

but it is rather enriched by the irony which reminds us throughout that Conrad had a little too much money. If it could have been called "Conrad in Quest of His Life," in the sense of his livelihood, the story might possibly have been more happy if less humorous. I am, myself, especially attracted by the adventures of the impecunious poet in *While Paris Laughed*; but Mr. Merrick is too much of an artist to treat in the same way the pugnacious poverty in *The House of Lynch*. He does not confuse a peasant's toil to get a living with a vagabond's trick to get a lodging. The same simile of a peasant might serve to remind us of the other side of France from that so gracefully sketched in the Montmartre quarter; and the same idle fancy of a shifting of titles might easily imagine Mr. Merrick writing a more realistic romance about the later and darker days of the same great capital, when it defiantly waited its deliverance from the menace of the worst tyranny of the world; a story that might well have been called "While Paris Watched" or even "While Paris Prayed."

For *The House of Lynch* also deals with tyranny and deliverance from tyranny; and though that tyranny sprang up in a more sordid environment, it has spread itself with something of the same cosmopolitan power. *The House of Lynch* is the story of a spirited and self-respecting