

him, and put her arm across his shoulders. "Don," she whispered. "What is it? Are you ill?"

He did not answer.

She tried to draw his hands from his face, to see him. She found his fingers wet. "O—oh!" She looked up at the Pittseys, her lips trembling.

They caught up their hats and hurried each other silently out of the room.

AND that was the beginning of a success in life that realized all Don's dreams. Polk had found "something" in his "Winter"; he had found, in fact, the promise which the years were to develop, and he took the process of development in hand. The story of Don's progress has already been followed by the dramatic critics—to various conclusions, for they are still uncertain whether he is "a possible successor to the Shakespeare of 'The Tempest' and 'The Midsummer Night's Dream'," or only "an emasculated lyric-opera librettist with a disordered fancy and a naturalistic technique." He says himself, to Margaret: "I don't know—and I don't care—what I am. At one time, I thought I was a fool—because everyone else thought so. Now they tell me I'm a genius—and, naturally, I 'ha' ma doots.'" In either case, he has found himself; he has found his work; he is happy.

He has kept his promise to Miss Morris. She came back from San Francisco to play the lead in "The Magic Ring," and she made her name in it. When she married Kuffman, she was already known as "the most beautiful woman on the American stage"; Kuffman has