

asked. God be thanked for rich Americans, who are always in a hurry to get somewhere else. My father and mother, they have now so plenty of money; they send me some to pay my debts and come home. I start on Monday for Stolpmunde and I do not come back. Never."

"But your picture, the hyænas?"

"No good. It is too big to carry to Stolpmunde.

I burn it."

In time he will be forgotten, but at present Knopf schrank is almost as sore a subject as Sledonti with some of the frequenters of the Nuremberg Restaurant, Owl Street, Soho.