

"Can't you leave me alone with him?" he whispered.

The policeman shook his head.

"No, sir."

"You mustn't worry about outside things," said Logan, with an effort. "We *are* alone. . . . Have you found a new friend?"

"No."

"You will. Better men than I have been. . . . Do you see that girl still?"

"Yes."

"She was the strongest of us."

"How?"

Logan made no answer, and gave a slight shake of impatience at Mendel's not understanding him.

"Something," he said, "that I never got anywhere near. . . . I . . . I was overseen in that too."

The blood drummed in Mendel's temples. Logan's cold finger went probing into his life too, and showed him always casting his own shadow over his passions. In love it was the same as in art. . . . It was very odd that, with every nerve at stretch to understand Logan and how he had been brought to smash the clotted passion of his life, it should only be important to understand himself, and that he should be able to understand so coldly, so clearly, so easily.

And now the presence of the policeman became a relief. It was a guarantee that the whole visible world would not be swept away by the frozen will in Logan, which was like a floe of ice bearing everything with it, nipping at Mendel's life, squeezing it up high and dry and bearing it along. He felt that if the policeman were to go away he would be drawn down into the doom that was upon Logan, into the valley of the shadow, even while the good sun came streaming in through the tall windows. . . . He had lost all the emotional interest which had kept him awake through the night. . . . It had been simple enough. There had

been
living
in Lon
could c
hated
betwee
put an

Menc
to the
rows c
bed wh
and the
room d
the wi
London
heart c
to lose
man. I
than no
he woul
unless t
life. He
moned
life and
will plu
to Loga
to his fri

He too
it gently
him, and
face as
round, p
purpose,
empty, s
make an
Mendel's
and he f
blood we
weakness
were born