

idly lap the shore, Lola brought herself nearer to me with a rhythmic movement as no other creature form of woman is capable of, and looked into my eyes. And she whispered something to me which led to an infinite murmuring of foolish things. I put my arms round her and kissed her on her lips and on her cheek—whether the beautiful or the maimed I knew not—and she sank into a long, long silence. At last she said:

“What are you thinking of?”

I said, “I’m thinking that not a single human being on the face of the earth has a sense of humour.”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“Simply this,” said I, “that what has occurred billions of billions of millions of times on the earth we are now regarding as the only thing that ever happened.”

“Well,” said Lola, “so it is—for us—the only thing that ever happened.”

And the astounding woman was right.

THE END