

### *The Corrector of Destinies*

rubbish of a garret. The ticking of the clock is epic."

She was leaning forward over the table, her elbows on the linen cloth, her fingers linked under her chin, her blue eyes beautifully full of light.

"It would be crude, barbaric, ugly to throw to one or the other a balance of power. It would ruin the high dramatic tone of the game; it would be vandalism, like spoiling a canvas of Raphael, or a manuscript of Horace. Besides, Courtlandt, it is against our sense of justice. There is in every man, in every people, a conception of fair play as deep-seated and abiding as the instinct of life. It is that, I think, upon which all justice is founded. It is the only ideal in us that even tyrants dare not openly outrage. In his most absolute hour, if two beasts evenly matched had been fighting in the circus maximus, not even Nero would have dared to assist one against the other with an arrow."

I would have turned such a speech of any ordinary woman with some idle pleasantry, but Margaret Garnett was no ordinary woman. She was not repeating platitudes for the sake of their sound. She spoke earnestly, passionately what she evidently felt. But I could not understand that feeling; I could not bring it out of Hellenic shadows to be the inspiration of a twentieth century young woman, gowned fashionably, at luncheon in a New York hotel.

"Miss Garnett," I said, "this is all 'very beautiful,' to quote your own appropriate words; but,