

THE QUESTIONABLE PARENTAGE OF BASIL GRANT

THE only occupants of the office of the Disentanglers' Company were the lemon-coloured sunshine and the rare thinness of a long black cat. The office was furnished by Mr. Andrew Lang, and needs no describing, being as familiar to those who read as is a Maple advertisement to those who travel—always remembering the inner chamber used for the seclusion of the third party or the typewriter. Mr. Logan, the partner who was not investigating the interesting distresses of an aristocratic client in an historic country-house, was lunching somewhere off galantine and gorgeous Burgundy.

The bell tinkled, and the diminutive office-boy ushered into the room two gentlemen of length and breadth. The gentleman of length may be described from a contemporary portrait by an eminent author-artist (I do not mean D. G. Rossetti). Length was his: the length of his huge furred overcoat, the length of his legs, the length of his nose, the length of his curly red hair, the length of his pale face, the length of his friends' patience: all were visible as he set these lengths together collectively upon one office chair. The same eminent artist-author has left a portrait of his companion. Breadth was his: breadth of his waist, breadth of his trousers, breadth of his face, breadth of his views: they stared you out of countenance as he piled these cumulative breadths on the clients' chair, which Mr. Andrew Lang upholsters sympatheti-