

354 THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE

pressed against the high window in that vast chamber, as if she had forgotten why it was she was there and stood in waiting for her memory to return.

Such an impression, she might have given, had you come upon her, looking so lost and fragile in that great room. But in her mind, there was no want of memory. She remembered everything.

It is not always the philosopher who makes the best out of the saddest moments in life. Women can be philosophic; the little old white-haired lady was philosophic then, as she stood gazing out into the empty darkness. And yet, no woman is really a philosopher. To begin with, there is no heart in such matter at all; it is the dried wisdom of bitterness, from which the burning sun of reason has sucked all blood, all nourishment. And that which has no heart in it is no fit food for a woman. For a woman is all heart, or she is nothing. If she can add two and two together, and make a calculation of it, then let her do it, but not upon one page in your life, if you value the paper upon which that life be written. For once she sees that she can add aright, she brings her pen to all else. The desire of power, to a woman who has touched it, is a disease.

But it was other than the calculation of philosophy which sustained the mind of the little old lady at this, the saddest and the most lonely moment of her life.

As she leant, gazing out of the window down the