

## LUCINDA

that same ladder. My employer was good enough to tell me more than once that I had justified the recommendation.

"You've excellent manners, Julius," he told me. "Indeed, quite engaging. Plenty of tact! You work—fairly hard; your gift for languages is of a great value, and, if you have no absolute genius for business—well, I'm at the other end of the cable. I've no cause to be dissatisfied."

"As much as you could expect of the public school and varsity brand, sir?" I suggested.

"More," said Ezekiel decisively.

I liked the job. I was very well paid. I saw the world; I met all sorts of people; and I was always royally treated, since, if I was always trying to get on the right side of my business or political friends, they were equally anxious to get on the right side of me—which meant, in their sanguine imaginations, the right side of Sir Ezekiel; a position which I believe to correspond rather to an abstract mathematical conception than to anything actually realizable in experience.

However, I do not want to talk about all that. I mention the few foregoing circumstances only to account for the fact that I found myself in town in the summer of 1914, back from a long and distant excursion, temporary occupant of a furnished flat (I was a homeless creature) in Buckingham Gate, enjoying the prospect of a few months' holiday, and desirous of picking up the thread of my family and social con-