

serenity, sobriety, gravity, that he did not quite understand she meant her quietly spoken, "I shall never come back here again," till she had turned about, departed, and he felt himself forced to boomerang a very loud "Hem!" into the silence that she left behind. Sobriety, gravity, serenity, he knew not. He moved in a world of mannequin people. Public opinion was divided. Some, seeing her go, ran to shake hands with her, and embrace her; some made their mouths into carmine pin-points and drooped their eyelids; one or two said "Bravo!"; several giggled. Ruth dismissed the incident from her mind and went out into the sunshine.

There are other ways of expression in the world besides the histrionic. There are other wheels on which butterflies may flutter, seeing that wheels are essential in this world, besides the Thespian. And though, perhaps, the usage is, when anyone shows any tendency, to profane it (thus: if a man is volatile and has a pleasing voice to make him a tout for bad pills; if a boy shows a love of animals to put him among them in a butcher's shop; if a girl loves dancing to make her a high-kicker), though, as I say, the usage may be, perhaps, to profane tendencies so, sometimes the possessor of a gift may