

"By the Great Molly!" he muttered, "but it's up to me now. This comes of the folly of being a parent."

Fifteen minutes later he met John Forsythe at the door.

"Ah, Forsythe, how are you — how are you? Come in."

"I was just coming, Mr. Bronsart," said Forsythe slowly. He accepted the hand it was impossible to ignore.

"Sit down — sit down," said Bronsart genially.

"Thank you, Mr. Bronsart — no." And for a swift moment Forsythe looked straight at the flexible, debonair little man beside him — and what pride and passion of unconscious hatred there was in the glance! He seemed, in the instant, the figure of a Titan cast in bronze, towering down contemptuous, upon brief, human dust. His clothes hung carelessly upon his fine, bent figure, aged years beyond that of the other, who was yet his senior — his magnificent, leonine head, with its whitened hair, and the rugged face so deeply furrowed, betrayed the tragic temperament fated to lift life's happenings to a lofty plane of joy and sorrow.

The man beside him, master of the little world in which he felt himself well placed, was however, at this moment, conscious of some discomfort — of a desire, indeed, to resort to expletive forbidden in this presence. Yet he would have liked to tell Forsythe how much he sympathized with him — he had always wanted to do that, and he had hoped that this might prove the effective moment for graceful confession. As