

## THE TITAN

"When did you arrive in town? Whatever brings you here?" He had once tried to make her promise that if ever her feeling toward him changed she would let him know of it in some way. And here she was to-night—on what errand? He noted her costume of brown silk and velvet—how well it seemed to suggest her cat-like grace!

"You bring me here," she replied, with an indefinable something in her voice which was at once a challenge and a confession. "I thought from what I had just been reading that you might really need me now."

"You mean—?" he inquired, looking at her with vivid eyes. There he paused.

"That I have made up my mind. Besides, I ought to pay some time."

"Berenice!" he exclaimed, reproachfully.

"No, I don't mean that, either," she replied. "I am sorry now. I think I understand you better. Besides," she added, with a sudden gaiety that had a touch of self-consolation in it, "I want to."

"Berenice! Truly?"

"Can't you tell?" she queried.

"Well, then," he smiled, holding out his hands; and, to his amazement, she came forward.

"I can't explain myself to myself quite," she added, in a hurried low, eager tone, "but I couldn't stay away any longer. I had the feeling that you might be going to lose here for the present. But I want you to go somewhere else if you have to—London or Paris. The world won't understand us quite—but I do."

"Berenice!" He smothered her cheek and hair.

"Not so close, please. And there aren't to be any other ladies, unless you want me to change my mind."

"Not another one, as I hope to keep you. You will share everything I have. . . ."

For answer—

How strange are realities as opposed to illusion!

### IN RETROSPECT

The world is dosed with too much religion. Life is to be learned from life, and the professional moralist is at best but a manufacturer of shoddy wares. At the ultimate