

24 ENTER THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST

There, just visible from the cornice, stood bewildered Liberty, her bronze arm still bearing aloft the extinguished torch, as though she would warn fugitives from the Old World of Freedom come to grief. Poor Liberty has many exponents now, but none who can defend her against armed monarchies, armed plutocracies, armed anarchy; yet ever sanguine, she believes in men who, like Gault, have found "Honesty" a stirring war cry, "Justice" a flexible weapon, "Truth" an advertisement.

Gault's morning work was done, the secretary had just been dismissed, he had put aside the first of the evening papers, and for just a minute or two before luncheon was standing at one of the windows looking down the bay. The statue of Liberty loomed far away in the blue haze, the sun, just poised above the rays of her aureola, pointing with light her torch that had been snuffed out. Gault, as he stood there, knew that she was rusty, very decrepit; that the people who had grudged her a base to stand on cared little how soon she collapsed; that they loved the Shibboleth endeared to them by many an orator, while the fact—oh, the deuce take the fact! "The Eagle," said he, "of Liberty, Garrulity, and Rapacity abhors facts."

The great man turned away from the prospect with a sardonic smile, and was about to go to luncheon in his retiring-room when a page-boy threw open the door leading from the secretarial offices, and announced Miss Gault.

"Well," she said heartily, as she swept into the room, "I've dropped in for luncheon; how's the *Avenger* this morning? Why, what's the matter?"

Somehow this lady, by her gracious presence, put Mr. Gault to the test. He was not a gentleman. He replied, with a plaintive groan: