

and perhaps more so on account of their prosy and every-day surroundings. And then, again, the narrator is young and inexperienced, and as yet has caught but a faint glimpse

"Of that light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

True, his imagination might be called vigorous; but he is conscious that his "Pegasus" needs a good currying down and training ere it can amble gracefully among well-broken-in (or broken-down) equines.

But to resume the first person singular. I did think of starting this short story with some kind of an introduction; for a story without one is like a teapot without a handle, or a dwelling without a vestibule. And so the above-mentioned classic steel suggested that well-known model, "Two horsemen were seen slowly winding down an adjacent hill," but that would not be up-to-date, and somehow slow; so I altered it to, "Two magnificent automo-

biles were seen rushing through the romantic roadways of Rosedale"—but this rapid rate seemed too swift for a start; their very alliterativeness seemed to portend disaster, and then my gasoline might give out. At this juncture of my cogitations a pretty scene was telepathed on my mind all the way from Japan, and it being an imported picture, I thought it would fill the bill as an introduction to my story.

Two jinrikishas met in a crowded, narrow street in Tokio. Each pair of attendant coolies claimed the right of way; a fight ensued, and two lovely ladies, dressed in shimmering, scining silks from Samarsand, had to patiently wait till the matter was decided. But not one of those introductions helped me on with my story. Yet, if one only knew how those two lovely ladies had arisen early one morning and rushed to Tokio's two big departmental stores, "Etongs" and "Simsongs," and crushed in among Jews, barbarians and Seythians, dwellers from Mesopotamia, emigrants from "Cork," and the Broomelaw,