"Delicate" was the word that rose to my consciousness as he came in, a slight, pale little boy with gray eyes and straight fair hair. "A boy," I call him, but in sooth he was little more than a baby. "P'ease, I will be four in one month and thirteen days," he informed me later, when I asked his age. It was a surprise; I had oredited him with at least two extra years.

a miracle was fitly guarded. I had never seen a child like this before, a child quite so white, so smooth. The little marble figure stood before me without a stain or blemish. It did not seem like bathing a baby; it was a sacrament, a revelation of infinite purity.

After this I wondered less that sometimes as his mother looked at him her eyes grew dim. She must have

four in one month and thirteen days," the informed me later, when I asked his age. It was a surprise; I had oredited him with at least two extrayears.

We were standing in the drawing room when little Thomas appeared. That was what they called the child, and it sounded strange and old-fashioned in these days of abbreviations. He advanced and shook hands with me gravely. "How do you do? I hope you had a pleasant journey." The lunch gong sounded suddenly drowning his polite inquiries. Thomas started nervously at the reverberating clangor, but with a blush he recovered himself. "Anow me," he said. Looking down—s very long way down—I say a little arm crooked. Was not Thomas the son of the house and I a lady visitor?

Solemnly we entered the dining-room, and with some difficulty Thomas pushed my chair into place. Then he clasmisered up and settled himself in

lady visitor?
Solemnly we entered the dining-room, and with some difficulty Thomas pushed my chair into place. Then he clambered up and settled himself in his own seat. He began carefully to wipe his tumbler with his serviette. "Might I have a "ittle p'ate and knife for my, bread?" he asked his mother. "Thomas does not like to see crumbs on the cloth," she explained laughingly. Otherwise he held his peace, a model of propriety.

Suddenly the door opened and another than the composition of the composition of the cloth," she all all the composition of the cloth, and the cloth, and the cloth is the composition of the cloth, and the cloth is the composition of the cloth, and the cloth is the composition of the cloth, and the cloth is the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the matter of the cloth in the cloth is the matter of the cloth is the matter of the cloth in the cloth is the matter of the cloth in the cloth is the matter of the cloth in the cloth is the matter of the cloth in the cloth is the matter of the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in the cloth in the cloth in the cloth is the cloth in the cloth in

den. "What is the matter, Thomas?"
I asked.

I asked.
"Nurse says she'll get me a wife because I'm so fussy," sobbed he.
I tried to comfort him. "Wives aren't so bad," said I. "Even your fath-

A Warning Article in the London Quarterly Review.

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ity of developments in the Far East and in the Pacific which may render it extremely difficult for the Admiralty to resist a demand for considerably in-creased representation of British na-

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wrinkled, runs catlike out on the springboard that reaches out from the boat's side, and goes over with a splash. He, too, has his weighted

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