

strain of good-humoured cynicism instilled by a quarter of a century of life as the younger son of an impoverished peer with an obsolete conception of what became his family. With the omniscience of five and twenty he poured out ideas to Lancing as the two strolled up and down the decks on the first night of an acquaintance arising out of Stornaway's attack on all rich men of all countries and ages. He was only waiting to become rich himself to instruct the world.

"I wanted to go into business when I left school," he confided, "but the family thought it was *infra dig.* Dam' nonsense! We're as poor as church mice. I want power, sir; I feel I could do such a lot if I had the money. Very few people know how to spend money on a large scale, but I'm sure I'm one."

"What would you do?" asked his companion. "By the way, my name's Lancing."

"Mine's Stornaway. Are you *the* Lancing? Then it's quite clear I've put my foot into it."

"Tell me what you'd do, before we discuss that," Lancing suggested. "You may find that I'm one of the very large class that doesn't know how to spend money on a big scale. I've—I've never tried; I'm not sure that I should know how to start. I simply put more and more money into more and more things; ultimately my income looks like increasing beyond control. I—don't quite know how it's come about."

Young Stornaway led the way to two chairs by the boat-deck companionway and indulged in an hour-long monologue on the social and political possibilities of wealth—the eradication of disease, the control of opinion, the capture of education—subjects which were afterwards to develop into the yellow-paged essays in the safe. He was equally prepared to start a revolution or stop a war; in his hands money was equally potent for either.

"People tie themselves in such knots," Stornaway complained. "They won't stick to the essentials. If you want to make the world contented, if you want to make it do your