

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

strange moment. In that moment I had a glimpse of the truth—a white light illumined my seeking, groping senses. Then it was gone. I was in darkness again. But in that brief lightning space I had stood on the brink of a revelation. In the weeks and months past, through the blinding—the fervid—gleam of my feeling for Haidee I had seen Wanza but obscurely—Wanza—tried day after day by homeliest duties, and not found wanting; I had seen that she had her own bookless lore as she had her own indisputable charm; I had known that at times she swayed me; but I had never come so near to knowing my heart as in that evanescent, stabbing, revealing, moment.

As I sat there I felt a sudden sense of rest, almost of emancipation. I was weary of cobwebbed dreams, sick of straining after the unattainable. My thoughts reverted to life as it had been in the old days before the coming of the wonder woman, to the days when Joey and Wanza and I had managed to go through the tedium of our hours placidly enough. I longed to take up the old, sane routine. I was impatient with suffering that chafed and gnawed the heart-strings.

I said to myself that all that was left of my