

Lancing cut into the frothing peroration with the first objection that he had found time to frame before being dragged off his feet and hurried through mazes of digression to new avenues of thought.

"But if you haven't got any particular doctrines?" he demanded in slow perplexity.

"Oh, everyone has."

"Well, I haven't."

Young Stornaway looked at him incredulously for a moment, then ran both hands through his disordered mop of reddish-brown hair.

"You couldn't have knocked about the world, you couldn't have made all your money without philosophising and getting all sorts of views and doctrines together."

"You must remember I was taken by surprise," Lancing answered. "I'd never *thought* of thinking things out before; I haven't had time since. But we must be getting to bed. Let me know when you finally quarrel with your relations and give up the Diplomatic. If you're still keen on a commercial life, I may be able to give you an introduction. My address——"

"I suppose 'Lancing, America' will always find you," Stornaway interrupted with a smile.

The two men did not meet again for three years. In 1888 Deryk was born, and for many months the centre of gravity in Lancing's life was shifted. He attended his office perfunctorily and forgot his momentary questions of soul on the political possibilities of wealth. Until he roused himself to break the Smelting and Refining Combine, his rivals said that A. L. was a back-number, wholly sunk in domesticity. The old problem remained, each year's end saw him almost intolerably richer than before, more widely and deeply committed; but he no longer troubled himself about the future, and his wife no longer wondered what kind of thing they were to make of their life; whether they lived in America or Europe depended on Deryk. Sitting on the nursery floor, watching him in the slanting evening sun, as he crawled and dragged himself over the rug or