

"Don't continue to evade me."

"I am not evading you at all. I am good-natured enough to permit this inquisition on your part, although you, least of all, have any right to act in this manner——"

"Will you stick to our topic?"

"Surely, you cannot reverse all the maxims of your own life?"

"For my child," Otten said icily, "I could do a great deal more than to throw all of my so-called wisdom of life upon a rubbish-heap. Rest assured upon that point." He checked himself. "But then, you don't understand that. You cannot understand it, unless you had lived a life like mine. I do not wish to judge you too harshly."

"I could not accept you as judge, either. There are women a-plenty I could name against you."

"You are talking of other people, and I am speaking of my daughter, sir."

"Well, yes, what of it——?"

"Of my daughter! There is a difference!"

"That is, if you permit, absolutely illogical."

"It is my logic, because it is my daughter. I should be very sorry on your account, if you would close your ears to this logic."

His eyes did not leave Terbroich for a second. A flush of angry irritation mounted to Laurenz's face.

"That logic is too much for me."

"You intended going on a trip South with my daughter to-morrow."

"Who says so?"

"I am not narrow-minded enough to attempt to dictate to human beings who love each other. But I must