

looking at the other's wet clothes he added, "I see you were caught in the storm."

"You are right, batuchka," said the other, and leaning over, his voice slightly shaking, he added, "Others, too, are about to be caught in a storm." He raised his finger with a touch of grandeur and took the chair by Paul's side, breathing hard and obviously holding himself at a tension.

"Your friends aren't with you tonight?"

Again the Russian spoke in parables. "Some men run from great events. Others stop to witness them."

"Something in the wind," thought Paul. "I think he'll talk." Aloud he said, pretending to yawn, "Great events, batuchka? There are no more great events in the world."

"I tell you, there are great events," said the other, "wherever there are great men to do them."

"You mean your friends?" asked Paul. "But no. Why should I ask! For great men would not spend their days in catching little fishes—am I not right, batuchka?"

"A thousand times right," said the other, his grandeur growing, "but instead of catching little fishes, what do you say of a man who can let loose a large fish—an iron fish—a fish that can