

He made more room for the Hillman, beaming amusement at the man's impatience; but the Hillman had no luggage and turned away, making an unexpected effort to hide his face with a turban end. He who had forced his way to the front with so much violence and haste now burst back again toward the train like a football forward tearing through the thick of his opponents. He scattered a swath a yard wide, for he had shoulders like a bull. King saw him leap into a third-class carriage. He saw, too, that he was not wanted in the carriage. There was a storm of protest from tight-packed native passengers, but the fellow had his way.

The swath through the crowd closed up like water in a ship's wake, but it opened again for King. He smiled so humorously that the angry jostled ones smiled too and were appeased, forgetting haste and bruises and indignity merely because understanding looked at them through merry eyes. All crowds are that way, but an Indian crowd more so than all.

Taking his time, and falling foul of nobody, King marked down a native constable—hot and unhappy, leaning with his back against the train. He touched him on the shoulder and the fellow jumped.

"Nay, sahib! I am only constabael—I know nothing—I can do nothing! The teerain goes when it goes, and then perhaps we will beat these people from the platform and make room again! But there is no authority—no law any more—they are all gone mad!"

King wrote on a pad, tore off a sheet, folded it and gave it to him.

"That is for the Superintendent of Police at the office. Carriage number 1181, eleven doors from here—the one with the shut door and a big Hillman inside sitting three places from the door, facing the engine. Get the Hillman! No, there is only one Hillman in the carriage. No, the others are not his friends; they will not help him. He will fight, but he has no friends in that carriage."

The "constabael" obeyed, not very cheerfully. King stood to watch him with a foot on the step of a first-class coach. Another constable passed him, elbowing a snail's progress between the train and the crowd. He seized the man's arm.

"Go and help that man!" he ordered. "Hurry!"

THEN he climbed into the carriage and leaned from the window. He grinned as he saw both constables pounce on a third-class carriage door and, with the yell of good huntsmen who have viewed, seize the protesting Northerner by the leg and begin to drag him forth. There was a fight, that lasted three minutes, in the course of which a long knife flashed. But there were plenty to help take the knife away, and the Hillman stood handcuffed and sullen at last, while one of his captors bound a cut forearm. Then they dragged him away; but not before he had seen King at the window and had lipped a silent threat.

"I believe you, my son!" King chuckled, half aloud. "I surely believe you. I'll watch! Ham dekta hai!"

"Why was that man arrested?" asked an acid voice behind him; and without troubling to turn his head, he knew that Major Hyde was to be his carriage mate again. To be vindictive, on duty or off it, is foolishness; but to let opportunity slip by one is a crime. He looked glad, not sorry, as he faced about—pleased, not disappointed—like a man on a desert island who has found a tool.

"Why was that man arrested?" the major asked again.

"I ordered it," said King.

"So I imagined. I asked you why."

King stared at him and then turned to watch the prisoner being dragged away; he was fighting again, striking at his captors' heads with handcuffed wrists.

"Does he look innocent?" asked King.

"Is that your answer?" asked the major. Balked ambition is an ugly horse to ride. He had tried for a command but had been shelved.

"I have sufficient authority," said King, unruffled. He spoke as if he were thinking of something entirely different. His eyes were as if they saw the major from a very long way off and rather approved of him on the whole.

"Show me your authority, please!"

King dived into an inner pocket and produced a card that had about ten words written on its face, above a general's signature. Hyde read it and passed it back.

"So you're one of those, are you!" he said in a tone of voice that would start a fight in some parts of the world and in some services. But King nodded cheerfully, and that annoyed the major more than ever; he snorted, closed his mouth with a snap and turned to rearrange the sheet and pillow on his berth.

Then the train pulled out, amid a din of voices from the left-behind that nearly drowned the pant-

ing of the overloaded engine. There was a roar of joy from two coaches full of soldiers in the rear—a shriek from a woman who had missed the train—a babel of farewells tossed back and forth between the platform and the third-class carriages—and Peshawur fell away behind.

King settled down on his side of the compartment, after a struggle with the thermantidote that refused to work. There was heat enough below the roof to have roasted meat, so that the physical atmosphere became as turgid as the mental after a little while.

Hyde all but stripped himself and drew on striped pajamas. King was content to lie in shirt-sleeves on the other berth, with knees raised, so that Hyde could not overlook the general's papers. At his ease he studied them one by one, memorizing a string of names, with details as to their owners' antecedents and probable present whereabouts. There were several photographs in the packet, and he studied them very carefully indeed.

But much more carefully of all he examined Yasmini's portrait, returning to it again and again. He reached the conclusion in the end that when it was taken she had been cunningly disguised.

"This was intended for purpose of identification at a given time and place," he told himself.

"Were you muttering at me?" asked Hyde.

"No, sir."

"It looked extremely like it!"

"My mistake, sir. Nothing of the sort intended."

"H-rrrr-ummmmmph!"

Hyde turned an indignant back on him, and King studied the back as if he found it interesting. On the whole he looked sympathetic, so it was as well that Hyde did not look around. Balked ambition as a rule loathes sympathy.

After many prickly-hot, interminable, jolting hours the train drew up at Rawal-Pindi station. Instantly King was on his feet with his tunic on, and he was out on the blazing hot platform before the train's motion had quite ceased.

He began to walk up and down, not elbowing but

percolating through the crowd, missing nothing worth noticing in all the hot kaleidoscope and seeming to find new amusement at every turn. It was not in the least astonishing that a well-dressed native should address him presently, for he looked genial enough to be asked to hold a baby. King himself did not seem surprised at all. Far from it; he looked pleased.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in glib babu English. "I am seeking Captain King sahib, for whom my brother is verree anxious to be servant. Can you kindly tell me, sir, where I could find Captain King sahib?"

"Certainly," King answered him. He looked glad to be of help. "Are you travelling on this train?"

THE question sounded like politeness welling from the lips of unsuspectance.

"Yes, sir. I am travelling from this place where I have spent a few days, to Bombay, where my business is."

"How did you know King sahib is on the train?" King asked him, smiling so genially that even the police could not have charged him with more than curiosity.

"By telegram, sir. My brother had the misfortune to miss Captain King sahib at Peshawur and therefore sent a telegram to me asking me to do what I can at an interview."

"I see," said King. "I see." And judging by the sparkle in his eyes as he looked away, he could see a lot. But the native could not see his eyes at that instant, although he tried to.

He looked back at the train, giving the man a good chance to study his face in profile.

"See that carriage?" he asked, pointing. "The fourth first-class carriage from this end? Well—there are only two of us in there; I'm Major Hyde, and the other is Captain King. I'll tell Captain King to look out for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the native oilily. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

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GERMANY MUST BE BEATEN

(Concluded from page 9.)

change of heart. The very first step toward the creation of a condition in which an International Court is thinkable is a world in which international law shall again be respected. Great Britain is now fighting to secure this end, to rebuild the foundations of the edifice in which international law resides which Germany has done her best to destroy. Before we talk of an ultimate court of last resort which is to rule the world's affairs by law and justice and established right, let us create a respect among the peoples of the earth for international law itself and a determination either to bring the nation which has so ruthlessly, fundamentally and repeatedly violated it to a realization of a sense of its guilt or to reduce it to a second class power where its guilt or innocence will no longer be of moment to seriously affect the destinies of mankind.

It may be well at this point to go back to our own Civil War. The history of the world shows no more humane character than Lincoln and no man ever lived who felt the horrors of war more deeply than he and yet, when there arose an endless agitation for a cessation of hostilities, with nothing as yet definitely achieved, what did he do? He said that if any responsible person would come to him from the South with power to negotiate a peace on the basis of the abolition of slavery and the integrity of the Union, the two things which the war was being fought to secure, he would grant a safe conduct and show himself most liberal on collateral issues; but he never for a moment considered stopping the war before he had encompassed the ends which the North was fighting to achieve. Our humanitarians who are talking peace to-day have no greater dislike of war than had Lincoln, and the publicists who are discussing a negotiated peace at the present time have no profounder knowledge of state-craft than was possessed by him, so that we shall all do well to learn some of the lessons our great President, perhaps our greatest, has taught us.

After all, the issues in our Civil War were less irreconcilable than are those in Europe to-day. The South fought for what it believed to be a correct interpretation of our fundamental law, our Constitution. Germany is fighting to show that might is superior to all law, however fundamental. The South fought like gentlemen and Jonnie Reb was respected by his antagonist. In Europe to-day a new word has had to be invented in an effort to express the profundity of the contempt which the Frenchman tempting as they are, to establish the principles that

We are not fighting this fight and the Allies, attempting as they are, to establish the principles that treaties must be kept and the rights of small nations respected, are fighting our battles for us. It seems that the least we can do is to stop meddling, more especially as there is no antecedent probability that we advise as experts. Our railroads are the finest on the globe, our business men are second to none, our manufactories are the admiration of all mankind, our Captains of Industry peerless and even our scientific achievements, in certain branches, stand on a par with the world's best. But our political leaders are largely of the second class because our first-rate men do not go into politics but into business, and our experience with the administrative machinery in their hands has been so unfortunate that we have not gotten entirely past that stage of our progress at which we seek a royal road to perfection and a short cut to governmental efficiency, the ism part of our career, as it were. When legislatures fail us, we swear by the initiative and referendum; when segregation fails in the matter of the social evil, we try spreading it broadcast. In these international matters we have but little knowledge, except for that we have so recently acquired, and even less experience and naturally, being unacquainted, as it were, with the topography of such questions of state, we are all too likely to think we see short cuts across country which, on close acquaintance, would prove completely impracticable. We should not, then, allow our sympathy to affect our judgment or undertake to give advice to peoples who are far better informed on the questions in hand than are we, and who are led by men whose experience in international affairs far transcends that of any men in our own land.

In conclusion, let us not forget this fact. Any attempt on our part to urge the Allies to negotiate a treaty of peace at the present time will set the stamp of our approval upon the proposition that a nation may take years to prepare for war while other nations are relatively unprepared; that it may thereupon plunge into war with the object of securing a larger share of world dominion; that in case of success it will get what it wants, and in case of failure it can count on the United States to come to its aid to close hostilities before the nations attacked have gotten completely ready—so that it may have another try later on. War may be Hell, but if so another word will have to be invented to describe the condition of the world under a peace thus effectuated.