

justified of its existence, but Dionissla put it in another way."

"What sort of a way?" Mrs. Lee-Egerton asked.

"Well, the simple result of Dionissia's reasoning is that we are going to have the electric light in the castle, and I am going to go on looking after my publishing."

"I really can't follow *that*," Mrs. Lee-Egerton said.

"What it comes to," Sir William answered, "is that Dionissia thinks—that Dionissia is convinced, that one century is just as good as another. And just as bad. We aren't so adventurous as we used to be, but we don't go in for so many lawsuits. We aren't so romantically dressed, but we have got electric light and better baths. So that, take it all round, Dionissia says, what we lose on the swings we gain on the roundabouts. And she says that it is one's business to make a good job of what one's got in hand. Romance, according to Dionissia, is the flavour of any life at any time. It's the reckoning up of success or failure at the end of things."

"I don't know what all that means," Mrs. Lee-Egerton said; "no doubt Dionissia does. But when it comes to success, you seem to do yourself pretty well. I understand that your building here is going to cost you £50,000."

"Ah," Sir William said genially, "that's another queer point in Dionissla's philosophy. I told her that any fool could run a publisher's business successfully, but she just answered that in that case it was the business of a person who wanted to stand out from the ruck, to do it not only successfully, but well. So that what it comes to is"—and Sir William smiled as if at this he really did not know what had come over