

But to a stranger it will be a room—an untidy room : to you it is the room that you will carry away in your memory. To me, it will be *my* room—in all its colours, of course—As I look at the print, I can sit down in one of the chairs. You have given me the room itself."

"Well, I'll do my best. But you're very kind to say so."

"Do I make myself clear though? It is all here," and he touched his aching forehead: "the colour and the form, as well as the light and shade. Well then, all I meant was: we hope our brains will go on developing as they have gone on developing from the pussy level. That is the real progress of the world—not the amusing inventions—even coloured photography."

But of course the photographer did not understand.

"Give me," he said, "what I see on my ground-glass when I am focussing the sitter. Just the colours like that—even no brighter than they look on the grey. I ask for no more: and I wonder you scientific gentlemen don't tackle it and do it."

For the broken rule a penalty was exacted: by the mysterious but inexorable laws of life, kindness must be paid for in pain. Work was impossible: the precious afternoon was squandered; all the quiet household knew that the master had one of his headaches. Young Mr John Stone, the secretary, was given a half holiday and sent for a bicycle ride with Miss Effie Vincent, the niece. Mrs Burgoyne wrote a little note to clever Dr George Wren, who had been invited to dinner, and begged him to give her husband this pleasure on some other evening.

The worker lay supine in his workshop, dozing, dreaming, weaving into dreams the incidents and characters of the trashy novel from Mr Hind's shop, out of which Mrs Burgoyne was reading in an even, soothing voice. For a little time at least, the light was veiled.

He would come in to dinner—he always would; and whatever the effort cost him, he talked.

"Wren? Where's George Wren? . . . Oh, too bad of you to put Wren off. I always like George Wren."