

Ruth enjoyed his mood of whimsical resignation. was so exactly right for him.

"I mean," he said, "that is the real solid thing that is going on all the time, and it does somehow prevent the rogues and the dear bourgeois innocents who want the ten per cent. from having things all their own way. That and our folly make us what we are. We can get along without revolutions."

Leslie drank in his hero's words. He could hardly be the excitement roused in him at the prospect of spending the holidays in the Lakes in Trevor's own house with Trevor's own people and Trevor's own fishing-rods and guns. And the thought of it for Trevor had focussed the strange events of this year in which he had passed through more than was given to most men in a lifetime—nothing great, nothing heroic, but just life tortured in truth, and out of it all he had won two persons, these two—Ruth and Leslie, who would be to him far more than Hardman and Peto had been or could ever have been. Those two would have gone their ways, but these would remain with him. He knew that—always, and he was rich indeed. Decidedly it would be wrong to ask them to the party.

So it was to be a farewell party. He could leave charming, fantastic figures of London grouped round the first Jewish V.C. in the British Navy. At the thought of it he laughed outright. He could promote Cherry into being Mr. Angel's English gentleman, who should show him how to spend his money, and Carline could be left with his dreams of being an English Kerensky, Lenin and Trotzky rolled into one, or, failing that, he could be transferred to the Ministry of Information—his most probable destiny—as an authority on Russian affairs. He could not refrain from laughing.

"What's the joke?" asked Ruth.

"Pink roses," replied he: and she was for a moment alarmed. "I mean," he added, "that it has turned all right. One always knows long before things actu-