—tall, good-looking in his serious young way, and altogether intent upon the world's regeneration. He was rehearsing the first sermon which he was to deliver in his first church; so surely no one could blame him for watching himself closely in order to see that no disturbing detail should mar the good effect.

"'I have chosen for my subject to-day, "Young People and Old Evils,"'" he began, "'and those among my hearers who may question my familiarity with the one must at least admit that I can speak with authority concerning the other——'"

Glancing down at his notes, his eyes chanced to fall upon a framed photograph of his Uncle Burton—a quizzical-looking old boy who had paid Alpheus's expenses through college, though he had never taken his nephew as seriously as the latter desired. "What do you know about young people or old evils?" Uncle Burton seemed to be asking him. "You've never mixed with either. Remember what I told you last time you came to see me?"

Alpheus winced at the memory and continued in a louder voice:

"'A moment's reflection will show you that Young People are the Great Constructive Forces in the world to-day—even as Old Evils are the Great Destructive Forces. Between these two, therefore, there can and must be no compromise, no compromise either with Evil or the appearance of Evil——'"

"What do you mean by 'No Compromise'?" Uncle Burton seemed to ask. "Didn't we argue this out last week? Didn't I tell you . . .?"

Frowning slightly, Alpheus turned his uncle's quizzical features face down upon the bureau scarf.

"'I repeat,'" he exclaimed in a still louder voice, "'between these two, therefore, there can and must be no compromise—no compromise either with Evil or the appearance of Evil——'"

He was interrupted by a rap upon the door. Opening it, he found his landlady—a breathless little widow who had rearranged her coiffure and bought new stockings since Alpheus's arrival two days before.

"Pardon me, Mr. Winter," she breathlessly exclaimed, "but I happened to be passing down the hallway. Did you call?"

"No; no, thank you, Mrs. Smallwood. I didn't call."

"There's nothing you want? Nothing I can get for you?"

"No, nothing, thank you."

"Well, if you should need anything—my room is next to yours, you know. Just rap on the wall."

After she had gone, Alpheus returned to his notes; but what with Uncle Burton on the bureau and Mrs. Smallwood in the next room, the spell was broken. . . .

"I know what I'll do," he suddenly frowned to himself. "I'll drive around to the church and try it from the pulpit. At least there'll be no interruptions there."

He drove around to the church in a smart, new sedan which had been Uncle Burton's graduation gift. The moon was nearly full and under its rays the stone walls and ivy-

The Dilemma *of a Young* Clergyman *who gave* No Quarter *to* SATAN *and* Old Evils

David Robinson

covered tower of St. Alban's looked like something which had been copied from a Christmas card.

"'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob; and thy tabernacles, O Israel!'" thought Alpheus, thrilling at the sight. He unlocked the door; and enough light coming through the windows to guide him, he made his way to the pulpit and snapped on the lamp whose shaded rays fell on the reading desk.

"'I have chosen for my subject to-day'," he began, "'"Young People and Old Evils——"'"

Again he was interrupted—this time by a sudden flood of light—and the appearance of the janitor from the vestry-room. The latter had a duster in his hand and immediately fell upon the carved woodwork at the end of the first pew.

"Don't mind me, Mr. Winter," he cheerfully called up to the pulpit. "I won't make no noise; but I got to keep going, or I won't have these pews done till after midnight." And working a cloth-covered finger-tip into a carved trefoil, he still more cheerfully added, "My wife at home is probably digging into the children's ears just this same way. Sat'dy night, you know, and they're all having their baths——"

With a gesture of resignation, the Rev. Mr. Winter gathered his notes together. "All right; I'll drive out in the country somewhere," he thought, "for I'm going to rehearse this sermon to-night if it's the last thing I ever do."

Being new to Springfield, he didn't know that he was taking the Lake Road out of town until he saw the moonlight shimmering on the ripples. Here and there a car was parked—at which young Alpheus frowned to himself. From one of these cars he heard a shout of laughter.

"'As the cracklings of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool,'" he sternly told himself. "Yes; this is the first thing that I must impress upon my Young People; that there must be no compromise with Evil, or even the appearance of Evil!"

Well out of Springfield he turned upon a country road and presently came to an old gravel pit, the upper edge of which was fringed with pine-trees. Here Alpheus stopped, and for the next half-hour he preached to the trees and the stars and the moon—preached with such earnestness that before he was through, there were tears in his eyes, and his voice was none too steady."

"'A voice—a voice,'" he thought, "'crying in the wilderness. . . .'"

On the way back he lost his way, so that it was nearly eleven o'clock before he saw the lights of Springfield in the distance.

"Now I know where I am," he nodded with a sigh of relief, dropping the road map on the seat beside him. "This is the Shore Road. . . . And there's the lake. . . . And this building all lit up near the golf-course: yes, that must be the Country Club. . . ."

The Club was evidently having a Saturday night dance, and stopping his car in the shadow of a clump of maples, Alpheus looked across the lawn to the open windows and coloured lights beyond. The orchestra was playing and singing, "My Heart Went Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom . . ." the viols and saxophones reaching down to incredible depths of bass. Alpheus had already heard much about the

Springfield Country Club. "Oh, yes, all the rich people belong," Mrs. Smallwood had told him. "You'll probably hear about their goings-on before you've been here long. They think because they have plenty of money, they can do pretty well as they like."

"'Money!'" scoffed Alpheus now—still looking over the lawn. "'Rather a handful of meal in a barrow and a little oil in a cruse.'"

From behind the dark bivouac of motors which surrounded the Club House, he saw the figure of a girl unsteadily come into view upon the moonlit lawn. She paused for a moment and then uncertainly made her way towards the headlights of his car—hurrying, one might have thought, either for help or in fear.

"Pursued by darkness and seeking refuge in the light," thought Alpheus, pleased with his allegory. And seeing that she was, indeed, making for his car, he stepped out and walked to the low stone wall which flanked the roadway. A moment later the girl was facing him over the wall—very pale, and very beautiful—yes, and very unsteady, too, as she swayed there like a stricken drooping lily in the moonlight.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, evidently finding it difficult to focus either her words or her glance, "but—I wonder if you would take me home, please. I will pay you, of course. I—you see, my friends have played a joke on me and—and I don't wish them to—to find me."

The tragedy of her condition was enough; but it was probably the forlorn, pathetic hiccough with which she concluded her request that touched Alpheus's heart the most poignantly.

"I am the Reverend Mr. Winter, the new minister at St. Alban's," he said in his deepest voice, "and of course I will take you home."

He helped her into the back seat of his little sedan; and as he did so, the cynical warning of Uncle Burton stirred in his memory. "Now remember; I'm giving you this car for transportation purposes only. Look out that you don't use it for anything else." . . . As if he ever would! . . . Before closing the girl in the back seat, Alpheus opened the window to give her the air of which she was so clearly in need.

"If—if I could only lie down a li'l while," she sighed.

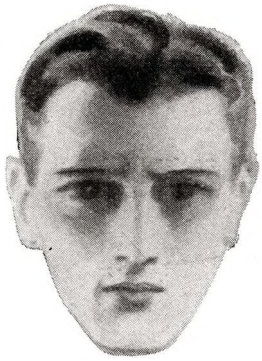
"Yes, yes; you'll soon be home."

"They—they played joke on me," she plaintively continued, with a tired little sob in her voice. "They—they said the punch—was only grape-juice. But they—they didn't let them see me." This, as you see, was somewhat confused; but pulling herself together with an obvious effort, she looked around the back seat and continued in a dreamy diminuendo: "This—this reminds me of my li'l sleeping porch at home."

Alpheus could have stormed aloud with indignation at those who had reduced a sweet young girl to such a state of pathetic helplessness; yet if he could have realised the latent significance of her last words, he might very well have taken to his heels in flight and left her all alone in the back of his car. But the gift of prophecy not having been vouchsafed to him, he spoke again in his deepest, most trustworthy voice, "You live in Springfield, of course?"

"Yes," she said, in such a faint voice that he hardly heard her. . . . "I—I'll show you when—where—I'll show you when we get there."

Taking his seat at the wheel, he started the car. Verily, he told himself, the hand of Providence had guided him that he should have stopped at the Country Club at the very moment when he was so sorely needed. . . . Why, she could hardly be more than a child. . . . And how innocently, how trustfully she had come to him for help. . . . Most obviously not one of those girls who call themselves modern, yet of whom it was written thousands of years ago—"'They walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go.'"



Alpheus confided his predicament to Mrs. Gilbert—a most estimable matron and one of the pillars of his church.

He heard her moving around in the back seat.

"You'll find a rug on the rail, if you need it," he said without turning. "You'd better leave the window open. The air will do you good."

Even if he had wished to turn and look at her, he couldn't. The road wound sharply in and out by the side of the lake and an almost constant procession of cars with blinding headlights was coming towards him. Now and then, though, he couldn't help hearing a movement on the back seat and then a murmured monologue with an occasional familiar word ending with a sighing, sleepy "Amen."

"She thinks she's home—in her own bed," thought Alpheus; and such a deep feeling of protective tenderness fell over him that in some strange manner it made his throat ache. Still carefully watching the road ahead, he nevertheless found himself able to interpret the sounds which came from the back seat. "She's taking the rug off the rail. . . . She's curling down on the cushions. . . . She's pulling the rug over her. . . . She—she's asleep. . . ."

He drove more carefully then—carefully and quietly—straddling the bumps and avoiding the rough places in the road. But although he drove slowly, it wasn't long before they reached the fashionable west side of Springfield—a section of wide streets and modern homes.

"You'll have to tell me now where to take you," he called out over his shoulder.

Receiving no answer, he nodded to himself with sympathetic understanding and pulled over to the kerb. There, after setting his brake, he snapped on the top light and turned to arouse his passenger.

"I say, you'll have to tell me now——"

But the words suddenly froze on his lips as he saw her, still fast asleep on the cushions, her slim, bare legs projecting from under one end of the rug, and a round bare shoulder as plainly visible at the other end.

"Good Lord!" gasped Alpheus, as much in prayer as in exclamation, as he hastily withdrew his glance and snapped off the top light in something like a panic. "She—she must have undressed herself—before she went to sleep . . .!"

For the second time that evening, Uncle Burton's cynical warning suddenly returned to his memory. Alpheus was still mopping his forehead when a motor-cycle cop came along from behind—then slowly wheeled—and approached the parked car.

As soon as Alpheus saw that the motor-cycle officer was about to turn, he hastily reached for his road map and snapping it open, he draped it as well as he could over the bare, slim legs of the sleeping girl in the back seat.

So much was instinct; but even while he was doing it, he knew that he was gazing with horrified eyes at the utter ruin of his life. This approaching officer had doubtlessly seen something which had aroused his suspicions. . . . Perhaps through the back window of the little sedan he had even seen the girl undressing. . . .

"God help me——" he breathed in unconscious prayer.

The cop was already speaking to him—still astride his saddle, one foot on the ground—his eyes upon the other's collar.

"Sorry to bother you, Reverend," he said, "but you're stopping by the side of a hydrant."

"Oh, thank you. Thank you, officer!" Alpheus eagerly exclaimed. "Yes, yes; I see. Thank you. I'll move away at once."

This was, of course, clearly and unmistakably an answer to prayer. In his sudden escape from the dark edge of doom, his heart grew warm. Indeed, for a mad moment,

he felt like taking this friendly cop into his confidence—found it not far from the tip of his tongue to begin, "Look here, officer; I am in a dreadful predicament——"

Again, however, the pendulum quickly swung; and Alpheus found himself shrinking aghast from the consequences that would inevitably follow his statement—he who had so lately rejoiced in the doctrine of No Compromise. In a dreadful procession of mental pictures, flashed with the speed of lightning over the screen of his mind, he saw the station-house, the inquiry, the reporters—even the ribald headlines in the morning papers, "Minister Had Lady Godiva In His Car. . . ."

¶ When Mr. Gilbert had heard Alpheus's story he fell into a fit of laughter.

"And what about the girl?" he hurriedly asked himself. "Didn't she trust herself to me to get her safely home? And shall I now betray that trust by handing her over to the authorities—er—dressed as she is?"

So, saying nothing, he turned his ignition switch and, the cop disappearing with a friendly wave of his hand, Alpheus moved his car into a side-street and parked it this time in the shade of a row of maples.

His first reaction there, was to open the door and get out—to dissociate himself, at least for a few feet, from the sleeping girl on the rear seat. The ground felt good beneath his feet.

"What a relief it would be," he longingly told himself, "to walk away and so be shut of the whole ghastly business!"

But in the first place, he saw at once, the car could immediately be traced to him by its registration numbers—to say nothing of the fact that the officer on the motor-cycle would be able to identify him. And besides — a consideration which was now becoming larger and larger in his mind—how could he ever reconcile it with his conscience if he abandoned this poor, helpless, sleeping girl on the back seat? What of her if she were alone when she awoke—or worse—when someone rudely awoke her? If he could only get her dressed in some way—and find out where she lived. . . .

It was at this point that his eyes caught sight of something fluttering in the wire spokes of his spare wheel. He drew it loose and found that he was gazing at a girl's silk stocking.

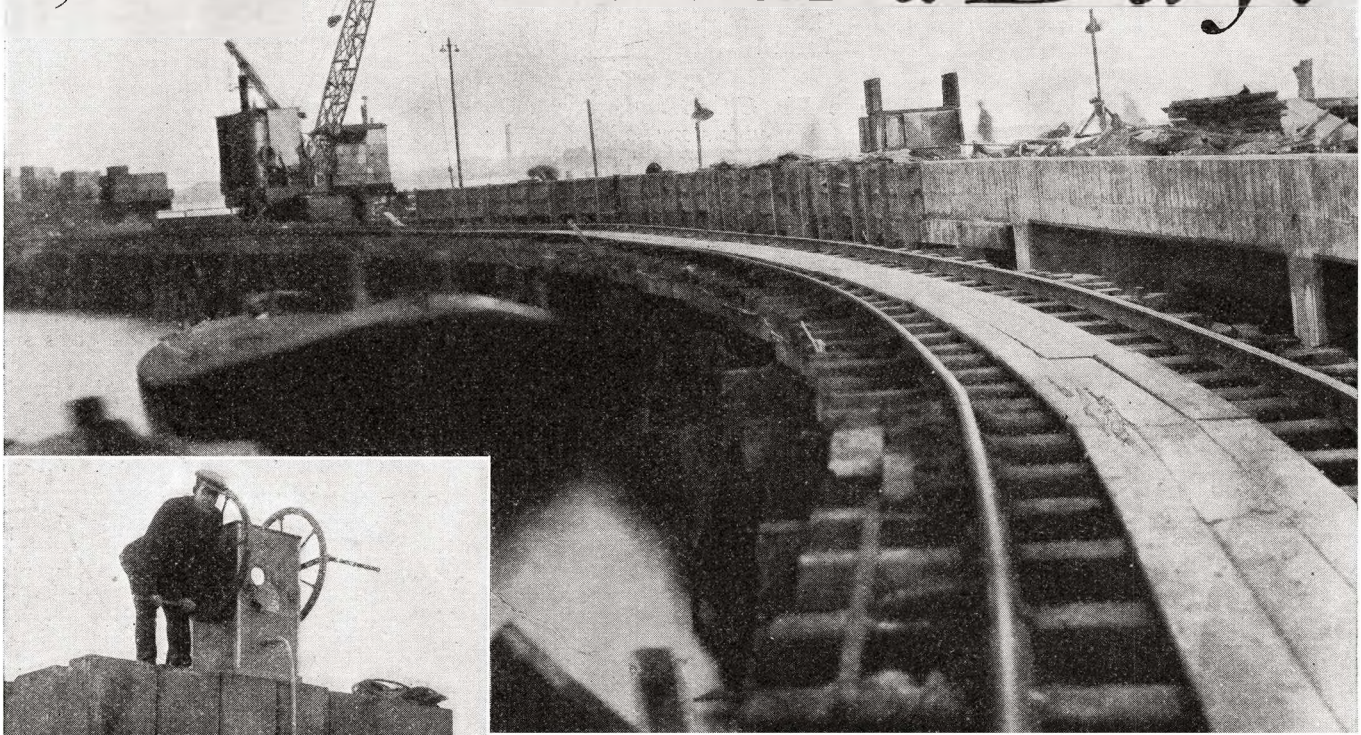
¶ The girl, apparently thinking she was in her own room, had fallen asleep in the back seat of the car.

"Good Heavens!" he thought, more startled than ever. "I wonder if she dropped her clothes through the window as she took them off—or hung them, say, on the window-sill where the wind would whip them away!" And he felt like poor Prometheus, chained to a car instead of a rock, while the grim eagle of inexorable circumstance slowly circled around him.

"I—I must see——" he fearfully told himself. "This is important—if—if

(*Continued on page* **122**)

1,000 Motors a Day!



Constructing the £350,000 Ford jetty.

A diver about to descend to Thames bed.

by Ian D. Coster

A PATCH of the Thames bubbles murkily and breaks before the slow thrust of a brass globe. A diver rises to the surface and climbs the ladder heavy-footed. They unscrew his helmet and he sits on a bench. His hands, purple with cold, reach out for a cigarette. He has returned from a two-hours' groping about the icy mud of the river bottom, a testing of the foundations for a new port down in the lower reaches of the Thames.

The ground trembles before the staccato blows of the four-ton hammer as it smashes the ferro-concrete stiletto down, down into the soil, inch by inch, thirty feet, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty feet, down to solid ballast the pile is driven through centuries of mud deposit. It is one of 19,000 upon which a new industrial centre on the Thames is being founded.

A riveter rattles on high, on the top of a group of towering pylons; these are the blast furnaces of the largest smelting works in Europe. On ground level they are putting down sleepers and slinging the rails into position for a new railway station and the ten miles of railroad. Further off, clear of the acres of building, clear of the forest of pile drivers, the rising bole of the two-hundred-and-twenty-feet smoke stack and the steel skeletons of the foundry, a tractor is at work, ploughing a new farm.

I had heard that the Ford Motor Co. had bought six hundred acres of river bank, on the Essex side, in the ancient parish of Dagenham, to build a motor works. I concluded that it would be a big motor works, for the Ford name has that sort of reputation. But I never suspected that it would set out calmly to put down a harbour and a port, a smelting works, a power station, a foundry, a manufacturing plant, a by-products factory, a railway station and a farm! That is briefly what is happening at Dagenham. It has almost happened, for at the beginning of 1932 this thing, this self-contained industrial revolution with twenty thousand workmen, will be complete and turning over.

Down on London's doorstep, at a bend in the river where the big ships and the little ships go threshing past and the brown-sailed barges tack and run, Ford is carrying out its plan to produce more motor cars than all the other English motor works combined. Dagenham, a border of marshy wilderness by a sleepy countryside, a haunt of wild fowl and, perhaps, of Essex smugglers in bygone misty moons, has its future in front of it. The acres that London could use only as a dumping-place for metropolitan garbage (which rises in seven smoking mountain ranges) are to hold the biggest industrial centre in Southern England.

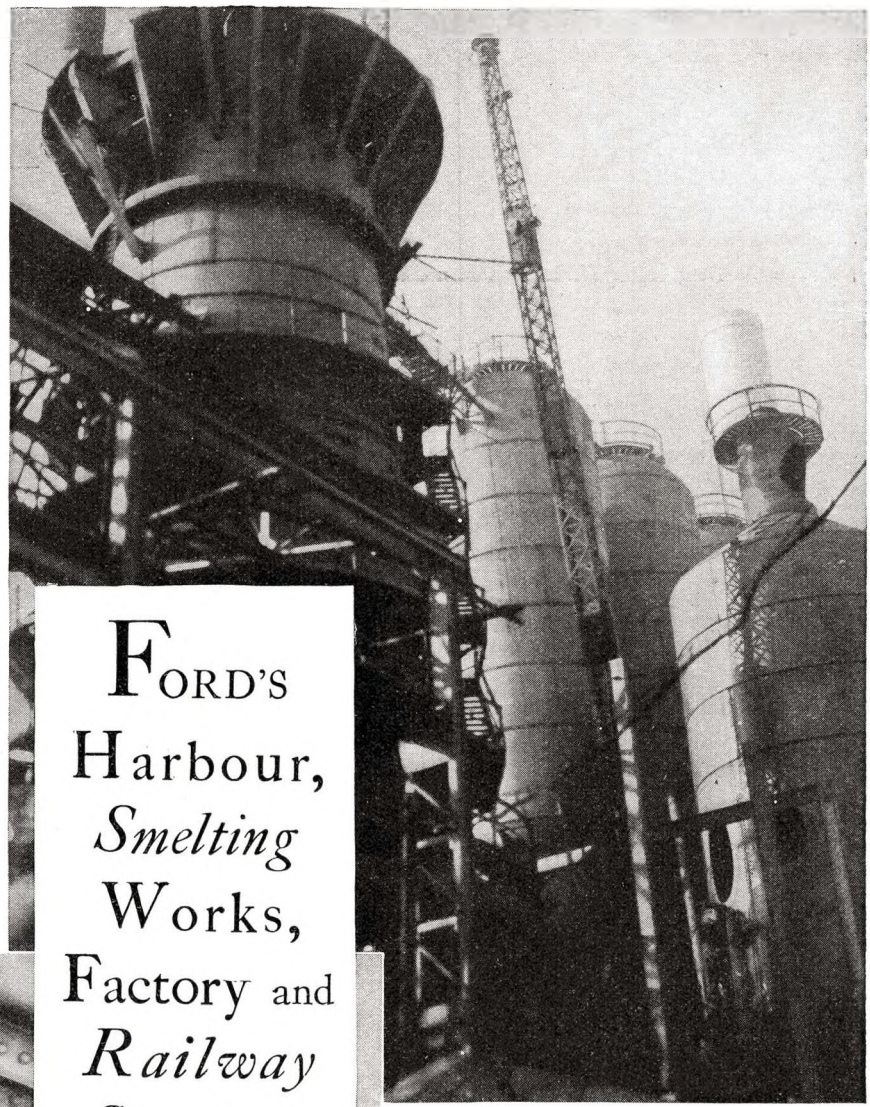
Eight months from now 12,000-ton ships deep with iron ore and coal and limestone will be unloading at Dagenham jetty. Great cranes will be biting and clawing the stuff from their holds. The raw material will be running in the

great circuit of the works and from the assembly block will be popping out—almost like newspapers from a rotary press—the finished product, the car with the famous name on the radiator, at the rate of 200,000 a year—and each tank will be filled with benzol, manufactured on the spot.

Mr. Edsel Ford, son of the mechanic who has the courage of his visions, dug a silver spade into the marsh on May 16th, 1929. That started Dagenham. Nearly three thousand British workmen working under British contractors to the designs of British architects and with British materials have been at it ever since. From the top of the mighty cylinder of the blast furnace I saw it stretching out, the twenty-two acres of glass over the assembly, manufacturing and foundry blocks, the concrete foundations of the ore yard, the coke ovens, the steel silhouette of the hot-metal house and the jetty, curving along the fringe of the river. The cylinder on which I stood trembled to the blows of the pile drivers, a myriad of them, as thick as derricks on a rich oil field. The air

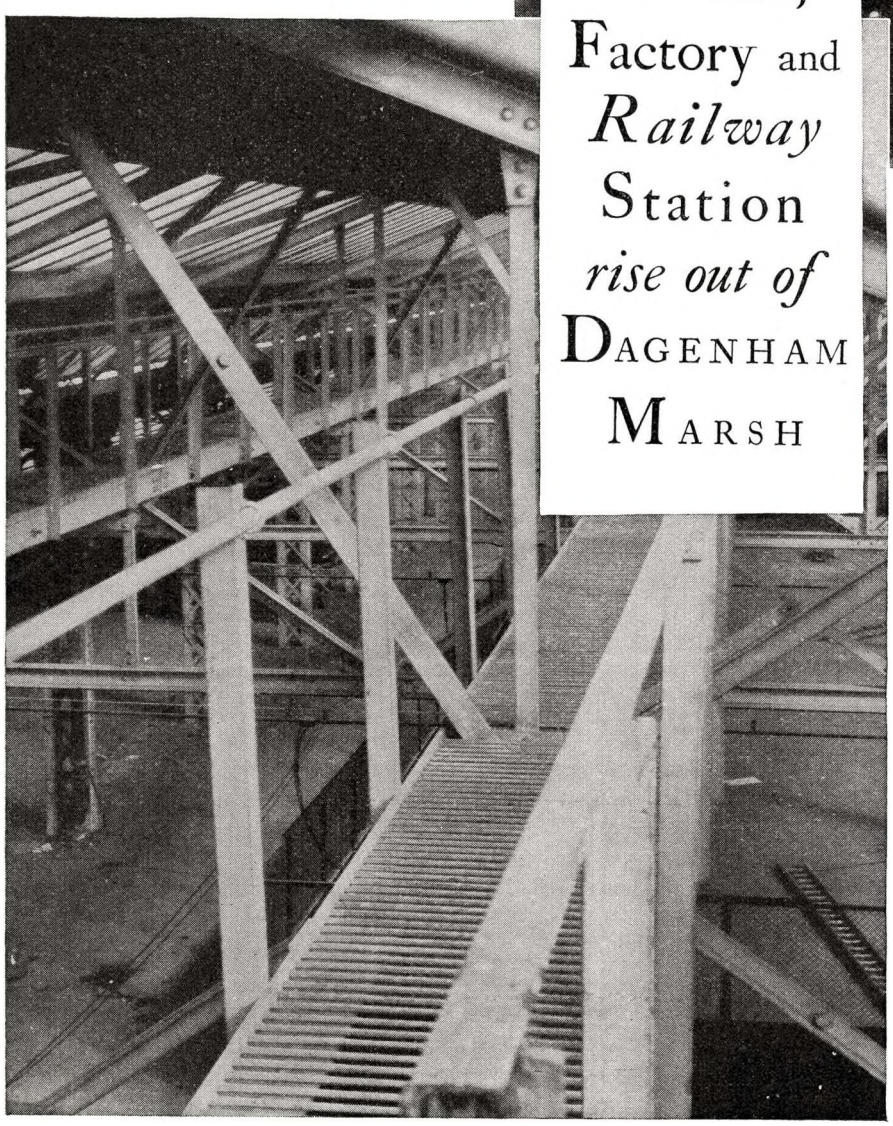
Gretton photographs by john havinden.

FORD'S Harbour, *Smelting* Works, Factory and *Railway* Station *rise out of* DAGENHAM MARSH



¶ *Towering pylons of the blast furnaces.*

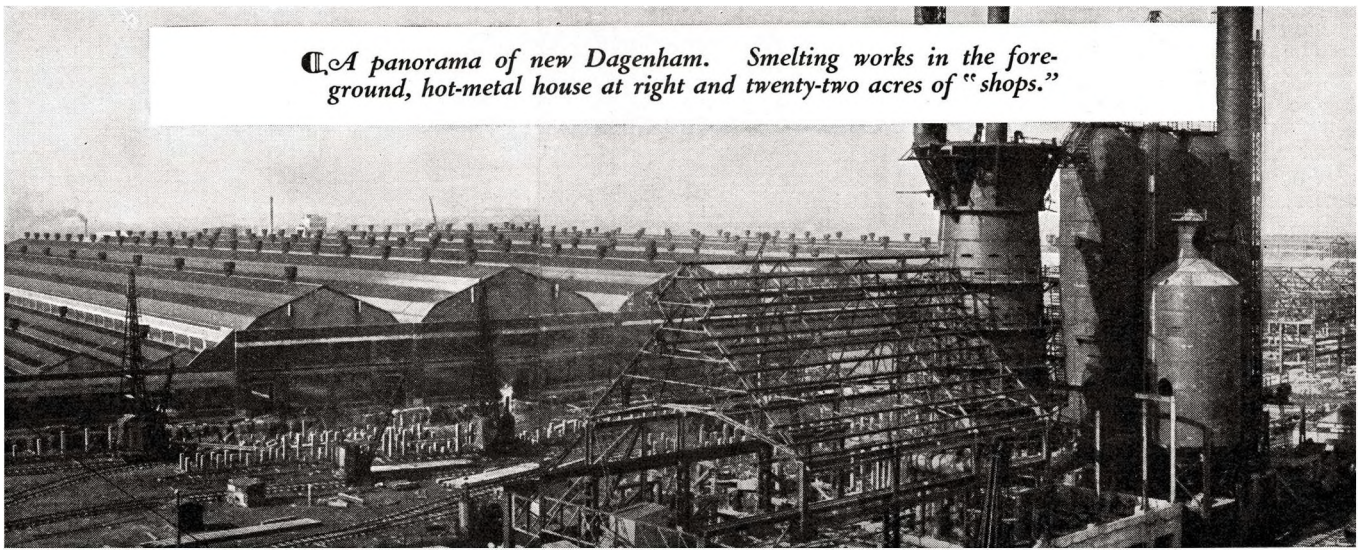
¶ *Six miles of catwalk run through the roofs.*



vibrated to the ear-wrecking burr of drills and the rattle of riveters. Cranes groaned as they rolled along with their six-ton piles and grappled with steel girders. And out of the confusion and the tumult Dagenham was gaining shape before my eyes.

The jetty was in the shadow of ships forging down stream to the ports of the world. It was only the framework and scaffolding of the structure which will cost more than £350,000 and be 1,800 feet long and 51 feet wide. I thought that they just drove piles for a jetty and harnessed a superstructure to them. It seems that the superstructure alone will weigh more than 1,200 tons and that it will carry all kinds of unloading mechanism, electric tractors, cranes, conveyors. Two great unloaders will stand there to grapple out iron ore at the rate of 1,200 tons an hour.

Ordinary piles would never stand up to the strain, no matter how far they were driven into the yielding mud of the River Thames. So they take a steel cylinder about 14 feet across and shove it into the mud. They bolt another cylinder on the top of that, and another and another,



¶ A panorama of new Dagenham. Smelting works in the foreground, hot-metal house at right and twenty-two acres of "shops."

New Industry comes to the Banks of the Thames

until they have built up a well of steel reaching from the surface of the water down deep into the river bed. Weights of anything up to 300 tons are slung on top to rush the well down. The divers come in here. They go down inside the cylinder to discover what the foundation is like, groping their way in the murky depths. The water is drained out of the well and mechanical grabbers tear out the mud until there is a dry cavern reaching down fifty feet. Then the bottom is filled with liquid concrete and a steel and concrete pile is formed to stand up on that foundation. The upper cylinders are then taken away and there is one more concrete column finished for the Dagenham pier.

The harbour is divided neatly into three. The central 600 feet of the jetty is reserved for the accommodation of two 12,000-ton ships bringing coal, ore and limestone, and the average depth of water is 28 feet. At the London end there will be a floating pontoon for passenger traffic, and the next 600 feet will berth two 6,000-ton ships in twenty feet of water for the outward shipment of cars and parts.

¶ Sir Percival Perry, K.B.E., Chairman of the Ford Motor Company.

The eastern portion, another 600 feet, bears witness to the thoroughness of Ford methods. I have already spoken of the garbage dumps on the site, great hills smoking malodorously with the last hundred years' refuse of London, and being added to at the rate of hundreds of tons a day. Well, Ford has a scheme to deal with this; it wants to take London's garbage, as much as the city can give. The power station, the motive-power for the whole of new Dagenham, which will be the first in England to run at a pressure of 1,200 pounds, will be fed on the refuse that London has been paying to have dumped on the banks of the Thames. Conveyors will ladle it from the barges into a conditioning plant and the power station will burn it up at the rate of 1,000 tons a day. Now, when the wind is in the right—or wrong—direction countrymen can sniff the odour of the dumps five miles away.

The main trouble with the Dagenham site was that it was like the lowlands of Holland and Belgium, incapable of carrying weight. The engineers discovered that very soon after they had ironed it out and removed three quarters of a million tons of earth. The first 50-foot concrete pile upended on the spot slipped out of sight without a blow from the pile-driver. Now they have to go down to eighty feet and put the piles in steel-enclosed clusters so thick that they form an almost solid concrete foundation. This was necessary under the blast furnace plant which weighs 9,000 tons and under the storage yard which will hold 150,000 tons of ore.

The blast furnaces and strack stoves loom up over the site like geometric monuments to industry. They form one of the largest plants in the world and have a production capacity of 500 tons of pig iron a day. They will consume nearly 10,000 tons of coke, ore and limestone each week, wasting nothing. Even the fine iron dust will be retrieved by a towering metal tube technically known as the Dorr thickener.

Though the Ford works is going to use London's rubbish as fuel, it cannot do entirely without coal and the 45 coke ovens will eat it up at the rate of 800 tons in 24 hours. But the coal will pay for itself, for there is a by-products factory. The ovens, which will be filled and raked out by a great mechanical stoker, will carbonise the coal, giving the coke for the blast furnaces. The liquid residues will be carefully saved and from them will be extracted many valuable substances, including benzol to drive the new Fords away from the factory. Tar will be another by-product. Sulphate of ammonia, a valuable fertiliser, will be produced from the chemical action necessary for the extraction of iron from the ore and this will be sold to farmers and used on the Ford farm nearby.

Still one more use is to be made of the red-hot coke. It is not to be plunged into water in the ordinary way, but by means of special apparatus used in England for the first time, it is to be made to generate steam for use in the works.

The hot-metal house where the molten metal is converted

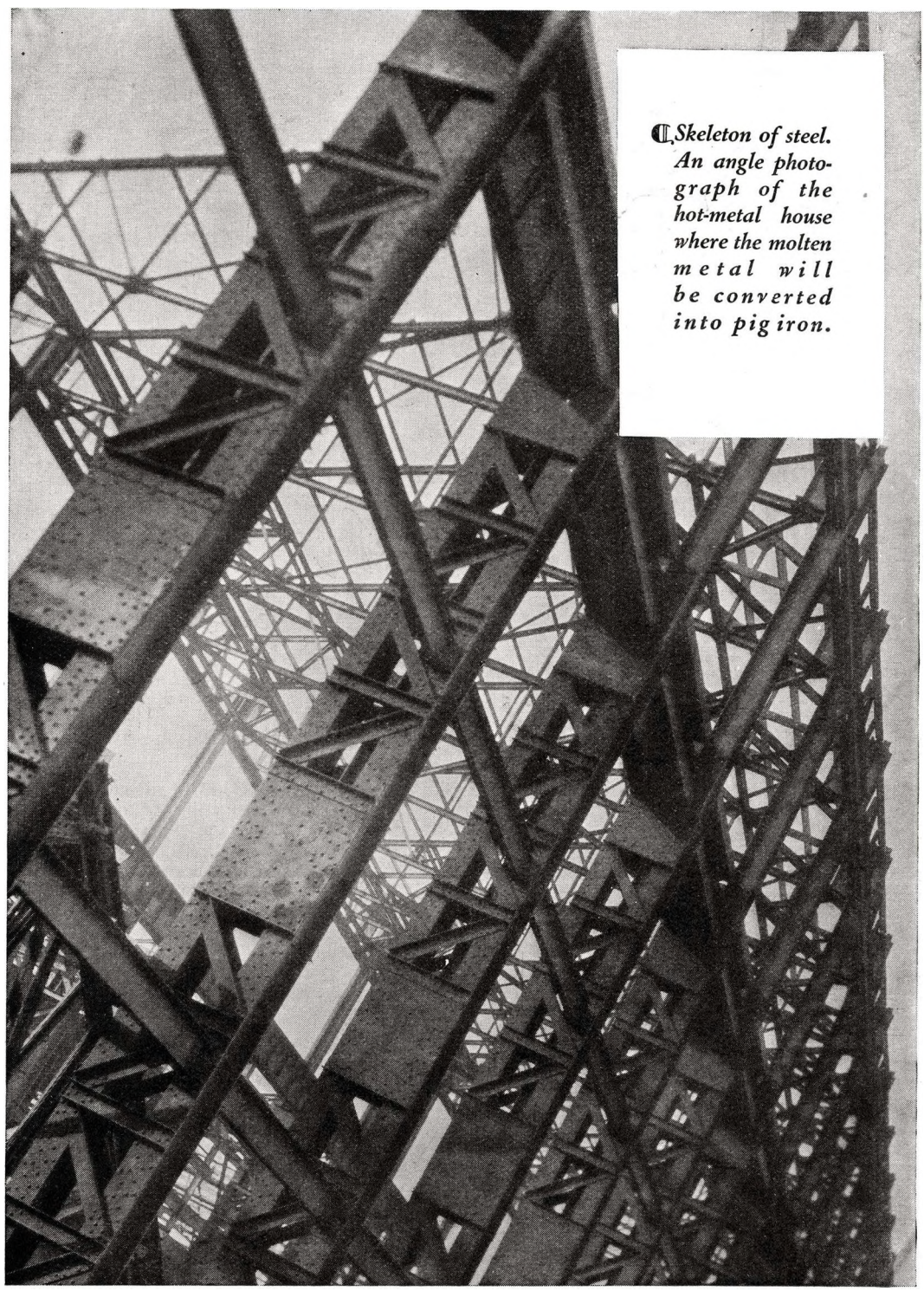
assembly block, right through to the offices which face the river frontage. Not many months more and the view will be obscured by the controlled tumult of an industry at work. Perhaps it will give some idea of the size of these three shops if I explain that, above them in the network of steel girders, there are six miles of catwalk for the window cleaners. The very handrail they grip serves a dual purpose. It is a water pipe to make the cleaning operation easier.

Somehow I cannot help wondering why they have not arranged for mechanical window-cleaning. Perhaps they like to see human beings buzzing about the panes. And yet, that cannot be the reason, for they have installed some electrical contraption which at the press of a button opens or shuts 200-feet sections of windows, just eight tons of glass, in one action.

And now we come to the Ford underground tube. Yes, they have not been satisfied with the port and the harbour and the railway station and all that. It is almost a rival of the Piccadilly. More than twelve feet wide and nearly nine feet high it runs under all the blocks and carries, not trains, but electricity, heat, light and water, including filtered drinking water for the Ford workers, who, as you know, are urged to drink nothing else but. All the mains are tapped at intervals by ducts leading to departments overhead.

The excavation of the tube, which was one of the first works, broke through a bit of history, a dyke built by Captain Perry at a cost of £40,000 about 1722, when the Thames had been giving a lot of (*Continued on page* **101**)

Gretton, photograph by john havinden.



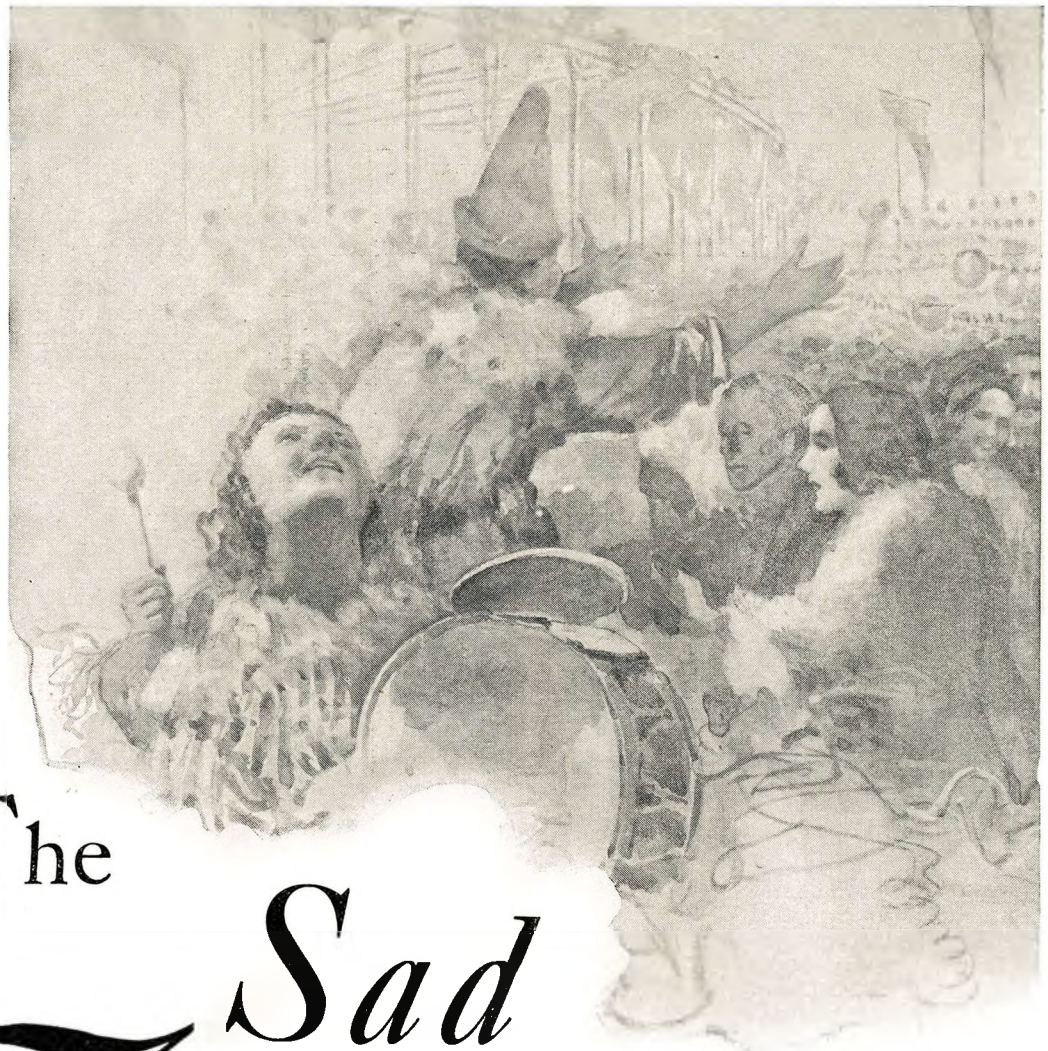
¶ *Skeleton of steel. An angle photograph of the hot-metal house where the molten metal will be converted into pig iron.*

into pig iron is an immense steel - framed structure, and adjoining it is the foundry and machine "shop," a trifle of 44,000 square yards. From the moment the ships moor at the jetty, to the time the material they carry is utilised in the manufacture of motors, hand labour is entirely dispensed with.

This tour of the new Dagenham has brought me to the three "shops," two of which are the same size as the Horse Guards Parade. The third is considerably bigger. Though they are under the same glass roof, about 22 acres of it, they are separated by courtyards, 80 feet wide, which play an important part in the scheme of production and distribution. Along them are laid double tracks of railroad linked up with the main lines, and overhead are travelling cranes and bascule bridges.

Looking through from the foundry and machine "shop" is at present like a dream of open spaces. They seem too big to be enclosed, all those acres of flooring, carefully overlaid, they told me, with eight million wooden paving blocks. One gazes through the manufacturing block and the

Love & Music— These they Lived for



The Sad Troubadour

THE two brothers stopped at the edge of the fair. Each had a piano accordion slung over his shoulder and a folding camp stool in his hand—the tools of their craft. The yellow spitting flare of an acetylene lamp painted their faces the colour of old ivory.

The older one, Pietro, was a great, broad-chested Italian, floridly handsome. A cigarette stub dangled from his full, smiling lips; and there was a gleam of excitement in the inky eyes that swept the gaudy swings and roundabouts, the screaming roller coasters, dotted over with many-coloured electric bulbs, all in full blast to the hideous dissonance of a steam organ. Like an eager child, his gaze went greedily from booth to booth, on whose crudely painted canvases were depicted the fascination of hideous women with two heads, armoured fleas from Ecuador, weighing two kilos apiece, living skeletons, strong men whose development was even more abnormal than the giants of Michael Angelo, contortionists so horribly twisted that they must inevitably have passed through the hands of the Comprachicos, Tartar women with three breasts on each side, guaranteed real.

All along the sidewalk under the cropped sycamores, whose amputated branches made a weird brown frieze against the sky, was a double line of push-carts. Their hucksters kept up a hoarse incessant patter. Earlier in the evening the carnival parade had taken place at the other end of the town of Nice. Here, in the border-land made by the covering over of the stony bed of the River Paillon, which separates the old town from the new—separates, indeed, one civilisation from another—many of the crowd were in costume; the girls mostly dressed as sailors, toreadors, pierrots, anything male that would give them escape from the humdrum of skirts. But if the rolling hips and knees that brushed with every step were not enough to betray them, no girl was without her man. They formed bands, screaming with loud laughter, arms round waists, kissing promiscuously and violently.

The gleam in Pietro's eyes deepened as he watched. With immense satisfaction he breathed it all in, the familiar sight of it, and the smell of it—stale acetylene, sweat, women, garlic, alcohol. It was life. Presently he gave a laugh, spat in the direction of the steam organ and turned to his brother. "Santa Maria, what filthy music!" The dialect was of Genoa, thick and guttural. "We must go the other end, 'Vanni."

Giovanni shrugged his shoulders. He was small and wiry. From under his wide black hat curled a dark mass of hair, a frame for the thin, white, ascetic face. He looked as though he might have stepped out of Florence in the days of Benvenuto Cellini. He too, spat, but it was at the crowd comprehensively.

"Basta!" he muttered. "Why play to these pigs? A

By A. Hamilton Gibbs

Illustrations by
Mario Borgoni

There was a gleam of excitement in Pietro's eyes as he watched the street fair. It was life! But there burned in his younger brother a fierce flame of music that filled his mind with dreams.

steam organ is good enough for them." As he moved on, the weight of his instrument made him lean forward, as soldiers do to ease the cutting pack straps.

Pietro marched bolt upright as though his accordion were a toy, forging a way between the lines of push-carts. Once his great arm went out like a gorilla's, and he grabbed a fat carnival girl to him, kissed her white neck, and let her go again with laughing exclamations. That was life!

Unmindful, Giovanni trudged behind in the wake of his big brother. In half a mile or so they came to an open space at the other end of the fair, walled on one side by a warehouse. The steam organ had become only a blur of raw sound, a mere element in the clang of street cars, the cries of barkers and the bourdon of the crowd.

Pietro set down his camp stool against the wall of the building and, not without difficulty, adjusted the straps of his instrument over each heavy shoulder. Then he struck a loud chord, beamed professionally and cried, "*Messieurs et Mesdames. . . .*"

Giovanni had seated himself, also back to the wall as a sounding board, his accordion ready between chin and knees. The imitation diamonds inserted in the painted woodwork snapped and sparkled in the light of the flares. He paid no attention to the crowd, but waited for his brother to announce the opening piece.

"We shall give ourselves the pleasure of playing for you," bellowed Pietro, "the justly celebrated song, *Gitana*, otherwise called *La Jolie Fille de Bohême. . . . Uno . . . due. . . .*"

Together they crashed into the introductory chords with the volume of an organ. Like a heavy stone dropped into a pond, it made a widening ring of melody in the encompassing noise. Then, while Pietro, smiling at the audience, held the air of the popular ballad, Giovanni interwove swift variations and syncopations, his eyes a thousand miles away.

They were well-known figures, these two. In the early morning they played in the courtyards of the hôtels de luxe, hawk-eyed for the francs that rang and circled on the pavement when dropped from the balconies of upper windows. They had their pitch on the Promenade des Anglais at the crowded *apertif* hour, when every nationality in the world adds its mite to the scraps of polyglot dialogue that fall from the lips of middle-aged *ricchissime* who have fled from every barbaric climate in Europe, to stir their ageing and sluggish blood at the edge of the poster-blue Mediterranean.

There they stroll up and down, or sit sipping a million different drinks, with fat little dogs clasped to fatter breasts or yapping at the end of a string. There, too, it was the flashing eyes and teeth of Pietro that drew francs and even paper money from ladies whose day for that kind of titillation should have been far behind. But, even though they didn't know it, it was Giovanni's music that touched the still quivering something inside, and made them achingly remember what black eyes had once meant; for while the older brother played well and with a touch of careless insolence that caught the eye, the younger one was not only a master of his instrument, but there burned in him a fierce flame of music that filled his mind with dreams of stupendous organs in vast halls where, at the touch of his fingers, all the choirs of heaven would come soaring down to listen, rapt, with folded wings.

Even in the confusion of the street fair, and with such wishy-washy stuff as the "justly celebrated *Gitana*," there was magic in his touch. He couldn't help filling out the thin ballad, recomposing it almost as he played, giving it depth and meaning. And so, when, having finished three popular numbers, his brother divested himself of his instrument to go round with the hat, Giovanni, whose duty it was to keep the ball rolling, gave a little sneer of contempt for "the pigs," and swung into a number for himself, the *Humoresque*. At the end cries of "Brava!" and "Bis!" made him look up with a shock of surprise that instantly changed to a smile of warm delight. He played it again, this time to friends.

By the time their concert was over and the capfuls of small money bulged in Pietro's pocket, it was late. In twos and threes tired Carmens and Toreadors could be seen dragging their way home down the steep, narrow streets of the old town, where stray dogs snuffled and growled around overflowing garbage cans. The odour of cheese and queer nameless meats hung thickly in the ill-lit alleys.

The two brothers lived there at the top of a tenement house whose dirty stairways and grimy balustrades were of carved marble, whose groined ceilings were still covered with faded but beautiful paintings. Less than a century ago it had been the private palace of an Italian noble. Slashed doublets had given place to the draggled skirts of market women, and palanquins to rattling hand-barrows; but through all the phases of its comedown the Italian language prevailed.

As the two came into the Place Rossetti, empty but for three scrawny cats, the sound of loud voices came from the drinking saloon that faced the church across the square.

"*Per Dio!*" growled Pietro, "it looks as if there won't be any room for us to-night."

Giovanni smiled. "There is always room when one has ready money."

They wheeled together, crossing over and turning at precisely the same tree at which they always turned, from sub-conscious habit.

The drinking saloon was a broad low-ceilinged room lit by a hanging oil lamp. Down one side ran a zinc bar, worked by the patron and his assistant in shirt-sleeves. Behind it a row of wine barrels lay in racks on the wall. Beneath them was a wooden shelf on which gleamed bottles of drink, green, amber, red, yellow, guarded by the *patron's wife*, a woman with the face and voice of a parrot and the body of an elephant. There were not more than ten or twelve men and women in here, but they filled the place. The air was thick with tobacco smoke and the smell of liquor. Some had their elbows on the zinc, others waved expressive arms. All were talking at the tops of their voices either in Italian or Nicois, that odd dialect which is neither French nor Italian, but resembles what might have been the common tongue achieved by an Italian street-walker and a Provençal living together for years. As ever, it would have been difficult for a foreigner to decide whether the prevailing humours were good or bad. To Pietro and Giovanni the clamour was perfectly normal, so normal that they hardly wasted a glance on a tall man, flushed with drink, who was verbally bullying a girl at the other end of the room. Both the man and the girl were in carnival costume and both had their faces made up. As the two brothers walked in, the man seemed to reach the end of his tether. He stepped back with a guttural oath and smashed the girl across the face with his hand. She spilled across the floor.

Pietro laughed. "Madonna!" he exclaimed. "That was a good one!"

The girl lay there sobbing on the dirty sawdust.

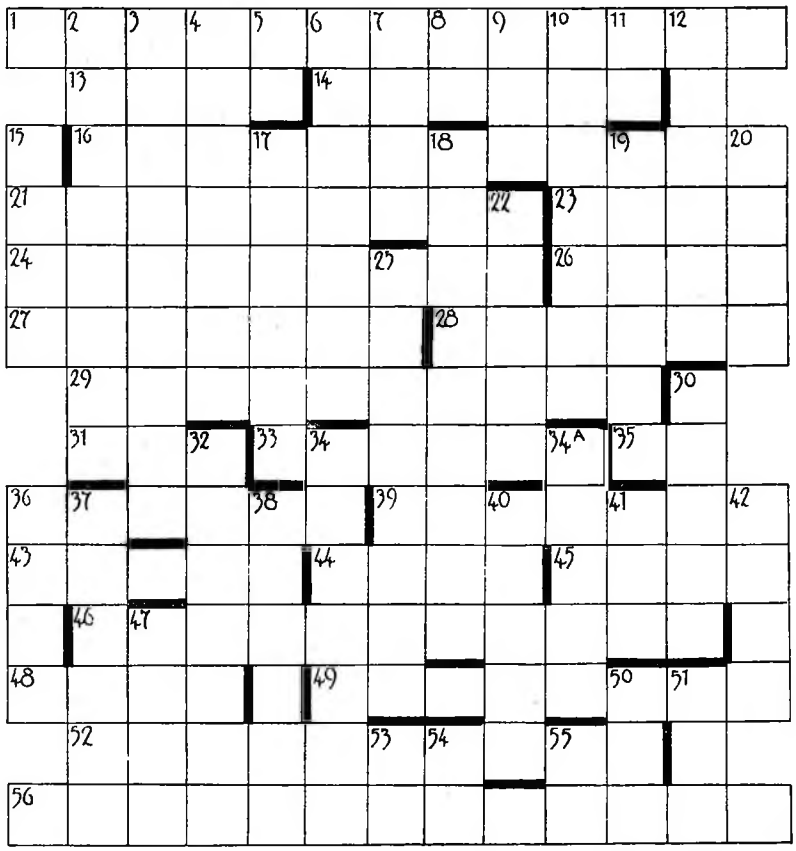
Round the room shoulders were shrugged.

The man raised his foot and kicked the girl, raised his foot again. . . . Before he could kick the second time, Giovanni, his face like chalk, made apparently one single movement of passing his instrument to Pietro (*Continued on page* **74**)

¶ *The meeting of Giovanni and Maria, which had surprising consequences for Pietro.*

Over and over again Maria assured Giovanni that but for the beast with the knife she would have got through her song. If only 'Vanni would take her away to another town where there wouldn't be any danger. After all, if Pietro couldn't be found, there wasn't anything to keep them. "It's just you and I now, 'Vanni!" she said. "I'll sing my throat out for you."

Nash's free for one year will be sent to the sender of the first correct solution opened



J. P. McGINITY

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

Solutions must reach this office not later than the first post on July 12th, 1931.

The result of this July puzzle will appear in the September number.

Address entries to "Crossword," NASH'S—PALL MALL MAGAZINE, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Write your own name and address in the margin of this page.

The decision of the Editor is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter for the competition only on that condition.

No correspondence can be entered into about this competition, and no letters may be enclosed with the competition entries.

NASH'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Clues Across :

1 If tools catch jaundice look in the aviary.
13 If this famous Archbishop had been the reverse of himself, he would have been twins.
14 This Eskimo boat is intended for women, but it carries a Dutch uncle.
16 Famous medico who discovered a subsidence in the Gloucester road. (Two words.)
21 Belonging to to-day.
23 The supreme being of the Hindu trinity.
24 The sacred banner of the abbey of St. Denis.
26 REV. Heraldic term for a field strewn with objects.
27 Spiced ale.
28 Malarial.
29 Pistols charged with an Edgar Wallace play.
31 A muddied—this, was Kipling's description of a footballer.
33 A Turkish liquor.
35 Associate with 51 to get a colour.
36 Though I'm fifty per cent. fun I am wholly lamentable.
39 The royal crown of Ancient Egypt.
43 Increase me to the *n*th power to obtain the imaginary flower that never fades.
44 A Roman Ecclesiastical court.
45 Has a disagreeable aspect when connected with draft.
46 He of Stillemonde was one.
48 Add a slangy stomach to make a literary error.
49 You'll require inclination to sing the "Song of the pen" here.
52 Another name for vegetarianism.
56 Laundress.

Clues Down :

2 Even this dreamland of wealth has a Defence of the Realm Act in its interior.
3 Lukewarm.
4 A match for the devil.
5 This do in reverse.
6 Another name for curari.
7 Aloysius, better known as Trader ——.
8 A cockney would enjoy with eggs.
9 "O Sole ——."
10 A male manipulator.
11 This car comes from Wigan.
12 Famous Victorian tenor.
15 A West African gazelle running backwards.
17 Pertaining to a web.
18 A seaport in Cyprus which contains the originator of Simony.
19 A timekeeper, but not a watch.
20 The impetuous portion of bacon.
22 Usually light, but a saint in Doncaster.
25 The mud-devil.
30 "Lived a ——, forty-niner, and his daughter, Clementine!"
32 A famous sword with its point in a Royal Academican.
34 "Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin spun life."
34*a* Egyptian god of arts and sciences.
36 34 down is one.
37 Shady.
38 A case for fine stoneware when baking.
40 "You are dull ——; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want."
41 This lady would have done well to restrain her taste for fruit.
42 With my tail in the heavens I'ld be a notorious Bolshevik.
47 Cure, but the prescription got muddled.
50 Make it when the sun shines, but don't mix it as here.
51 Join with 35.
53 At the bottom of a page, usually precedes 45.
54 Followed by the home associated with the past life of 20 Down, I would be as 20.
55 Initials of a famous French War Statesman.

The Winner of the May Puzzle is :—

Miss E. M. Child,
17, Melcombe Court,
Dorset Square,
N.W.1.

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D	A	M	O	R	A	C	K	E	T	U	I
A	P	U	R	I	M	A	C	R	E	G	N
M	P	L	A	G	E	R	Y	E	F	H	T
A	L	A	R	I	C	N	A	R	I	N	E
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I	T	E	R	A	T	I	O	N	O	S	T
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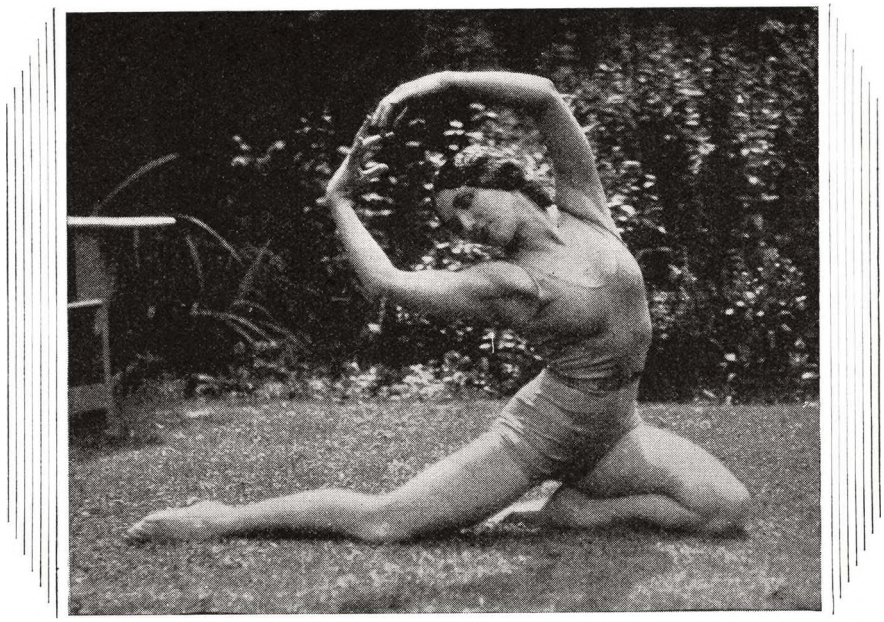

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The Sad Troubadour

(*Continued from page* **71**)

and springing at the man in costume. With the curious but effective method of attack used in Southern Europe, he used his head and butted the tall man in the chest.

"*Bravo!*" cried Pietro.

Completely taken by surprise and off balance, the man went sprawling, rolled right over and came up again with curses in his mouth and a knife in his hand. He lurched at Giovanni and struck, but Giovanni dodged and swung his fist in the man's face.

At the sight of the knife the broad smile of pleasure left Pietro's face. Swiftly he put the two accordions in a corner out of harm's way, dropped the two stools with a clatter and went across the floor on the balls of his feet. As the man with the knife raised his arm again, Pietro caught him by the wrist and laughed. It was so simple.

There was a cry of pain. The knife dropped. Then with one great heave Pietro sent the man staggering across the room to crash into the wall. For a moment he remained as though plastered to it; then his body sagged and crumpled to the floor. He lay there holding his wrist and weeping loudly.

Pietro laughed again, swung round and faced the rest of the drinkers. "Anyone else? . . . No? . . ." In the blue murk he towered above them, a Samson looking for more temple pillars.

No one came forward to take up the challenge.

Pietro shrugged his shoulders. "*Maché!* Then Vanni and I will have a cognac each."

Giovanni's eyes were on the girl. He stood for a moment, took the glass that Pietro handed him, emptied it at a gulp, put it down on the zinc and walked over to the draggled figure. She lay on her stomach, her face hidden in her arms. He bent down and touched her shoulder. "Come!" he said.

Without a word the girl scrambled to her feet. He picked up his accordion and stool and led the way out.

With an expression of amazement Pietro, glass in hand, watched the girl follow his brother out of the saloon. "*Santa Maria!*" He bolted his drink, paid for both, snatched up his instrument and stool in one big hand and hurried after them.

The trio made a queer picture.

"But, *Madonna*! What are you going to do?"

Giovanni smiled at his brother. "Do? See her safely out of this, that's all."

He turned to the girl. "Where do you live?"

"I was living with him." She jerked her head towards the saloon.

"Do you want to go back to him?"

The girl laughed. "Am I a fool?"

"Then where can you go?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know."

Pietro laughed. "With us, I suppose?"

Giovanni thought for a moment, staring at her. "All right," he said, "for to-night. Afterwards we will see."

Pietro chuckled. "To-night, eh? . . . A little windfall."

Giovanni glanced quickly at him, but said nothing.

As a rule the two brothers went up in the dark, familiar with every stair and turn. To-night in honour of their guest, Giovanni struck matches all the way until they arrived at the large bare room at the top, which they would have called *home* had the word been in their language. The whistling gas jet showed two iron beds, a wash basin on a wooden table with an iron bucket on the floor beside it, two chairs, a cracked mirror, a window. There was nothing else.

Pietro laughed as he put his instrument in its appointed place in the corner and covered the keys with a piece of cloth. "So!" he said. "Here we are. Well?"

Giovanni glanced up from putting his accordion away. "It is all arranged," he said. "She is going to sleep in my bed, and I shall put one of the mattresses on the floor for myself." He went across to his brother and said in a swift undertone. "Perhaps she can sing. Leave her alone and to-morrow we will find out."

Pietro gave a great laugh and threw up his hands to heaven. "*Per bacco!* . . . Who saved her from that thin monkey's knife I should like to know? And besides, she's pretty! . . . Come, little one!" Shaking off his brother's clutching hand as though it were a child's, he advanced on the girl, predatory, all powerful.

The girl reached behind her for the door handle.

But, like an eel, Giovanni dodged round in front and stood between them, his eyes blazing. "For the love of God can't you leave her alone? This girl has been beaten and kicked. Don't you think she's had enough for one evening?"

For a moment Pietro searched his brother's eyes. Finally he shrugged his shoulders. A slow grin spread over his face. He put out his hand and patted Giovanni's cheek. "All right, little Vanni!"

Giovanni, without another word, pulled out a mattress from under the bedclothes, stripped off a blanket and spread them both on the floor between the two beds. The girl was still standing just inside the door, her face all streaky with dried tears and paint, her eyes following Giovanni. He came and touched her elbow, pointed to the bed. "Go on," he said. "You needn't be afraid." She passed within an inch of Pietro, kicked off her shoes and got into the bed.

Pietro folded his trousers carefully over the back of his chair, crossed himself, and in another moment the springs of his own bed squealed beneath his weight.

Giovanni crossed the room and turned out the gas, took off his shoes, wrapping himself in the blanket and got down on to his mattress.

Presently a snore came from Pietro.

Then Giovanni propped himself quietly on one elbow and looked at the girl.

Her head moved. She stared back at him, her muscles tightening. But Giovanni merely smiled, lay down again and was presently asleep.

A bright square of gleaming blue sky was framed by the window.

The girl woke with a start, all bleary with sleep. For a brief second she apparently didn't know where she was. She blinked from Pietro, who leaned on the end of the bed smoking a cigarette, to Giovanni, who had put a hand on her shoulder to wake her. She sat up with a jerk. "Oh, it's you!" she said.

Giovanni smiled. "We are going out for coffee," he said. "In twenty minutes we'll bring some back for you. There are water and soap and a towel."

The two went out of the room.

The door was hardly shut before Pietro caught his brother by the arm, keeping in step as they clattered down the marble stairs. "For the love of all the saints, Vanni, what are you going to do with that girl? Is she an ornament that she must be treated delicately? To my way of thinking she is nothing but a stray cat, to whom, if you like, one gives a bowl of milk, and then, if one is wise, kicks out into the street again. We are not collecting pets. They cost money, and what is worse they make trouble."

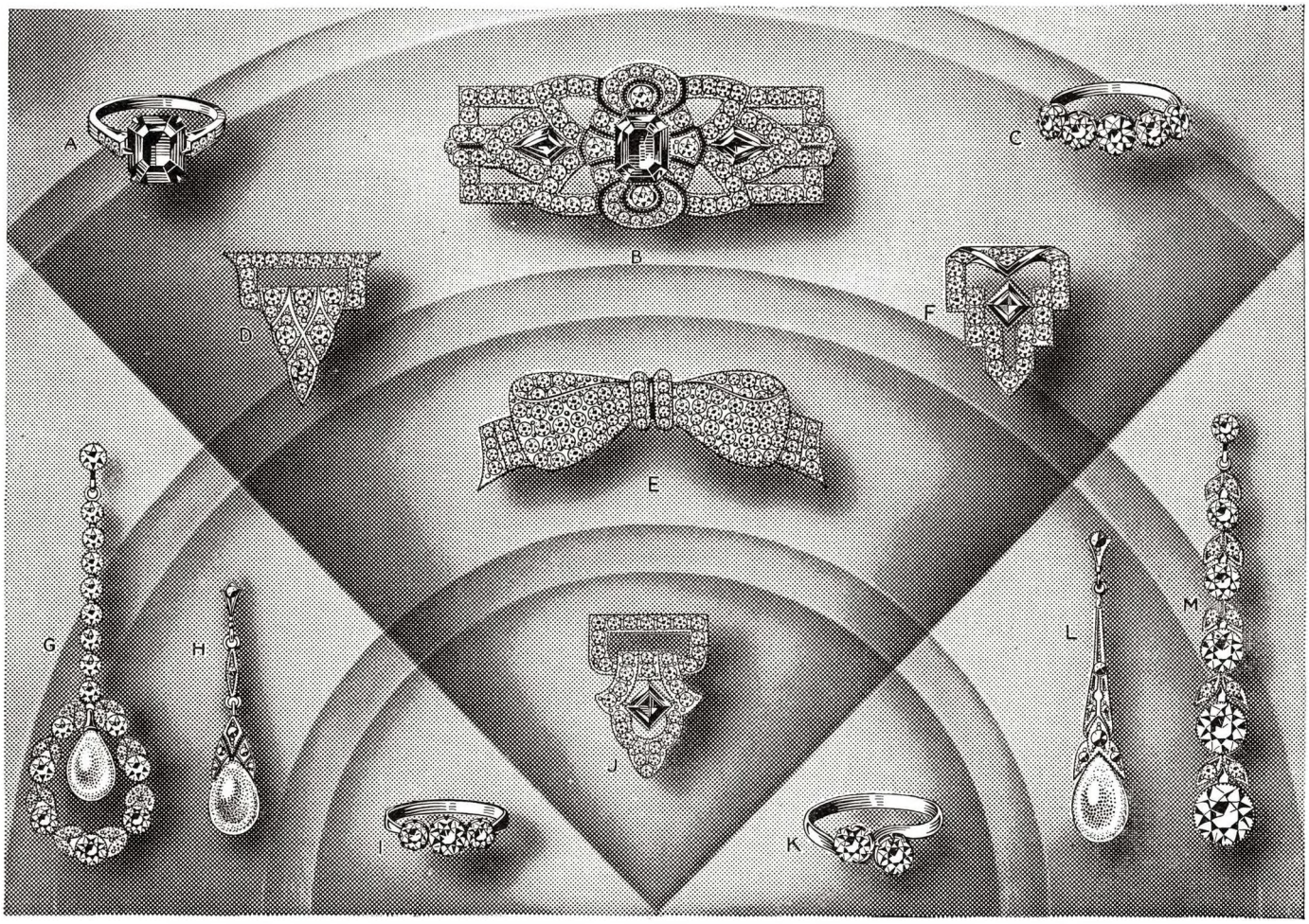
"Some of them earn money," said Giovanni. "You are not blind. You have seen that a woman always draws a bigger crowd than a man. There is something about a woman that touches their sympathy. This girl is pretty, and young. You yourself said so, even when she was dirty and rumpled. Think of her, tidy and clean, with those big eyes, suddenly singing the Ave Maria, you holding those grand chords, and myself playing an *obbligato* like a violin! It would melt the heart of a stone! Who could refuse her when she went round with the hat? . . . Don't you see, my dear? Am I such a fool after all?"

Pietro was not a showman for nothing. But he grumbled in his throat, spat away his cigarette end. "*Maché!* That would be all right, if she could sing. But if not, eh? What then? Suppose she has a voice like an old crow?"

Giovanni spread his hands. "We shall know that in an hour."

"An hour! . . . I know it now! She can't sing. You simply hope she can. What I want to know is what you're going to do when you find it out for yourself? Are you going to kick her out?"

Giovanni hesitated, avoiding his brother's eyes. "Perhaps," he said. "I don't know. I haven't thought yet."



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When they had breakfasted, Giovanni ordered a pitcher of coffee and milk and another slice of bread to take out.

"Now," he said, "we'll go back and find out the best or the worst."

"Anybody would think we were nursemaids," growled Pietro. "Why couldn't she come down here for her coffee, or, better still, go down and get it for us? What's a woman for?"

Giovanni made no answer. At the top of the stairs Pietro turned the handle and pushed open the door without knocking.

The girl turned from the cracked mirror. She had peeled off her carnival costume and was dressed in a blouse and skirt. Her face, cleaned of paint, dirt and dried tears, was all that Giovanni had imagined it to be, soft, feminine, appealing. Her hair was pulled down to hide the worst of the bruise. She had made both beds and folded Giovanni's blanket neatly on the mattress.

Pietro reached out for a chair, jerked it to him and sat down on it the wrong way round, his elbows resting on the back. His eyes went up and down the girl on a slow tour of inspection. "H'm!" he grunted. "So far, not so bad! And now tell us, my girl, can you sing?"

The girl's reply was swift and to the point. "Leave me in peace, great pig!"

She turned her back on him and took the coffee and bread from Giovanni. "How do you put up with him? He is impossible!"

Giovanni smiled and shook his head. "You don't know my brother yet. Have a little patience and you will see how fine he is." He went over to his brother and dropped a hand on his shoulder. "Listen, Pietro! Will you do the hotels by yourself this morning? Will you leave me to talk to her? I will join you on the Promenade des Anglais at the usual time."

"To hell with all that!" burst out Pietro. "Either she can sing or she can't and there's an end of it. And if she won't answer the question, she can go to the devil where she came from! . . . Great pig, eh? I'll show her, Santa Madonna!"

Giovanni laughed and fetched his brother's instrument and stool. He hung the instrument on one of his brother's shoulders, thrust the stool into his hand, picked up his hat and dabbed it on his head and, in spite of growls and protestations, shepherded him across the room and out of the door. "Promenade des Anglais!" he called after him. "I will be there!"

He smiled, took a turn or two up and down the room, lit a cigarette and sat down facing the girl. "Now," he said, "we can talk."

The girl, her mouth full of bread and coffee, nodded and smiled. "Which means, I suppose, that you want to ask me many stupid questions?" She swallowed and wiped the back of her hand across her mouth. "All right. I'll answer them. My name is Maria Lotti, born in Milano, aged twenty-one, came to Nice with my father and mother four years ago. They have both died. I worked in the Galleries till a few months ago when he . . . you know, the man you hit last night . . . took me out of it." She shrugged her shoulders. "It didn't go very well. Last night ended it." She took another mouthful of coffee, looked up at Giovanni with a smile. "Anything else?"

"Many things," said Giovanni. "What are you going to do?"

The girl put down the empty coffee pitcher and wiped the crumbs off her lap. "If you want me," she said, "I'll stay."

"And if I don't want you?"

Her voice dropped. "Oh well . . . maybe I could get into the Galleries again. . . . There is always something."

"Would you like to stay here?" he asked.

Eagerness came into her voice. "With you, yes! I don't like that brother of yours."

"Would you be willing to help us earn money, to earn money for yourself?"

She clapped her hands like an excited child. "Of course! I'll do anything you say."

"Can you sing?"

"Did I not say that I am from Milano?"

Giovanni laughed. "That's all very fine; but could you stand up and sing to a crowd on the Promenade des Anglais, for instance?"

"Ah that! . . . *Santo Dio!* I should die of fright!"

Giovanni rose and threw away his cigarette. "Well, let us see if you have a voice, Maria from Milano!" He went over to the corner and fetched his accordion. "Listen first," he said, "and I will play for you."

While he did so, he watched her face to see if music meant anything to her. He began with his own version of *Gitana* first, and noticed that it barely caught her attention. Abruptly he dropped into a minor key and filled the room with the plaint of Massenet's *Elégie*. The effect was immediate. The girl sat motionless, barely breathing. Giovanni nodded to himself; and from the final chord swung into the prelude of Gounod's *Ave Maria*—which, he knew, she would have heard a hundred times in as many churches.

"Sing!" he said.

Almost subconsciously, her hands clasped in her lap, she began to sing, Giovanni playing a muted accompaniment. When they reached the end he nodded. "Well," he said, "it might be worse. Your voice is fairly true, but you don't know how to use it. If I opened out my accordion it would be drowned! . . . Anyhow, you can stay."

The girl sprang up, caught his hand, kissed it rapturously, and held it to her breast. "Oh I'm glad!" she said. "I'm glad!"

Giovanni pulled his hand away. "Listen, Maria! It's your voice I want, not anything else. . . . Now let us work. Go and stand over there and I will teach you how to sing."

Pietro dropped heavily on to a chair in the café and banged the table with a huge hand. "Une fine!"

The *patron* elevated one eyebrow, reached behind automatically for the bottle and poured out a glass of cognac.

"Where is your brother these days?" he asked.

Pietro spat. "Brother!" His head nodded rapidly about twenty times, like a series of exclamation marks. "That's just it! . . . I have no brother any more."

The *patron* lit a cigarette himself. At five o'clock in the afternoon the bar was always empty. "Has he gone away, then? It is more than a week since he came in with you."

Pietro snorted. "Gone away? Perhaps that would be better. Perhaps it would be better if I went away myself, for good! *Santissima!* It is impossible to go on as it is." He thumped his chest, threw his arms to heaven. "I am left out, pushed off, cold-shouldered, I, Pietro, who have looked after him since we were no higher than that!"

The *patron* nodded sympathetically. "That sounds like a woman," he said. "But you yourself know women."

"*Cristo santo Dio!*" cried Pietro. "You have said it! I know women, but they know that they are women and that I am a man! But she has put some spell on him. All day he stays up there working with her, teaching her to sing. I never see him any more. I am sent away, dismissed! . . . *Dio mio!* One of these days if I get my hands on her throat. . . ." He thrust them out, with curving significant fingers.

The *patron* scratched his bare forearm thoughtfully. "And a good riddance until the next one, eh? There must always be women, my friend!"

"That way, yes! But not like this."

"*Tiens, mon vieux,*" said the patron. "Perhaps you would like to know something. The thin monkey, as you call him, has been here since. Not only that, but he asked me if I knew where the girl had gone. . . . Does that mean anything to you?"

Pietro's eyes narrowed. "Ah!" he said. "It's like that, is it?" He picked up the brandy, stared at it thoughtfully, and then, with a sudden laugh swallowed it down. "He still carries that little knife, eh?"

The *patron* nodded.

"I thought as much," said Pietro. "If I were not there, he might be tempted to have another try for Vanni. And it might end badly. . . . No, my friend, you will not tell him where the girl is, but you have given me an idea all the same. I will end this thing in my own way. Will you drink with me?"

The *patron* shook his head.

Pietro shrugged his shoulders. "What time does the thin monkey come here?"

"About eleven o'clock," said the *patron*.

"Eleven. Good!" said Pietro, getting up.

At the doorway he stopped with an oath, his eyes fixed.

On the other side of the Square Giovanni and Maria were walking together in the direction of the house, Vanni carrying a large oblong cardboard box.

"A spell!" muttered Pietro. "That's

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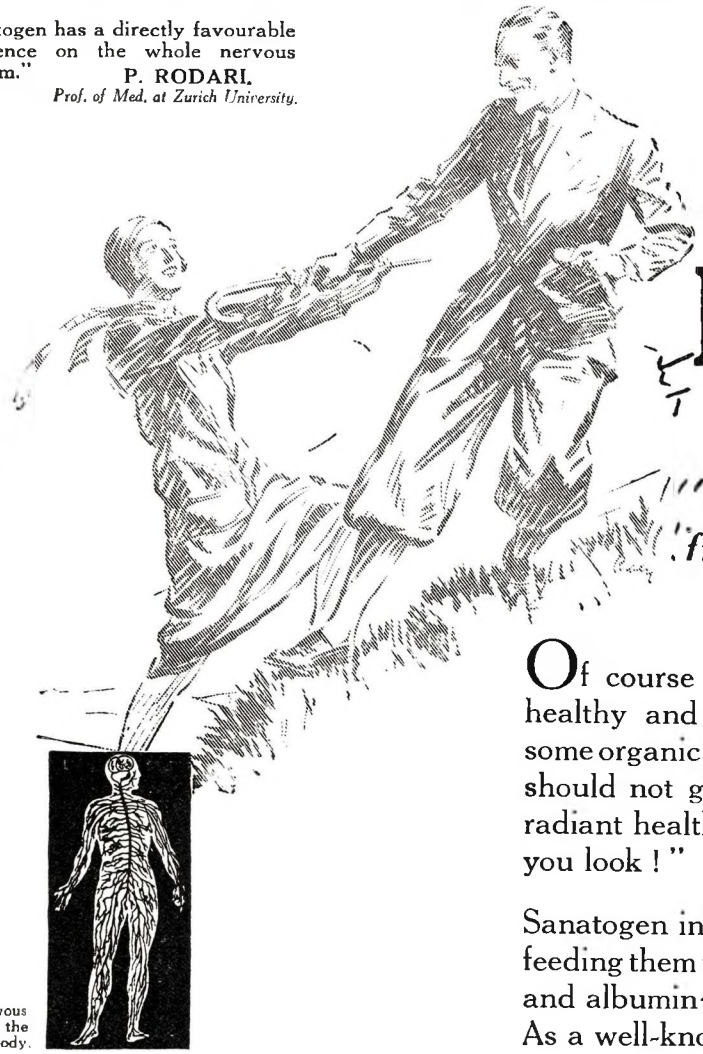

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what it is—the evil eye!" He made the protective gesture, and turned in the opposite direction.

Unaware of having been observed, the two hurried along till they reached the palace-tenement and then climbed the stairs, slowly and more slowly, until, breathless, they reached the top.

Giovanni placed the box on Pietro's bed and snapped the string. "Now!" he said. "Try them on. They must fit perfectly for your *début*!"

At the word *début*, Maria caught her breath in a spasm of fright. Then she laughed and clapped her hands to show Vanni—she called him always Vanni now—that her courage was high. She threw off her hat and began to peel off her dress. "Help me!" she mumbled, her head buried in the folds of the garment. "My elbow's stuck!"

Giovanni laughed, applied a finger and thumb and released the elbow.

The new dress was black. It had white cuffs and a white collar, sewn with beads that sparkled.

Giovanni watched her with a smile as she climbed into it, pulled it here, patted it there, walked over to the cracked mirror and peered at herself from different angles.

"Now the hat," he said. "Brush your hair first."

Obediently she picked up the brush and smoothed her rumpled bobbed head. Then she arranged the hat at the precise angle, pulled down the prescribed curl at each ear, and at last turned to face him for inspection.

"Well, Vanni?" Her voice had suddenly become tremulous. Surely now that she was all dressed up he would look at her as though she . . . as though she was not just a piece of furniture. . . .

But all Giovanni did was to walk round her, nodding gravely. "It is very good," he said. "Maria, you have worked hard and made progress. You deserve success. I wish it you with all my heart. To-morrow is the day we have been working for. To-morrow should be a turning point in our lives—in all our lives, for when my brother sees you like this, and hears you, he will cease to be a bear with a sore head. He will welcome you and we shall all smile and be happy. . . .

The towering Palais de la Méditerranée gleamed in the sun, blindingly white. It was relieved only by the band of green in the flower boxes half-way up, and by the growth of gay umbrellas that protected the idlers who sipped their pre-prandial drinks on the terrace.

Up and down passed newspaper sellers, calling nasally, "*Paris Midi . . . Le Matin. . . .*"

Across the street the non-drinkers sat with crossed legs in straw chairs. The effect was a frieze of silk stockinged knees all along the Promenade des Anglais—plump knees and scraggy knees, old knees and young, all as intoxicating to the elderly stroller of whatever nationality, as the little glasses of many colours on the terrace tables.

Into this setting came Pietro and Giovanni with the calm of hardened professionals, and Maria in her new black dress—her heart pounding, her knees giving under her, her throat getting drier and drier at every chair she passed.

They took their accustomed stand, backs to the sea, against the rail, in an opening between two blocks of chairs.

Pietro's usual flashing smile was absent. There was a sulky expression on his face, and his eyes darted here and there in the crowd as though looking for someone.

Giovanni spread his stool. As he did so he put his head within an inch of Maria's. "Courage!" he whispered. "Tell yourself that none of them can either sing or play!"

"*Messieurs et Mesdames!*" Pietro was wasting no time this morning. "We shall give ourselves the pleasure of playing for you the beautiful and popular melody, *Aie! Aie! Aie!* as rendered by the justly celebrated Igor and his band!"

As the music progressed, chairs were glued round to face the musicians; strollers paused; and presently the players were hemmed in by a close half-circle of faces—staring, staring, so it seemed to Maria, at her. The palms of her hands stuck together. Cold beads of perspiration ran down her back. She glued her eyes to Vanni, who began to play—a string of quick gulping *Aves*.

One after another they played three popular numbers. After each one, coins rattled into the tin cup that had been placed suggestively in front. When full, it was emptied with many "*Merci!*" into Pietro's bottomless pocket.

At the end of the third number Giovanni caught his brother's eye and said quietly, "Now, Maria!"

For a moment Pietro looked nonplussed. He had altogether forgotten the girl. It had been so good to be playing again with Vanni. To hell with this cow, this . . . His eyes darted at her, hard as two stones. Then he turned to the crowd again with the blandest smile. "*Messieurs et Mesdames,* for your pleasure we desire to present to you to-day for the first time a singer who has all the music of Italy in her blood. . . ."

Maria tried to swallow. Her throat was closed up tight. But, in obedience to Giovanni's many times rehearsed instructions, she drove herself forward from her place behind the two men, forced a smile that immediately froze on her face, and bowed.

". . . La Signorina Maria Lotti!" concluded Pietro.

From somewhere in the crowd came a laugh, a man's laugh, sneering, contemptuous.

Maria started, her eyes wide with a different fear. . . . Had that brute come to throw his knife? She felt herself trembling. . . . Or was it Vanni he was after, Vanni who had taken her away, rescued her? The thought came like a revelation. She moved squarely in front of Giovanni and stood there.

As though he had heard nothing, Pietro wound up his introduction. "She will sing for you the *Ave Maria* of Gounod."

The opening bars of the melody held them still, their gaze on the face of the curiously white-faced girl whose expression was oddly dramatic, as though she were strung up to breaking point.

As Giovanni reached the beat at which she should come in, Maria remained silent. He bent his white face over the instrument, interpolated chords, and led into the introduction again, willing her with all his force to begin when he reached the note the second time. What was the matter? Hadn't they been over it again and again up there in the room? For the love of God. . . .

Desperately she opened her mouth. The first two phrases were easy. They were what she had been gulping to herself behind the two brothers. She sang them passionately. But then the sequence as arranged by Gounod became different from the prayer. In her attempt to remember that difference she became lost. Her voice trailed off, withered, died. . . . The obbligato went on alone.

Maria burst into tears, turned wildly to Vanni. "I can't! I can't! . . . Oh Vanni, he's there with the knife!"

A queer confusion spread over the crowd. The front ranks, abashed at the unusual breakdown, laughed nervously and tried to move away. But the outer fringe, sensing something wrong, pressed in closer, vultures to the feast.

Giovanni sprang to his feet. Anything, any lie, quick, to save Maria, to save them all. "*Messieurs et Mesdames!* . . . We beg your sympathetic indulgence! La Signorina Lotti has only just come out of a hospital after a long and dangerous illness. Her strength is not yet sufficient. In a few more days . . ." he smiled engagingly, appealingly . . . "you will hear something, I promise you! . . . Meanwhile we will play for you the famous American jazz—*Lover, Come Back to Me!*"

As he said it, his fingers leaped to the opening chords, which he played with all the volume of his instrument, half turning to gather his brother into the number. . . . His face went white. There was none; only the stool. Pietro had gone. . . . Why? . . . Where? . . . What did it mean? . . . Gone! . . . Madonna, suppose he never came back. . . .

Giovanni set his teeth and went on playing.

The bar in the Place Rossetti was doing a thriving business that night.

From her high chair behind the counter, Madame, with the face and voice of a parrot and the body of an elephant, surveyed with calm eyes these grown-up children in whom liquor worked in so many different ways—making some laugh, some weep; others fight, unless they were anticipated. It paid to throw a sharp eye on each one as he came in. It didn't matter when he went out.

And so, when the cracked note of the clock struck the half-hour after eleven, her scaly eye was raised as a huge figure blocked the doorway. Without moving she spoke to Monsieur out of the corner of her mouth.

"Be careful of this one! He looks ugly! These musicians! Good for nothings, all of them!"

Pietro made a place for himself at the zinc. His brute size caused the necessary displacement of lesser bodies without effort on his part. Madame's diagnosis was perfect. The aroma of drink hung round him like a cloak, and the lines of his face and mouth were set in sullen rage. He ordered brandy, and until it came his ugly glance went searching from man to man. It picked out the thin monkey at a table in the corner flanked on either side by a companion.

Pietro drank the brandy, wiped his mouth on the back of his fist and walked down the length of the room. He dropped an enormous hand on the shoulder of the man he was looking for. "Good evening, you!" he said.

The man twisted under the hand and looked up through narrowed eyes, saying nothing.

Pietro snorted. "You are not very polite, are you, when a gentleman comes to do you a favour!"

"What do you want?"

Pietro laughed. "If I wanted anything I wouldn't ask you for it! . . . Didn't you hear me say I came to do you a favour?"

The thin man sneered. "Thank you for nothing! You've done me one already. Some day I'll pay it back."

Pietro shrugged his shoulders. "Better forget it," he said. "You might find yourself in trouble. . . . Listen! Do you want your girl back?"

"With all the music of Italy in her blood, eh?" the man laughed. "You looked like a couple of imbeciles, didn't you?"

Pietro caught his breath, fists clenched. "It would be safer for you to answer my question. Do you want the girl?" he said roughly.

Like a lion and a jackal the two glared at one another.

The man drew in his breath. "Yes!" he said.

Pietro straightened up. "Then come and get her! . . . Now!" He flung the last word over his shoulder as he started to walk out.

For a moment the other man stared, open-mouthed. Then, with a word to his companions, he rose and followed Pietro. Instead of catching up with him and walking side by side, he remained a pace or two in rear, hand on knife as though suspecting some treachery.

Pietro didn't care. Once having seen that the man was following him, he didn't even look round again. He led on, head down.

In spite of the drink in him and the rage that flooded him, he went up the dark stairway without missing a step, and without the slightest attention to the stumbling, cursing men who barked his shins at each turn. At the top he waited till the other man came panting up. A crack of light crept out from beneath the ill-fitting door at the end of the corridor.

Pietro caught his companion by the elbow. "You see that light?" he muttered. "She is in there. You will wait here, do you understand, till I call you, or till I throw her out to you . . . all that is left of her!"

"What do you mean, what is left of her?"

"What does that matter to you! You want the girl, don't you?"

"Yes, but I don't want a cripple on my hands. If you smash her, I'll . . ." His hand made a move towards his hip.

Pietro took hold of him, lifted him off the ground as though he were a child and shook him. "You little rat! You will do as your told! Do you hear?" He crashed the man back on to his feet so that he staggered and had to catch at the rail to prevent himself from falling down the staircase.

Pietro spat contemptuously.

The new dress, in folds of tissue paper, lay in its cardboard box. Maria, herself, worn out by emotions, was crouched on the bed. Tears stained her cheeks, as they had on that first night. Over and over again she had assured Giovanni that but for the beast with the knife she could have got through the song. It was all his fault, he who had driven everything out of her head. If only Vanni would take her away to another town where there wouldn't be any danger of that man, she could sing all day and all night. Why didn't they start immediately, now, at once?"

She got off the bed and knelt, bare-shouldered, at his feet, where he sat dejected on a chair. "It's just you and I now, Vanni!" she said. "I'll sing my throat out for you. Let us start, before anything happens!" She put an imploring hand on his knee.

Giovanni rose hurriedly. "Don't be afraid, Maria! That man won't get either of us. . . . You're wrong about Pietro. He hasn't ratted. That is impossible. He may get angry, inflamed, do and say amazing things, but under it all he is Pietro, a big child, honest and good. More than that, we love one another. The good God alone knows where he has gone, but he will come back. And when he comes, he will find me here!"

While he said this he had slipped away from the girl and was pacing up and down the room.

It was at that moment that there came the noise of a bump, and muttered voices, at the other end of the corridor.

They both heard it. Maria rose to her feet.

Giovanni cocked his head, a momentary interrogation point in both eyes. Then he leaped to the door and flung it open. "Pietro! My big one! You have come back! I knew it! I knew it!"

But Pietro's drink-enraged eyes did not meet those of his brother. They bored past him into the room and fastened themselves on Maria's white shoulders. He slammed the door shut behind him and turned the key in the lock. "Now we are all safe from interruption!" he said, and gave a hard laugh.

Maria's face was as white as her shoulders. She knew that look in a man's eyes. She turned swiftly to the chair by the bed and pulled on a coat.

Pietro laughed again. "That won't help you, my girl! By the time I've finished with you, you'll be glad to get out of here in anything . . . or nothing! . . . Great pig, am I?" He rubbed his hands together with a rasping noise and took a pace forward.

Giovanni had been looking at him intently, not slow to take in the situation. At his move he sprang in front of him, in between him and the girl. He caught him by the arm, patted his chest, smiled up into his face.

"Now Pietro, you mustn't talk like that. You know perfectly well you don't mean it. It's the brandy. . . . Come now!"

Pietro pushed him gently off with a flat hand at the end of an arm like a bar of iron. "Vanni," he said earnestly. "You don't know women. I do. This one is evil. She has put a spell on you, and it is for me to break it! . . . Don't get in my way, Vanni! This thing has got to be ended, now, for both our sakes."

Giovanni ducked under the hand and caught hold of his brother by the lapels of his coat. "Listen, Pietro," he said. "You're wrong! Maria is sorry she called you a . . . called you what she did. You are sorry, aren't you, Maria?"

In a choked voice the girl's answer came at once. "Yes, very sorry."

"There!" cried Giovanni. "You see!"

Pietro shrugged his shoulders. "I told you she had put a spell on you! You would believe anything she said. . . . *Basta!*"

Under normal conditions Giovanni knew that he could handle his brother. But to-night Pietro was reeking with brandy; not drunk, unfortunately, but full enough to make him ungovernable, dangerous. It was not by any means the first time that Pietro had come in like this. But then there had only been the two of them. Now there was Maria; and because of the girl a pang of fear set his nerves tingling.

"We've wasted enough time talking," grunted Pietro. "Go and stand over in a corner out of harm's way."

Frantically Giovanni tried to think of some immediate method of distracting Pietro's attention from the girl. Suggestion and argument had both fallen back blunted. Appeal would be equally useless in his present condition. It must be something drastic, something totally unexpected. . . . With a flash of inspiration he slapped his brother's face, once and again. "Now you shut up!" he snapped. "I've had enough of this! You're nothing but a drunken bully, and if you won't go to bed, I'll throw you out of here."

As far as distracting Pietro's attention was concerned, it succeeded. Pietro fell back gasping, his mouth open, his hand on his smarting cheek. In all their lives neither had ever raised a hand against the other.

"Vanni!" he muttered. "Vanni!"

"Go on!" cried Giovanni. "Get to bed, do you hear me?"

But Pietro didn't hear him. He was working out the fact that Vanni had struck him. *Santo Dio!* It was that woman! His eyes left his brother's face

and burned their way into Maria. . . . That woman!

She stood with her back to the wall, clutching a chair with which to defend herself.

As if Giovanni didn't exist, Pietro advanced upon her, hands outstretched, itching to tear and rend. . . . There was something upon him, some hindrance. He looked down. It was Vanni—Vanni, who had been made to strike him! With an exclamation he plucked the small clutching body from his own and flung it away. . . . Now he could get at her! Now he could smash that evil white body into a pulp!

Giovanni went across the floor in a tumbled heap. His head struck a corner of his accordion. Half dazed, and with the breath knocked out of him, he struggled to get up. He heard Maria give a cry, saw her raise the chair. And then Giovanni added his cry to hers as Pietro caught the chair by the leg, wrenched it out of her hand and tossed it over his shoulder.

The girl cowered against the wall, her fingers curved to scratch, her eyes wide with fear and defiance.

"Pietro!" cried Giovanni. "Pietro, I implore you!" He made another desperate effort to get to his feet. It was no good. His futile body hadn't the strength of a mouse. "*Madonna mia!*" he prayed. "Help me now!" His scrabbling hand bumped into the accordion again.

And then, from the corner where Giovanni had gone sprawling, came music—music such as Pietro had never heard before, music that somehow got between him and the girl, held him in the attitude of one about to jump but unable to jump. The room, the whole world, was filled with it—this divine melody which tore at him, held him, called him back. . . . *Dio*, what was it? It was stealing over him like a drug, flowing through his veins. . . . He stood frozen, transfixed.

With a bump like an egg on his forehead, that was getting every moment more purple, Giovanni, on one knee, bent low over his accordion and let his soul flow through his fingers. It was the music of his dream, the music that was to hold the heavenly choir rapt on folded wings. He didn't know what he was playing. It was nothing that he had ever learned. It was as though the whole universe were filled with pity, tenderness, yearning. The imminence of brutal murder, of Maria's being done to death by Pietro, was sponged from his mind. He was possessed, his soul and body nothing but a sounding board for the expression of the music that dominated him and gradually dominated also the wild savage that was in Pietro, dug down beneath the tightly-packed overlay of lust and jealousy, and touched at last the artist, the musician, the germ of nobility that Giovanni had always said was there.

Slowly Pietro's arms dropped. The veins of his neck went down. As the music went deeper and deeper into him, tears filled his eyes and flowed down his cheeks.

At last Giovanni stopped, spent. There was no sound in that room as he looked blankly up.

Maria had sunk down on the bed, her face buried in the pillow.

Pietro took a deep breath, choked, turned, went across to his brother and took him in his arms, accordion and all. "Vanni! Little Vanni!" His voice was thick with tears. He kissed Vanni on both cheeks, patted him, hugged him. "Vanni! It was like the voice of God speaking to me! . . . Forgive me! I didn't know. I am ashamed. . . ."

With a queer, far-away smile Giovanni looked up at his brother. Then he reached out a hand and stroked the cheek that he had struck. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Pietro, but I knew you were to be got at somehow, if only I could find the way. . . . It was Maria who found it for me!"

He took his brother by the hand and led him—a child leading an elephant—over to the bed. "Maria! . . . Look, this is Pietro. You haven't met him before, only that Pietro who wasn't real at all. This one is the brother I told you about. Look at him!"

The girl sat up. Her eyes found Vanni first. Then obediently they went to Pietro.

Pietro threw out his hands. "Maria! It is over! I was a great pig, as you justly said. But now, as Vanni has said, I am born again! Will you allow me to stay? Will you allow me to become one of the trio? It is for you to say, Maria!"

Giovanni smiled. "But of course she will say yes. Won't you, Maria?"

The girl nodded. "Of course," she said.

Pietro put a hand on each of her shoulders, bent down and kissed first one cheek and then the other, noisily, ceremoniously. "*Santo Dio!* But this is good! To be taken in again! To be friends! To be one of you!" He beamed upon them both. And then, suddenly, "Ah, *santissima*!" he exclaimed. "I had forgotten. One little moment!"

He turned and ran to the door, found it locked, to his complete surprise, opened it and disappeared down the corridor.

Giovanni sat down beside the girl and looked into her eyes. "Maria!" he said. "It was because of you that I was able to play like that. . . . You!" He put his hand on hers.

Maria gave a little cry and raised it to her breast and held it there. Giovanni smiled and, this time, made no attempt to withdraw his hand.

Out in the corridor Pietro pointed down the stairs, glaring at the thin monkey of a man. "Go!" he said. "Go to the devil and stay there! You can't have your girl! You've lost her! She's ours!"

The thin man stared at him, and then slunk down the stairs.

Pietro laughed and spat after him.

Shall we Lose another Continent?

(*Continued from page* 9)

distant ideal, came within the bounds of reality. The Princes had written a new and happy chapter in India's history, and brought their country measurably nearer her ultimate goal.

For nine weeks the delegates laboured, amid the rigours of an English winter, outlining a constitution for an All-India Federation—a new system of government for 351,000,000 people, one-fifth of the world's population, speaking 150 different languages, whose divisions were not political but religious. No final solution of the vast problems which faced them was found—nor was it expected to be found—but the following far-reaching decisions were taken:

All-India Federation.—Responsibility for the government of India should be placed upon the Legislatures, with certain transitional safeguards. The Executive to be responsible to a Central Legislature. The Governor-General to control Defence and External Affairs and have powers to preserve the rights of Minorities. India to control its own finances, subject to safeguards.

The Provinces.—Full responsibility, with the greatest possible measure of self-government.

New Provinces.—North-West Frontier Province to be elevated to the status of a Governor's Province. Sind to be a separate Province if the financial problem involved were reported on favourably by experts.

Burma.—To be separated from India.

And so, in Lord Sankey's moving words, "*the seed was planted which will grow into a great tree, under whose spreading and protecting branches India's sons and daughters will find that rest and shelter which they so sorely need.*"

The one disappointment of the Conference was the failure of the Hindus and Moslems to settle their communal differences. The main difficulty was the division of the seats in the various Legislatures between the Hindus and the Minority interests.

And only those behind the scenes know how near to solution was this most vexed of India's problems, based on the age-old religious antipathies of the 200,000,000 Hindus and 90,000,000 Moslems.

Photo by courtesy Indian Railways Bureau.

¶ *A halt by the wayside, Kashmir.*

At a dramatic midnight meeting at St. James's Palace, presided over by the Prime Minister, the parties would have reached an agreement but for a dispute *over one seat* in the Punjab, and that seat was claimed, not by the Hindus or Moslems, but by the Sikhs, India's great fighting race.

When the Round Table Conference delegates left London last January to return to India, their homeland was in the throes of the Civil Disobedience movement of Congress. Gandhi and many of the other leaders were in prison—the total number of political prisoners was reliably estimated at 50,000. The movement had led to widespread lawlessness, disorder and violence. Some of the returning delegates were fearful of the reception they would receive in India from Congress followers. They had been denounced on departure for London as "traitors" to their country. But so rapidly did the situation change, following the bold decision of the Viceroy to release Gandhi and his leading associates to enable them to discuss the results of the Round Table Conference, that the Congress Working Committee suspended judgment until they had heard the views of the London delegates. The Viceroy (Lord Irwin) invited Gandhi, who though a saintly ascetic, is an astute politician, to Delhi, and as a result they reached an agreement, after days of negotiation, that—

Civil disobedience should cease.

Government Ordinances should be withdrawn.

Political boycott of British goods should be raised.

"Non-violent" prisoners should be released.

Peaceful picketing should be permitted.

Strictly limited salt-making should be allowed.

Peace at hand! Reason at hand! Again the promise of a new era dawning for India. Gandhi, the mystic, the country's most powerful political leader and relentless opponent of the British Raj, had come over to the side of law and order. In place of non-co-operation was full co-operation. He announced that he would come to London to the resumed Round Table Conference which will fill in the details of the new Constitution. It is the delibera-

Spare your dog *the miseries of* OVERHEAT

Summer is a wretched time for dogs out of condition.

FEW owners realise that the hot, sultry weather can be a period of acute misery for their dogs. As his skin is non-porous, the dog cannot regulate bodily heat by perspiring, and in his natural state he would roam away to seek shady places on the approach of the Summer. During the hot weather he kept his blood cool and pure with the blood correctives which Nature provides among certain wild grasses and herbage. But the domesticated dog cannot do this, with the result that the hot weather produces an inevitable overheating of his blood.

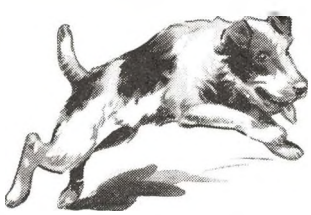
One of the early signs of overheated and impure blood is *excessive scratching*—the only relief the dog has against the terrible prickly irritation which occurs under the skin. There is no need for any dog to suffer in this way. He will stop scratching as soon as you purify his blood with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Even in tropical countries Bob Martin's Condition Powders bring quick relief. Mrs. M. Holloway, who has the Granby Sealyham Kennels on the Viceregal Estate at New Delhi, writes:—"I have used Bob Martin's Condition Powders on one of my dogs . . . whose blood always gets overheated in the Spring and during the Monsoon. The powders . . . doing him a lot of good and he is hardly scratching at all now."

If the blood is perfectly pure, overheating presents no danger, as it will return to normal heat in the cool of the evening. But when the blood is in any way impure (through food impurities or lack of exercise) the overheating immediately lowers the whole condition and causes the blood ailments which have come to be known as the dog's hot weather miseries.

You can make up to your dog for the loss of his natural blood corrective and spare him this suffering by giving him Bob Martin's Condition Powders, the blood corrective which famous breeders for forty years have given to their dogs. These powders purify and refresh the blood, curing *and preventing* all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Loose Coat, and Swellings between the Toes.

Give your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now*—you will be amazed at the difference which real *condition* means to him. In a few days he will be in finer, happier condition than you have ever seen, and his coat will take on the beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog.



"My dog has become a different fellow altogether since I took to conditioning him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. He eats better, his coat has improved wonderfully and he gets lots more fun out of being alive. I wish you could see the difference condition has made to him," writes the lady who has sent the snapshot from which this happy illustration is taken.

And then, always keep handy a packet of the Powders for promptly restoring his fitness at the first sign of poor condition.

Dog Biscuit Shops, Chemists and Stores stock Bob Martin's Condition Powders in shilling boxes of 18 *powders and sixpenny packets of* 9. *The Powders are made in three strengths—LARGE (for Alsatians, etc.), MEDIUM (for Terriers, Spaniels, etc.), and SMALL (for puppies and toy dogs).*

Complete information regarding the ailments to which a dog is liable in hot weather is given in "Bob Martin on Dogs," a 36-page book, written in non-technical language, which is offered *free* to dog owners. If your usual Chemist or Dog Biscuit Shop cannot give you a copy, you are invited to write to Bob Martin Ltd., 93 Union Street, Southport, who will be glad to send one immediately. For seven days only we will include a free trial packet of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full 6d. size). Please state age and breed of dog in your application.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless and are given with food, in milk, or dry on the tongue. Thousands of dogs look forward to the invitation to "Sit up and ask for your Bob Martin's."

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tions of this fateful conference we are now awaiting. They will begin at the point where the London proceedings left off. If and when a final agreement is completed its terms will be embodied in a Bill to be submitted to the British Parliament, and Indian opinion will have a last opportunity of expressing itself on the measure before a Joint Parliamentary Committee in London.

* * * *

Such is the immediate position in as near a nutshell as it can be put. It will be seen that we are by no means out of the wood and that those extremists in both India and Britain who have been filling the air with screeches of "Surrender" on the one side and "Victory" on the other, have overlooked the fact that nothing is yet settled. There are anxious days ahead. There is still the problem of getting amicable agreement in India between the Hindus and the Moslems. There is still the ticklish problem of the North-west frontier. There is the equally vital problem of Britain's "safeguards." It is still to be seen how far we and the Indians agree on the meaning of such apparently simple terms as "independence," "self-government," and so on. The jigsaw puzzle is taking form, but one or two important pieces have not yet been made to fit.

Nothing yet settled . . . except this—that the engine cannot be reversed. British Democracy at the steering wheel knows well enough what happens to the works if you slip into reverse gear when the vehicle is running forward. Britain cannot now turn back. As Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative leader, has said: "We have impregnated India ourselves with Western ideas, and for good or ill we are reaping the fruits of our work." Remember South Africa and what another Conservative statesman has said. Sir Austen Chamberlain, speaking at Liverpool in 1921, on the then burning question of Ireland, looked back to the day in South Africa when a British government at the end of a famous war "by a great act of daring conferred on our recent enemies on the morrow of our victory, full self-government." And he proceeded (this apostle of all that is Conservative), "I voted against them. I thought it a rash and wicked thing to do. Ah, if we could have seen further into the future. . . . That is the vote I would undo if I could. Now and then there comes a moment when courage is safer than prudence, when some great act of faith, touching the hearts and stirring the emotions of men, achieves the miracle that no arts of statesmanship can compass. . . ."

That moment has arrived in India. Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Lloyd, Lord Brentford, and other outdated Imperial swashbucklers who merely serve as a reminder to Indians that we, too, are plagued by rasping extremists, might very well take heed of Sir Austen's words.

Shall we lose another Continent? Not if the vision of those words survives, as I believe it does, in British statesmanship. Whatever yet may happen on a road still bumpy and uncertain and with many pitfalls—whatever the extremists here or there may do—it is written that Co-operation must supersede Force in India.

Go East, Young Man

(*Continued from page* **13**)

stockings. Yet he was not shocked when, later in the evening, Isadora announced that she was carrying in that brief-case the manuscript of her novel.

Isadora came from Omaha, Nebraska, and she liked to be kissed.

They picnicked in the Forest of Fontainebleau, Isadora and he. Whit was certain that all of his life he had longed for just this: to lunch on bread and cheese and cherries and Burgundy, then to lie under the fretwork of oak boughs, stripped by October, holding the hand of a girl who knew everything and who would certainly, in a year or two, drive Edith Wharton and Willa Cather off the map; to have with her a relationship as innocent as children, as wise as the disciples of Socrates and, withal, romantic as the steeple-hatted princesses who had once halloed to the hunt in this same Royal forest.

"I think your water-colour sketch of Notre Dame is wonderful!" said Isadora.

"I'm glad you like it," said Whitney.

"So original in concept!"

"Well, I tried to give it a new concept."

"That's the thing! The new! We must get away from the old-fashioned Cubists and Expressionists. It's so old-fashioned now to be crazy! We must have restraint and the inner check."

"That's so. Austerity. That's the stuff. . . . Gee, doggone it, I wish there was some more of that wine left," said Whit.

"You're a darling!"

She leaned on her elbow to kiss him, she sprang up and fled through the woodland aisle. And he gambolled after her in a rapture which endured even through a bus-ride back to the Fontainebleau station with a mess of tourists who admired all the wrong things, such as the Palace.

The Fanfaron school of wisdom had a magnificent show-window but not much on the shelves. It was a high-class evening's entertainment to listen to Miles O'Sullivan, the celebrated Irish critic from South Brooklyn, on the beauties of Proust. But when, for the fifth time, Whit had heard O'Sullivan gasp in a drowning voice, "I remember dear old Marcel saying to me, 'Miles, *mon petit,* you alone understand that exteriority can be expressed only by interiority,'" then Whit was stirred to taxi defiantly over to the Anglo-American Pharmacy and do the most dreadful and American thing a man can do—buy a package of chewing-gum.

Chewing-gum was not the only American vice which was in low repute at the Fanfaron. In fact, the exiles agreed that with the possible exceptions of Poland, Guatemala and mid-Victorian England, the United States was the dumbest country that had ever existed. They were equally strong about the inferiority of American sky-scrapers, pork-and-beans, Chicago, hired girls, jazz, Reno, evening-jacket lapels, Rudy Vallée, the Ohio accent, Bernard McFadden, cowboys, duplex apartments, Tom Thumb golf courses, aviation records, tooth-paste, bungalows, railroad depots, George Washington, doughnuts, Grover Whalen, electric toasters, kitchenettes, dinettes, dishwashettes, eating tobacco, cafeterias, Booth Tarkington, corn-flakes, flivvers, incinerators, Walter Winchell, Sears-Roebuck, Kansas, Prohibition, Niagara Falls, Elks, virginity, Eddie Cantor, Bishop Cannon, Paul Whiteman, corn-on-the-cob, Coney Island, Rotarians, cement roads, trial marriages, Fundamentalism, preachers who talk on the radio, drug-store sandwiches, letters dictated but not read, noisy streets, noiseless typewriters, Mutt and Jeff, eye-shades, mauve and crocus-yellow golf stockings, chili con carne, the Chrysler Building, Jimmy Walker, Hollywood, all the Ruths in Congress, Boy Scouts, Tourists Welcome camps, hot dogs, Admiral Byrd, horn-rimmed spectacles, flag-pole sitters, safety-razors, the Chautauqua, and President Hoover.

The exiles unanimously declared that they were waiting to join the Foreign Legion of whatever country should first wipe out the United States in war.

For three months, Whit was able to agree with all of this indictment, but a week after his picnic with Isadora he went suddenly democratic. Miles O'Sullivan had denounced, with the most beautifully balanced periods and two-dollar words, the puerility of American fried chicken.

Now it was before dinner, and Miles was an excellent reporter. The more Whit listened, the more he longed for the crisp, crunching taste of fried chicken, with corn fritters, and maple syrup, candied sweet potatoes, uncooked celery (for it is a shocking fact, perhaps never before revealed in print, that the French like their celery stewed) and all of the other vulgarities.

Whit sprang up abruptly, muttering, "Urghhg," which Miles took as a tribute to his wit.

It wasn't.

Whit fled down the Boulevard Raspail. He had often noted, with low cultured sneers, a horribly American restaurant called Cabin Mammy's Grill. He plunged into it, now. In a voice of restrained hysteria he ordered fried chicken, candied sweets, and corn fritters with syrup.

Now, to be fair on all sides—which is an impossibility—the chicken was dry, the corn fritters were soggy, the fried sweets were poisonous, and the syrup had never seen Vermont. Yet Whit

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enjoyed that meal more than any of the superior food he had discovered in Paris. The taste of it brought back everything that was native in him. . . . Return home for Christmas vacation in his Freshman year; the good smell of the mid-western snow; the girls whom he had loved as a brat; the boys with whom he had played. A great dinner down at Momauguin in Senior year, and the kindly tragedy of parting. They had been good days; cool and realistic and decent.

So Whit came out of Cabin Mammy's Grill, and he was buffeted by the first snow of the Paris winter.

Although he was a college graduate, Whitney had learned a little about geography, and he shouldn't have expected Paris to be tropical. Yet he had confusedly felt that this capital of the world could never conceivably be cold and grim. He turned up the collar of his light top-coat and started for—oh, for Nowhere.

After ten blocks, he was exhilarated by the snow and the blasty cold which had first dismayed him. He, the Northerner, needing an authentic winter each year, felt the energy which week by week had dripped from him flowing back now in excited tides. He did no very clear thinking but from time to time he muttered something like a sketch for future thoughts:

"I can't paint! I'd be all right drawing machinery for a catalogue. That's about all! Paris! More beautiful than any town in America. But I'm not part of it. Have nothing to do with it. I've never met a real Frenchman, except my landlady, and that damned hired girl at the flat, and a few waiters, and a few cops, and the French literary gents that hang around the Fanfaron because we give 'em more of a hand than their own people would. Poor old T. Jefferson! He wants me to be a genius! I guess you have to have a little genius to be a Genius. Gosh, I'd like to see Stuyvy Wescott to-night. With him, it would be fun to have a drink!"

Without being quite conscious of it, Whit drifted from the sacred Left Bank to the bourgeois Right. Instead of returning to the Fanfaron and Isadora, he took refuge at the Café de la Paix.

Just inside the door was a round-faced, horned-spectacled American, perhaps fifty years old, looking wistfully about for company. Whit could never have told by what long and involved process of thought he decided to pick up this Babbitt. He flopped down at the stranger's table, and muttered "Mind'f I sit here?"

"No, son, tickled to death! American?"

"You bet."

"Well, say, it certainly is good to be able to talk to a white man again! Living here?"

"I'm studying art."

"Well, well, is that a fact?"

"Sometimes I wonder if it is! I'm pretty fairly average bad."

"Well, what the deuce! You'll have a swell time here while you're a kid, and I guess prob'ly you'll learn a lot, and then you can go back to the States and start something. Easterner, ain't you?"

"No, I was born in Zenith."

"Well, well! Is that a fact! Folks live there?"

"Yes. My father is T. Jefferson Dibble of the Small Grain Products Company."

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun! Why, say, I know your dad. My name's Titus—Buffalo Grain Forwarding Corp. —why, I've had a lot of dealings with your Dad. Golly! Think of meeting somebody you know in *this* town!"

They went to the Exhibit of the Two Hemispheres, which Miles O'Sullivan had exaltedly recommended as the dirtiest show in Europe. Whit was shocked—and there is nothing so shocking to a lively young man of twenty-three as to discover that he is shocked. He tried to enjoy it. He told himself that otherwise he would prove himself a farmer, a proverbial, a lowbrow—in fact, an American. But he was increasingly uncomfortable at the antics of the ladies at the Exhibit. He peeped at Mr. Titus, and discovered that he was nervously twirling a glass and clearing his throat.

"I don't care so much for this," muttered Whit.

"Neither do I, son! Let's beat it!"

They drove to the New Orleans bar and had a whisky-soda. They drove to the Kansas City bar and had a high-ball. They drove to the El Paso bar and had a rock and rye. They lunched lightly at the Naugatuck Bar on scrambled eggs, sausages, buckwheat cakes, and ale. They drove to the Virginia Bar, and by now Mr. Titus was full of friendliness and manly joy.

Leaning against the bar, discoursing to a gentleman from South Dakota so exactly like himself that Whit had difficulty in remembering which was which, Mr. Titus observed:

"I come from Buffalo. Name's Titus."

"I come from Yankton. Smith is my name."

"Well, well, so you're this fellow Smith I've heard so much about!"

"Ha, ha, ha, that's right."

"Know Buffalo?"

"Just passing through on the train."

"Well, now, I want to make you a bet that Buffalo will increase in pop'lation not less. than twenty-seven per cent this year."

"Have 'nother?"

"Have one on me."

"Well, let's toss for it."

"That's the idea. We'll toss for it. . . . Hey, Billy, got any galloping dominoes?"

When they had gambled for the drink, with much earnest shaking of the box and warm words of encouragement to the dice, Mr. Titus bellowed, "Say, you haven't met my young friend, Whitney Dibble."

"Glad meet you."

"He's an artist!"

"Zatta fact!"

"Yessir, great artist. Sells pictures everywhere. London and Forth Worth and Cop'nagen and everywhere. Thousands and thousands dollars. His Dad's my closest friend. Buddies. Betcha life. Thousands—just pictures. His Dad's pal of mine. Wish I could see good old Dibble! Wish he were here to-night!"

And Mr. Titus wept, quietly, and Whit took him home.

Next morning, at a time when he should have been in the atelier of M. Schoelkopf, Whit saw Mr. Titus off at the Gare St.-Lazare, and he was melancholy. There were so many pretty American girls taking the boat-train; girls with whom he would have liked to play deck tennis.

So it chanced that Whit fell into the lowest vice any American can show in Paris. He constantly picked up beefy and lonesome Americans and took them to precisely those places in Paris, like the Eiffel Tower, which were most taboo to the brave lads of the Fanfaron. He tried frenziedly to produce one good picture at M. Schoelkopf's; tried to rid himself of facility. He produced a decoration in purple and stony reds which he felt to be far from his neat photography.

And looking upon it, for once Mr. Schoelkopf spoke:

"You will be, some time, a good banker."

The day before Whit sailed for summer in Zenith, he took Isadora to the little glassed-in restaurant that from the shoulder of Montmartre looks over all Paris. She dropped all of her flowery airs. With both hands she held his, across the table, and besought him.

"Whit! Lover! You are going back to your poisonous Midwest. Your people will try to alienate you from Paris and all the freedom, all the impetus to creation, all the strange and lovely things that will exist here long after machines have been scrapped and Henry Ford has been forgotten. Darling, I wish I were a good churchwoman, so I could burn candles for you! Don't let them get you, with their efficiency and their promise of millions!"

"Silly! Of course! I hate business. And next year—this year I've just learned how much I can do—I'll be back here with you!"

He had told the Fanfaron initiates not to see him off at the train. Feeling a little bleak, a little disregarded by this humming and tremendous city of Paris, he went alone to the station, and he looked for no one as he wretchedly followed the porter to a seat in the boat-train. Suddenly he was overwhelmed by the shouts of a dozen familiars from the Fanfaron. It wasn't so important —though improbable—that they should have paid fifty centimes each for a *billet de quai*, but that they should actually have arisen before nine o'clock to see him off was astounding.

Isadora's kind arms were around him, and she was wailing, "You won't forget us—darling, you won't forget me!"

Miles O'Sullivan was wringing his hand and crying, "Whit, lad, don't let the dollars get you!"

All the rest were clamouring that they believed in his talent, and that they would feverishly await his return.

As the train banged out, he leaned over the brass rail of the corridor win-

dow, waving to them, and he was conscious that whatever affections and egotism they had shown in their drool at the Fanfaron, all pretentiousness was wiped now from their eager and affectionate faces, and that he loved them.

He would come back to them.

All the way to Cherbourg he fretted over the things he had not seen in Paris—the things he could not conceivably, as an artist, have failed to see. He had been in the Louvre only three times. He had never gone to Moret nor to the battlemented walls of Provins.

Whit ran into the living-room at Floral Heights, patted T. Jefferson on the shoulder, kissed his mother, and muttered, "Gee, it certainly is grand to be back!"

"Oh, you can speak to us in French, if you want to," said T. Jefferson Dibble. "We've been studying it this winter, so we can return to Paris with you some time. *Avez vous oo un temps charmant cette*—uh—year?"

"Oh sure, *oui*. Say, you've redecorated the breakfast-room. That red and yellow tiling certainly is swell."

"Now *ecoutez—ecoute, moh fis*. It's not necessary for you, Whitney, now that you have become a man of the world, to spare our feelings. I know, and you know, that that red and yellow tiling is thoroughly vulgar. But to return to pleasanter topics, I long for your impressions of Paris. How many times a week did you go to the Louvre?"

"Oh. Oh, the Louvre! Well, a lot."

"I'm sure of it. By the way, a funny thing happened, Whitney. A vulgarian by the name of Titus, from Buffalo, if I remember, wrote to me that he met you in Paris. A shame that such a man, under pretence of friendship with me, should have disturbed you."

"I thought he was a fine old coot, Dad."

"*Mon père!* No, my boy, you are again being conciliatory and trying to spare my feelings. This Titus is a man for whom I have neither esteem nor—in fact, we have nothing in common. Besides, the old hellion, he did me out of eleven hundred and seventy dollars on a grain deal, sixteen years ago! But as I say—your impressions of Paris! It must seem all like a dream wreathed with the vapours of golden memory.

"Now, I believe, you intend to stay here for two months. I have been making plans. Even in this wretched Midwestern town, I think that, with my aid, you will be able to avoid the banalities of the young men with whom you were reared. There is a splendid new Little Theatre under process of organisation, and perhaps you will wish to paint the scenery and act and even design the costumes. Then we are planning to raise a fund to get the E. Heez Flemming Finnish Grand Opera Company here for a week. That will help to occupy you. You'll be able to give these hicks your trained European view of Finnish Grand Opera. So, to start with this evening, I thought we might drop in on the lecture by Professor Gilfillan at the Walter Pater

Club on 'Traces of Humanist Culture in the Coptic.'"

"That would be splendid, sir, but unfortunately—On the way I received a wire from Stuyv Wescott, asking me to come to the dance at the country club this evening, and I wired back accepting. I thought I'd dine with you and Mother, and then skip out there at about ten for just a little while. Hate like the dickens to hurt their feelings——"

"Of course, of course, my boy. A gentleman, especially when he is also a man of culture, must always think of *noblesse oblige*. I mean, you understand, of the duties of a gentleman. But don't let these vulgarians like Wescott impose on you. You see, my idea of it is like this——"

As he drove his father's smaller six to the country club, Whit was angry. He was thinking of what his friends—ex-friends—at the club would do in the way of boisterous "kidding."

He could hear them—Stuyv Wescott, his room-mate in Yale, Gilbert Scott, Tim Clark (Princeton '28) and all the rest—mocking:

"Why it's our little Alphonse Gaugin!"

"Where's the corduroy pants?"

"I don't suppose you'd condescend to take a drink with a poor dumb Babbitt that's been selling hardware while you've been associating with the counts and jukes and highbrows and highbrowesses!"

And, sniggering shamefacedly, "Say, how's the little midinettes and the *je ne sais quoi's* in Paris?"

And, inevitably, ever so many times, "*Ou, la, la!*"

He determined to tell them all to go to the deuce, to speak with quiet affection of Isadora and Miles O'Sullivan, and to hustle back to Paris as soon as possible.

He came sulkily into the lounge of the country club, cleared now for dancing. Stuyvy Wescott, tangoing with a girl who glittered like a Christmas tree, saw him glowering at the door, chucked the girl into the ragbag, dashed over, and grunted, "Whit, you old hound, I'm glad to see you! Gosh, been so long! Let's duck the bunch and sneak down to the locker-room. The trusty gin awaits!"

On the way, Stuyvy nipped Gil Scott and Tim Clark out of the group.

Whit croaked. "Well, let's get the razzing over! I s'pose you babies are ready to pan me good for being a loafer and merely daubing paint, while you've been saving the country by discounting notes!"

The other three looked at him with mild, fond wonder. Stuyvy said meekly, "Why, what a low idea! Listen, Whit, we're tickled to death you've had a chance to do something besides keep the pot boiling. Must have been swell to have a chance at the real Europe and art. We've all done pretty well, but I guess anyone of us would give his left leg to be able to sit down on the Champs Elysées, and take time to figure out what it's all about."

Then Whit knew that these were his own people. He blurted, "Honestly, Stuyv, you mean to say you've envied me? Well, it's a grand town, Paris. And some great eggs there. And even some guys that can paint. But me, I'm no good!"

"Nonsense! Look, Whit, you have no idea what this money-grubbing is. Getting to an office on time. Glad-handing people that you wouldn't use to wipe your feet on! Boy, you're lucky! And don't stay here! Don't let the dollars get you! Don't let all these babies with their promises of millions catch you! Beat it back to Paris as soon as you can. Culture, that's the new note!"

"Urghhg!" observed Whit.

"You bet," said Tim Clark.

Tim Clark had a sister, and the name of that sister was Betty.

Whit Dibble remembered her as a sub-flapper, always going off to be "finished" somewhere in the East. She was a Young Lady, of twenty-odd, now, and even to Whit's professionally artistic eye, it seemed that her hair, sleek as a new polished range, was interesting. As they danced together, as they said the polite contemporary things about Amos 'n' Andy, Max Schmelling, sixteen-cylinder cars, Floyd Gibbons' broadcasting, gunmen, Bishop Cannon, and all the other topics that were so popular in those naïve, old-fashioned, gentle days way back in the summer of 1930, Whit and Betty Clark looked at each other and wriggled at each other with a considerable fury of traditional dislike.

Midmost of that disastrous dance, Whit observed, "Betty! Darlingest!"

"Yeah?"

"Let's go out and sit on the lawn."

"Why?"

"I want to find out why you hate me so much."

"Hm. The lawn. I imagine it takes a training in Yale athletics and Paris artisticing to be so frank."

But Betty had swayed with him to the long, high-pillared veranda, where they crouched together on a chintz-covered glider.

Whit tried to throw himself into what he conceived, largely from novels, to be Betty's youthful era. He murmured:

"Kiddo, where have you been all my life?"

From Betty's end of the glider, a coolness like the long wet stretches of the golf course; a silence; then a very little voice:

"Whit, my child, you have been away too long! It's a year now, at least, since anyone—I mean anyone you could know—has said 'Where have you been all my life?' Listen, dear! The worst thing about anybody's going artistic, like you, is that they're always so ashamed of it. Dear, let's us be *us*. Cultured or hoboes, or both. G'night!"

She had fled, swift as a searchlight beam, before he could spring up and be wise in the manner of Isadora and Miles O'Sullivan, or the more portentous manner of T. Jefferson Dibble.

Yet, irritably longing all the while for Betty Clark, he had a tremendous time that night at the country club, on the land where his grandfather had once grown corn.

He danced that night with many girls.

He saw Betty Clark only now and then, and from afar. And the less he saw of her, the more important it seemed to him that she should take him seriously.

There had been a time when Whit had each morning heard the good, noisy, indignant call of T. Jefferson demanding "Are you going to get up or ain't you going to get up? Heh! Whit! Ja hear what I said! If you don't wanna come down for breakfast, you ain't gonna have any breakfast!"

Indeed, it slightly disturbed him, when he awoke at eleven of the morning, to find there had been no such splendid, infuriating, decent uproar from T. Jefferson.

He crawled out of bed. He descended the stairs with a charm and punctilio which extended as far up as his temples, and he forgot the quite unpoetic ache above them. In the lower hall he found his mother, fussing about vacuum cleaners and looking timid.

(It is unfortunate that in this earnest report of the turning of males in the United States of America towards culture, it is not possible to give any very great attention to Mrs. T. Jefferson Dibble. Aside from the fact that she was a woman, very kindly and rather beautiful, she has no existence here except as the wife of T. Jefferson and the mother of Whitney.)

"Oh, Whit! Dear! I do hope your father won't be angry! He waited such a long while for you. But I am so glad, dearie, that he understands, at last——"

For a moment, Whit's mother seemed almost boisterously angry.

"I'm so glad he understands at last that possibly you may have just as much to do with all this Painting and Art and so on as he has! . . . But I meant to say, your father is expecting you to join him at three this afternoon for the meeting of the Finnish Opera Furtherance Association. Oh, I guess it will be awfully interesting and so on—it will be at the Thornleigh. Oh, Whit, dear, it's lovely to have you back! But don't let me, for a moment, interfere with your father's plans!"

The meeting of the Finnish Opera Furtherance Association at the Hotel Thornleigh was very interesting.

It was more than interesting.

Mrs. Montgomery Zeiss said that the Finns put it all over the Germans and Italians at giving a real modernistic version of opera.

Mr. T. Jefferson Dibble said that as his son, Whitney, had been so fortunate as to obtain a rather authoritative knowledge of European music, he (Whitney) would now explain everything to them, and in all humility he (T. Jefferson) was self-sacrificingly glad to donate to Finnish opera his son, in fact, as one might say, his own flesh-and-blood.

After a lot of explanation about how artistic opera was, and how unquestionably artistic Zenith was, Whit muttered that he had to beat it.

And in a rather inartistic manner,

while T. Jefferson stared at him with a sorrowful face as blanched as his own product, Ritzy Rice, Whit fled the room.

At five o'clock Whit was sitting on the dock of Stuyv Wescott's bungalow on Lake Kenepoose, muttering, "Look, Stuyv, have you got a real job?"

"Yeah, I guess you'd call it a job."

"D'you mind telling me what you are making a year now?"

"About three thou. I guess I'll make six in a coupla years. Some day, maybe, fifty."

"Hm! I'd like to make some money. By the way, my most noble fellow—it just occurs to me, and I hope that I am not being too rude in asking—what *are* you doing? Are you a surgeon, an aviator, a bond salesman, an auto mechanic, a Communist Leader or . . ."

"I am an insurance agent," remarked Stuyv with a melancholy dignity. "What do you think I got a college education for?"

"And you're already making $3,000 a year?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"I think I ought to be making some money. It's funny. In Europe it's the smart thing to live on money that somebody else made for you. I don't know whether it's good or bad, but fact is, somehow, most Americans feel lazy, feel useless, if they don't make their own money. Prob'ly the Europeans are right. Prob'ly it's because we're too restless. Listen, Stuyv! D'yuh think I'd make a good insurance man?"

"Terrible!"

"You're helpful. Everybody is helpful. Say! What's this new idea that it's disgraceful to make your own living?"

"Don't be a fool, Whit. Nobody thinks it's disgraceful, but you don't get this new current of thought in the Middlewest, that we gotta have art."

"Get it! Good heavens, I've got nothing else! I will say this for Paris—you can get away from people who believe in art by just going to the next café. Maybe I'll have to go back and live there in order to be allowed to be an insurance agent or something!"

Stuyv Wescott was called to the telephone, and for three minutes Whit sat alone on the dock, looking across that clear, that candid, that sun-iced lake, round which hung silver birches and delicate willows and solid spruce. Probably the lake could have been duplicated in a hundred corners of the world; in Sweden, in Germany, in Siberia. But to Whit, at the moment, it seemed solely American. As Paris gave him the sense of marching Romans and mediæval poets, so this lake murmured of aboriginal America. He saw the Indians in birch-bark canoes, the pioneers in fringed buckskin; he saw the gallantry that had been killed and the hope that still endures.

A hell-diver, forever at his old game of pretending to be a duck, bobbed out of the mirror of the lake, and Whitney Dibble at last knew that he was at home.

And not so unlike the hell-diver in her quickness and imperturbable complexity, Betty Clark ran down from the road behind the Wescott bungalow and profoundly remarked, "Oh! Hello!"

"I'm going to be an insurance man," remarked Whit.

"You're going to be an artist!"

"Sure I am. As an insurance man!"

"You make me sick."

"Betty, my child, you have been away too long! It's a year now, at least, since anyone—I mean anyone you could know—has said 'You make me sick'!"

"Oh—oh—You make me sick!"

T. Jefferson was extremely angry when Whit appeared for dinner. He said that Whit had no idea how he had offended the Opera Committee that afternoon. Consequently, Whit had to go through the gruesome ordeals of accompanying his father to an artistic reception in the evening, and of discussing Cezanne, Matisse, Gauguin and other artists of whom he knew somewhat less than nothing with earnest ladies who knew even less. It was not until eleven that he could escape for a poker game in an obscure suite of the Hotel Thornleigh.

There were present here not only such raw collegians as Stuyv Wescott, Gil Scott and Tim Clark, but also a couple of older and more hardened vulgarians, whereof one was a Mr. Seidel, who had made a million dollars by developing the new University Heights district of Zenith.

When they had played for two hours they stopped for hot-dogs; and Room Service was again drastically ordered to "hustle up with the White Rock and ice."

Mr. Seidel, glass in hand, grumbled: "So you're an artist, are you, Dibble? In Paris?"

"Yeah."

"And to think that a young fella that could bluff me out of seven dollars on a pair of deuces should live over there, when he'd be an A-1 real-estate salesman."

"Are you offering me a job?"

"Well, I hadn't thought about it. . . . Sure I am!"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five a week and commissions."

"It's done."

And the revolution was effected, save for the voice of Stuyv Wescott, rather like that of a hound-dog who has found the corn mash at the bottom of the silo, wailing, "Don't do it, Whit! Don't let any of these babies get you with their promise of millions!"

Whit had never altogether lost his awe of the T. Jefferson who had once been able to deny him breakfast, to impound his bicycle, to forbid him playing with the enchantingly grubby children of the coachman.

He dared not tackle that Zeus of breakfast food and of culture till eleven of the morning, when he called upon him at his office.

"Well, well, my boy, it's nice to see you!" said T. Jefferson. "I'm sorry that there is nothing really interesting for us to do to-day. But to-morrow noon we are going to a luncheon of the Bibliophile and First Edition Club."

"That's what I came to see you about, Dad. I'm awfully sorry, but I shan't be able to go to any kind of a lunch to-morrow noon. I'll be working."

"Working?"

"Yes, sir. I've taken a job with the Seidel Development Company."

"Well, that may be interesting for you for this summer, and when you return to Paris . . ."

"I'm not going back to Paris. I can't paint. I'm going to sell real estate."

The sound that T. Jefferson now made was rather like thunder, very much like a carload of steers arriving at the Chicago stockyards, and particularly like one hundred and forty-six cars tooting their horns on a side street in the desire to enter a boulevard.

"I might have known!" I might have known it! I've always suspected that you were your mother's boy as much as mine, however much I've tried to conceal it from myself. How sharper than a serpent's tooth! Serpent in a fella's own bosom! Here I've toiled and moiled and, in fact, I've toiled all these years to give you a chance and then, just out of sheer, utter ingratitude, you don't take it—I mean you don't take the chance. Here I've given up my life to manufacturing Puffy Wuffles, when all the time my longing was to be artistic, and now when I give you the chance—Serpent's tooth! The old bard said it perfectly! Whit, my boy, I hope it isn't that you feel I can't afford it! In just a few days now, I'm going to start my schemes for extending the plant—going to get options on the five acres to the eastward. The production of Ritzy Rice will be doubled in the next year. And so, my boy——

"You'll either stick to your art or I'll disown you, sir! I mean, cut you off with a shilling! I'll by thunder make you artistic, if it's the last thing I do!"

On the same afternoon when he had, and very properly, been thrown out into the snow-storm with a shawl over his head, Whit borrowed five thousand from Stuyv Wescott's father, with it obtained options on the five acres upon which his father planned to build, with them reported to Mr. Seidel, from that low realtor received the five thousand dollars to repay Mr. Wescott, plus a five thousand dollar commission for himself and his weekly cheque of $25, spent the $25 in flowers, and with them appeared at the house of Betty Clark at 6.15.

He was met at the door by the English butler—well, he wasn't exactly English, but he had served for several years, as footman, under an English butler born in Dublin.

It is to be regretted, in this polite story of the highest American society, that the butler greeted Whit with, "Hello, kid! You're almost grown-up now! I hear you been in Paris. I'll holler up to Tim."

He hollered. Tim Clark appeared.

"Say, will you get out of here, Tim?" remarked Whit. "I want to see Betty."

"Betty?"

"Yeah, Betty."

"Oh, I see," said Tim. "You mean you want to see Betty?"

"That's the idea," said Whit.

Tim went to the foot of the stairs and yelled "Betty!" He went halfway up the stairs and yelled "Betty!" He went nearly to the top of the stairs and yelled "BETTY!"

"Yeah," she said.

"Hey, kid, your suitor is here."

"My what?"

"Your suitor. Your boy-friend."

"Who's that, darling? Lindbergh is already married."

"Listen, you poor fool, it's——"

"I know. 'Taint Lindbergh. It's just Whit Dibble. All right. I'm coming down, God help me!"

Betty came down, so lovely, so cool, so refreshing in skirts that clipped her ankles; and so coolly and refreshingly she said:

"Hey, Whit, my dear! Salutations, oh thou in the vocative. What can I do for you?"

"I don't think you can do anything besides help me spend the five thousand and twenty-five dollars I've made today—Hey, I forgot! I spent the twenty-five for these flowers. They're very nice, aren't they?"

"They certainly are."

"But do you think they're worth twenty-five dollars?"

"Sure, they are. Listen, darling! I'm so sorry that you wasted your time making five thousand dollars when you might have been painting. But of course an artist has to be an adventurer. I'm glad that you've tried it and that it's all over. By the way, did you get the five thousand by bootlegging, or by bumping somebody off? But that doesn't matter, of course. We'll go back to Paris, as soon as we're married, and have a jolly lil Bohemian flat there, and I'll try so hard to make all of your artistic friends welcome."

"Betty! Is your brother still here?"

"How should I know?"

"Would you mind finding out?"

"Why, no. But why?"

"Dear Betty, you will so well understand what a scoundrel I am, in a few minutes. Funny! I never meant to be a scoundrel. I never even meant to be a bad son. . . . Will you yell for Timmy, please?"

"Yeah, sure, of course I will."

She yelled, very competently.

Tim came downstairs, beaming.

"I hope it's all over."

"That's the point," said Whit, "I am trying to persuade Betty—to persuade you—to persuade T. Jefferson—that I don't want to be an artist. I'm trying—God knows what I'm trying!"

With which childish statement Whit fled from the house.

He found a taxi and gave the driver the address of his boss, Mr. Seidel, at the Zenith Athletic Club. Mr. Seidel was politely eating an Athletic Club dinner.

"Hello, boy, what's the trouble?" said Mr. Seidel.

"Will you let me pay for a telephone call if I make it here?"

"Sure I will. I'll even charge you 10 per cent., if that will make you feel any better."

Whit remarked to the Athletic Club telephone girl, "I'd like to speak to Isadora at the Café Fanfaron, Paris."

The voice of that unknown beauty answered, "Which state, pleeze?"

"France."

"France?"

"Yes, France."

"France, *Europe*?"

"Yes."

"And what was the name, please?"

"Isadora."

"And what is the lady's last name, please?"

"I don't know. . . . Hey, get me Miles O'Sullivan, same address."

"Just a moment, please. I will get the supervisor."

A very cool voice said, "To whom do you wish to speak, please?"

"I wish to speak, if I may, to Miles O'Sullivan. At the Café—I said *Café* C for coffee, A for Abraham, E for—you get it, don't you, Café—Café Fanfaron. In Paris. Right. Thank you very much."

When the telephone rang, it was the voice of the head waiter, of the Fanfaron, a Russian who disapproved of Americans.

He said, "'Allo—'allo."

"May I speak to Miles O'Sullivan?" demanded Whit.

"To who?"

"To Miles O'Sullivan."

"*Je ne comprend pas.*"

"*C'est Monsieur Dibble qui parle—*

"*D'Amerique?*"

"*Oui, et je desire* to talk to Monsieur Miles O'Sullivan right away, *tout de suite.*"

"*Mais oui, je comprend. Vous desirez parler avec M. Miles O'Sullivang?*"

"That's the idea. Make it snappy, will you?"

"*Oui,* right away."

Then Miles O'Sullivan's voice on the 'phone.

While Mr. Seidel smiled and watched the second-hand of his watch, Whit bellowed into the telephone, "Miles! Listen! I want to speak to Isadora."

That voice, coming across four thousand miles of rolling waves and labouring ships and darkness, mumbled, "Isadora *who*? Jones or Pater or Elgantine?"

"For heaven's sake, Miles, this is Whitney Dibble, speaking from America! I want to speak to Isadora. *My* Isadora."

"Oh, you want to speak to Isadora?"

"Yes, I want to speak to *my* Isadora."

"Well, I think she's out in front. Listen, laddie, I'll try to find her."

"Miles, this has already cost me more than a hundred dollars——"

"And you have been caught by the people who think about dollars?"

"You're darned right, I have! Will you please get Isadora quick?"

"You mean quickly, don't you?"

"Yeah, quick or quickly, but please get Isadora—I mean get her quick—I mean quickly."

"Right you are, my lad."

It was after only $16.75 more worth of conversation that Isadora was saying to him, "Hello, Whit, darling, what is it?"

"Would you marry a real-estate man in Zenith, in the Middlewest? Zenith, I mean. You know! Swell town! Would you stand for my making ten thousand dollars a year?"

From four thousand miles away, Isadora crowed, "Sure I will!"

"You may have to interrupt your creative work——"

"Oh, my darling, my darling, I'll be so glad to quit fourflushing!"

Mr. Whitney Dibble looked at his chief and observed, "After I find out how much this long-distance call has cost, do you mind if I make a local call?"

Mr. Seidel observed, "Go as far as you like, but please give me a pension when you fire me out of the firm."

"Sure!"

Whit telephoned to the mansion of T. Jefferson Dibble.

T. Jefferson answered the telephone with a roar:

"Yes, yes, yes, what do you want, what do you want?"

"Dad, this is Whit."

"So you have called me, you have called me—what do you want, what do you want?"

"Dad, what I tried to tell you this morning is that I am not engaged to one of these flappers in Zenith, but to a lovely intellectual author lady in Paris—Isadora."

"Isadora *what*?"

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know who Isadora is, and what her last name is?"

"Oh, *Isadora*! The writer? Congratulations, my boy. I'm sorry I misunderstood you before."

"Yes. Just talked to her, long-distance to Paris, and she's promised to join me here."

"That's fine, boy! We'll certainly have an artistic centre here in Zenith."

"Yeah, we certainly will."

Mr. Seidel remarked, "That local call will cost you just five cents besides the $87.50."

"Fine, boss," said Whitney Dibble. "Say, can I interest you in a bungalow on Lake Kennepoose? It has two baths, a lovely living-room, and—Why do you waste your life in this stuffy club-room, when you might have a real home?"

The Turning of Another Worm

(*Continued from page* **15**)

you what occurred in the dining-room after Varvara Sergeyevna read the newspaper. Everything rocked, but with all her might she drew rein and shouted at Yakov:

"Well, what are you gaping at, fool? Get out!"

Yakov left, and only then did the tender woman's soul return to the statuesque body of Alexander III, who

became transformed into a monumental beet-sugar madonna, the child sitting on her lap.

Weeping, the madonna said in the tenderest basso: "Rostislav, my little Stolpakov, my only one . . ."

From then on there was only he, the Only One, and the things that concerned him. In accordance with the teachings of Max Stirner and Varvara Stolpakova—the entire world was the boy's. For his sake people fought somewhere; for him the Stolpakov factory worked; for his benefit was cast in monumental dimensions Varvara Sergeyevna's bosom, that mighty breakwater jutting into life's stormy sea for the protection of Rostislav.

The Only One was ten years old when another earthquake occurred in the Stolpakov dining-room. As on the previous occasion, the coachman Yakov Bordyug was again at the bottom of it all. Lumbering in his elemental tank-like boots, he walked up to the table and placed a newspaper before Varvara Sergeyevna.

Quite unexpectedly, it appeared from the paper that simultaneously there had occurred great events in the histories of the house of the Romanovs, the house of the Stolpakovs and the house of the Bordyugs: the house of the Romanovs crashed, Madame Stolpakova became Citizeness Stolpakova, and the lowly Yakov Bordyug began to talk. Until that time no one had heard him speak to anyone except his horses, but after Varvara Sergeyevna had read aloud the stupendous headlines and paused, Yakov Bordyug suddenly pronounced a speech:

"It means—I am the, as a matter of fact, something like—that very thing? Well, then, how do you do!"

This was probably, in very succinct form, a declaration of the rights of man and of a citizen. What answer could Alexander III make to such a declaration? He, or rather she, could say, of course, only this:

"Shut up, you fool, no one is talking to you! Go harness the horses—quickly!"

The man and citizen Yakov Bordyug scratched his head and went off to harness the horses, as if everything remained as in the good old days. We explain his behaviour by the automatic working of a conditioned reflex to which he had become accustomed over a period of years.

That night the beet-sugar muzhiks burned the house and the factory of the Stolpakovs. Varvara Sergeyevna managed to salvage only that which she had taken away in her suitcases and that which lay in her safe. She had to retreat to the previously prepared haven—to the attic of the watchmaker David Morshtchinker. She ordered the horses and the carriage sold in a hurry. Yakov Bordyug carried out this transaction on the very next market day, on Sunday. In the evening, like the proverbial stone guest, he lumbered up the stairway to the attic and laid before Varvara Sergeyevna some Kerensky money, Czarist money, Duma money, and said:

"Well, we're grateful. Good-bye."

In reply he heard the irate imperial basso: "What! You'd better get back into the kitchen, fool; it's time to set the samovar."

The Bordyug boots shambled forward, backward, stopped; for several seconds their spiritual condition was uncertain. But the conditioned reflex conquered once again. Yakov Bordyug went to set the samovar.

There seems to be a certain inverse ratio in the law of heredity: parents of genius have children who are human fish, and the converse is no less true.

If General Stolpakov had nothing but smoke rings to his credit, then it was natural that Rostislav should develop a genuine talent. It was a talent for reservoirs bursting through pipes, for trains rushing to meet each other from stations A and B, and for similar mathematical catastrophes.

This talent received official recognition for the first time in those days when fate, demonstrating the futility of capitalism, turned everybody at once into millionaires and paupers. In those days Varvara Sergeyevna sold to David Morshtchinker three golden ten-spots, and it was necessary to convert them into legal tender. The poor head of Morshtchinker, flapping its ears which stuck out like wings, sailed through the astronomical spaces of zeros until it became dizzy.

"Let me have a try at it," said Rostislav. He bent over the slip of paper a forehead covered with unevenly growing black hair. In a minute everything was ready; infinity was conquered by human reason. Morshtchinker exclaimed:

"My dear Madame Stolpakova, you have some kind of treasure in this head! This will be quick a whole professor."

The word was finally said: "Professor!" The hand of a poor watchmaker had lighted the beacon which shed light over the future path of Varvara Sergeyevna. Now she knew the name of the god to whom she would bring herself in sacrifice.

Mentioning god, even with a small letter, is of course out of place here: life itself in those years led everybody to a strictly scientific materialistic view of the world. Even Varvara Sergeyevna learned that talent is composed of a hundred and twenty parts albumin and four hundred parts carbohydrates. She understood that for the time being she could serve science only by providing the future professor with bread, fats and sugar.

There was no sugar. In the sugarless attic Yakov Bordyug kindled a fire in the tiled oven. In the bosom of Varvara Sergeyevna the mother's heart blindly sought the path to sugar. Yakov Bordyug wore a quilted military vest.

"Come here," Varvara Sergeyevna commanded Bordyug. "Stop! Take it off!" She poked her finger into the vest. "So! Now you may go!"

Yakov Bordyug went. The vest remained with Varvara Sergeyevna. Why this happened no one guessed.

A week later, Varvara Sergeyevna sat in a train coach. Dawn—well-fed, pink, bourgeois—peeked through the window with curiosity. Near the window three female citizens slept co-operatively in a bunch. Over them, swaying, hung an arm from the baggage shelf, and someone's forgotten hands stuck out from under the bench.

All the hands were red with the dawn and the cold. But Varvara Sergeyevna was warm; she had on Bordyug's vest, thickly lined—with what do you think? With eider-down? With cotton? No; with granulated sugar.

Her mother's heart, moreover, was warmed by something else which we have as yet no right to mention. The hour will come when she will tell everything to Rostislav. If she could only pass through the next station safely . . .

Varvara Sergeyevna gingerly folded the vest over her bosom. On the bench opposite her an old person of uncertain sex, in a woman's jacket but with a man's beard, glanced at the bosom with understanding, and said:

"Lord help me! We're getting there."

A water tower threatening with its proboscis flashed by the window. The co-operating female citizens jumped to their feet. Someone behind Varvara Sergeyevna opened the window and groaned in fright, "They're coming!" At the station under the window a cock began to crow, evidently a young one; he knew only one-half of the rooster strophe. But even this half was sufficient to make Varvara Sergeyevna turn cold with fright.

"Shut the window!" she commanded.

No one stirred. All froze to their baskets, sacks, suitcases, blanket rolls, bundles; into the coach were already striding *they*, the obstructionists. In front walked a gay, tight-cheeked, carrot-coloured lad; behind him three crone-like soldiers with guns on strings.

"Well, well, citizens. Shake it up. Unbutton yourselves. Get your belts off!" shouted the carroty lad.

Beyond the window the young rooster commenced again. And again broke off on the half strophe like a budding poet. If she could only close the window!

But the carroty lad was already beside her and, squinting, looked at one of the co-operating female citizens.

"How 'bout you, old girl? Are you from Kiev, from one of the Kiev monk holes?"

"No, what are you saying, little father? I'm from Yelets."

"If that's the case why is your head smeared with holy oil?"

The miracle was worked before everybody's eyes: the kerchief of the female citizen was soaked with something, and something dripped down her neck . . .

"Come on, take it off; remove the kerchief. Come on!"

The citizeness took it off; in the place where women in ancient times had a bun, this citizeness had a coiffure of butter in a wax-paper cover.

"And how about you?" The carroty lad turned to Varvara Sergeyevna.

She sat like a monument, her impregnable bosom thrust out like a breakwater, as though it were mightier than

ever before. She indicated the open carpet bag, which contained only articles strictly within the law.

"Is that all?" the lad paused, his eye like a mouse gnawing its way into Varvara Sergeyevna.

She accepted the challenge. After all she was going into battle in the interests of pure learning. She raised her head, regarded her enemy, and permitted him to enter her, right inside—as if inside there were neither sugar, nor . . .

"Cock-a-dood——" faltered again the budding rooster poet beyond the window.

"Do close the——" faltered Varvara Sergeyevna, and before she could finish, a new miracle happened in the train coach; in answer to the rooster beyond the window, Varvara Sergeyevna's bosom began to sing. Yes, yes, her bosom: a smothered "cock-a-doodle-doo" first from the left breast, and then from the right.

The discloser of miracles triumphantly pulled out two young roosters. Everybody clucked with laughter. Madame Stolpakova sat like the post-revolutionary Alexander III: below him someone has carved a disgraceful inscription, but he pretends to be unaware of this, as though knowing something else.

That something else was the sugar. The sugar-lined vest Varvara Sergeyevna did manage to carry to its destination.

The sound of battle died away; the entire republic began to devote itself to the creation of peace-time wealth, among others, of course, also Varvara Sergeyevna. Her treasures were Napoleon cakes, éclairs, meringues, macaroons.

Basket in hand, she would set herself up on the market square, where of course everyone had heard the wonderful story of the singing bosom. From the side or from behind her there would immediately resound "Cock-a-doodle-do."

On one occasion the crowing scarcely began, when it broke off. Varvara Sergeyevna looked around and beheld above the crowd, above all the heads, one head mounted on the thinnest, most pole-like neck, and a pair of hands divining into the waves of urchins. Afterwards the conqueror of the ragamuffins approached her.

"Do you remember me? I am Misha."

Varvara Sergeyevna recollected him at once: he was the son of the former leader of the local gentry, the very same who now played the trombone in a restaurant of the Union of Food Workers. He was even slightly taller than Varvara Sergeyevna, but he was merely a human carcass, devoid of flesh, and when he moved in the midst of a crowd it seemed as in the days of Marat, with good patriots carrying aloft a head lifted on a spear.

Now it was beside her, this tragic, bloody head—blood flowed from his nose and spattered Varvara Sergeyevna, who without a moment's hesitation took a Napoleon cake laid aside for the Only One, for Rostislav, and offered it to Misha.

"Here, don't you want it?"

Misha wanted it. He evidently wanted not only the Napoleon cake but also Alexander III: as if by accident he diffidently touched the mighty bosom and immediately excused himself. Something began to sing in the bosom of Varvara Sergeyevna, but this was something else, not the song of the rooster. . . . From this day forward Misha was beside Vargara Sergeyevna on every market day.

May came, the time of year when everything sings; the bourgeois, the grasshoppers, the Red Boy Scouts, the sky, the lilac, the members of the Ispolkom, the dragon flies, the housewives, the earth. In the attic Rostislav, his ears stopped, his uneven brow frowning, sat over a book, while Varvara Sergeyevna sat before the open window.

Beyond this window, in the lilacs, sang the nightingale; in the Union of Food Workers sang the trombone. Rostislav was preparing for the final examinations for graduation from the secondary school—and for Varvara Sergeyevna the most important test was beginning.

The written examinations began on the morning of Trinity Sunday. Varvara Sergeyevna descended from the attic in order to attend the services. At the bottom of the dark staircase she saw a bouquet of lilacs stuck behind the latch, and to the bouquet was pinned this note:

I come to you—with lilacs, and you to me—with silence. I cannot continue thus any longer.

Your M.

At the mass Varvara Sergeyevna saw her "M" in person—Misha. At the exit from the church Misha, of course, found himself beside Varvara Sergeyevna. The crowd of worshippers pushed them close to each other. Two hearts side by side. It was May . . .

"You—you feel that we are together?" Misha stammered, choking.

"Yes," said Varvara Sergeyevna.

"And I want—that we—should be together for ever. I play the trombone in the Union of Food Workers, so that I am able . . . Varvara Sergeyevna, do say something!"

Before her flashed the frowning uneven forehead of Rostislav, the Only—no longer the only one! It seemed that the impregnable breakwater split into two halves which threw themselves into a life-and-death struggle with each other.

And Varvara Sergeyevna did not have the strength to decide at once which half she would support in the struggle.

"To-morrow evening. Come over. I shall tell you then," Varvara Sergeyevna answered at last.

The morrow was the decisive day for Rostislav: the final examination was in the Communist A B C. And the morrow was a decisive day for Varvara Sergeyevna.

In the morning Rostislav ran away after scarcely touching his tea. He returned at dinner time, beaming: he had passed the examination.

"My own college boy! My little Stolpakov! My only——" Varvara Sergeyevna stopped short. No, he was no longer the only one.

Morshtchinker ran up to offer felicitations, and even Yakov Bordyug was permitted to tender them. Having taken his place at the lintel of the door he began his speech of congratulation:

"How d'ye mean, you—so to say, for example, a horse at the fair—and if we sell it well, and, d'ye mean, the tail in the teeth?" His rusty boots crunched; he sought words on the floor. He smelled of elements, like a centaur.

"All right, all right; thanks. Go to the kitchen," frowned Varvara Sergeyevna.

Yakov Bordyug went out, lumbering like a tank; Morshtchinker flitted out like a bat that was all ears. Only three remained in the attic: Rostislav, Varvara Sergeyevna—and the shadow of the fate that hung over them. The sun was setting; shadows drew longer and longer.

Varvara Sergeyevna was waiting. It was difficult for her to breathe. She unbuttoned her dress; she opened the window. There, on the fresh clouds just taken out of the chest, lay the dawn, crimson with thoughts of love. Rostislav, who suspected nothing read the newspaper.

Suddenly his forehead contracted; he made a wry face and shouted: "Mama!" Varvara Sergeyevna rushed to him.

"What is it? What is the matter with you? Rostislav!"

He was entirely speechless; he merely stretched the newspaper towards her. She seized it and read it in agitation.

The newspaper contained an article which stated that finally it had become necessary to alter the social composition of the student body; that this year for the first time matriculation would be based on new considerations; that——

It was not necessary to read further. Everything was as clear as Rostislav's social status was clear. So far as he was concerned the world had foundered.

Stars began to appear on the sky and lights began to appear in the restaurant of the Union of Food Workers. Yakov Bordyug entered, lumberingly placed the samovar on the table and took his place at the door lintel. Varvara Sergeyevna looked at him in silence; let him stand. The world had foundered. She looked at him in silence . . .

Suddenly she rose; came to life.

Just then from the outside, under the window, a timid cough was heard. This was Misha, who had come for his reply.

"Yes. Yes!" Varvara Sergeyevna said, answering either the cough or one of her thoughts. "Yes, only this one thing has remained."

It would have been tactless to ask Varvara Sergeyevna at the moment what she meant by "this one thing," but we have the right to presuppose that Alexander III, pure learning, the madonna, the mother—all were at this moment conquered by the woman.

The woman leaned out of the win-

dow. There she was permeated with the odour of beer, lilac, happiness; she was touched by the scarcely sensed words, "little Varvara"—like a delicate perfume.

Something sang in her bosom, but broke off on the half strophe.

"Misha, I cannot come down to you. Misha, if you only knew what has happened! There is only one thing I can do now." Pause. And then in her tenderest basso she added, "You said you love me? Yes? And you will do anything for me?"

"Little Varvara."

"Then come here to-morrow at ten o'clock, and we shall go directly——"

"To the marriage registry!" cried Misha.

"How did you guess it?" Varvara marvelled.

It seemed that it was not difficult to guess, and the wonder was rather that she marvelled. But who can understand the depths of a woman's soul in which—like the bourgeoisie and the proletariat—side by side live the mother and the sweetheart, who enter into a temporary alliance against the common foe and again throw themselves at each other's throat? Who knows of what she spoke to Morshtchinker and even to Yakov Bordyug when she went downstairs?

Who can explain why towards morning her pillow was wet with tears?

At night it rained. The following day was fresh, promising, like a new chapter by a favourite author. Rostislav was still asleep when Varvara Sergeyevna went into the street. Already Misha awaited her there, glowing with happiness and a starched collar. Just as he wanted to ask Varvara Sergeyevna about something, out of the gate glided Morshtchinker and behind him—Yakov Bordyug. Misha understood: witnesses for the marriage registry.

Morshtchinker was dressed in a frock coat; Yakov Bordyug had on a blue cap which had crept down over his ears and his eyes, temporarily hiding the mystery of Bordyug.

Varvara Sergeyevna brushed her lashes with a handkerchief; perhaps she remembered Stolpakov, the smoke rings, the riding breeches.

This was her last moment of weakness. Then she drew herself to her full majestic height and led the army into battle.

The marriage registry was now in the "pink hotel" of the former Czarist *zemstvo*. Nothing liberal or pink remained there now, only bare tables, and on the wall hung a peremptory poster: "Hereafter citizens are requested not to sleep on the tables." And under the poster sat a man in an English cap, like Fate, equally indifferent to sleep, to death, to love, and to other civic conditions.

"Are you entering into matrimony?" he asked, lighting a cigarette. "The bride?"

He took a document from Varvara Sergeyevna and began to turn its pages. "Hm. Rostislav, seventeen years. Hm. Your son?"

This was the beginning of a general battle. Varvara Sergeyevna stood her

ground firmly, impregnably, like Alexander III. She looked around; her glance was imperial, imperative.

And submitting to it, Yakov Bordyug approached the table and said:

"That is, this—he's as it were my——"

"How's that?" The man behind the table nearly dropped the cigarette.

"Yes," Varvara Sergeyevna said firmly. "Although he is inscribed as the son of Stolpakov, his real father was—Citizen Yakov Bordyug, who now adopts him in view of the new social order and because he is entering into matrimony with me."

"How's that?" Misha shouted from behind Varvara Sergeyevna.

"And these two citizens here"—Varvara Sergeyevna indicated Morshtchinker and Misha—"confirm my words."

She looked around again. Misha's head, severed by the white collar, was like the head of John the Baptist on the platter.

His blue lips scarcely uttered, "Yes. I con—firm . . ."

"Yes, and I say the same. Yes." Morshtchinker hopped to the table.

The man in the English cap took a fly out of the inkwell, dipped his pen and began to write. Rostislav Stolpakov ceased to exist: Rostislav Bordyug was born, now unquestionably to be a student and a future professor.

When they returned to the attic—the three of them, for Misha did not accompany them—Varvara Sergeyevna said to Yakov Bordyug:

"Well, thanks, Yakov. You are no longer needed. Go—go to the kitchen."

But the rusty tanks of the boots did not stir; the new blue cap covered the eyes; he smelled like a centaur.

"Go on; set the samovar." Varvara Sergeyevna frowned.

The cap suddenly jumped off his head and flew on to Varvara Sergeyevna's bed. Yakov Bordyug sat down with a crash, with his five fingers raked his shaggy hair and said:

"Go set it yourself."

Silence. A dumb, stricken Alexander III with open mouth.

"What are you to me now? A wife. Well, then, go on and set it. Do you hear what I am saying?"

The autocracy fell. The martyr of learning went to set the samovar.

You Got to Live

(*Continued from page* **19**)

That is a terrible blow for me, terrible. Well then, I am friendless. There is no more someone who will say to me, 'Liebl, I believe in you. You are a good painter. One day you will arrive. Till then, here is money, for you must eat in order to paint.' Now there is no one at all. I do not go back to my own country, for in my country people are very poor. They do not buy pictures. They must first buy bread."

"Conditions are very bad everywhere," said Mr. Keppler, with a dry little cough. "But one must live, Mr. Liebl, and one cannot make a success in this business otherwise than by offering the public what the public wants. I have tried offering them what I think they ought to want, and it doesn't work. If I went on doing that I would soon have to put up the shutters."

"Sure, you're right, Mr. Keppler, you got to live. Don't I know that? I got to live, my wife got to live, my son got to live. Well, good gracious, how? Eh, Mr. Keppler? How, if nobody don't take maybe a small risk sometimes? And you should see my new work now, you say at once, 'But this is fifty, a hundred times more better than the old Liebl. He was good, sure, but this new Liebl is maybe great. If I give him a show this time there is only such a small risk it don't matter, it don't count. It is good for my gallery that he makes his name first here.'"

"Mr. Liebl," interrupted Mr. Keppler wearily, "really, really I have said my last word on the subject. Even if I were inclined to try again I have my partner to think of, and I know he would never give his consent. In the autumn, in October, perhaps, I am thinking of having an exhibition entirely for little-known foreign artists—painters, that is, who are not well known here, but have made reputations abroad. If you would care to send me two or three of your pictures then, I will gladly hang them. But further than that I cannot go. I am very sorry, I would help you if I could. And I must remind you that there are other galleries in London. Why not try——?"

"Sure there are other galleries. And they cost much money. And those others, I don't know them, I got no friends there. I want the Keppler Gallery should show my work."

Mr. Keppler waved his hands before his face with a gesture of dismissal.

"Please, please, Mr. Liebl. I cannot do it. It is quite out of the question. Quite. I have no more to say."

For a moment, Liebl remained seated without making a movement of any kind, and Mr. Keppler could almost see the forcefulness and vigour go from him. He seemed to contract and shrink up with one long frustrated sigh. And he knew then what a tremendous effort the man had made to throw all that energy and confidence and liveliness into his words and bearing. After a silence that seemed to Mr. Keppler very long indeed, he got up, threw out his hands in a gesture of resignation, and turned towards the door. Mr. Keppler tried to find words to soften the blow he had just dealt him, but there seemed to be none, and it was on the tip of his tongue to make him a blunt offer of ten pounds as a loan or gift, when he saw his back straighten again. Then he turned about and once more faced Mr. Keppler, and his manner was now quietly confidential and intimate.

"Listen, Mr. Keppler. I got something else to tell you, something I don't mean to tell you at first, but goodness gracious, maybe I am a big fool and afraid for nothing. Maybe it don't do no harm. Now what I got to say is like this. I got a boy, Mr. Keppler, and that boy is a genius. So big a genius he is that I get scared, yes, I get scared. I say to myself, 'Good gracious, a genius like this don't happen again in one hundred years maybe. What I better do with it?' I don't know. Now, Mr. Keppler, that boy of mine is only fourteen years, and I never see anything like what he can do. He never take lessons, I show him only a little bit, maybe, but he got ideas like I never have in my life. Mr. Keppler, if people see what that boy can do, they wouldn't hardly believe their eyes."

"And what does he do?" inquired Mr. Keppler dryly.

Liebl leaned forward and placing a large forefinger on Mr. Keppler's desk said slowly,

"That boy of mine can paint fifty times more better than his papa. Mr. Keppler, never mind me and my pictures. I can paint, I know that. I am good, but I am not a genius. That boy is a genius. Goodness gracious, I never see anything like it. I *know*. All the time he work, work, work. I leave him in London with his mama. When I come back I see forty pictures and sketches more better than I can do myself. All day he want nothing but to paint, paint, paint. Soon he gets sick, he don't run about enough like boys should do. I send him to Brighton with his mama, with all the money I got left I send those two to Brighton——"

At that, Mr. Keppler made a sudden movement. "So!" he thought. "That's queer. It's the lad I saw this morning with his mother." And there flashed across his mind those interested and highly intelligent blue eyes that had regarded him so steadily and with such a close and friendly scrutiny upon the Brighton platform.

"Where is he now?" he asked casually. "Still in Brighton?"

"No, he comes back this morning, so much better I say, 'Good gracious, here is another boy. This is not the same Fritz that went away two weeks ago.'"

"I'm glad he's better," said Mr. Keppler.

"Mr. Keppler, you got to see that boy's pictures. I don't ask for more but that you should see them. Just see them."

Mr. Keppler was thinking hard, and for a moment was silent. He remembered Mr. Thorogood's disappointment that they had not succeeded in acquiring and exhibiting the work of a sixteen-year-old girl whose pictures the Minturn Gallery had sold like hot cakes two or three years before. For a while her paintings enjoyed a considerable vogue and were much sought after by collectors. He had managed to acquire four later ones himself and had sold them all. It was time, perhaps, for

another child prodigy. "We live in an era of fads and faddists and prodigies and nine days' wonders," thought Mr. Keppler, "and the sooner one realises that fact and makes capital out of it, the better."

"I'll see your son's pictures," he said, "but I'm much too busy to see them this week. Shall I come to your studio one day, or can you bring some of them here?"

"You don't even need to come by my studio," said Liebl eagerly. "I bring them here at your door when you say."

"Then bring some of them next Monday, at three," said Mr. Keppler. "But I don't want to raise your hopes. It's quite possible that when I've seen them I won't find them suitable for exhibiting. I make no promises, remember. But we'll see, we'll see. Where was your son born?"

"My Fritz is born in Maribor, while I am a soldier."

"Maribor. Yes, yes, I know it. It's also called Marburg, and is now in Jugo-Slavia."

"Sure, sure, that's right. Me, I am born in Graz."

"A lovely old town, lovely. I've often stayed there. I'm very fond of Austria, you know. And your wife?"

"My wife Mitzl comes from peasants, Mr. Keppler. She is a wonderful fine woman. She is born in Burgenland."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Keppler. He was thinking, "That wasn't at all a bad guess of mine this morning." And now that he had firmly declined to exhibit Liebl's pictures but had made him happy by agreeing to see his son's, all his old liking for him, kept under with an iron hand, returned.

"Wait a bit, Liebl," he said almost genially, as he looked at his watch. "It's very nearly lunch time. I'll just look into the gallery for a moment, to see how they're getting on, and then we'll go and have a bite together at my club."

It was February when Liebl called on Mr. Keppler. It was on the twenty-fifth of June that the Keppler Gallery opened its doors for a private view of the work of the wonderful fifteen-year-old boy painter, Fritz Liebl. Swann, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the business, had seen that the right sort of publicity was not lacking, and half London, thanks to the picture papers, was now familiar with Fritz's photographs, showing him wearing a youthful white shirt open at the neck, or in Austrian peasant dress, or—and this was Swann's idea—wearing an Eton suit and collar; a boy with blunt features, an unusually fine, wide forehead, eyes that looked out from below it with an expression of simple candour and at the same time of high intelligence, and fair hair, worn German fashion. Never, from the moment Mr. Keppler and Mr. Thorogood showed they were definitely interested in him until the day of the private view, did the boy betray the smallest excitement or surprise; he seemed, indeed, to take the whole proceeding for granted, and neither doubted nor questioned. Mr. Keppler and Swann discussed him a good deal, and Swann said he was the most completely egocentric being he had ever come across.

"Did you ever hear of a genius who wasn't?" asked Mr. Keppler. "I never did."

But self-contained though the boy was, and in many ways startlingly mature, with his parents he was a child. He adored them, and was unashamedly demonstrative. The little family fascinated Mr. Keppler, who understood them and the types they represented, and derived a special pleasure from watching Mrs. Liebl as she dominated her husband and son because of the child in them, and was in turn dominated by them because of their talents, to which she was the willing and subservient handmaid. She was too busy and too indispensable to possess an emotional life of her own, being entirely occupied with those of her husband and son. And though she and Liebl must have known well enough that they were the parents of a most exceptionally gifted boy, they treated him precisely as if he were undistinguishable from a thousand others, and never for one moment deferred to him as a prodigy, or suggested that they looked for more from him than hard work and good behaviour. And Mr. Keppler, watching him, observed not a single sign of pride or conceit or conscious superiority; and yet he never felt he could guess what the boy was thinking about, and was a little intimidated by the mysterious maturity and precosity that he knew lay behind that boyish countenance.

A personage of note, who had already made himself well acquainted with Fritz's work, opened the exhibition with a short speech. He could recall, he said, only one parallel case, which was that of Turner, who was an accomplished draughtsman at fourteen, a painter of marked ability at fifteen and a member of the Academy a year or two later. Like the boy whose work they were about to see, he was completely unconscious of being out of the ordinary, and was as modest as he was gifted. And he finished by saying that though he knew the word should be used with caution, he had no hesitation in expressing it as his opinion that they were here in the presence of genius.

The only member of the Liebl family to hear this speech was the boy's father, who, his heavy face flushed with excitement, stood opening and shutting his hands and now and then wiping his face in a far corner of the room. He was astonished at the number of people who were already there, and were still coming. It seemed as though there would hardly be space enough for all these well-dressed, affluent-looking persons, most of whom, he imagined, might easily have the price of a picture or two in note-case or hand-bag. Meanwhile Fritz and his mother remained quietly in Mr. Keppler's private room. Mrs. Liebl spoke almost no English, and Fritz stubbornly refused to venture out into the crowd or leave her side. Every now and then Mr. Keppler or Mr. Thorogood brought in some patron of importance and introduced him or her to the boy and his mother, and Fritz then stood up and replied in-

genuously and with engaging simplicity to the questions put to him.

"Sure, I mean to be great artist. I like only to work all the time. Please? When I first begin to work? When I am six year old. No, I don't go to school much. My papa teach me. Maybe I go to school again when I am older. No, I don't like much games. I like the sea. I like Brighton, where is the sea. When I am rich I will have a big house for my papa and mama by the sea, so we hear it all day. Sure, I like much London. I like the streets and the people in the streets. All the time I watch them. I see every day many things I like."

When Mr. Keppler or some of the visitors spoke to him in German, he replied at greater length and expressed himself a little more freely, but he was at no time really communicative, and only answered questions because politeness made it necessary for him to do so. Mrs. Liebl sat placidly smiling and nodding in Mr. Keppler's armchair, and seemed to derive nothing but satisfaction from the proceedings. Thanks to the money advanced to them by Mr. Keppler, all three were neatly dressed in new clothes, and looked like a good bourgeois family in their Sunday best.

What the public outside saw were thirty-six oil paintings and a dozen pencil sketches of London street life. There was not one that failed to show striking and accurate character portrayal. In the paintings, the pigment was put on with a decision and sureness of touch that were admirable, but the greatest skill and the highest artistic insight were shown in the simplicity and effectiveness of the grouping and design. There seemed, in fact, to be nothing childish about them except a certain *naïveté* and freshness of outlook displayed in the choice of subjects. A youthful delight and zest appeared to lie behind a painting of rough, brown figures grouped about a street drill, the fascination felt by a boy in watching men working with a machine; surely, too, it was a child's eye that had been charmed by those bulky old women under their wet umbrellas who crowded about a fruit stall in the rain; or by that surge of pushing bodies towards the step of an omnibus; or by the busy figures unloading vegetables in Covent Garden Market, in bright sunlight.

"Perfectly astounding . . . incredible . . . such sureness of touch . . . my dear, look at the drawing of that man's back . . . ask the price . . . of course, he's an absolute genius, anyone can see that . . . Edith's bought that one . . . completely modern in feeling . . . the kid's just put down what he saw, I suppose . . . absolutely three dimensional . . ." were some of the broken bits of talk Liebl heard, as, his forehead moist with sweat and his mouth working nervously, he listened and watched and trembled and exulted. Whenever he came face to face with Swann or Mr. Thorogood, neither lost an opportunity of drawing him aside to tell him how well things were going.

"They're crazy about them," Swann told him. "It wouldn't surprise me if we sold every one. The boy's made. You'll see what the papers say tomorrow. Reinacker's here, he's the most important critic in London. He's just told me that Fritz was the first child prodigy he'd ever come across that he didn't want to spank and put to bed. He says he's a marvel."

Every now and then he saw Mr. Keppler, who, realising the state of mind he was in, gave him a friendly nod and smile and told him to go and help himself to a drink in his room whenever he felt inclined. And once the personage of note touched his arm and said,

"You're the boy's father, I understand. Really, I congratulate you. The lad shows an astonishing talent. I hope all this won't be bad for him. I always think it's a pity, in a way, when success comes too early in life."

"I know, that's right," said Liebl. "I get scared myself and think, 'You got a genius here. What you going to do with him?' But my Fritz don't get spoilt. Goodness gracious, he knows he don't know anything yet. I tell him all the time what I tell myself, that every day you learn, learn, learn, till the day you die. I tell him what Manet said, that every time he paint a picture he throw himself in the water to learn to swim. The artist don't never know enough, he learn till he dies. And my Fritz is true artist."

"I see he is fortunate in his father," said the great man with a smile. "You too paint, I understand."

"Sure, that's right," said Liebl, nodding his great head. "All my life I paint. I am good painter, I know that, but my Fritz is genius."

"Ah, well," said the other, offering his hand in farewell, "whether you achieve fame or not, there is no more delightful hobby in the world than painting. Good-day, good-day."

When the crowd finally went at six, and the doors of the gallery were closed to any more visitors, Liebl wiped his hot face and went at last to join the others. He had kept away from them all day, as though he couldn't bear them to witness his agitation and nervousness, and had even lunched by himself on a roll and a slice of sausage, which he was almost too excited to eat. But at the door of Mr. Keppler's private room he paused to steady himself, and when he opened it and went in, he wore a spurious air of calm. He found them all there, Fritz and his mother, Mr. Keppler, Mr. Thorogood and Mr. Swann, the latter having just opened a bottle of old sherry, an invariable custom of the Keppler Gallery at the end of a private view. Mrs. Liebl had already been given a glass, and Fritz was accepting one from the solicitous hand of Mr. Thorogood, whose face wore what was seldom seen upon it, a satisfied smile.

"Ah, Liebl," Mr. Keppler said, waving a bit of paper in welcome. "I was just coming to look for you. Have you heard the good news? Well, listen to this. Eighteen of the paintings are already sold, ten at forty, seven at thirty, and one at fifty pounds. Six are reserved. The rest will probably go before the week's out. Of the drawings we've sold eight, at ten pounds apiece. That's seven hundred and forty pounds, or about twenty-five thousand, five hundred Austrian schillings, or, if you'd like it in dollars, three thousand, seven hundred. It's the best day's work we've done since we had the Van Brock show last year. I must say, I never thought it would go so well. A great deal of it's due to you, Swann, and the excellent publicity you got for it. Fill up Mr. Liebl's glass. We're all going to drink to the health and success of the artist. Fritz, my dear boy, to your very good health, and to a long, happy and successful career."

Fritz got up from his chair and made a stiff little bow. His bright blue eyes went from face to face, and then rested upon Mr. Keppler's.

"I so much thank you," he said, "and please, if I have a success, that is because I have to thank my papa for that, and my mama, and my very kind good friends Mr. Keppler, Mr. Thorogood and Mr. Swann. I am very happy today. Please, everyone is so kind. That is all."

He took up his mother's hand and kissed it, and then sat down. A moisture came into Mr. Keppler's eyes, and a tightness into his throat. These people had had their troubles, but they'd got that boy, and what wouldn't he have given—he controlled himself and said lightly,

"Fritz, if your parents ever get tired of you, come to me. That's a firm offer." And as Mrs. Liebl did not understand this he translated it into German, and she laughed delightedly. "And now, Fritz," he said, "I just want to test your memory. Do you remember seeing me anywhere, before you came here that day with your father?"

"Sure, please, Mr. Keppler," said the boy promptly, "at the station when we leave Brighton. You look friendly at me. I almost smile at you. Sure, I remember."

Mr. Keppler turned to Liebl.

"I've hesitated up till now," he said, "to call your son a genius, but this has convinced me of it. Anyone who could remember such a commonplace visage as my own after seeing it once in a crowd, really deserves the name."

When this was translated for Mrs. Liebl, she protested that he had a very nice, kind face, and that there were not too many such faces in the world, and after this exchange of compliments, Mr. Keppler looked at his watch.

"Now my friends, I have a train to catch, but first I can and will take you home. Swann, will you see about a taxi?" And when it came he bustled them into it and got in himself, and on their way to Pimlico where the Liebls lived, he listened to the plans they made for a celebration that evening. They would have a fine dinner somewhere, with three courses, and wine, and would then go to a cinema and sit in good seats. Mr. Keppler recommended a restaurant where they could get excellent goulash at a price that was not too extravagant.

"It won't be as good as mama makes," said Liebl, "but to-night it is a *fest*, and she must do no work."

When they reached the shabby house with crumbling balconies and peeling

paint, where, on the top floor, they had a studio and bedroom, they bade Mr. Keppler good-bye with warm and genuine gratitude, and after watching him out of sight, began the ascent of the stairs. As they went higher, their talk languished and then ceased altogether. Mrs. Liebl was growing stout, and the stairs took her breath away. Liebl was weary with the excitements and emotions of the day. Fritz, at no time a talkative boy, was deep in his own thoughts. It was as though the little family of three that had a moment ago been a unit, had suddenly divided into its component parts. And there was a constraint upon each one of them. When they reached the top, Liebl flung open the door of the studio and they filed silently in. He took off his new coat, tossed aside his hat, and going to a rickety sofa, threw himself down upon it so heavily that it creaked and protested and threatened to give under him. Fritz hung up his hat in its proper place and went to the window, where he stood watching the struttings of some pigeons upon the ledge below. Mrs. Liebl, with a swift look at father and son, took off her own hat and put it carefully away in a box. She then took a large apron from its peg behind the door and after putting it on, began to tidy the room, no easy task, for it was crammed with painting materials, canvases, boxes, and the hundred and one things necessary for the feeding and accommodation of three persons. Mr. and Mrs. Liebl slept in a tiny alcove that was shut off from the studio, but Fritz slept in the studio itself, and it was there that they washed, cooked, worked and ate. Every now and then she looked up from her work and regarded her husband and son, and her eyes were a little uneasy. At last she could endure the silence no longer.

"So careless you are," she said, bustling about. "Nothing you put away, ever. You are like two children who drop what they are tired of playing with, never thinking that someone else must pick it up. Look, Johann, your new hat lying on the floor, in the dust. Fritz, at least, knows better than to treat his good clothes in such a fashion. You will not buy a new hat every day, even though we now have money to spend. There are other things to spend it on."

There was not a sound from the other two. Fritz still stared out of the window, and Liebl was motionless on the couch.

"And these drawings," she went on, going to a table strewn with papers and sketches. "They must also be put away, for the dust and soot will soon spoil them. To-morrow I find a good box for them, and then we will be tidier. Of course you will say, 'Now that Mitzl has made everything neat I can no longer find what I want,' but I do not listen to that, for I have heard it for sixteen years now."

Still there was silence, except for her footsteps and her scolding, and the noise she made at her work. But glancing again at Fritz, she saw that he had turned and was looking uncertainly at his father. Something, then, would happen soon. She held her tongue, and

going to a basket that was hanging on a nail, she took it and emptied its contents—socks and stockings and darning materials, into her apron. She then drew a chair nearer to the light and set to work.

Fritz now went, with slow steps, from the window towards the couch where his father lay.

"Papa," he said, and waited. Mrs. Liebl held her breath.

"Papa," he said again, and this time Liebl made a little movement, and a small, unintelligible sound. It was enough for Fritz, who suddenly ran forward and flung himself down beside the couch, his head on his father's arm.

"I'm so sorry, papa, I'm so sorry," he sobbed. "I know how bad it was for you. All day I was so unhappy I could hardly bear it. All day my heart ached and my head ached because I knew what it was for you and I couldn't say anything. And when all those people came and said I was a genius and would be a great painter, I wanted to shout at them, 'It's all lies, all lies, all lies!'"

Liebl sat up with a jerk and pulled the boy into his arms.

"Lies?" he cried, "lies? Well, whose lies were they, mine or yours? Who has the right to be ashamed? Me, or you? Eh? Tell me that. And who says my boy isn't a genius? Was that a lie? And what if I did suffer? Didn't Rembrandt suffer? And plenty of others? Lies, eh? Well, haven't we got to eat? Isn't it better than starving? Do you want your poor mama to starve? Don't you want to go to Munich and have your lessons? Eh? What does it matter? I know I can paint. I know those pictures are good. Too good for a boy just fifteen. Well, never mind. Some day I'll arrive, you'll see. But you've got to live, eh? And how are you to go to Munich and have your lessons without money? People are stupid, stupid. Nowadays the artist has no patrons. The public is his patron, and what does the public know? If the public is stupid and slow to see, and likes only to be shocked or startled, can we help that? And so you cry, just because your papa is a big baby." He brushed away some tears from his cheeks. "Well, now I am all right, only tired. And you are my good boy Fritz, and we don't cheat fools any more, see? Because maybe we don't have to."

Fritz laughed a little and brushed the tears from his own cheeks with his sleeve. His father kissed and embraced him and then pushed him away.

"Mitzl," he cried, "now it is your turn to scold this boy, this miserable boy Fritz."

"I don't scold him," she said. She felt as though a heavy, suffocating weight had been lifted from her, but it was not her habit to show her feelings. "Now, Fritz, your papa is tired, and would maybe like to hear you play. Also you have not practised for three whole days. Go and get your violin."

The boy went at once to a cupboard, and taking out a violin case removed from it, very carefully, a fine instrument, which he raised to his chin. For a moment he stood thinking, swinging the bow at his side. Then he lifted it, and began to play the Sarabande from Bach's Suite in D Major. His father sat on the sofa, his head in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees, listening attentively, one foot beating time. Mrs. Liebl, a hand thrust into a sock, slowly drew the wool in and out, and missed not a single note. Not until the weaving, rhythmic, measured music had ceased and the boy stood waiting, did either speak.

"Well, Mitzl, now we can send that boy to Munich, eh? Isn't that fine?"

She nodded, smiling.

"It's time, Johann. It is good that he goes now."

Fritz was about to raise his bow again, when, from below, in the street, came the thin Cockney tones of a street singer.

Fritz glanced quickly at his mother, who was violently opposed to any forms of begging, and particularly disliked this one.

"Papa," he said, in English, "there's that man again. Can I maybe give him something?"

"Sure," said Liebl, reaching down into his trouser pocket. "Sure you can. Here's a shilling. Thow it out to him. Poor devil. You got to live."

Veterans of the Peace!

(*Continued from page* **23**)

and is also the slowest to mature, that monogamy is a natural law of the species, at least until the youngest offspring has attained the age of reason, which with the average Englishman is seldom before the age of thirty, if ever. In the meantime we are populating the world with perfectly legal bastards and grass orphans, who demand that their entertainment should end with a successful divorce "and they lived happily ever after." Now this is all wrong. But then the heroic approach to the whole sex problem is all wrong. Who was it said that the gods of one generation are the devils of the next? The Christian devil bears a marked resemblance to our old friend Pan. There was a time when all religion was phallic. It is quite possible that our new biological divinity may lead us back this way. In any event it is time that sex was treated with a new respect. If Creative Evolution means anything, then love is not a romantic imbecility nor even a "lustful" business of the "flesh," but the very channel of creation. I have written in this strain before, but will say this: that it is time we rid our minds of the idea that child-bearing is a disgusting or an "animal" process, and that its preliminaries can therefore only be discussed with appropriate guffaws in smoking-rooms or in the shadow of the bust of Shakespeare in Leicester Square. We must have it quite clear that the business is not funny, nor vulgar, nor dirty, nor romantic, nor poetic, nor "nice" or "not quite nice." I do believe that we feel rather strongly on this point, and have high hopes that a clean wind will one day come to blow away the school of Freud and finishing schools for young ladies and James Joyce and Tennyson and *La Vie Parisienne* all in the same breath. We must take a few paces forward here from the fog to fresh air. I believe that the veterans of peace have already taken those paces in their minds. I believe that we have lost that astonishing perversity of outlook which sent the heroes to a glorious death with "The Ram of Derbyshire" on their lips. I believe too that we have lost that devastating interest in the nether appendages of the chorus, that we do not nudge and hiccup over the knees of the second from the left, and that like the Greeks we can see nothing revolting nor of sinister interest, but only something beautiful and even rather sensible in the human figure with its clothes off.

My space is closing in, and I have scarcely begun. We have mooted our parliament, and dissolved it in vague talk. We have not affirmed our faith that patriotism has been the second greatest curse to humanity throughout all history, second only to disease. We have not said that war is murder and stupidity, and that we will have none of it. We have not said that "Empire" is delusion or hypocrisy, and that what we want is consumers, not subjects. But there is one way in which we ought immediately to cut ourselves adrift from all that went before which we do not believe in. The veterans of war have left us with this legacy of unsettlement and revolt. They have also left us an actual monetary debt. In the most joyful way they spent up to nine million pounds a day, for four and a half years, of *our* money. No doubt a most excellent time was had by all, but why should we pay for it?

It is perhaps too much to suggest that we should not pay for it. But one may at least shout a protesting question. How? And why? We look about us in this post-war world and we find that other nations have devised the most admirable schemes for avoiding the painful necessity of meeting their obligations. In one blow the Germans wiped out their internal debt and at the same time filled the country with new factories, new buildings, and new machinery which have placed them in a most formidable position as our competitor. It was done by an unbridled inflation of the currency. The French, too, by letting the franc slide to a fifth of its original value have done very much the same. It is a painless and agreeable way of taking it out of the generals and old ladies who have little investments tucked away against the coming of a rainy day. It is making South Kensington pay for the War.

We have done precisely the opposite. Alone among nations we have pursued the traditional and quite too-biblical

policy of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. With our hands thrust splendidly between the second and third buttons of our waistcoats we can mount our pedestals in Trafalgar Square and be immortalised in rough granite as the people who borrowed fifteen shillings and are proud to see the little ones paying back a pound. It is not the American debt to which I refer. The American debt is a mere fleabite in our eight hundred million budget, and we are collecting each year more than the thirty millions to pay it with from our late enemies and allies—with delicious impartiality. It is the colossal internal debt which is the millstone about our necks. It is for this that we have deflated our currency and restricted our credit. It is for this that we have endured the last nine years, stumbling hopelessly and magnificently through a self-imposed era of forced down prices and forced down wages, with the general strike as an inevitable symptom of the process. I have no claim to be an economist, but if you do not believe me read *The Economic Consequences of the Peace.* Read also *The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill.* Both are by Professor J. M. Keynes.

There are two ways out of this difficulty. One is that the pound should be allowed to find its own level, and so end this perpetual sacrifice, this frightful, vicious circle of payment and taxation and taxation and payment and the dole. The other, since the world fights shy of the word "inflation," is to impose some form of tariff, which is the same thing. Is it too much to hope that one day a policy will be overthrown which in ten years has reduced us from the premier industrial nation in the world to the third? Did you know that? The third.

It was pushing the baby on to us. For there is only a certain amount of wealth in the country, and if there are insufficient bank-notes to spread it around, then some people have all the luck, that's all. In my humble opinion the greater part of our post-war troubles has been due to that egregious blunder, from the restriction of enterprise to the restriction of employment. The pound is worth a lot of wealth, you can buy foreign goods very cheaply with it, you can pay your debts very nobly with it, but just about two million people haven't any pounds at all. This is pleasant for the people who go down the Portsmouth Road every Sunday, but rough on the two million. The remedy is obvious and should be adopted at once. We must allow the pound sterling to find its proper level by removing the artificial props, raise wages with an air of great magnanimity all round till they are about three-quarters of their present worth, employ our two million out-of-works with the odd quarter, and gently hand the baby back to the Americans and the people who bought War Loan by paying them in depreciated one-pound notes. A "bad" exchange would also make it easy for foreigners to purchase English goods and difficult for us to buy foreign ones. Simple? Our gallant allies the French did it. Have you seen the latest French unemployment figures?

This is my shaft. A writer of "second-class matter" myself, I do no more than sit at home and send it forth, in hopes that by good fortune, or the grace of God, it may pick upon a leader. Veterans of Peace, I say, Arise!

1,000 Motors a Day !

(*Continued from page* **67**)

trouble to low-lying Essex. About 1707 a big tide broke through, swept 160 acres into the water and flooded another thousand acres. Precautionary measures have been taken against the possible recurrence of such a flood. Ford, differing from Mr. Chesterton, doesn't care where the water goes as long as it does not get into Dagenham.

On the frontage of the site are the administrative and executive office buildings, a thousand feet of business-like façade for the admiration of the ship traffic. Actually the river frontage for the total plant will be 2,400 feet and the total area covered will be 110 acres.

But the Ford Company has bought 600 acres of Dagenham and is looking ahead to the time when it will duplicate or triplicate the plant which will be ready for turning out nearly a thousand trucks and cars a day when in full swing.

In the meantime the remainder of the land is being farmed. While English farmers talk of the slump and leave their land idle, Fordson tractors with ploughs and harrows and harvesters have been at work. Last harvest the yield of wheat per acre was one of the greatest in the country.

There is one question which everybody is asking: "What price will Dagenham Fords be?" The Ford Company will not tell me. Obviously production and distribution costs will be considerably less at Dagenham. But that price is the one secret about the port, the smelting works, the factory and the railway station, all that five and a half millions' worth of alteration to old barren Dagenham.

The Case for the Defence

(*Continued from page* **32**)

"Well, come," I continued, "I think you might tell me where you got the gold, at any rate! Why not?"

"I won't answer the questions you've just put!" he retorted.

"Will you answer this, then. Aren't you shielding somebody?"

"And I shan't answer that, either!" he said stubbornly. "It's not a scrap of good, Wilsborough. I'm a pretty

obstinate devil when it comes to it."

"You're a damned young fool!" I exclaimed. "Do you know that you're risking your neck?"

"Um—I don't believe it," he answered. "I don't believe any jury will find me guilty. But, anyway, you may as well know that I'm not going to answer any of the questions you've put—whoever puts them."

"All right!" I said. "We've got to save you from yourself. If we can!—that's just about it, my lad. If we can!"

The proceedings were purely formal; within an hour of their termination he was on his way to the detention prison at Grandminster. When he was next brought up before the Ullathwaite bench, the prosecution unmasked its whole battery. Knowing that my client would certainly be committed for trial, I judged it wisest to reserve all defence until the Assizes. The fact of the case was that up to that moment I had very little, if anything, to offer on Dick Radford's behalf. I had not been able to elucidate the mystery of Maidment's murder; nothing had transpired to suggest that somebody other than Dick had attacked, killed, and robbed him.

But just then something occurred which made me feel more convinced than ever that Dick Radford, from feelings of chivalry or honour or perhaps in order to keep an inconvenient secret, was shielding some other person. Mr. Wrenne, chairman of the local bench of magistrates, received an anonymous typewritten letter, posted in London, the gist of which was that Dick Radford was absolutely innocent of the crime with which he was charged; that his innocence could be proved, and that "if the worst came to the worst" his innocence *would* be proved.

I read it over and over again, and began to feel that it was a genuine letter, and that the writer firmly believed in what he or she had said. He or she?—which? Was the writer a man or a woman? Something about the letter, something in the phraseology, and in the almost threatening assurance of the whole thing made me incline to the opinion that it was of feminine origin. And that idea presently became strengthened in me by an interview with Dick's sister, Audrey.

Audrey Radford, whom I knew even better than I knew Dick, walked into my office one morning soon after Dick had been committed for trial.

As soon as we were alone she went straight to business. "Look here!" she said. "What's being done for Dick?"

"Of course I know what you'll say, Ernest," she continued. (She and I, being not much removed from each other in point of age and having known each other from the short frock and knickerbocker stage, always used our Christian names.) "You'll say that everything's being done that can be done! But—what?"

"We could do a great deal more, Audrey, if Dick would do something for himself," I answered.

"If you mean that Dick should tell," she replied, "Dick won't!"

"You think he's got something to tell?" I suggested.

"Heaps!—of course," she answered. "But you'll not get him to say a word. I know Dick!"

"Obstinate as they make 'em," I remarked. "Stupid as a mule. Well—what's your opinion, Audrey?"

"My opinion is that there's a woman in the case," she replied.

"Yes?" I said. "What woman?"

"As if I knew that! If I did know——"

"You'd split?"

"To save Dick—yes!"

I waited a moment before I spoke.

"Well," I said at last, after an interval during which she had been watching me narrowly. "And what makes you think it's a woman?"

"The parcel!" she answered. "Just that!"

"The parcel, eh? That he fastened on his bicycle?"

"The parcel, without a doubt, contained books. I bet anything the books were novels. Who should he be taking novels to but a woman?"

"Good idea, Audrey! You're sure it was books?"

"I handled the parcel. There was only a thin wrapping of brown paper round it. Of course I know the feel of books."

"Dick had given out that he was going to Verrill's, hadn't he, Audrey?"

"Yes—but that was a lie. He never had any idea of going to Verrill's. He was going to see some woman. The books were for her. What do you think?"

"I think—now I come to think of it—that it's very probable you're right. But again—what woman? I've never heard of Dick's name being linked with that of any woman, hereabouts."

"It mightn't be hereabouts. He went out of our place at six o'clock, and nobody seems to have seen him anywhere until ten, when he was seen to enter Hagsdene Wood. Well, you can go a long way on a bicycle—and back from wherever you went—in four hours. I can, anyway!"

I had to think a bit over that. Then I remembered something. "Yes," I said. "But look here, Audrey—those two young people who saw Dick enter the wood say that he had the parcel on his machine then. What do you make of that?"

"I make this—which is a common-sense deduction. He took the books—somewhere, to somebody. He brought back other books from that somebody which he'd lent her before."

"Scarcely, Audrey! If he did, why did he take the parcel off his machine when he went into the wood?"

"Ah, but I've got you there!" she retorted, triumphantly. "He was going somewhere for the night, and he took the parcel with him, knowing that if he left it on his bicycle all night in the wood, the books would get damp! That's why!"

"Very clever, very ingenious," I said. "But how do you know he left his bicycle all night in the wood?"

"I'm sure he did," she replied. "I saw it next day. There was rust on it—he'd been somewhere."

"Listen, Audrey! Do you think Dick's shielding the murderer—or somebody else?"

"Somebody else! A woman. I don't think it's anything to do with the murderer at all. I'm certain he was taking those books to a woman."

"You've no idea, yourself?"

"None! Not the remotest! But I think you should find out where he got those books and what they were, and if he'd been in the habit of buying or borrowing books. Can't you?"

"I'll make a note of that, Audrey. It's worth following up."

"Yes—and then there's the stick that was found in the wood. That fellow Hebb, who in my opinion is a sneaking hound, swears that he gave it to Dick. That's rot! He did give Dick a stick, of the same sort, a cheap, common oak stick. I know jolly well that that is not the stick which Dick fastened on his bicycle that evening!"

"You do, eh?" I exclaimed. "Certain?"

"Dead certain! The stick that Dick fastened on his machine was an ash-plant."

"Good! I'll make a note of that, too. Dick always carried a stick, didn't he? I never remember seeing Dick without one. So it wasn't an oak stick, but an ash-plant. You'd swear to that?"

"Till I'm black in the face! Do you think I can't trust my own eyes?"

"Well—but what about this supposed woman? Can't you think of anybody, any woman?"

"I can't! Of course, it's a secret business. Dick's been having an affair with some woman and they've managed to keep it dark."

"You think that's why he's holding his tongue?"

"Of course! He's not the sort who'd ever give a woman away."

"Can you keep a secret?" I asked politely.

She returned my glance of speculation by one of scorn.

"I am a woman!" she said, emphasising the personal pronoun. "So——"

"Very well," I said, finding and hand-

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ing over the anonymous letter. "Look at that!"

She took the letter, read it over, and laid it down.

"That's a woman's!" she said, with decision. "*The* woman! Where did it come from? What're you going to do with it?"

"Nothing at present. If we could find out who the anonymous writer is, it would help. But there's no clue. Now, before you go, just think again. Have you ever heard anything, anything at all, which suggests Dick's being mixed up with any love-business?"

"But I haven't!" she declared, emphatically. "We—that is, the family—always regarded Dick as being indifferent to girls. We've always thought of him as being wrapped up in cricket, and football, and games—he's never been known to run after girls."

"Ah!" I said. "That makes it all the worse! If he has had an affair with some lady in secret, he'll have had a bad attack!"

I set to work at once to elucidate the mysteries, such as they were, of the parcel and the stick. And I had no difficulty at all in doing so. The railway station bookstall manager told me that for some time past Dick Radford had been in the habit of occasionally buying new novels from him, and that he had bought three, previously ordered, on the afternoon of October 17th. As to the stick, Shillaker, a tobacconist of the town, who also sold umbrellas and walking-sticks, shown—by Henderson's courtesy—the stick found in the wood, said, contemptuously, that it was such a common type of article that no man in his senses would swear that it was any identifiable stick. I cheered up a good deal at that. I saw a chance. But—the woman? Was there a woman?

It was just then that I had a brain-wave. I suddenly remembered Jos Harlesworth.

Jos (originally known in infancy as Josiah) Harlesworth was a human ferret. His ingenuity in finding things out about people far exceeded anything that could have been accomplished by an ordinary Paul Pry, and what he did not know about the character, morals, and financial affairs of Ullathwaite people was not worth knowing. Originally a clerk (not articled) to a solicitor of the town, he was now, at something over middle-age, a sort of odd-job man. He was always ready to serve a writ or a summons and he could find a defaulting debtor where process-servers and bailiffs had utterly failed. And he looked the part—a lean, cadaverous person, sharp-nosed, gimlet-eyed, invariably clothed in a tightly-buttoned old coat which had become green with age, quick and stealthy footed, Josiah looked what he was—a human sleuth.

Having a very good idea where he could be found at that time of the day, in a certain bar-parlour not far from my office, I sent round for him. Presently he came, accompanied by an aroma of rum, flavoured with lemon.

"I want a bit of private talk with you, Jos," I said, familiarly (it was no use being anything but familiar with him) and with a wink which I meant to be knowing. "Strictly between ourselves, you know."

"*Entre nous*—as the Frenchmen say, Mr. Wilsborough," he responded quickly. "I understand, sir. And—as it says in the Latin tongue—*sub rosa*."

"Very much so," I assented. "So let's confine ourselves to plain English. You're pretty well acquainted with the doings of Ullathwaite people, aren't you?"

"I keep my eyes open, Mr. Wilsborough," he answered. "And my ears! Human nature, sir, is worth serious study."

"Let's get to business," I continued. "You've no objection to earning a nice little fee, I suppose?"

"None whatever, Mr. Wilsborough. Money, sir, is always useful—especially to a soldier of fortune."

"Well—you know all about this Maidment case?"

"No, sir, I do not. I know what I heard at the magisterial proceedings, Mr. Wilsborough—and at the coroner's inquest."

"All right! We start out from the beginning, then. Do you know anything about young Dick Radford's private affairs?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"Ever heard of him in connection with the fair sex, now?"

"No, sir!"

"No lady of the neighbourhood?"

"No, sir—either married or single."

"No barmaids, for instance?"

"No, sir. Nor pretty parlourmaids. Nor nursemaids. Nor governesses. Nor shop-girls. As far as my knowledge goes, sir, the young gentleman was not born under the influence of Venus."

"And you never have heard——"

"Never heard anything of that sort, sir. All I know of Mr. Richard Radford is that he's a bit rackety in the way of a fondness for horses, dogs, billiards, sport—loves that sort of thing better than his father's office, you know. But as regards running after the ladies—no!"

I relapsed into silence, wondering how far I had better take Jos Harlesworth into my confidence. He, too, kept silence, his beady eyes fixed steadily on mine.

"You're aware that Dick Radford absolutely refuses to speak?"

"I am, sir!"

"He has a reason, of course, for his reticence."

"Undoubtedly!"

"I think the reason is a woman."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir. The reason, generally, is a woman. *Cherchez la femme!*—so the Frenchmen say. There is a great deal of truth in it."

"Well, I want to seek for and find this woman. I think Master Dick was in her company that night."

"Very likely, sir. May I ask if you have any idea as to the identity of the particular lady?"

"You may! I haven't. That's just it."

"Nor of her—shall we call it locality? Whereabouts?"

"I think we'll go back to the evidence," I said. "Dick Radford was seen to enter Hagsdene Wood at ten o'clock on the night of October 17th, by two credible witnesses. After concealing his bicycle amongst some bushes, he took from it a parcel, believed to contain books—three novels, in fact—and a stick, and went across the wood in the direction of Hebb's cottage. Now, he certainly did not go to Hebb's place—they saw nothing of him. But there is a path near there which leads across a field or two to those better-class houses——"

"Down in the valley, sir," he interrupted. "I know them well. Also their tenants—owners or occupiers. Mr. Garland, Mr. Pratt, Colonel Wharton, Mr. Walkingham, Mr. Norrington. Five!"

"Well, beyond those five houses there is nothing but open country. We think it likely that Dick Radford went to one of those houses—spent the night there, concealed. Now, is there any lady——"

Jos Harlesworth pulled me up with a sharp exclamation.

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! Now . . . let me think a moment. Ah! Um!"

He took his sharply angled chin in his hand and thought for a minute or two. Then he turned to me with a sly expression in his eyes.

"Mr. Norrington, sir, is an elderly gentleman, a semi-invalid. But he has a very young and very pretty wife——"

"I've seen her," I said. "Though I don't know her personally."

"Pretty—and young," he went on. "When I say young, I mean she's young compared to her husband. Mr. Norrington, sir, is, I should say, seventy years of age. Mrs. Norrington is on the right side of thirty. It is said, sir, that she was a nurse—and that Mr. Norrington married her so that she could nurse him. Very attractive woman, sir, and has talents beyond those of the nursing art. She took a share in the labours of our local Dramatic Society last winter and acquitted herself with credit."

"I remember—but I didn't see her performance," I said. "Well?"

"Well, sir, the only lady—really, *the* only lady—I can think of in that neighbourhood, who would be likely to attract any young man is young Mrs. Norrington!—all the rest of the ladies there, in those five houses, are either frumps or frights. But—I have never heard Mrs. Norrington's name coupled with that of young Radford, nor with anyone's."

"There is such a thing as secrecy," I remarked. "Let me see—is Dick Radford a member of that amateur Dramatic Society?"

"He is, sir. He had a minor, a very minor part in the performance in which Mrs. Norrington had one of the principal ones."

"I wonder if Mrs. Norrington is the lady?" I said.

"There would be nothing surprising in the fact, if she was, sir," he remarked.

"But—their names have never been connected," I said.

"As far as I am aware—no," he answered. "But my knowledge, Mr. Wilsborough, is—not infinite."

"Still," I said. "I dare say you could find out, Josiah?"

"If there is anything to find out, sir, I can find it," he replied quietly. "You may depend on me for that. I suppose I may have what the French call *carte blanche*? In the way of—er—expenses?"

I knew what he meant and I gave him an open cheque for what I considered a reasonable amount.

"You'll be careful," I said as he rose to go.

"Where the reputation of a lady is at stake, sir, I am something more than careful," he replied.

When Josiah had gone away I gave myself up to serious reflection on the matter we had been discussing. Was there what people call "something" between Mrs. Norrington and Dick Radford, and was that the reason for his attitude of determined silence? The more I thought of it, the more I felt it to be highly probable. Dick Radford was a good-looking young fellow; the very sort to catch a woman's eye and stir her fancy. The writer of the letter had made an explicit statement—nay, there were two statements.

"From a quarter-past ten onwards, Richard Radford was not near the scene of the murder, though he probably passed it a few minutes after ten o'clock on his way elsewhere."

On his way elsewhere! But—where? I knew that Richard Radford could have walked, from the place where Ellen Hopkinson and James Collier saw him, at the entrance to the wood, through the wood, past Hebb's cottage, across the meadow beneath the wood, to Mr. Norrington's house in the valley, in just under ten minutes. Did he go to that house?—to keep an assignation with Mrs. Norrington? But there was the further explicit statement.

"If the worst comes to the worst, Richard Radford's innocence of either murder or robbery can, and will be, proved to the full."

Now, what did that mean? Surely, just this: that there was somebody—who could it be but the writer of the letter?—who knew where Dick Radford was from 10.15 that night, and, if he were found guilty, would come forward to prove his whereabouts. Was that somebody Mrs. Norrington?

Josiah worked as swiftly as secretly. Within four days he came to me with a knowing look in his eyes.

"Well?" I said as he sat down by my desk. "Any luck?"

"A modicum, sir, a modicum!" he replied. "It does not bulk largely, Mr. Wilsborough, but—as one would say if one expressed one's self in the Latin language—it may be *multum in parvo*, sir."

"What is it, anyway?" I asked.

"Just this, sir," he answered, settling himself for a confidential talk. "My practical experience, Mr. Wilsborough, has taught me that if one wishes to become acquainted with what one may term family or private history—one should cultivate the acquaintance of the—er—domestics."

"Cooks, parlourmaids, housemaids, eh?" I said. "Well?"

"Mrs.——"

He held up a finger, and glanced at the door.

"I don't think we should mention names, sir," he said. "The matter grows serious—in my opinion. Shall we say Mrs. X? X, I believe, signifies——"

"Go on, Josiah," I said. "Mrs.—the lady in question—isn't an unknown quantity—we know who she is."

"The X family—small, sir, husband and wife only—are away from home, and for some time. The domestic staff consists of cook, parlourmaid, housemaid, page-boy. I have made the acquaintance of the parlourmaid, sir."

"Profitably?" I inquired.

He held up a hand to his lips and coughed, discreetly.

"A cautious woman, sir," he answered. "She——"

"What's her name?" I interrupted.

"Louisa Gibbs, sir. Louisa——"

"Oh, I know Louisa Gibbs!" I interrupted again. "She used to be in my mother's employ."

"Precisely, sir. That is what I am coming to. Louisa, sir, is a cautious person. She will not confide in me—at least, no more than an admission that she can tell something if she likes. I will repeat Louisa's exact words, Mr. Wilsborough. 'I won't say one word to you, Josiah!' she said. 'You're a regular Nosey Parker,' she said."

"Bring her here at six o'clock this evening, then," I answered. "And tell her that our talk will be strictly—as they say in French, Josiah—*entre nous*. Got that?"

"I have it, sir. The lady shall attend you at precisely six o'clock. You will require my attendance?"

Louisa Gibbs, with Josiah in attendance, presented herself in my private room. I installed Josiah in the office and gave him *The Times* and a cigar.

"Well, Louisa," I said, when I had given her the easiest chair in the place. "So you've got something to tell me?"

Louisa looked at the door which shut off Josiah.

"I wasn't going to tell him, you know, Master Ernest," she said. "At any rate, not when I could tell you. Better master than man!—that's what I say."

She pointed a long forefinger at the door.

"He's been at me, this last day or two, to find out if I know anything about my mistress and young Radford," she answered. "Of course, I shouldn't say—to him!"

"But do you?" I said.

"Well, you tell me something, Master Ernest," she replied. "Is that young fellow in real danger?"

"You may take it that he is, Louisa."

"Will it help him if I tell you what I do know?"

"Probably! He's shielding somebody, and I have an idea it may be Mrs. Norrington. I think he may have been with Mrs. Norrington on the night of October 17th. If he was——"

She shook her head at that.

"Well, I don't know how that could be," she said. "Mrs. Norrington was not at home that night. But I'd better tell you what I do know, Master Ernest. And let me tell you this, too. What I'm

going to tell you I've never told to any other living soul!"

"I don't know about its being evidence," she said. "I'm no hand at the law, of course. It's just what I've seen. You know, Master Ernest, that Mrs. Norrington is a very pretty and lively lady, and a good five-and-thirty years younger than her husband, and he's only a poor invalid, full of fads—I reckon she'd never have married him but for his money. Well, it's dull for her there—no denying of it. She did get a bit of relaxation when she took part in those theatricals last winter, to be sure. And it was not so long after that, perhaps two or three weeks after, that I saw something that made me suspect there might be something between her and young Mr. Radford.

"It happened to be my weekly day off, Master Ernest, and I went over to Grandminster to do a bit of shopping. And as I was sauntering down the High Street, I saw Mrs. Norrington and young Radford, together. They were coming out of the Northern Provinces Hotel—you know what a grand place that is. That was just about half-past two in the afternoon; I supposed they'd been having lunch there."

"Anything else, Louisa?" I asked. "Ever seen them together on any other occasion?"

"Yes—once!" she replied. "Just once. You don't know Mr. Norrington's place, Master Ernest? The garden and grounds, at the back of the house, go down to the stream that runs through that valley. There's a little bridge over that stream that leads into Mr. Norrington's grounds, and near the bridge there's a summer-house, fitted up very comfortable, like a sitting-room with easy-chairs and sofas and such-like things. Well, late one night this last summer—July, it would be—I went down our kitchen-garden for a bit of a walk—it was a very hot, stifling night—and as the kitchen garden's at the back of the summer-house, I had to pass it. And I distinctly heard Mrs. Norrington's voice in there—she was laughing, and I know her laugh amongst a thousand. Laughing as if—well, as if she was trying to keep from laughing, you understand. And of course I wondered what she was doing in there at that time, for it was somewhere about ten o'clock. And we're all curious, you know, Master Ernest, so I just got where I could watch the door, and after a while I saw the mistress and young Radford come out. She went off to the house, and he crossed the bridge and went up the meadow at the other side of the stream; there's a path there that leads past Hebb's cottage into Hagsdene Wood. And—that's all."

"You saw clearly?"

"As clear as I see you! And for a good reason. There was a light in our kitchen window and when they came out of the summer-house, it shone full on them. Oh, yes, I saw them clearly!—I shouldn't say I did if I hadn't."

"Did you never see anything of that sort again?"

"Never! But I've known of the mistress going down the garden late at night, and I'd my own notions as to why."

"Look here, Louisa," I said. "I said to you just now that I had a suspicion that young Radford may have been in Mrs. Norrington's company on the night of October 17th. Where was she?"

"At Harrogate, Master Ernest. Mr. and Mrs. Norrington went to the United Empire Hotel at Harrogate on the 2nd October, and they were there, to my knowledge, until the 23rd.

"The house was closed, Master Ernest. There was no one in it. Just as there's no one in it now. It's closed for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Norrington have gone to Egypt."

"Do you know," I asked, "if they went straight from Harrogate to Egypt?"

"I know that they left Harrogate for London first," she answered. "I had one or two letters from Mrs. Norrington written from London. She said in the last one that they were just about leaving for Egypt."

"I suppose she didn't make any reference to this murder affair, Louisa?"

"No, Master Ernest, she didn't. But I'll tell you what she did. She asked me to post her the local papers regularly."

"Did you think that at all strange?"

"Well, I did! For this reason: I never knew Mrs. Norrington to read the local paper before—nor Mr. Norrington, either. It certainly never came into the house, unless some of us servants bought it. Mr. Norrington he had *The Times* regular; she read the *Morning Post*. I remember her once picking up the local paper in the servants' hall and making some remark about two-headed lambs and giant cucumbers—a scornful remark, like. A very high-and-mighty young lady, you know, Mrs. Norrington is!—though they do say she was nothing but a nurse when he married her."

When she was gone I reckoned things up. I had been working on the supposition that Dick Radford was in the company of Mrs. Norrington and that he was keeping silence because he could not betray her. But that theory fell clear to the ground if Mrs. Norrington was at Harrogate. But—*was* she?"

I felt a profound belief in Dick Radford's innocence. True, there was some very ugly evidence to get over. One thing I felt convinced of—Dick Radford was not shielding the murderer. But he was undoubtedly shielding some other person. And—on the evidence just acquired from Louisa Gibbs I felt sure that that person was Mrs. Norrington. I figured things up like this: There was some sort of an intrigue, a liaison, between Mrs. Norrington and Dick. What was to prevent Mrs. Norrington making some excuse to her husband, coming over from their hotel at Harrogate, and staying the night in her own house at Ullathwaite, having previously arranged with Dick to meet her there? It was sheer coincidence, nothing less, that that night of October 17th should be the very night on which Maidment was murdered.

I resolved to be my own sleuth and went off, at the week-end to the United Empire Hotel at Harrogate. I began by cultivating the acquaintance of the manager of the hotel, a retired officer of the Royal Navy, and by the second day of my stay I had formed the opinion that I might safely take him into my confidence. As soon as I mentioned Mrs. Norrington's name, I saw that he was quite well acquainted with her.

"Mr. and Mrs. Norrington," he said, "are regular visitors here. They have come here for the last three or four years, usually twice a year. They were last here in October. They came, as far as I remember, about the beginning of October and stayed until nearly the end of the month."

"I want to know where Mrs. Norrington was on the night of October 17th?" I replied. "Just exactly that!"

"As far as I can trust my memory, she was here," he answered. "I don't remember that she ever went away for a night. October 17th? That date seems familiar. Wait a minute," he continued, opening a diary that lay on his desk. "October 17th, eh? Ah, yes, we had a ball here that night. I don't think Mrs. Norrington would miss that: Mrs. Norrington was very fond of dancing."

"Is there any way of making absolutely sure?" I asked.

"I can make dead certain," he replied. "We have here a Mrs. Carstairs, who is a permanent resident. Mrs. Carstairs interests herself greatly in all our social events and is a close friend of Mrs. Norrington. If you like to see me again in an hour or two, I'll get you absolutely accurate information."

I looked in again, just before going to my room to dress. At sight of me the manager shook his head.

"Well, my dear sir," he said. "I have ascertained these positive facts for you—absolute facts! There is no doubt whatever about them. On October 17th last, Mrs. Norrington lunched here with Mrs. Carstairs. She spent the afternoon with Mrs. Carstairs completing arrangements for the ball. She dined with Mrs. Carstairs before the ball. She was at the ball, from the first dance, at 9.30, to the last at 2 o'clock. And she certainly slept here. So—there you are!"

So my attempt to establish an *alibi* through Mrs. Norrington's evidence came to an inglorious end!

On my return to Ullathwaite, after concluding my inquiries at Harrogate, I went to see Mr. Radford. He was difficult to make out. I could not understand him. Some people might have thought him absolutely apathetic, even indifferent. Others might have stamped him as a confirmed fatalist.

"Anything new, Wilsborough?" he asked in a dull voice.

"Nothing!" I replied. "But I want to ask you a question. Do you know where your son was on the night of October 17th?"

He stared at me in genuine surprise. "I?" he exclaimed. "I? Indeed, I do not!"

"You've no idea, suspicion?"

"Neither!" he replied. "Neither!"

"Do you think, Mr. Radford, that Dick had some secret affair with—we'd better be plain—somebody in the town or neighbourhood. Lady—woman—girl—anybody of the other sex?"

"I've no grounds for thinking such a thing," he answered.

"Who was it, then, that he was taking the novels to?" I suggested.

"I have no idea. But it need not necessarily have been a woman. He had friends of his own sex."

"Any friend of his own sex would have come forward," I said. "As it is, we're left with the fact that he utterly refuses to explain his movements, and his acquisition of that perforated sovereign. It's a trying situation, Mr. Radford—and a dangerous one."

I was watching him closely, but I could not detect any sign of emotion or anxiety in his expression.

"You've secured Henshawe?" he asked, after a brief silence.

"I have!"

"Henshawe ought to secure a verdict," he remarked quietly. "I confidently expect that he will. There are three points, at any rate, that I should go on. First of all, no one can prove that the bank-notes handed by Dick to Fardale were the bank-notes paid by the Hagsdene Park people to Maidment: there's proof that they were not. Secondly, what absolute proof is there that the perforated sovereign given by Dick to Fardale (if he did give it) is the one received by Maidment from Collingwood?—perforated sovereigns are not uncommon; I have one myself at the end of a chain which I never use. And thirdly, the stick found in the wood is not the stick which—I am relying on my daughter's evidence—which Dick strapped on his bicycle when he left home that night. In Henshawe's hands all this should be driven home!"

"Juries are queer things to deal with," I remarked. "You know that yourself! Still, we've got the right man in Henshawe."

Henshawe, Q.C., was the most likely man then practising in the criminal courts for this particular case, and he had won for himself a great reputation for his work before north country juries. He was something of a character—a very tall, broadly-built man, with the head and shoulders of a giant, a roaring voice, and, I am afraid, a good deal of a bullying manner.

Henshawe, just before the Assizes came on, went with me to see Dick. He looked him carefully over before speaking to him. Then he opened on Dick in characteristic fashion.

"Well, young fellow!" he said, almost truculently. "Do you know that you're running your precious neck into a noose?"

Dick gave him back look for look.

"Am I?" he said coolly.

"Not a doubt of it!—unless you come to your senses. Now then, don't be a damned young idiot any longer! Out with it, and be done with it! Tell me and your solicitor all about it!"

"All about what?" asked Dick with an assumption of infinite innocence.

"All about where you were that night! Come on, now! Who is it you're shielding?"

"Who said I was shielding anybody?" retorted Dick.

"Of course you are! Now then, where were you that night?"

"No!" said Dick.

Henshawe stared at him. Dick stared back.

"Supposing I throw up my brief?" demanded Henshawe.

"I never employed you," replied Dick.

"No, but your dad did, my boy, and at a nice cost to his pocket, too!" said Henshawe. "Now are you going to help?"

"Not in the way you indicate!" answered Dick.

"Damn you for as silly a young ass as ever I saw!" exclaimed Henshawe. "Well, will you tell me this, then? Did you give six sovereigns to Fardale, the bookmaker?"

"Yes, of course—I've acknowledged it."

"Did you see a perforated coin amongst them?"

"No! And I've said that before!"

"Well, where did you get those sovereigns?"

"No!" said Dick. "That's another thing I do not tell!"

"Well, tell this, then—hang it all, it's between ourselves, my lad! You saw that stick, an oak stick, they produced before the magistrates; the stick that was found in the wood? Well, was it yours?"

"No!"

"Was it the stick you fastened on your bicycle when you left your father's house that evening?"

"No, it was not. That was an ash-plant."

"An ash-plant, eh? Um! Where is it now?"

For a moment Dick was off his guard, and I thought he was going to reply. But he checked himself.

"Can't say!" he replied.

"Now then, now then, young fellow, I know what that means!" said Henshawe. "It means you won't say. Eh?"

"I won't say!" answered Dick.

"But you know? Ah—ah! Very good—then you're going to let me fight with one hand tied behind my back, are you?"

Dick grinned—I am not sure that he didn't wink at his questioner.

"I think you'll tackle 'em, Mr. Henshawe," he said. "Sorry I can't be of any more assistance to you. But—I've said my say!"

What surprised me was Dick's cocksure confidence; what puzzled me was that he appeared to consider it impossible that anyone could find out anything about his movements on the night of the murder.

There was no doubt whatever that Dick Radford entered Hagsdene Wood at ten o'clock. Well, it wouldn't take him more than five minutes to cross the wood. Had he gone there, it wouldn't have taken him more than another five minutes to reach the Norringtons' house. But as Mrs. Norrington was not there, why should he have gone there? Did he go there?—not knowing that she wasn't at home? I dismissed that—he must have known she was not at home. What other houses were there, then, in the neighbourhood to which he could have gone? Well, there were three close to the Norringtons'. But we had ascertained, beyond doubt, that he went to none of them. There remained but one place anywhere near the wood—and that was Hebb's cottage. And Hebb and his wife had sworn that they never saw him, heard of him, knew anything about him. The more I examined it, the deeper the mystery grew.

The next thing that happened was a call on me by Mrs. Radford, his mother. Heavily veiled, she came to see me one evening, as I was about to leave the office.

"Mr. Wilsborough!" she said in a low voice. "I had to come and see you, and I don't want anybody to know I've come, and my husband least of all. Mr. Wilsborough, what is being done for that unhappy boy of mine?"

I told her all we had done and explained the difficulties.

"I don't think anything will make him speak if he doesn't wish it," she said. "He has always been obstinate. He is shielding somebody! Is it—the murderer?"

"I don't think so, Mrs. Radford. I think he is shielding—somebody else."

"A woman?" she exclaimed.

"Most probably!"

"In that case, he won't speak," she said. "He has a strong sense of honour. But, Mr. Wilsborough, there's his—life! And there must be somebody who knows where he was that night and who could save him by coming forward!"

"Undoubtedly, Mrs. Radford!"

"Perhaps," she continued, looking anxiously at me, "perhaps there is more than one person who knows?"

"There may be," I assented.

"Servants?" she said. "Who—have been silenced?"

"Perhaps!" I agreed.

She sat clasping and unclasping her hands for a while in silence. Then she turned to me again. "Mr. Wilsborough! I don't want my husband to know anything about what I'm going to say to you. I have a little money that no one knows anything about. How would it be if you put out a reward to anyone who can tell us where my son was that night?"

"What would you suggest, Mrs. Radford?" I asked.

She opened an old-fashioned reticule, a thing rarely seen nowadays, even in this later Victorian period, and drawing out a bulky envelope, laid it on my desk.

"There's a thousand pounds there, Mr. Wilsborough!" she said simply. "Do with it what you will, but try what I have suggested. I must do something—I cannot feel as my husband feels, that things must run their course."

"Mrs. Radford!" I said. "Be frank with me. Have you any suspicion that your son had had any intrigue, affair, liaison, with any of your own sex in the town or neighbourhood?"

She sat for some time in silence. At last she raised her head. "I've wondered," she replied. "I've wondered if—if he hadn't been very much taken by that pretty Mrs. Norrington? But——"

"That'll do, Mrs. Radford," I interrupted. "I, too, have had certain suspicions. But I have made some inquiry—and Mrs. Norrington was not in Ullathwaite on the night of October 17th."

"Perhaps so," she said, slowly. "Still, he may have gone after her. Where was she?"

"Staying at Harrogate," I replied.

"Twenty miles away!" she exclaimed. "What is twenty miles to a young man on a bicycle?"

I thought this over for a minute or two. Why hadn't I thought of it before?

"Very good, Mrs. Radford," I said. "Leave matters to me. I'll make a big effort in the way you suggest."

Before noon next day I had spread the news all over the country, by poster, handbill, and advertisement that a thousand pounds reward would be paid to anyone who could give accurate information as to the whereabouts of Richard Radford on the night of October 17th.

This was some days before the opening of the Assizes at Grandminster. When they opened I was still without one single response to my offer.

It is not necessary that I should give any detailed account of the trial. Henshawe did his best with the cross-examination of all the witnesses for the prosecution. But he did not shake Collingwood's evidence nor Fardale's, and if he had some success it was over the question of the stick, the parcel and the bank-notes. He referred to his client's silence and suggested that Dick was shielding somebody, and I, personally, felt that this did not go down well with the Judge. His summing-up went against the prisoner: the only thing his Lordship said which could be taken as being in Dick's favour was a remark that perforated sovereigns were not at all uncommon. It was a brief summing-up—but the twelve jurymen were a long time in arriving at their verdict. Retiring at three o'clock in the afternoon they did not return into Court until nearly seven hours had elapsed. Then came the verdict.

Not Guilty!

I saw my client five minutes after his discharge and took him by the arm.

"Dick!" I said. "Are you ever going to tell the truth about all this?"

He gave me a hard look.

"P'raps!" he answered. "P'raps, Wilsborough! When half a dozen people are dead!"

NEXT MONTH:

J. S. Fletcher tells the third part of this baffling mystery. "The Deliberations of the Jury" reveals the astonishing secret reasonings of the twelve good men.

Finest Sport in the World

(*Continued from page* **41**)

yourself, damn you! Has he hurt you, Dodd? If he has, by Heaven, I'll just about cripple him."

Ridley knew that this was the great Sir James Brattle, the Master of the Hunt, but said dryly:

"Who are you? Why are you trespassing all over my garden? Get out at once."

"I've a good mind to give you a dam' good hiding!" said Sir James.

An insane desire swept over Ridley to feel Sir James Brattle's soft, puffy face under his hard fists. He moved a step forward.

"Hit me," he said. "Just once."

"Take care, Sir James," said a man.

A slim girl in cord breeches and riding boots astride a bay horse called out shrilly:

"If someone doesn't lay that man out he'll be hurting someone."

"All right, Pat. Leave him to me."

A supercilious, pink young man caught hold of Ridley.

"Keep away, Sir James. I've got him." He swung Ridley around roughly. "If you want trouble, my man, you can have it."

Ridley broke the grip on his arm easily.

"I've whipped better men than you, son, with one hand."

He looked past the humiliated, blushing young man at the circle of well-dressed men and women on horseback and saw in their eyes contempt and curiosity and laughed. He looked at Sir James Brattle, struggling to break loose from his friends holding him.

"You people have always done as you liked, haven't you?" he said. "But you won't do it much longer. We're getting wise to you. What right have you to come on to a man's private property and ruin his garden under the pretence of sport? Your horses are more civilised than any of you."

"There was no fences, Sir James," said the huntsman. "How was we to know we was in his garden. He tried to get the fox from the 'ounds an' couldn't." He snarled at Ridley. "You ain't 'eard the last of this. I'll get you yet."

"Excellent," said Ridley. "Master and man of the same mind. And if there had been fences, you and your gang wouldn't be here, would you? I've no right to come between you and your kill? Well, if it's any consolation I couldn't stop you, though I did my best. And now, get to hell out of here, damned quick, you and your women and all the whole blasted lot of you!"

"Will you kindly moderate your language," said an elderly man who wore a monocle. "Maybe the presence of ladies means nothing to you, but it does to us."

"Don't be such a damned hypocrite," said Ridley. "That Master of yours swore at me, ladies or no ladies. That didn't worry you, did it? Why should it? He's a gentleman."

The girl called Pat said:

"In a minute that man will go off the deep end. Let's get out of here before he starts killing."

Sir James Brattle climbed slowly into the saddle after hopping on one leg. The horse pranced. "Damn you, stand still!" he shouted. His red face looked swollen, his eyes were small between puffy eyelids.

"Here, you," he said, glaring at Ridley. "I'd have apologised for hurting your damned cabbage patch, but now—damn you!" He flung a five-pound note on to the grass. "Take it and buy yourself something—and the sooner you're out of this country the better. I'll make the place so hot for you, you'll be sorry you ever came here. We don't want your sneaking Bolshevik kind here. Understand! You're no sportsman. You don't understand the meaning of the word."

He turned the brown horse and spoke gruffly to his huntsman who had also mounted.

"That damned scarecrow, talking to me like that! Let's go."

Ridley stood in the middle of his ruined lawn and watched the glossy, mud-flecked horses tramping across his shrubbery and grass.

Chadwick was saying: "I warned you. You made a rare enemy to-day, sir. Sir James, he's a bad man to cross, a terrible man. He won't forgive you for what you said to him."

"That'll do," Ridley said absently. "No need to remind me."

"Look 'ere, you, Chadwick," Sharman said, "you clear out."

"I'll clear out, yes," said Chadwick, "but Captain Ridley, you mind what I said, as man to man, friendly like. England is England. Sport's sport. You can't think you'll come here interferin' with lawful customs an' upsettin' the hunt. Fox huntin' is England, sir. Where would the country be if it wasn't for fox huntin'?"

"Ah!" said Ridley. "Where?"

"A fine sport, finest in the world. That old fox they killed, sir, he was game."

"He was dead beat. He couldn't run."

"No wonder he couldn't run. He led them a pretty dance, he did. A matter of nine miles, point to point, so they said. By Jackson's an' Corby, the Gibbet, Headlong Ash an' Fargate Hill, Torr's Lodge an' the Quarry. No wonder he couldn't run."

"That's what I said," said Ridley. "He couldn't run and they killed him."

Chadwick looked puzzled.

"Well, that's all right, sir," he said. "He couldn't run no more because he was tired, so of course they killed him."

Ridley turned and went into the house.

Sir James Brattle sprawled in a big armchair in his library before a roaring log fire. On the little table by his side was a decanter of Irish whisky, a syphon of soda water and a glass. Between his lips was a cigar. On his knee was a book, *Handley Cross*, by Surtees, his favourite author.

A big, healthy man, aged 37, his tastes and pleasures were simple. He had an appetite for good food and drink and the fresh air. He understood how to handle men. He was afraid of nothing. He lived for fox hunting and the company of fine horses and not quite so fine women. And as he puffed at his cigar he thought, not without amusement, of the maniac who had tried to come between the pack and their kill.

A man who despised fox hunting! His lips twisted into a sneer. What a damned fool the feller must be! What was England coming to when men like that could interfere with other men's sport? By God, he ought to be horse-whipped! He would be, too. Or would he? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Difficult to say.

Sir James Brattle laughed. He was too tired, too good-natured, too pleasantly replete with good food and drink to be really angry.

And then as he leaned back in his chair and gazed dreamily into the red glow of the fire he heard above the crackle of burning logs and the moaning wind the sound of the door being opened and closed and the key clicking in the lock.

He turned and saw a man approaching him.

"Who the devil are you?" he said.

"Good evening," said the man.

Sir James sat upright in his chair and watched him. The man was thin and tired-looking. His hair was dark, his face was pale and his eyes were hard and his mouth was stern. He was dressed in a shabby blue suit. There was something about him that was oppressive, even sinister. And where, Sir James wondered, had he seen him before, and when?

The man said:

"I wanted to speak to you on business."

Sir James found his voice. His astonishment gave place to anger.

"What the hell do you mean by coming here?" he said and half-rose to his feet. But the man said:

"Sit down, Sir James!" so sternly that Sir James, a trifle dazed, obeyed him.

And then he remembered.

"Why, by God!" he said, "it's the crazy fool who held up the hunt."

"Yes, Sir James," said the man, "it's the crazy fool who held up the hunt and tried to save a tired fox from being torn to pieces. I've come here to have a talk with you. My name is Ridley."

Sir James was not afraid, but he felt that this madman, Ridley, with the queer eyes was going to be troublesome. He decided to avoid unnecessary discussion.

"I think you'd better go," he said. "You understand me, don't you? If you're not out of here in ten seconds I'll rouse the house."

"Sir James, you won't rouse the house. You can't. There's no one to

hear. Your wife is in London. So are your children. Your butler has gone down to the village. I saw him. Your grooms and your chauffeur are in the stables playing cards. I saw them, too. The cook and the two maids are in the kitchen. You can yell your head off and they wouldn't hear you."

"What do you want?" said Sir James uneasily.

"I came to talk to you about that fox you killed in my garden."

"Listen, Ridley, I'm prepared in spite of what I said to-day to make adequate compensation——"

"Oh, that—that's not what I'm here for." Ridley put a crumpled five-pound note on to the little table. "This is yours. You dropped it to-day. Sir James, you said something to me that I, foolishly perhaps, rather resent."

"What was it?"

"You said I was no sportsman."

"Oh!" said Sir James. He wondered what now was coming. "Oh, indeed!" And should he say he was sorry or should he not?

"Sir James, you said I was no sportsman."

"Well?"

"I think I am. That's what we've got to decide. But would you say that hunting the fox is really a sport?"

"Of course it is," said Sir James shortly.

"The finest sport in the world?"

"Yes."

"And you like it?"

"Of course I do."

"Does the fox like it? That's the thing that interests me, Sir James."

Sir James had intended to say: "Don't be absurd!" but he said instead:

"In the main, at the start of a run, the fox enjoys the excitement of the hunt as much as the hounds enjoy it."

"Splendid. The fox likes being hunted. It's extraordinary, isn't it? But that poor brute I saw in my garden to-day didn't seem to like it at all. He must have been different from ordinary foxes, don't you think?"

Sir James shrugged his shoulders.

"At the end, when he knows he's trapped, he doesn't enjoy it, naturally. But then, no more does a soldier enjoy being in a battle."

"How well you put it, Sir James! The soldier in battle. You were on the Staff, weren't you?"

"I was. At the end of the war, yes, but when I first went out I was in the Cavalry."

"Cavalry didn't see much fighting, did they?"

"You're wasting my time."

"I apologise. We were talking about the war. You said that soldiers didn't enjoy being in a battle. That's quite true: and the prisoner of war trying to escape doesn't enjoy escaping."

"What on earth has that got to do with it? I don't suppose a convict enjoys trying to escape from Dartmoor."

"I dare say not. I've not been a convict on Dartmoor, but I've been a prisoner of war."

"And you tried to escape?"

"I did escape," said Ridley.

Sir James was growing more and more uneasy. This man with the strained sense of humour and the creaking voice and the abrupt manner was dangerous. He did not care for the brooding, introspective look in his deep-set eyes, or his secret smile, or his twitching lips. The man was mad.

"You were talking about fox hunting, I think," said Sir James. "Er—may I offer you a drink?"

"No, thank you, Sir James. Fox hunting. Yes. We were talking about fox hunting. You know, Sir James, perhaps I've been prejudiced against hunting without adequate cause. I've a very good mind to—to try it."

"Fox hunting?"

Ridley nodded.

"More or less."

"I'm sure you'd be welcome," said Sir James dubiously.

"I dare say I attach too great an importance to the feelings of the animal that is being hunted," Ridley went on.

"I'm sure you do," said Sir James warily.

"And yet you tell me the fox likes it. I didn't like it when I was running, but perhaps—perhaps I haven't developed the sporting instinct sufficiently. I've a good mind to go hunting. Will you come with me, Sir James?"

"When?"

"Now."

"Now! What do you mean? To-night! In the dark! With this wind blowing!"

"Yes. It's going to rain, too. That makes it all the better."

"Look here," said Sir James. "I've been patient with you, Ridley, but it's gone far enough. You can't hunt a fox in weather like this, and in the dark."

"It isn't a fox I'm going to hunt, Sir James."

"Then what the devil are you going to hunt?"

"I'm going to hunt you."

Sir James saw the big service revolver in Ridley's hand and felt rather faint. The man was a homicidal maniac and intended to kill him, if not here, out of doors.

"Shall we go now?" Ridley said. "No, you won't need a hat or a coat, and the shoes you have on are stout enough."

"Stop playing the fool," said Sir James sharply. "That revolver isn't loaded and you know it."

"It is loaded. Look."

"With blank cartridges, perhaps. You wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I? Do you know bullets when you see them? Look, Sir James. Are these bullets? They are, aren't they? All right, don't let's waste any more time. It's getting late."

For the moment the violence of the gale was lulled.

A voice said clearly and harshly:

"Sir James, if you're not out of that covert in a minute—sixty seconds—from now, I'll shoot at you."

Sir James shuddered and moistened his dry lips with his tongue and swore softly.

He stood in the midst of a thicket of young birch and beech trees and brambles and looked first one way and

then the other. Through the gaps in the scudding clouds the full moon was shining. He knew that Ridley, the madman with the revolver, was watching him and he knew that if he did not obey him he would be killed. The hunt could have but one of two endings, either he would escape in the darkness or he would die. He turned and made his way out of the thicket and across the grass in the direction of Corby.

And as he ran, easily, with long strides, fists clenched, head well up, smiling a little, though furious, he remembered that earlier in the day he had taken the same path on the back of Hector, his big brown horse. And in spite of his annoyance and his fear he grinned. The contrast would have amused Ridley, he felt, had he known.

In his day Sir James Brattle had been a famous runner: an outdoor life had kept him fit in spite of the whisky: or perhaps it was the whisky that had kept him fit in spite of advancing years. He did not know and he did not care, but if he could get his hands on Ridley's throat, if he dared risk the revolver, he would half-kill him before he let go.

The field was wide and long and bare. Sir James glanced over his shoulder as he neared the dark mass of Croxdale Woods. Was the madman with the gun following him still? he wondered. Or had he been merely trying to scare him? Was he playing an elaborate practical joke on him? Had he started him off on this wild run across the open and then abandoned the pursuit and returned home to tell the tale of how he had frightened him? Or what?

He stumbled and fell forward on to his hands and knees. As he rose, covered with mud, he heard a yell: "Tally ho! Tally ho!" and broke into a quick run.

He reached the hedge and vaulted the five-barred gate easily and debated whether it would be worth his while to hide somewhere where Ridley would have to pass and then, chancing the revolver, tackle him and overpower him and hand him over to the police.

Would the risk be worth taking? Or not?

And still he ran, downhill now, across ground that was water-logged and swampy. Again he reached a hedge and tried to find the gate. There was a gate, he knew. Was it to the left or right?

He heard the crack of a revolver's discharge and wheeled in sudden panic.

"Damn you, Ridley!" he yelled. "Do you want to kill me?"

"Make haste!" Ridley replied. "Make haste, Sir James!"

Irritated by his panic, terrified by the thought of the bullet, he plunged through the hedge, tearing his dress clothes, and continued on his way downhill toward Headlong Ash, a mile farther on, where earlier in the day the hunt had almost lost their fox.

At Curdle's Brook he slackened speed and breathed in great sobs. God! he was blown.

Again there came the crack of the revolver.

He plunged waist deep into the stream and climbed the bank the other side and fought his way through gorse and brambles towards the high ridge of Fargate Hill. Cursing aloud in fear and anger and hatred of the madman who was chasing him.

If Ridley killed him it would be murder as cold-blooded and as deliberate as though he had shot him in his library. And again the thought came to him that this hunt of Ridley's was all an elaborate joke and he had only to call his bluff, to halt and turn and wait for him and say: "Well, Ridley, do your worst: shoot, damn you!" and he would acknowledge his defeat and leave him. He had only to do that, to say: "Shoot, damn you!" and he would be free: and yet he did not dare. Ridley was insane, a raving homicidal maniac, eager for blood. He would kill him.

And so without any slackening of speed he ran on, gasping for breath, his heart thumping against his ribs.

On the slope of Fargate Hill he came to Podmore's, a small cottage and orchard. A light burned in one of the upper windows. He screeched out:

"Help! Help! Bob Harker, help!"

He made for the gate. At the crack of the revolver he swerved aside once more, and ran on.

A little later he dropped on to the soft turf under a big gorse bush on the crest of Fargate Hill and panted.

If he stayed where he was, perhaps Ridley would pass on and not see him. The rain was pouring down in torrents. He was wet to the skin. Never had he known such weariness. He could not have moved to save his life.

And then, his eyes closed, breathing through clenched teeth, he heard Ridley's harsh voice calling to him:

"Come out of there, Sir James. You're being hunted. You're tired. So am I. You're dead-beat. I'm dead-beat, too."

Sir James lifted his throbbing, aching head from the turf and screamed:

"Damn you, Ridley, let me go! Let me go, damn you!"

At the bang of the revolver he stood up once more shakily and raced southward down the steep slope. And God! he thought, if only he had drunk less whisky: if only he had been less tired. He plodded on, his knees bent, his head sagging, his back rounded, his hands dangling by his knees, barefooted, half-naked, bleeding, exhausted, until he reached a thick screen of hawthorn and brambles and larches where he dropped once more and crawled on hands and knees to the shelter of a hollow under a high ridge of earth. Here he sat, huddled up, his head resting on his knees.

How long he rested he did not know. He had escaped. That was enough. He had outdistanced and outlasted Ridley. All that remained now was to wait until he had gained sufficient strength to make his way home. But not yet. He must take no chances.

And then there came a chuckle and Ridley said:

"Nearly lost you then, Sir James. Up or I'll shoot you."

"For God's sake have some mercy!"

"No mercy. I'm hunting you."

He heard him crashing through the undergrowth, and rather than risk the bullet rose once more and fled, staggering down-hill, crawling over fences, across Honeysuckle Lane, into Horlick's, and across ploughed fields towards Blackcap Woods and Packman's, the line that the fox had taken the same day.

Sam Chadwick poaching pheasants in Blackcap Woods heard the sound of shooting and listened intently, with bated breath.

And then crouching at the edge of the wood with his lurcher dog he saw in the moonlight the strangest sight he had ever seen in all his life. A tall, big man in a black suit which was all tattered and muddy, without a hat, his face covered with blood, barefooted, passed close by him, staggering across the grass at a feeble run, uttering faint cries of terror, and followed by another man, also without a hat, also muddy, but apparently quite fresh and able to run miles. But the most astonishing thing about this chase going on before his eyes was that the second man carried a revolver and when the first man tried to turn towards the wood he shot at him and yelled:

"Get on, Sir James. Run like hell, man, or I'll have you. Run."

Sir James! Sam Chadwick swore. Astounded, he stood and watched the two men until they were lost in the shadows. Here was a colossal, unbelievable story. Never would he be able to breathe a word of what he had seen. Never, not unless he wanted Bob Harker to know that he had been in Blackcap Woods at ten o'clock at night, after Lord Crowborough's pheasants!

No longer interested in pheasants or rabbits, Chadwick shouldered his shot gun and plodded slowly homeward.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour later when Sir James floundered across Packman's Brook and up the slope of the meadow beyond. He moved in a dream, a nightmare that had not yet reached its climax, and its climax was sure. He was doomed and he did not care.

He went stumbling through a small wood, falling against the trunks of trees, conscious of the scent of pines and a smouldering fire. Ahead of him he saw a dark and lonely house. If he could reach its shelter, surely to God the people who lived there would save him!

He shuffled across the grass, dragging his feet, and then he stopped and stood swaying to and fro, sick and exhausted and weak with horror. The house was Sheepfold, Ridley's house, and Ridley himself, white and stern in the moonlight, stood before him, holding his revolver, ready to shoot. He screamed and made a feeble effort to hit him in the face with his clenched fist, but Ridley stepped back out of range and he fell forward on to his hands and knees.

"Kill me," he said. "Go on. Kill me."

"Get up, Sir James," Ridley said. He caught hold of him by the wrists and hauled him to his feet. "How did you like it? The finest sport in the world, man hunting!"

"You're going to kill me! Get it over."

"On the contrary. I'm not going to kill you."

"You're not?"

"No. As you told me. I'm no sportsman. I can't kill."

The Kingmaker

(*Continued from page* **45**)

his side knew himself for a safe man in another sense, since he held these patriots as hostages for his safety.

Benoît could have told the world the precise reason for Danton's anxiety to decree the sacredness of property; he could have explained exactly how the great apostle of equality was becoming so considerable a landowner in the districts of Arcis. He could have disclosed how that dishonest deputy Philippe Fabre, who called himself d'Eglantine had made thirty-six thousand livres on a government contract for army boots whose cardboard soles had quickly gone to pieces. He could have shown how Lacroix and at least a dozen other national representatives, who a couple of years ago had been starveling lawyers, were now able to take their ease and keep their horses.

But Benoît was a "safe man," and of all de Batz's associates in this campaign of mine and sap which André-Louis had devised, none was more highly prized than he. And since de Batz had shown him that the advantage of their association could be reciprocal, Benoît prized the Baron as highly in his turn.

To-day's invitation to dinner was no idle act of courtesy. Benoît's compatriot Delaunay, the representative for Angers in the National Convention was to be of the party. Delaunay had just succumbed to the charms of Mademoiselle Descoings, the actress, and hoped to make her his mistress. For this he needed money. So he had sought his Angévin compatriot Benoît for the necessary financial assistance.

"I know a man," Benoît had answered him, "who commands ample funds, and who is always on the alert for precisely such affairs as you have in mind. Come and dine with me one day next week, and make his acquaintance."

Delaunay had readily accepted the invitation, and de Batz found the Representative awaiting him when, with André-Louis, he was ushered into the banker's well-appointed parlour.

The banker, tall, florid, inclining to middle-age portliness, and dressed with care from his powdered head to his buckled shoes, breezily conducted them to table.

There was no evidence here of the scarcity of food that was beginning to trouble Paris. A dish of trout stewed in red wine was followed by a succulent goose *à l'Angévine* with truffles from Périgord, to the accompaniment of a well-sunned and well-matured wine of Bordeaux, which Delaunay praised in terms allusive to the events of the day.

"One might almost forgive the men of the Gironde for the sake of the grapes they grow." He held his glass to the light, and the glance of his intensely blue eyes grew tender. "Poor devils!" he said, and drank.

The Baron raised his brows in wonder, for Delaunay was staunchly of the Mountain party. "You pity them?"

"We can afford to pity those who are no longer able to harm or hinder us." The Representative's voice was softly modulated, but, like the rest of him, suggested great reserves of power.

Not until dinner was done and an Armagnac had come to succeed the Bordeaux, did the banker break the ice of the business for them, making himself the advocate of his compatriot.

"I have told the Citizen-Representative, my dear de Batz, that you are interested in the purchase of large lots of confiscated émigré property so as to break it up and sell it again piecemeal. I do not need to tell you that the Citizen Delaunay could be of great assistance to you by virtue of the information he receives in his capacity as a Representative."

"Ah, no! Ah, no! That I must correct!" The Deputy was all virtuous eagerness. "A misconception is so easily formed. I do not say . . . I do not think that it would amount to an abuse of trust if I took advantage of knowledge gained as a result of my position in the government. But it is a malicious world, and the actions of a man of State are so easily misunderstood or misinterpreted. What I offer is a quite exceptional knowledge of land values. You understand, citizen."

"Oh, but perfectly," said de Batz. "Perfectly. Do not give yourself the trouble of explaining further. Your knowledge of land values is no doubt exceptional; but then, so is mine; otherwise I should never have embarked upon these transactions. I must regret, of course, that where the association might be of value to me, it is withheld by certain scruples which I must not presume to criticise."

Delaunay seemed taken aback.

"Do you mean that you consider them without foundation in reality?"

De Batz excluded all persuasiveness from his reply. "I do not perceive who would suffer by the use of the information which it would be in your power to supply. And it is my view that where no suffering is inflicted, no scruples can be tenable."

Delaunay fell gloomily thoughtful.

André-Louis supplemented the Baron's argument.

"It may help you, Citizen-Representative, if you reflect that these transactions are actually of advantage to the State, which thus finds a ready purchaser for the properties it seeks to liquidate."

"Ah, yes!" Delaunay was as eager now as he had appeared reluctant before. "That is true. Very true. It is an aspect I had not regarded." He paused, considering. "Let me turn it over in my mind, Citizen de Batz, and then perhaps we might discuss the matter anew."

The Baron remained cool. "If it should be your pleasure," he said in a tone of maddening indifference.

As they walked home in the cool of the evening to the Rue de Ménars, André-Louis was in excellent spirits.

"That fish will bite," he said. "You may land him when you will, Jean."

"I perceived it. But, after all, he's small fry, André."

"Agreed. But he may serve as a bait for bigger fish."

They reached number seven in the Rue de Ménars and they entered the courtyard of the unpretentious house. Within, sitting on the steps, they found a burly shabby fellow in a cocked hat too big for him, set off by an imposing tricolour cockade. He rose at sight of them, knocking the ashes from the short clay pipe.

"The Citizen Jean de Batz, heretofore Baron de Batz?" he challenged truculently.

"I am Jean de Batz. Who are you?"

"Burlandeux is my name. Officer of the municipal police." His tone lent a sinister quality to the announcement.

The Baron was not impressed. "Your business, Citizen-Municipal?"

The fellow's unclean face was grim. "I have some questions to put to you. We should be better above. But as you please."

"Above, by all means."

They went up to the first floor, André-Louis through his uneasiness admiring the Baron's perfect deportment. De Batz knocked, and the door was instantly opened by Biret-Tissot his servant, a wisp of a man with a lean olive face, keen dark eyes and the wide mouth of a comedian.

De Batz led the way into a small salon. "Now Citizen-Municipal, I am at your service."

Burlandeux took his stand with his back to the long narrow window.

"This will be the Citizen Moreau. He was named to me as your associate."

"Correctly named," said de Batz. "And then?"

Before that peremptoriness Burlandeux came straight to business. "I learn, Citizen *ci-devant*, that you hold meetings here of persons who are none too well regarded by the Nation."

"With what purpose is it alleged that I hold these meetings?"

"That is what I have come to ask you. When you've answered me I shall know whether to lay the information before the Committee of Public Safety. Let me see your card, citizen."

De Batz produced the identity-card issued by the section in which he resided, a card which under a recent enactment every citizen was compelled to procure.

"Yours, citizen?" the municipal demanded of André-Louis with autocratic curtness.

Both cards were perfectly in order, having been issued to their owners by Pottier de Lille, the secretary of the section, who was in the Baron's pay. Burlandeux returned them without comment. Their correctness, however, did not dismay him.

"You'll not pretend to be patriots, citizens, in these dainty pimpish lodgings."

André-Louis laughed in his face. "If dirt were a proof of patriotism you would be a great patriot, my friend."

Burlandeux became obscene. "You take this tone, do you? Ah that! But we shall have to look into your affairs.

You have been denounced to me as agents of a foreign power."

It was de Batz who answered, coolly, "Ah! Members of the Austrian Committee, no doubt." This was an allusion to a mare's nest which some months earlier had brought into ridicule the Representative Chabot, who claimed to have discovered it.

"By God, if you are amusing yourself at my expense, you'd best remember he laughs best who laughs last. Come now, my fine fellows. Am I to denounce you, or will you show me reason why I shouldn't?"

"What reason would satisfy you?" wondered de Batz.

"These meetings that are held here? If they are not for treasonable purposes, what are they?"

"Am I the only man in Paris to receive visitors?"

"Visitors! Oh, visitors! But these are not ordinary visitors. They come too often, and always at the same time, and they are always the same. That's my information. No use to deny it. No use to tell me any of your lies."

The Baron interposed. "Will you leave by the door, or shall we throw you from the window?"

"Ah, name of a name! My damned little aristocrat——"

The Baron threw wide the door of the salon to interrupt him. "Outside, you scavenger! Back to your dunghill! At the double! March!"

"Holy Guillotine! We shall see if you talk like that when you come before the committee." The purple Municipal moved to the door, deliberately so as to save his dignity. "You shall be taught a lesson, you cursed traitors with your aristocratic airs and graces. My name is Burlandeux. You'll remember that."

He was gone. They heard the outer door slam after him. André-Louis smiled deprecation.

"That is not quite how I should have handled him."

"It is not at all how he should have been handled. He should have been thrown from the window without warning. An indelicate fellow! Let him go before the Committee. Sénard will do his business."

The Baron snorted. "Well, well! Where is Langéac."

He summoned Tissot. Monsieur de Langéac had not yet arrived. The Baron glance at the Sèvres timepiece, and freely expressed his exasperation.

"What's to astonish you?" wondered André-Louis. "The young gentleman is never punctual."

To aggravate his offence, when Langéac arrived at last, out of breath, he came startlingly brave in a coat of black stripes on a yellow ground, and a cravat that André-Louis likened unkindly to an avalanche.

"You want to take the eye, it seems. You'll be taking that of the National Widow. She has a taste for overcoquettish young gentlemen."

Langéac was annoyed. "You don't dress like a sansculotte, yourself."

"Nor yet like a zebra. It's well enough in a virgin forest, but a little conspicuous in Paris for a gentleman whose pursuits should make him study self-effacement. No wonder municipal officers grow suspicious of the *ci-devant* Baron de Batz on the score of his visitors."

Langéac replied with vague invectives, and so came under the condemnation of de Batz.

"Moreau is right. That coat is an advertisement of anti-civism. A conspirator should be circumspect in all things.

"Anyway," he went on, "shall we come to business? I am supposing that you will have something to report. Have you seen Cortey?"

"I have just left him. The affair is for Friday night." He supplied details.

"Cortey will be on guard at the Temple from midnight with twenty men, every one of whom he swears he can trust, and Michonis will be on duty in the Queen's prison and ready for us. Cortey has seen him. Michonis answers for it that the other municipals will be out of the way. Cortey would like a final word with you on the arrangements as soon as may be."

"Naturally," said de Batz. "I'll see him this evening. We've two days, and at need we could be ready in two hours."

"Is there anything for me to do?" asked Langéac, his manner still a little sulky.

"Nothing now. You will be of Moreau's party, to cover the retreat. You will assemble in the Rue Charlot at eleven o'clock. See that you are punctual."

CORTEY, the Captain of the National Guard of the Section Lepelletier, kept, when out of uniform, a grocer's shop at the corner of the Rue de la Loi.

As captain, it lay to a limited extent within Cortey's power to select the men for duty under him, and every one of the twenty now selected was in the conspiracy for the rescue of the Queen. They were to co-operate with de Batz and with Sergeant Michonis, the municipal in charge of the guard within the prison.

The municipals within the Temple were not in the habit of wearying themselves unduly with a vigilance which the locks and bolts and the National Guard on patrol duty outside rendered superfluously formal. So long as one of their number complied with the order of the Committee of General Safety by stationing himself within the chamber occupied by the royal prisoners, the others usually retired to the Council Chamber, and there, within hail in case of need, they commonly spent the night playing cards.

For Friday night next, Michonis would, himself, assume the duty of guarding the prisoners, and he answered for it that his eight fellow-municipals should be out of the way. To the three royal ladies he would convey three uniforms of the National Guard which they were to assume by midnight. At that hour a party of a dozen men, also in uniforms of the National Guard, would knock for admission at the Temple Gate. The porter, supposing them to be a patrol on duty, which came to make a round of inspection within the

prison, would offer no obstacle to their entrance. They would ascend the tower to the Queen's chamber, gag and bind Michonis, so that afterwards he should present the appearance of having been overpowered. They would then place the three disguised royal ladies in their midst, descend the staircase, and depart.

André-Louis's little band would be waiting in the Rue Charlot to escort the royal ladies to a courtyard where Balthazar Roussel would have a coach in readiness in which to convey them to his house in the Rue Helvétius. There they must lie hidden until the hue-and-cry had died down and an opportunity presented itself to conduct them out of Paris.

The part of Cortey and his men would consist in keeping out of the way of the false patrol which would substitute them. They might subsequently be censured for incompetent vigilance; but hardly for more.

De Batz and André-Louis paid a visit to Cortey's shop on the following evening, for any final understanding that might be necessary with the grocer-captain. Sergeant Michonis was with him at the time. Whilst they were in talk in the otherwise untenanted shop, André-Louis chancing to turn beheld a bulky figure surmounted by an enormous cocked hat silhouetted in the dim light against the window, as if inspecting the wares exhibited there.

"We are under the observation of our friend Burlandeux. He must have trailed us from the Rue des Ménars," he told de Batz when they left.

De Batz made light of it. "He has seen me buying groceries then."

"He may link Cortey with us afterwards, and perhaps Michonis."

"In that case I shall have to devote a little attention to him. At present his affairs must wait. There are more pressing matters."

These matters were all carefully disposed of in the course of the next twenty-four hours, and on Friday night André-Louis found himself pacing the length of the Rue Charlot in the neighbourhood of the Temple with Langeac and the Marquis de la Guiche—the same who had been associated with de Batz in the attempt to rescue the King.

André-Louis and his companions had chosen the side of the street where the shadows lay blackest. They were not the only ones abroad in that quiet place at this midnight hour. Another three —Devaux, Marbot and the Chevalier de Larnache—made a similar pacing group that crossed and recrossed their steps.

Midnight struck, and the six of them came together at the corner of the Rue du Temple, ready for the action which they now supposed imminent.

Action was imminent, indeed; but not of the kind they expected.

Burlandeux had been busy. He had carried a denunciation before the Revolutionary Committee of his own section, which happened to be that of the Temple. The terms of it are best given in those employed by one of its members, a cobbler named Simon who, officious, fanatical and greedy of fame, had gone off with it to the Committee of Public Safety at the Tuileries.

He came, he announced, to inform them that the heretofore Baron de Batz had been denounced to his section as a counter-revolutionary conspirator. It had been observed that he associated too frequently for innocence with a grocer named Cortey who was in command of the National Guard of the Section Lepelletier. It had also been observed that another assiduous visitor to this Cortey was the municipal Michonis, who was employed at the Temple, and only last night Cortey, Michonis, de Batz and a man named Moreau held what appeared to the observer to be a consultation in the grocer's shop.

The half-dozen members of the Committee of Public Safety had been assembled in haste. In the absence of the president of the committee, the chair had been taken by a Representative named Lavicomterie. Now it happened that this Lavicomterie was one of de Batz's associates, whilst Sénard, the secretary, whose voice carried a deal of weight, was in the Baron's pay. The mention of de Batz had rendered both these patriots extremely attentive.

When the squat, unclean, repellent Simon had brought his denunciation to a close, Lavicomterie led the opinion of his fellow committee-men by a laugh.

"On my soul, citizen, if this is all the matter, you had best begin by proving that these men were not buying groceries."

Simon scowled. His little eyes, beady as a rat's in his yellow face, were malevolent.

"This is not a matter to be treated lightly. I will ask you all, citizens, to bear in mind that this grocer takes turn at patrolling the Temple. Michonis is regularly on guard there. Do you see nothing in the association?"

"It makes it natural," ventured Sénard.

"Ah! And de Batz, then? This foreign agent?"

"How do you know that de Batz is a foreign agent?" asked a member of the committee.

"Can anyone suppose that a *ci-devant* aristocrat, a *ci-devant* Baron would be in Paris otherwise?"

"There are a good many *ci-devants* in Paris, Citizen Simon," said Sénard. "Do you charge them all with being foreign agents?"

Simon almost foamed at the mouth. "But this de Batz consorts with the sergeant who is in charge of the guard at the Temple and with the captain of the National Guard that is to do patrol duty there to-night. Sacred name of a name! Do you still see nothing in it?"

A member of the committee taking the view that Michonis should instantly be sent for and examined, and others supporting him in this, Lavicomterie dared offer no opposition.

As a sequel soon after eleven o'clock that night, the Citizen Simon, accompanied by a body of half a dozen lads from his section of his own patriotic temper presented himself at the gate of the Temple, and, having displayed his warrant, went to the Queen's chamber in the tower, to assure himself that all was well.

Having silently scowled upon the three pale-faced ladies in black who occupied that cheerless room and the boy who was now King of France, asleep on a wretched truckle bed, the Citizen Simon turned his attention to Michonis. He presented him with an order to surrender his charge temporarily to the bearer, and himself attend at once before the Committee of Public Safety, which was sitting to receive him. And the Citizen Simon added the information that he would send him before the Committee under guard.

"It is an arrest, then!" cried the dismayed municipal. "Your order says nothing of that."

"Not an arrest; just a precaution."

Michonis displayed anger. "Your warrant for this?"

"My common sense. You may leave me to account for my actions."

And so Michonis in fear and suppressed fury departed from the Temple under the escort of two municipals, leaving Simon in charge there in his place.

The other municipals who had looked forward to a night of ease over their cards, were ordered by Simon to those various posts of duty on the staircase and elsewhere, which it had long since been regarded as superfluous to guard.

When the false patrol arrived at a few minutes before midnight, the diligent Simon was below to see it admitted to the courtyard.

A lieutenant marched in his men—a dozen of them—and in their wake, before the gates could be closed, came a civilian, plainly dressed and brisk of step, whose face was lost in the shadow of a wide-brimmed hat.

Challenged by the guard this civilian presented a sheet of paper. Simon strolled forward. His own bodyguard of patriots was at hand there for any emergency such as the suspected treason of Cortey might provide.

"Who's this?" he asked.

A trim, stiffly-built figure stood unmoved before him, making no attempt to answer. The sentry handed the paper to Simon, and held up his lantern, so that the light fell on the sheet.

It was an order from the Committee of Public Safety to the Citizen Dumont, whom it described as a medical practitioner to visit the Dauphin in his prison at the Temple and report at once upon his health.

Undoubtedly it was in order; seal and signature were all as they should be. But Simon was by no means satisfied.

"This is a strange hour for such a visit," he growled, mistrustfully, as he handed back the paper.

The civilian's answer was prompt. "It should have been paid some hours ago, but I have other patients as important as this Capet brat. My report must be made by morning."

"It is odd! Cursedly odd!" Muttering, Simon took the lantern from the hands of the sentry and held it up so that the light dissipated the shadows under that round, black hat. He recoiled at sight of the man of medicine's face.

"De Batz!" he ejaculated. Then with an unclean oath, almost in a breath he added. "Arrest that man."

Even as he spoke he sprang forward,

himself to seize the pseudo-doctor. He was met by a kick in the stomach that sent him sprawling. The lantern was shivered on the cobbles, and before the winded Simon could pick himself up the man had vanished. "After him!" he screamed. "Follow me!" And he dashed through the gateway, his own myrmidons at his heels.

As the alarm now brought the whole guard of municipals streaming into the courtyard, the false lieutenant, who was Boissancourt, coolly marched out his patrol. To have followed Simon would have led to meeting him on his return. Explanations must have ensued, with incalculable consequences to themselves and also perhaps to Cortey. Boissancourt judged it best in all the circumstances to march his patrol away in the opposite direction, and then disperse it. For to-night the blow had failed.

To the six who waited at the corner, the clatter of running feet was the first intimation at once that the moment for action had arrived and that this action was other than that for which they were prepared. No sooner had André-Louis realised that here was flight and pursuit than the pursued was amongst them, revealing himself for de Batz in a half-dozen imprecatory words which announced the failure, and bade them save themselves.

As he plunged on down the Rue Charlot the others would have followed him but for André-Louis' crisp command.

"Turn about, and hold them, we must cover his retreat."

A moment later the pursuers were upon them, a half-dozen lads led by the bow-legged Simon.

Simon hailed them, with confidence and authority. "To us, citizens! After that fellow who passed you. He's a traitor scoundrel."

He and his followers pressed forward looking for nothing here but reinforcement. To their surprise they found themselves flung back by the six who held the street. The Citizen Simon raged furiously.

"In the name of the law! Out of the way! We are agents of the Committee of Public Safety."

André-Louis derided them. "Agents of the Committee of Public Safety! Any gang of footpads can call itself that." He stood forward, his manner peremptory, addressing Simon. "Your card, citizen? It happens that I am an agent of the Committee, myself."

As a ruse to gain time nothing could have been better. Some precious moments were wasted in sheer surprise. Then Simon grew frenzied by the need for haste.

"I summon you to help me overtake that runagate scoundrel. We'll make each other's better acquaintance afterwards. Come on!"

Again he attempted to advance, and again he was flung rudely back.

"Not so fast. I'll make your acquaintance now, if you please. Where is this card of yours, citizen. Out with it, or we'll march you to the post of the Section."

Simon swore foully, and suspicions awoke in him. "By God! I believe you all belong to this same gang of

damned traitors. Where's your own card?"

André-Louis's hand went to the pocket of his riding-coat. "It's here." He fumbled for a moment, adding this to the wasted time. When at last he brought forth his hand again, it grasped a pistol by the barrel. The gloom assisting him, this was realised by none until the butt of it had crashed upon the Citizen Simon's brow, and sent him reeling back to tumble in a heap.

"Sweep them out of the way!" cried André-Louis, plunging forward.

In an instant battle was joined and eleven men were a writhing, thrusting, stabbing human clot.

André-Louis desperately beating off an attack that seemed concentrated upon himself, suddenly caught the glow of lanterns and the livid gleam of bayonets rounding the corner of the Rue de Bretagne. A patrol was advancing at the double. At first he thought it might be Cortey and his men, or Boissancourt, either of which would have meant perhaps salvation. But realising at once from the direction of their approach that there was no ground for the hope, he gave the word to scatter.

"Away! Away! Every man for himself!"

He turned to set the example of flight, when one of Simon's men leapt upon him, and bore him down. He twisted even as he fell, drew his second pistol with his left hand, and fired. It missed his assailant, but brought down another of the patriots with a bullet in his leg. Only two of them remained entirely whole, and these two were both now upon André-Louis. They were joined by Simon, who having recovered from the blow that had felled him came staggering towards them.

Of the royalists, the Chevalier de Larnache was dead, with a knife in his heart, and André-Louis lay inert, stretched out by a blow over the head from one of his captors. The other four had vanished when the patrol reached the field of battle.

Simon, standing now before the sergeant of the patrol, and still dazed by the effects of the blow, was being required to give an account of himself. He produced his civic card. The sergeant scanned it.

"What were you doing here, Citizen Simon?"

"What was I doing here? Ah that! Sacred name of a pig, what was I doing?" He choked in his fury. "I was defeating a royalist plot to save the Widow Capet and her cub. But for me her—aristocratic friends would have got her away by now. And you ask me what I am doing! As it is, the damned scoundrels have got off; all but this one who's dead and this one we hold. Take me to the headquarters of the section. I'll explain myself there, by God! And let your men bring along this cursed aristocrat. On your lives don't let him get away. I mean to make sure of this one. It'll be one of the cursed fribbles for the guillotine, anyway."

[*The Fourth Instalment of* "The Kingmaker" *appears in August* NASH'S]

Sense of Humour

(*Continued from page* **53**)

dollars and heart disease. Every woman in Hollywood, married and single, has been trying to land him ever since he arrived and the place is littered with the remains. The woman doesn't live who can resist Tony. I don't want any ruined virgins on my doorstep—get that straight."

"You won't have," said Emmy Lou, steadily. "I expect, anyhow, he'll be just as big a disappointment as all the others."

The trouble was that nobody came to lunch but Tony Durango.

Not, at least, until it was too late.

He came into the cool garden, a tall young man with the broad-shouldered, slim-waisted figure of a guardsman, and the dark, smouldering eyes of a Venetian doge. Danger came with him. The very way he carried himself, with just a touch of swagger, the very way his eyelids drooped over the smouldering eyes, suggested that delicate menace which women love, suggested intrigue, excitement, desperate romance.

Emmy Lou, who had never seen him except in the shining regalia of his costume pictures, was surprised that he looked so young. His white flannels, shirt open at the neck, gay sweater, gave him an air of youth which she hadn't expected. But it added to his charm. Only the eyes were old—and it seemed to Emmy Lou, very tired.

Under his direct, impudent stare, her heart began to beat hard, and when Emmy Lou's heart beat hard it meant something. There was nothing facile about Emmy Lou's heart.

"I am looking for Miss Evers," said Tony Durango, with that slight, fascinating accent which he had never lost. "I think I was invited to lunch."

"Isabella had to go to the studio," said Emmy Lou, and felt that her own voice sounded very flat and middle western. "T.M. sent for her. She was sorry but she asked me to give you lunch. There are some other people coming. I am Emmy Lou."

"Emmy Lou?" said Tony Durango, and smiled swiftly, devastatingly. "Emmy Lou. What a very nice name. But—"

"I'm Isabella's sister," said Emmy Lou. She smiled back at him. There could be no harm in a smile. "Would you like a silver fizz?"

"A silver fizz?" said Tony, and this time he laughed out loud.

Emmy Lou's heart stopped beating. It stopped beating altogether.

"A silver fizz at twelve o'clock in the morning?" said Tony. "What an immoral thought. No, little one, I wouldn't like a silver fizz. I would like instead some ham and eggs and coffee. More prosaic, but necessary. This morning I have been very lazy and not yet breakfasted. I am naturally lazy, Emmy Lou. Let us be lazy in this nice garden. You shall tell them to bring us some ham and eggs and we will sit in that big swing over there under the trees and eat them and be lazy together."

"What about the other people?" said Emmy Lou, in a small voice.

"Listen," said Tony Durango, and he came quite close and looked down at her. "Listen, little Emmy Lou. Other people never matter. Learn that while you are young."

Emmy Lou sat very upright in the swing. Her feet were planted firmly on the ground. But Tony Durango lounged back, his dark head against the orange canvas, and smiled at her.

"This," said Emmy Lou steadily to herself, "is just his line. This is the way he makes women fall for him, like he does on the screen. He is very wicked. He is what they call a Don Juan. I mustn't pay any attention. He doesn't know it's *me*. He just acts like that because I am a female and he is used to it. I must remember. Otherwise—Aunt Em was right. Hearts do get broken. Mine feels very strange now. It hurts."

When Jack Ratray and the gorgeous Mrs. O'Brien and Barney Wheaton and his wife dashed in, very late, they found Emmy Lou and Tony Durango still in the swing.

"In Italy," Tony was saying, "there is a place I know—you should see it——"

"The same old place, Tony?" said Mrs. O'Brien, and there was an edge to her voice.

Tony Durango sprang up. For a moment, he looked hot and angry. Then he smiled. But Emmy Lou felt that it wasn't a nice smile now.

"No," said Tony, "quite a different place. A place to which I think you have not been. And now, I must go."

"You'd better wait for Isabella," said Emmy Lou. "She'll be disappointed. It isn't very nice to go away without seeing her."

"I will wait," he said, "and perhaps you will be kind enough, in that case, to make me the silver fizz of which you spoke before."

Emmy Lou made the silver fizz as Isabella had taught her and brought it to him. He took it, with a dark look. Emmy Lou wanted to cry. But Aunt Em had never encouraged crying and tears did not come easily to her Emmy Lou. She sat alone on a straight garden chair and watched Jack Ratray being funny, and listened to Tony Durango laughing very loud. She wished passionately that she had never come to Hollywood.

It was almost a month later that Mrs. O'Brien, very smart in pale green sport clothes, met Isabella lunching at the Embassy Club.

"*Darling*," she said, "how lovely you look. I adore that hat. Are you going to the Engelharts' party to-night?"

"Yes," said Isabella.

"And do tell me," said Mrs. O'Brien, "is the little sister merely a smoke screen, or has Tony gone in for virgins?"

Isabella's eyes were narrow and cold. "Having a *penchant* for minding my own business," she said, "I don't know. Why don't you ask him? You used to know him quite well enough, didn't you?"

"I haven't seen Tony for a month," said Mrs. O'Brien. "And after all, one thought the little sister might be your own business. You should know how dangerous Tony is. Of course, everybody is talking. But I suppose, after all, one might as well begin with Tony as to end with him. Anyway, darling, I know you won't turn her out into the night no matter what happens."

That night Isabella spoke briefly and brutally to Emmy Lou, not even sparing herself.

But Emmy Lou said nothing. Emmy Lou knew that she was in love. Isabella could tell her nothing new about Tony Durango. But neither could Isabella know the mad young flame that burned within Emmy Lou.

"Just because I came from Gallopolis, Indiana, and still look like it," said Emmy Lou to her pillow, "doesn't mean I can't *feel*. Oh—Tony, Tony."

Her eyes, nowadays, were a little desperate. Their clear depths were clouded with a miserable question. For the first time, the path ahead was hidden from her. The past month stretched behind her a tortured and inescapable memory.

Tony, gay and young and gentle, beside her in the garden. Tony, watching her across the room at some party, with something very like a sneer on his handsome mouth. Days when he appeared without warning. Days when she didn't hear from him at all. Nights when he was cold and unkind, when he looked at her with the look that had made him such a great Cesare Borgia. Nights when he made dates with her and neither came nor telephoned.

In that month, Emmy Lou had learned what it meant to gasp aloud when the 'phone bell rang, and to sit in aching, waiting, hoping misery when it did not. She had learned the gorgeous thrill of great baskets of flowers, and the joy of a few scrawled words on a white card. She had learned the knife-like pain of jealousy and the ecstasy of a hand seeking hers secretly and holding it hard and close.

Much as she wanted him, Emmy Lou did not understand why he came at all.

"I am not beautiful," she thought, "and I am not clever and I have no sense of humour. Why should I expect him to come?"

After she had talked with Isabella that night, she felt that perhaps she understood a little better.

"You're young," Isabella had said, and the bitterness in her voice was the most poignant thing Emmy Lou had ever heard there, "young—and untouched—and different."

That, thought Emmy Lou, regarding her square little face in the mirror, must be it.

She seemed to stand hemmed in between that vivid past and the menacing future, and her heart was heavy with dread.

Emmy Lou had read books and seen many pictures. Aunt Em, too, had told her about life. She wasn't ignorant. The moment, she knew, would come—the moment of decision.

It came.

They had come home from a picture show. She and the great Tony Durango. As they walked along Beverly Drive and Emmy Lou caught a glimpse of them in a show window, she felt again that bewildering hurt. The tall, dashing figure of the screen's most famous lover. And—Emmy Lou. Even the clothes Isabella had bought her couldn't make her look anything but a small town girl, with a dumpy figure and a rather plain face.

That aching desire for beauty which only a plain woman in love can know, swept her out of herself.

"I wonder," she said, "why you're—why you come to see me, and take me places, Tony. I'm—not like—I'm not beautiful——"

"You're——" he hesitated, carelessly, "oh, I think it is that you are young. You are such a funny little Emmy Lou. I like to watch you."

Emmy Lou felt like a butterfly on a pin.

The drawing-room was empty, soft in shaded lights, fragrant with flowers. Emmy Lou took off her little felt hat and her woolly coat and sat down. Tony wandered about, prowling, restless, his face dark with discontent.

Finally he came and stood in front of her.

"I'm fed up with this place," he said hotly. "I want to get out of here. I'm going away for a while on my boat. Do you want to come with me, Emmy Lou?"

His eyes seemed tormented now, commanding, demanding, full of strange lights.

Emmy Lou would not look into them.

The moment had come.

Emmy Lou knew what was right and what was wrong. All her life, she had builded by that knowledge.

There was no question in her mind what she should say—and she found she could not say it.

For she wanted to go away with Tony Durango. Wanted it with all the force and passion of her strong young being. This was, Emmy Lou knew, her one great chance for romance. Nothing like this would come her way again.

"I love him," Emmy Lou said in her heart. "I love him. It will kill me to give him up."

To give up love.

Emmy Lou's heart began to pound again, steadily and strongly.

He had asked her to go because she was young—and different—and funny.

That wasn't much love. That was a pretty poor substitute for love.

Suddenly, to Emmy Lou, it wasn't good enough.

Emmy Lou had seen Aunt Em's eyes, the morning Uncle Bill died. Aunt Em wasn't young and she had never been beautiful. But Emmy Lou saw now that Aunt Em had known far more of love than any of these glittering and famous people. With all her grief, there had been a light in her eyes that dazzled Emmy Lou. Aunt Em was sorry but she wasn't afraid. She knew that Uncle Bill would be waiting for her somewhere, and that they would be together again for all eternity.

Emmy Lou felt strength rushing back into her. She looked up at Tony Durango, dark and handsome in the soft light.

"You'll come?" said Tony.

"No," said Emmy Lou.

The most desolate word she had ever heard or dreamed of. It held farewell to youth, to beauty, to romance. That one small word held farewell to her lover, held renunciation of her dreams. But she had said it.

"No," said Emmy Lou.

Tony Durango pushed back a lock of dark hair that had fallen over his forehead as if to see her better.

"What did you say?" he shouted.

"I said 'no.'"

"But why—why?"

"Because," said Emmy Lou, "it just isn't good enough, that sort of thing."

The man went on staring at her. She waited for him to go and leave her to her loneliness. She waited for his gay laugh at her provincial prudery.

"Emmy Lou," said Tony Durango, "will you marry me?"

When the room had righted itself before her startled eyes, and the bands about her throat had loosened, Emmy Lou answered.

"No," she said.

"But why?" shouted the screen's greatest lover.

Emmy Lou thought steadily.

"Because," she said, "I wouldn't trust you around the corner. You don't mean by marriage what I mean by it. I'd rather have my heart broken quietly and be alone with it, than have to stand up and let everybody see me. I'd rather go hungry, I guess, than eat husks. You're not in love with me. I know that. I can get along all right somehow without you. But I couldn't bear to be with you unless you cared, too. For that matter, what in the world do you want to marry me for?"

"Because," said Tony, and he came and knelt down beside her, quietly, without any flourish or heroics, "because I need you so, Emmy Lou."

That stopped her.

"You can't *need* me," said Emmy Lou, flatly.

"I do need you," said Tony, "I—oh, Emmy Lou. To think I found you, Emmy Lou. I hate being the screen's great lover. I hate love making. I hate women—oh, how I hate 'em. It's all just because I look like I do. I wish I didn't. It's made me a lot of money, but I'd rather work. I want a home, and a lot of kids—maybe eight or nine—and a wife that won't mind getting fat, I like fat women, and we could be comfortable, and when I come home nights I could take my shoes off and not worry how I looked, or have to be romantic. I am not romantic, Emmy Lou. I am a peasant. I wish here in America to make a home and a family like we have in Italy where I come from—a home like my mother's, with many children."

Emmy Lou made a swift little gesture. Her hand touched the crest of his dark hair. She could understand all that. People, it seemed, were not like their outsides. She wasn't. Now Tony wasn't. Her hand, hot and trembling now, touched his cheek. The dark head slipped down on to her shoulder and Emmy Lou held it there, against her breast.

"Well," said Isabella from the doorway, "I seem to have arrived at what one terms the psychological moment. Just what is going on here?"

Tony Durango got to his feet.

"For two years," he said, "I have been looking for a girl who would say no to me. Emmy Lou has said no—so beautifully. Isn't it wonderful?"

Isabella stared at him. There was a white line around her mouth.

"One would scarcely have guessed it," she said dryly. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"Naturally," said Tony, "I am going to marry her."

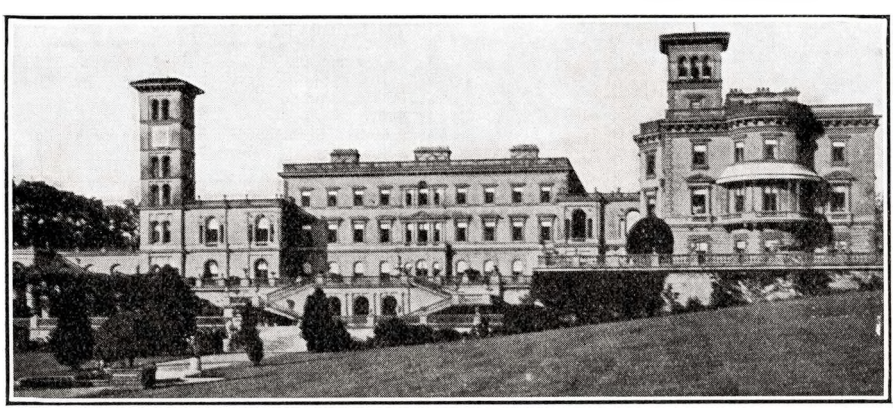
Isabella began to laugh. "I would never have thought of that one," she said. "Congratulations, my little white dove." And she went out, still laughing.

Emmy Lou looked at Tony.

"Isabella has such a sense of humour," she said.

Intimate Memoirs of Frances, Countess of Warwick

(*Continued from page* **59**)



Osborne House.

events of the time—but one does not reveal the confidences of a friend.

King Edward was only one of a number of people who felt that I was sufficiently responsive and trustworthy to receive confidences. Statesmen, rulers, philosophers, painters, poets, authors, all unburdened themselves, when the mood seized them. And I do not think that any living soul has ever had reason to regret having taken me into his or her confidence.

One of King Edward's first acts on coming to the Throne was to give Osborne House to the nation. He explained to me that he was devoted to Sandringham, drawn to Balmoral, and compelled to live in Buckingham Palace, but that Osborne House was a white elephant.

Even greater than the King's enthusiasm for gardens was that of Lord Lambourne (Mark Lockwood), of whom King Edward said, "He always goes about with a good story on his lips, and a good flower in his buttonhole." He was *persona grata* with the Royal Family and indeed popular with everybody, for he was a fine type of Englishman, jovial and kind, with something of the breezy manner of the sailor. He had two hobbies, one being the Humanitarian Movement and the other flowers. Lady Lambourne was as profoundly interested in the Humanitarian Movement as Lord Lambourne himself, and he told me that when she lay dying, her last words to him were, "Mark, don't forget the animals."

How sad he would have felt had he been alive to-day, to learn that circuses seem to flourish as well as they did half a century ago. I must admit that to me it is disheartening to see members of the Royal Family, the Prime Minister and others of high standing, patronise a show, the chief attraction of which, I am told, is the spectacle of a tiger riding on a horse's back. I think that this action may undo much of the good accomplished by Queen Victoria who strongly disapproved of anything savouring of cruelty to animals.

Lord Lambourne died recently, and as I write it, I pause to reflect how many of my old friends are gone. And how many landmarks have disappeared with them! Most of the town houses of what were once the "ruling classes" have become clubs. Devonshire House has gone, and with it a centre of great political importance. The old Duke, who served in Glad-

stone's Cabinet as the Marquis of Hartington (that same Marquis so ruthlessly cross-examined by the schoolboy Winston!) was a splendid type of the old-fashioned politician, narrow perhaps, but incorruptible, for he was above reward and neither titles nor honours could hold any allurement for him.

Another fine, wise, unsensational politician was Lord Haldane. When I think of him I realise how the War certainly inflicted mortal wounds on many that were not at the Front. Certain outstanding people were sadly misunderstood, and of all these, I think that Richard Burdon Haldane was the most unjustly regarded. It was he who had made the British assistance possible at the outset of the War, it was he whose arrangements had enabled the Expeditionary Force to take its place in the fighting line.

And because he was a German scholar, and respected German scholarship, he was held up to abuse and obloquy. Fortunately, he had the philosophic mind and therefore could estimate this hysteric outbreak of feeling against him at its proper value.

Education was the subject that most interested him, and it was because he considered that the German education was superior to our own that he sought to study it from within.

He was not alone in his views. I remember that Israel Zangwill remarked, "I cannot understand why Germany was mad enough to go to war when, had she remained at peace, everything that was worth having, at all events commercially, would have fallen, as the ripe fruit falls from the tree, into her hands in the course of the next twenty years."

* * * *

I remember almost everybody being angry with me because I did not particularly like Lord Tennyson, in spite of the fact that he was quite nice to me, and gave me as a wedding present a volume of his poems with a few corrections here and there in his own handwriting. I don't think that I ever quite got over the spectacle of Lord Tennyson in my stepfather's town house in Carlton Gardens, sitting at the end of the room in a sort of high chair (which gave the spectacle a touch of the ridiculous in my eyes), receiving the homage of men and women and only condescending to reward it occasionally with a monosyllable. I remarked to a friend that the great poet in the lofty chair looked as dignified as the Buddha—and about as approachable! Alas, my friend, innocently enough, repeated my comment, and for days I was looked upon as a barbarian.

* * * *

Many public characters are admired for gifts that they do not possess, while those that they have in abundance are ignored.

Such was Lord Rosebery. He was that rare thing, a cultured sportsman. Some of the Victorian judges of horseflesh could not have written a two-page letter without mistakes in spelling, and could not express themselves *viva voce* without, alas very justifiable, nervousness and hesitation. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, was equally well-informed as to the points of a racehorse and the aphorisms of the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers.

We corresponded for many years, and when he could do no more than sign a typescript that he had dictated, he still wrote to me. "If I could only sleep," he said to me, pathetically, the last time that I saw him. "If I could only sleep! What a difference it would make to life, even though one is hardly living when one is asleep."

I remember how powerless the doctors were to combat his insomnia, and how he would go out driving at night in the hope of tiring himself, or walk through the park alone in the small hours, wooing sleep that never came.

Apparently he had all that makes for happiness—a silver tongue, a host of friends, money that ran into millions. He had achieved what were said to be his two dearest wishes, namely to be Prime Minister of England and to win the Derby. But sorrow dogged his path, and when the end came I think he must have welcomed it with relief.

His daughter, Lady Sybil Grant, has inherited both his talent and wit. She writes extremely well and she has explored England from the unusual point of view of a gipsy.

I have known many charming and clever women, but for sheer delightfulness I have never come in contact with anyone who rivalled the Duchess of Teck, Queen Mary's mother. There was a quality in her that made her the centre of attraction wherever she found herself.

The Duchess's position was an extremely difficult one, however. The Tecks had a very limited income, but their expenses and responsibilities were great. There was a large family to bring up and educate, there were a number of intimate difficulties to contend with, and the problem was rendered the more acute by the fact that the Duchess's popularity, which was nation-wide, did not altogether please the powers that were.

Although the Duchess was not of the stay-at-home, *hausfrau* type, which Queen Victoria approved, the Royal lady succumbed to her fascination and the Duchess was the one woman that I have known who was not overawed by the Queen. Both the Duchess and her husband were generous to a fault, and it was part of their temperament that they should live in the moment without thinking of the morrow. Thus, not only did they spend what was necessary, but they gave and gave with such largeness of heart that their finances fell into disarray. Queen Victoria then came to their rescue with the loan of White Lodge.

I did not know the Duchess in the days of her youth, but I imagine that she must have been very lovely. Even when she was an old lady, her eyes were superb, and she possessed an amazing grace. I can remember the time when she weighed anything up to twenty

stone, and could still dance charmingly. She had the most wonderful feet. These were quite small, so that one could not understand how they could support that vast body and yet move with such alluring grace, but the fact remains that in the ball-room the best dancers among the women were forced to confess themselves second to the Duchess.

The Duchess, in spite of anxieties, was always smiling and cheerful, and the sunny quality of her personality made it a joy to be with her. She would come with me to hospitals and other places wherein her presence would be of service. When she stayed with us, she would visit the cottagers, with me, and leave them with the feeling that they had had a visitor from another planet.

In a world full of backbiting, slander and unkindness, a world wherein people were struggling towards their goal without much regard for anybody who stood in their way, the Duchess moved, a gracious figure, unselfish, urbane and lovable to the end.

[*Next Month*—"When Hostesses dominated English Politics"]

Young People and Old Evils

(*Continued from page* **63**)

she has thrown everything away."

Returning to the front seat, he switched on the top light again and cautiously turned to look. Mercifully the rug and the road map were still in place, but nowhere could he catch a glimpse of even the most insignificant item of apparel.

"They went through the window, then," he told himself, his heart sinking lower than ever. "Perhaps—if I retraced my route back to the Club—I might find some of her things by the side of the road."

He tried it—but with the exception of a blue satin slipper which had been run over by a dozen cars, he found nothing. He returned to Springfield and stopped under the maples again.

"Perhaps if I woke her," he thought next, "she could go to a friend's house and stay there till morning, and then borrow enough things to get home."

Alpheus mopped his forehead again. Her friends at the Club! . . . surely among them there must be a girl of her own age—a discreet friend who could be trusted. "I'll wake her up," he nodded to himself.

"Here; wake up! Wake up!" he exclaimed, half turning and speaking over his shoulder. "You've been asleep long enough. Wake up! Do you hear?"

But she didn't wake up.

"Perhaps if I shook her a little," he thought.

So he tried that, shaking and speaking to her at the same time.

"Look here now, you've got to wake up. You can't sleep here all night. Wake up, I tell you! Wake up!"

Suddenly a dog started barking on the nearest verandah, and at the same moment the rug nearly slipped off. He caught and replaced it with a desperate clutch, but after that, all the money in the world couldn't have persuaded him to shake her a second time.

Yet if he couldn't arouse her, he began to see that he would have to take some elderly, respectable woman into his confidence—someone who could lend the —er—necessary garments and give his helpless passenger a shelter for the night.

He first thought of Mrs. Smallwood, his landlady—but just one recollection of her coquettish coiffure was enough.

"Wait——!" he suddenly told himself.

Only that afternoon he had called upon a Mrs. Gilbert—a most estimable matron and one of the pillars of his church.

He remembered the street on which she lived—Maple Avenue—and after a few wrong turns he found it. He remembered the house, too, with its stone entrance-gates and driveway. Turning up the driveway, his headlights fell upon the open doors of an empty garage.

"The very thing!" he thought; and rolling into the garage, he turned out his headlights and made sure that the girl was properly covered.

"A victim—a helpless victim of a vicious age," he mourned, snapping off the top-lamp.

To protect her, he closed the garage doors behind him; and although he did it as quietly as he could, he had to bang them before he could make them latch. Then thoughtfully, slowly, he made his way to the house.

"Now if Mrs. Gilbert is only in——" he thought as he rang the bell.

Yes, Mrs. Gilbert was in—playing double-deck solitaire with Mr. Gilbert, who immediately reminded Alpheus of Uncle Burton.

"Mrs. Gilbert," he said, after he had been introduced to her husband. "Er—may I see you—alone—for a few minutes?"

"Alone? Of course you may!" she responded, with a glance of sharpening interest.

"I don't know so much about that," Mr. Gilbert pretended to grumble. "Things have come to a pretty pass when a handsome young minister practically kidnaps a man's wife from under his nose."

"Egbert!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert, shaking a coy finger at him.

She led Alpheus to a small adjoining study and gently closed the door.

"Now, Mr. Winter," she said, seating herself and motioning to the chair by her side.

"I have just taken the liberty," he began after a moment's hesitation, "of driving my car into your garage."

"Yes?" she smilingly consented. "A flat tyre?"

"No, no! I wish it were only that!"

"An accident?" she asked, looking more concerned.

"Oh, worse than that. . . . To—er—to come to the point at once, Mrs. Gilbert, I am in a most—a most extraordinary predicament——"

"You *are*?"

"Yes—in fact, even worse than *that*!" And then he started to tell her. He had only got as far as the motor-cycle cop, though, when Mrs. Gilbert stopped him with a pleading gesture. Her face was red, but her eyes were very bright.

"Wait, please, Mr. Winter!" she begged. "This is one of the most delicious things I have ever heard. You must let me call Egbert in, or he will never forgive me!"

So Mr. Gilbert was called in and he heard the story too. And when it was over he fell into a fit of laughter which presently turned into coughing and his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

"The poor girl is probably someone I know, or she wouldn't have been at the Club," said Mrs. Gilbert after she had reproved her husband with a crescending series of chiding glances which didn't seem to help him. "I'll get a dressing-gown and slippers and—No, you stay here, Egbert," she more sharply continued. "I sha'n't need *you*!"

Whereupon the two men were left together.

"Have a drink?" Mr. Gilbert whispered.

"No, thank you, sir," said Alpheus, cold and reproving.

"Smoke?" continued the other, opening the top of a humidor.

"No, thank you, sir."

Evidently Mr. Gilbert ascribed Alpheus's manner to worry.

"You don't want to take it to heart like this," he chuckled. "Heavens, man, but you're young yet! Why I remember when I was your age——"

It was an anecdote in Uncle Burton's best vein, and Alpheus was relieved when the door opened and Mrs. Gilbert reappeared, a dressing gown over her arm, a pair of slippers in her hand, a look of utter astonishment on her face.

"What's the matter?" asked Egbert quickly.

"She's gone!" she exclaimed.

"Gone?" echoed Alpheus.

Mr. Gilbert turned and gave him a quizzical look which seemed to say, "Are you sure she was ever there?" And his look growing more knowing, more studious, he seemed to continue, "I wonder, my boy, if you are old enough to have read your Freud? I wonder if you know that if you think of a thing, or wish for a thing, hard enough and long enough, the next thing you know——"

Whether or not Mrs. Gilbert read the thought which was in her Egbert's mind, she quickly remarked, "I couldn't believe it myself at first—after what Mr. Winter had told us—but there was

a puddle of old oil in the garage, and I could see where she had stepped into it.

"But she was fast asleep!"

"Perhaps the stopping of the car awoke her. . . ."

"Then we must try to find her," said Mr. Winter, quickly leading the others towards the door. "She is probably wandering around the streets with not a thing in the world to—er—to keep her warm but my old rug."

Mrs. Gilbert paused for a moment, her eyes very large and round.

"How many rugs did you have in your car?" she asked.

"Only one—a dark blue one with a fringe."

"But that is still on the back seat—evidently just where she threw it off."

They all stopped then to stare at each other.

"Then—Great Heavens—she has nothing on!" gasped Mr. Winter.

Mrs. Gilbert hesitated—but only for a moment.

"If I hadn't seen those footprints ——" she half frowned to herself; and then more briskly to the others: "Come, Egbert! I think we'd better take your car, Mr. Winter. Poor girl—whoever she is—we can't have her wandering around the streets of Springfield all night like this . . .!"

Mr. Gilbert stopped long enough to get an enormous flashlight which hung at the head of the cellar stairs, and then they all hurried to the garage. While Alpheus backed out his car, Mr. Gilbert pointed his young searchlight around the neighbouring yards.

"No sight of her yet," said Alpheus, as they came again to the front of the Gilbertian residence.

"I'll swear to that," said Egbert, who had been having a busy time with his flashlight. "Keep on going, but widen the circuit this time."

So Alpheus widened the circuit. Once, Mr. Gilbert thought he had her—but it was only the fountain on Judge Shumway's lawn—an iron Venus painted white and standing under an umbrella which Cupid was holding over her.

"Pshaw!" said Egbert, discovering his mistake. "I must be getting *old*. I never thought a thing like that could fool *me*!"

They kept it up for half an hour; but at the end of that time even Mr. Gilbert, the optimist of the party, was discouraged.

So Alpheus took the Gilberts home, everybody having a last good look on the way.

"Won't you come in?" asked Mrs. Gilbert, when the little sedan stopped at last in front of her house.

"No, thank you," said Alpheus. "It is getting late and I still have considerable work to do upon my sermon." He paused for a moment and then earnestly continued in a lower voice: "I trust that I may rely upon your discretion to—er—to say nothing about my extraordinary experience of this evening. I think you will both understand that—er—that scandalous tongues wouldn't put the pleasantest interpretation upon the episode."

"Of course we understand," said Mrs. Gilbert warmly. "I think it was

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lovely of you to come to us in your trouble."

"It isn't the question of personal embarrassment alone, you know," said Alpheus in a troubled voice. "My whole ministry here—in fact, my whole future—is concerned."

"I understand. Don't worry."

"And—er—this, too, is important; although it only concerns myself—and that in a very small personal way . . ." And wistfully he continued, "When I leave you here to-night, I trust that I can leave you—er—feeling that I have not fallen in your respect or good esteem?"

Even Egbert's knowing old heart was touched by the distress in the young man's manner.

"Nonsense!" he gruffly exclaimed. "What happened to you to-night might happen to any man." And to show that he meant what he said, he continued, "Drop in to-morrow afternoon at six o'clock and have Sunday night supper with us."

"Thank you," said Alpheus, earnestly shaking hands. "I shall be delighted, of course."

Everyone liked young Mr. Winter's first sermon; but no one but himself knew how much he had changed it in the early hours of Sunday morning.

As you may remember, its theme was "Young People and Old Evils," and as originally written it breathed the spirit of No Compromise—a spirit which appeared in every sentence, every phrase, almost every word. . . .

There must and could be no compromise either with Evil or the appearance of Evil. . . . No one could sup with the devil and get away without burned fingers. . . .

But in its revised form there was more sympathy than condemnation in Alpheus's sermon for those Young People who suddenly come face to face with Old Evils. . . .

He lunched alone at Mrs. Smallwood's—hardly noticing what he was eating and oblivious of the fact that his landlady had not only curled her bangs but had also touched a few spots of "*Rêve d'Amour*" to the lace at the front of her dress.

"Whoever she was, she probably lived near the Gilberts," Alpheus had finally decided. "And just by accident I happened to take her into a garage which was near her home.

"And when she woke up the moon was shining and she recognised the houses through the windows of the garage. So then she slipped over the lawns and in at a door which hadn't been locked yet for the night. . . . Anyhow, when I visit the Gilberts this afternoon I'll walk around the block before going in. . . . Wouldn't it be wonderful if I saw her—so I'll know that she is safe and sound!"

But he didn't see her, although he strolled around the Gilberts' block slowly enough and looked hopefully on all the verandahs.

At six o'clock he rang the Gilberts' bell, and the welcome that he received there warmed his heart.

For instance, he had hardly entered the living-room when Mrs. Gilbert was shaking hands with him; and still holding his hand, she whispered, "Have you heard anything?"

"No," he whispered back. "And you?"

"Not a word."

"But after all, she couldn't have vanished off the face of the earth," whispered Alpheus. "She——"

Mrs. Gilbert said "Sh!" and the whispering suddenly stopped as a girl entered the room.

"Oh, Mr. Winter," said Mrs. Gilbert. "My daughter Natalie——"

Young Mr. Winter turned; and the next moment he was looking into the eyes of the girl who had slept in the back of his car the night before.

What Alpheus said or did the next few minutes he could never recall; but he must have acquitted himself with credit, for apparently none of the others guessed that anything unusual had happened.

She didn't recognise him. At first he wasn't sure of this, but bit by bit he became convinced, and in that he saw the hand of Providence, too.

For instance, if she had remembered him, there might have been an awkward moment when, as they left the dining-room, Mrs. Gilbert said, "Natalie, perhaps Mr. Winter would like to see your flower-garden." But instead, Natalie brightly turned to him and said in the phraseology of her age, "Are you sure that it wouldn't bore you to pieces?"

"Not at all," beamed Alpheus. "I'd love to see it."

So out they went. The garden, he found, was surrounded by a pergola high enough to shield them from the view of surrounding windows. There were also a bench and a fountain. Natalie turned an iron stick in the ground, and the fountain started playing.

"Eventide—and flowers—and a fountain," said Alpheus. "What greater happiness could life offer at this moment?"

"I liked your sermon this morning," she almost abruptly responded.

"You were there?" he asked in a voice which didn't hide his surprise.

"Yes," she said, as though it were now her turn to wonder. "Why?"

"I can't imagine why I didn't see you."

"You know," she continued, breaking off a rosebud, "it's true what you said. I think young people nowadays deserve a lot of credit for being good. Well, I hardly mean that—but I do mean this—that unless you take everything into consideration, you can be dreadfully unfair to them."

"Not I!" he stoutly exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't mean you. I mean—well—people in general. . . . Now, for instance. . . . I'm going to tell you what happened to—to a friend of mine last night—that is, if you're sure it won't bore you to death. I haven't been able to breathe it to a soul since—since I heard about it—and if you're sure you don't mind——"

Alpheus was enough of a theologian to recognise the urge of confession.

"Of course I'd like to hear," said he.

"Well," began Natalie. "She woke up late last night (she told me) in a strange car. She could just remember drinking something at the Club on a silly bet with some of her friends to see who could drink the most—and whatever it was that she drank, it made her feel funny and act silly, so—so she ran away to hide it. And when she awoke in this strange car, she told me that she had the vaguest, foggiest recollection of asking a man in a car to take her home."

"Yes——?"

"And the man must have known her (she says) because he drove her into her own garage and left her asleep there on the back seat. And I think she must have thought that somehow she was home and had gone to bed, because when she woke up—well——" Natalie's voice was becoming more and more troubled—"when she woke up, she hardly had a thing over her but a rug and a road-map."

"What did she do then?" asked Alpheus with growing interest.

"When she saw where she was, she slipped into some overalls and ran over the grass and in through a cellar window that has a broken catch——"

"So that was all right," said Alpheus, almost with a sigh of relief.

"Yes; but what of the man who brought her home? What will he think of her?" she asked, an unmistakable note of tragedy in her voice.

Alpheus found himself gently patting her head.

"Don't worry," he said. "As it happens, I—er—I have heard the other side of the story. And you need never worry about what the man will think of you."

"You mean—you know him?" she asked, turning to him with suddenly startled eyes.

"Yes; he—er—was visiting me last night—a very impatient young fellow. At college, I know, he had earned the nickname of 'No Compromise.' He—er—he left Springfield last night almost immediately after his extraordinary adventure; and if it will ease your young friend's mind, you may tell her that, so far as I know, he will never return."

She was still looking at him; and although she was smiling a little by the time he had finished, there were tears in her eyes as well.

"You don't mind?" she whispered.

"Why should I?" he asked in a voice so uncertain that he hardly knew it.

"Well—being a minister——"

"There are some things which even a minister doesn't mind."

She gave him one of those quick glances through her eyelashes—one of those glances which will probably always be as old as the human race.

"Shall we go in now?" she asked.

"If we may come out later," he said.

As they started back to the house, he looked around the garden with a re-appraising eye. . . . Yes; it was truly a pleasant garden and one (he told himself) in which he could spend many a wonderful hour. For experiences like his of the night before (he knew) didn't just happen. . . . And later in the evening (he also knew) there would be a moon. . . .

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