

4 *THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION*

fashion now. He sat upon a chair next to me that morning and, as I paid his penny to the collector, he gave me a glance from his brown eyes which I chose to take for gratitude. He thanked me—why not? He had not got any pennies with him. There are times when I am that way myself.

Now, when the nursery maid's eyes had passed me over, they looked at Dandy and her whole expression changed. I caught the sign of friendliness, the gentle come-hitherly glance which I know is the first step in those little adventures leading to chance acquaintance-ship. For that look he would have spoken to her had he been a man—by reason of that look, had he been a man, she would have answered him. As it was, only his tail wagged; but she did not see that. And so she passed on while Dandy and I sat gazing after her.

I will not depart into reasons as to why I called him Dandy. This incident alone will serve to tell you why. He was a dandy and so much better-looking than I, wherefore I gave him that name—an unnecessary yet unconscious criticism of myself.

It was a moment or two after this that my electrician strolled by and I began to envy him. Dandy and I both turned our heads to watch him out of sight, and then it was that I coveted most of all those things which were his. For this was what happened. When she had reached the end of the path, had stood a moment to watch the horses as they turned and started their canter once more down the Row, the little nursery