

"That the ones I have tried to help are the very ones WHO DON'T DESERVE IT."

"That's exactly my idea, Mr. ———. And if the thing did, through some few individuals' superhuman efforts, get going, it would at best be only a chain of WEAK LINKS."

The author-promoter stared at the blaze a second. (Or was he admiring Olive's profile?) Slowly he smiled.

"I wonder if you're right!" His tone was wistful.

"Do you know," Ed went on, encouraged by an admiring glance, "I believe we have all got to see some castle in Spain vanish before we get a toe-hold in the world."

"You are not the only man of imagination," Olive put in, with a smile. "I wish you knew more about this young gentleman here."

"I wish so too."

"Then why not get acquainted? Forget this place and come on up to the house." . . .

As they were going out the door, Olive remarked:

"Ed wants to tell you the story of his life."

Two hours later the following party was seated around a table in Gray's house: Peter Gray, Olive and Edward Gray, Alexander and Emma Gordon, and the author visitor.