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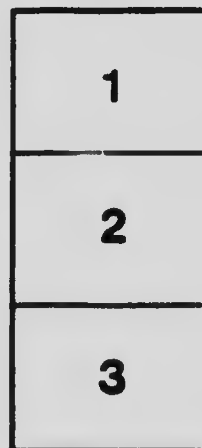

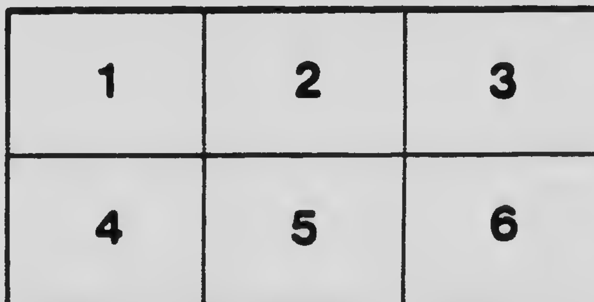

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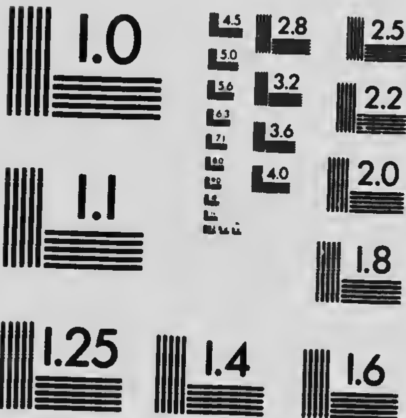

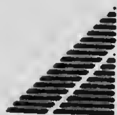

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TO
C. E. BENJAMIN

Before the shadowy porch
Of the House of a Thousand Nights
The Sun with scarlet torch
From his pale car alights,
And on that dim threshold
A flicker of flame he throws,
A flame of fine-spun gold
Shot with turquoise and rose.

And ere this Tyrian glow
Is through the dark withdrawn
The winds unquiet blow
Rumours of angry dawn
And bloody carnival
Upon the fields of war,
Where dread rêveillês call
And beat of drums afar.

DRUMS AFAR

CHAPTER I

OXFORD, old-world city so beloved by youth, ancient University so receptive to the latest learning, quiet haunt of scholars and gay arena of the athlete! Sweet Seventeen may be the age when womanhood first sips the wine of life, but Nineteen sparkles brightest to the young Englishman as he drives through Carfax to your College gates and finds his name upon a College staircase.

Childhood with its golden curls may have its age of innocence, and boyhood with its shortened hair may be the epoch of adventure, but Nineteen knows the proud need of a razor, Nineteen smokes with discernment and no longer out of brag, Nineteen calculates his income not by the week but by the year, Nineteen, although not quite of age, can without contradiction pass for a man. And, having burst the chrysalis of school into the more splendid existence of the undergraduate, Nineteen flutters through a delicious air to sports which he is of the ripe age to enjoy, to friendships which open up undreamed of worlds, to studies which he may indulge in if only he has a mind, unless indeed he holds a scholarship, and then he drinks great draughts of wisdom, all in a garden walled in, it is true, against too easy an exit, but with beautiful old walls to which like clematis great memories cling and fine traditions.

Take then a million nerves all tingling with dreams come true, and another network of arteries pulsing with unconquerable hope, built into a complex structure of bone and

muscle and flesh knit together by good health, and grown to a vigorous well-poised five-foot-ten because the heart was strong and the lungs were clear and the teeth were sound and the skin fresh—so fair a skin you only find in the races of the North—and the mind alert, untainted by precocious instincts, and add to these blue eyes and fair hair and good humour, and you have a picture of that Charles Fitzmorris who in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nine, on the second Friday of October, when the Virginia creeper was flickering in the wind like a red flame over the porch of St. Mary's, overpaid a cabman thoroughly familiar with such excesses on his arrival at Canterbury Gate to enter on three happy years as an undergraduate at Christ Church.

In the morocco pocket-book given him by his father with two fifty pound notes inside to give it tone, he fingered yet a third most precious piece of paper, folded into a sheet on the front of which was printed, except for a few words written in and signed by the Censor, the notice of the day of Meeting.

"If on your arrival," said this notice, "you ask at the Porter's Lodge, he will tell you where the rooms are which have been assigned to you."

First of all he had driven to Tom Quad, then been redirected to this other Gate, and so at last with the aid of *The* Porter, and a lesser Porter, and a still lesser Messenger to whose kindly assistance was eventually added a Scout and a Scout's Boy, he reached the staircase and the outer oak door, and then the inner door, and beyond that the very rooms of his long-anticipated heaven.

After which, being left to himself, our hero—for this, be it known once and for all, in spite of his faults, foibles, and all other frailties beginning with an 'f' or indeed any other letter, is our hero—sank into a rather treacherous arm-chair before the open fire thoughtfully lighted by the afore-mentioned Scout's Boy on the instructions of the afore-mentioned Scout at the suggestion of the afore-mentioned Messenger, it being one of those raw grey days

which only an English youth of nineteen just entering Oxford could ever consider his first day in heaven.

Charles Fitzmorris was the third child and only son of a busy stockbroker whose daughters held a certain sway in Richmond society due mainly to their dressmaker and to their mother's well-directed hospitality. The father had been content to send his boy to St. Paul's, a school within easy reach of home. As wealth and knowledge of the world increased, he wished he had said Harrow, repenting at the rate of five hundred pounds a year by sending Charles to Christ Church, which, though not an Oxford man himself, he had heard to be the most aristocratic of the Colleges. As a matter of fact "The House" is also the most cosmopolitan, owing to its size and broad-minded tutors, who have welcomed new blood even though it may not pulse through aristocratic culture or the orthodox arteries of polite learning.

Most Paulines matriculate at Oxford as scholars, but Charles sauntered in a commoner. He had however the Pauline manner, which inclines to be smart and a trifle flippant. For that reason it is not popular, the average undergraduate shunning the unusual lest it should sound bad form. His tutor chilled at the first interview.

"I understand," he said, "you intend to study history."

Charles, nettled by the other's manner, answered,

"Yes, and also make it."

"The battle of Waterloo," snubbed the Don, "was not won on the playing-fields of St. Paul's."

To which Charles said blandly,

"Did Blücher come from Eton?"

His tutor put down this fresher as an insolent puppy, but all that could be expected from a London day school.

Yet the repartee evidently strolled round the Senior Common Room, for when Charles was one day summoned by the Censor for cutting Chapels, that worthy said as he was leaving,

"By the way, let me show you the Blücher Room—it will interest you—part of my own quarters, where the

Marshal slept when he visited Oxford after the defeat of Napoleon. Tradition has it he slept in his boots with a bottle of brandy under his pillow, and that he ruminated by day at the Peckwater window, smoking his long German pipe, and presumably drinking from the afore-said bottle—wonderful people, the Germans, wonderful people!"

In any case it had been indiscreet to wave the red flag of Wellington before a Pauline, for St. Paul's lays claim to a soldier of even greater military genius than the conqueror of Napoleon, namely, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, hero of Blenheim and Ramillies, peerless alike in strategy and diplomacy, the one man of his time who was a match for Louis XIV. The battle of Wellington and Marlborough had been fought two summers ago before suitable witnesses in Richmond Park by Charles and a neighbour of the same age, an Eton youth who in a rash moment had boasted Wellington too loudly over the garden wall. A challenge was flung and accepted, the meeting place arranged, the fight was fought without gloves, and Charles emerged victorious. From the days when he had been a Baby Bantam, he had a wonderfully straight and vicious left, and now that he had passed from the Light Weights into the Welters it was straighter and deadlier than ever, so that the too rash Eton youth was knocked out of time in the second round.

The career of Marlborough had always fascinated Charles, and indeed it was through hero-worship of this greatest of the Paulines that he had come to choose History as his School. If only England had had a Dumas, what a romance might have been written round this handsome, clear-headed, brave, unscrupulous soldier of fortune who had founded a great house in days of war, intrigue and revolution! Charles, when he paid his first visit to Oxford for his entrance examination, had spent an afternoon at Blenheim, with something like awe approaching the vast palace, "the hollowed quarry" in which a grateful nation had housed its saviour, and which had recently acquired new brightness from a dowry of American dollars.

Here had lived the man, once a boy at his own school, whose genius in the fields of war had become legendary even in France, who had broken the power of the Bourbons, and who had made England, almost in spite of herself, the dominant power in Europe.

For sixty pounds the furniture, distinctly the worse for wear, of his predecessors in the room allotted to him in Peckwater Quadrangle passed into Charles's possession. The chesterfield needed a new cover, the table a new cloth, the mantel a less disreputable frieze, the curtains a decent burial, while the wall-paper was stained with revelry. Charles went shopping with Frank Mainwaring, a fellow Pauline, whose history scholarship had won him rooms in the Old Library. A few hours with an obsequious shopman resulted in a wall-paper growing pink rose-buds up to the ceiling, red plush curtains, table-cloth, chesterfield and mantel also of red plush, a leather arm-chair, a mahogany-framed Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel,* and the arms of Christ Church emblazoned on that form of shield known as Fresher's Delight. These, with his groups of school teams and his racks of portraits, gave a personal touch to what Charles considered a highly satisfactory sitting-room.

Frank Mainwaring spent less, but gave more trouble.

"Show me your tables," he would say superciliously.

And for his edification were rolled out tables of mahogany, of walnut inlaid with marquetry, of cherrywood, rosewood, satinwood or fumed oak, the shopkeeper dilating on the respective charms of Stuart, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Louis XVI, Empire and Morris styles. Then after an hour Frank picked out an ordinary affair of pine, saying,

"Richard Burton was content to write on a kitchen table. That is good enough for me."

So too at the tobacconist's after fondling straight-grained pipes and meerschaums he would disgust the shopman by choosing a fourpenny corn-cob, "the kind that Mark Twain smoked."

This problem of furnishing was indeed too much for many of the Freshers. One had ordered so lavishly that he could barely move between his sideboard, his cabinets, his book-cases, his bureaux, his chairs and his massive dining-table. Frank with his austere brown paper wall, on which a lithograph by Daumier, a Rembrandt etching, a pen and ink by Charles Keene, a print by Hogarth and a Nicholson woodcut were the decorations, gave a distinctive air to less pretentious quarters.

Charles, however, liked his own taste best of all. When he had his clothes unpacked and his books shelved, when he had signed his name in Latin in the Register, when he had absorbed some fatherly advice from his Scout, when he had interchanged visits with school-fellows and received the calls of friendly seniors, when he had dipped into undergraduate slang and etiquette and been initiated into tubbing on the river, when he had learned the times to forget his cap and gown, how to wear that gown round his neck like a scarf, how late he could decently turn up in Hall, what kind of excuse to make when he cut his tutor, he began to feel that this was the place where a man could be a man.

The compact concentrated life of Oxford came as a relief after the daily train rides between Baron's Court and Richmond. Moreover to one who had hitherto lived in a rather repressive home, there was an exultation in housekeeping for oneself. Breakfast which till now had been an unhappy rush through ham and eggs became a carefully thought-out hour and a half of social entertainment, at which he could regale his new acquaintances or dazzle with sophisticated menus Paulines now at cruder colleges like Balliol. Kelly, an American on the same staircase, helped him here with suggestions such as grape-fruit and an American cereal, after which might come curried prawns and devilled mushrooms, followed by Devonshire cream with mulberry jam.

Silas, the scout, who brought up a large and ravenous family on his most useful perquisite—namely, whatever was

left over from the meals upon his staircase—disliked such notions. Oxford town was not yet educated up to the American breakfast food, and when, for instance, Silas brought home toasted cornflakes his derisive offspring asked if the swells at Christ Church were using up their old straw hats.

Silas therefore backed the claims of pigeon pie, knowing the established rule of Christ Church kitchen that if you ordered pie for four, you got pie for six. This was good for the kitchen, good for the scout, and gave the undergraduate an air of hospitality. But Charles had inherited a certain business instinct and was twice shy.

Most days began with morning Chapel in the Cathedral. Then followed breakfast with a senior or in other company till ten, when it was time for a lecture. A second lecture with an houı once a week at which he read and discussed an essay with his tutor ended Charles's mild intellectual effort for the morning. If it was not time for luncheon he browsed in Blackwell's bookshop or hovered around his tailor or his haberdasher. The schoolboy has but little thought of dress, but the Fresher launches out, provided the purse allows, into post-impressionist socks, into fancy waistcoats, flame-red silk handkerchiefs and exotic ties. Women are supposed to dress to kill a man, rather than to satisfy their own delight in fabrics. So with the Fresher, whose gaudy waistcoat buttoned with mother-of-pearl and whose variegated interlude between his shoes and his turned up trousers are but expressions of exuberance, worn not to attract attention but to discharge emotion.

If only Charles could have hoped to be a Blue or even wear the faded rose and bright brass buttons of Leander, he might have shunned this dandyism. But to be a Blue meant to be a finer athlete than he knew to be within his powers. He could do no more than worship these half-deities with a heart beating behind a blaze of colour.

Yet he had his exercise. Enlisted for the river, Charles came back from strenuous afternoons of tubbing with a healthy glow and also, it must be confessed, in spite of

the seat protector known as "Pontius Pilate" a disinclination to sit down. Then came tea with unlimited appetite for cake and toasted buns.

Finding cigarettes less trying to the throat than a pipe, he settled down at last to a long and corktipped brand suggesting an air of experience.

Then an hour of quiet reading till it was time for Hall, after which the J. C. R. or Junior Common Room for coffee and all the gossip that was going. The rest of the evening varied. There were clubs, and once a week at least the theatre.

On his staircase he had found the ground-floor rooms occupied by two Bullingdon "bloods," both seniors, who dutifully called on him, had him to breakfast, and then receded into their exclusive sphere. On the first floor Baron v. Gleyn, a second year's Rhodes Scholar from Berlin, popularly known as Kaiser Bill's Best Friend, also did his duty but he also seemed to consider Charles small fry. Facing him Kelly, the American. Opposite Charles's own rooms on the second floor was Hargrove, a Westminster scholar, with thoughts mostly for the Church, while above were Staynes-Manners, a Carthusian immersed in billiards, and Mackenzie, full-blown M.A. of a Scottish University, now holding the annual Exhibition offered by competition irrespective of age to such as otherwise could not afford this expensive English degree.

It was not till he had returned a visit from Kelly that Charles began to regret his haste in furnishing. In Kelly's rooms a cornice of oak ran round the sitting-room the height of the door, above which the walls were finished in a creamy white identical with the ceiling. Below the cornice the walls were divided by broad strips of silvery grey oak into panels filled with a light brown Japanese grasspaper. Delicate Japanese stencils mounted on Japanese newspapers and framed in black hung in two panels. In another a Samurai hat of leather stamped with a gold dragon, and in another a circular dish of beaten copper. The mantel was of oak, simple in design, matching the sideboard, the doors and the

window-frames. The curtains were of tussore silk. The table and the chairs were of oak to match the walls, the only note of pronounced colour being in the cushions richly embroidered in red, black and gold.

One solitary vase adorned the mantelpiece, but above hung the head of a Rocky Mountain Sheep with curling horns. Liberty arm-chairs welcomed friends around the fire.

Although Kelly's dress was immaculate and his wealth undeniable, his vivid Middle Western dialect sounded strange in that drawling Oxford air, Silas was never reconciled to such language even by his lavish tips.

" 'E do fling such h'epitaphs at me," Silas would say, shaking his head.

Silas had little sympathy with the democratic wave which was bringing so many nobodies to Oxford. He loved to tell of the titled undergraduates on whom he had waited and—it must be suspected—whose cigars he had smoked. Of o[illegible]rticularly who had on a certain Fifth of November roasted [illegible]n Peckwater Quadrangle certain statutes from the Library, he was hysterically proud.

" 'E was a demon, sir, 'e was—but 'e [illegible] a thorough gentleman."

Broad cheeked and rather flat in the face, Kelly betrayed his Irish father in more than his name. But he was thoroughly United States. His teeth glistened gold, his feet were natty with patent leather, his light brown hair was parted in the middle. What stamped him most of all American was his high-strung manner and vigorous speech, so different from the suave "good form" of the English undergraduate.

Although jarred at first by Kelly's transatlanticism, Charles got to like him so well that they arranged to dine together in Hall.

That spacious banquet-chamber built by the ambitious high-priest Wolsey for the great College which should be his monument roused the admiring sarcasm of the American.

"If I were boss," he said, "I'd have them give a fellow

something like a dinner in a hall of this kind, not a th
cent meal for fifty cents. I'd get a bunch of those f
guys in the white caps and aprons same as you see at Si
son's in the Strand, and set them up against a table loa
with venison pasty and barons of beef, sheep roasted wh
sucking pig, loin of veal, peacock pie, turkey, goose
good fat capon, then another of fish with lamprey pi
dish of lobster, salmon and halibut, and then a third ta
with plum pudding, iced cakes, tarts, desserts, candies
fruits, with butlers handing out possets of sack, mugs of
and flagons of wine. Why, old Henry the Eighth look
down on us from that picture frame over the head-ta
must mistake this for a cafeteria."

"Henry the Eighth isn't our only portrait here," s
Charles. "There's William Penn, your Quaker hero in
suit of armour—perhaps we're livin' up to his lights no

"God bless the Founder of Pennsylvania," answered K
ly. "He was a regular fellow. It was his Quakers a
Dutchmen that brought us scrapples and Philadelphia sa
age. Give me a Dunkard girl for a cook, and just as su
as a cat's a pussy I'll die with a good digestion. Ever he
of the Dunkards? They're a religious sect of farmers
some farmers I tell you—in Pennsylvania. The men a
clean-shaven except for a bunch of spinach under the chin
they're the kind that won't give you anything unless i
absolutely right. When William Penn said a long gra
before meat, it was coming to him. He knew he was d
for a good meal whenever he ate at home. I guess I
see the head cook here, to-morrow morning, and have
little heart to heart talk. He needs it."

Curious to know what happened, Charles asked for pa
ticulars next day.

"Well, I saw His Nibs," said Kelly. "He gave me th
stony glare and after a while threw several spasms, bu
at the end he promised to give it the up and down and thin
it over. For the love of Pete, I said, try to live up t
your kitchen. Before I left I handed him the Boston Coo

Book, and he touched me for five bucks, or one golden sovereign."

Charles soon found that Kelly knew what he was talking of when he talked of cooking. Much of his time seemed to have been spent in collecting recipes for the dishes that had pleased his palate. These he somehow persuaded the House kitchen to serve up at the luncheons which he gave to his select friends, mostly Americans like himself, as the English had the river or the football field to consider, and dared not risk more than bread and cheese. One day he would have an Italian lunch, with onion soup served in yellow bowls, spaghetti, gnocchi, cauliflower fritters and a sweet of frangipane. Another day he would start with lentil broth or cream of barley soup with asparagus tips, mackerel baked in cream followed by sweetbread salad and ending with apricot custard—as he said to remind him of Vienna. On Fridays he had fish as cooked in Normandy, but only on Sunday would he allow himself English food, saying he did this for a penance and being himself most penitent over large helpings of cold roast beef and Cheddar cheese.

When Charles accused him of being a glutton he only laughed.

"I'm the easiest fellow in the world," he said, "when it comes to eating, provided I get what I want."

Kelly's pantry was like a China shop, so numerous were the sets of plates and dishes, each of a distinctive colour. One day he would use cardinal red, another day a pale emerald green, another a Chinese blue. He drove poor Silas half distracted, as he used not a table-cloth but doilies to each dish, while the silver and the glasses and the plates had to be arranged on a mathematical proportion for which he drew up a diagram like an architect's ground plan. The glass of water must be exactly at the point of the knife, the bread and butter plate must be to the upper left of the service plate, with butter knife across the upper right hand side and blade turned toward the centre. There must also be for each guest a tiny saucer with what Kelly called an "Individual nut."

Before very long Charles realized that Oxford is a University of many atmospheres, separated by walls less tangible but more impenetrable than the old city ramparts. Between the men on the same staircase there was a freemasonry which permitted them to borrow each other's cups and saucers, even their silver on emergencies; and men of the same college, however separated they might be by wealth or tastes or seniority, breathed a common air which gave them towards each other a certain fellow feeling. But in a strange quadrangle, even if one visited by invitation, a cold grey pall chilled any interchange of thought between men whose tastes were otherwise in common, making the visitor feel on sufferance, and driving the more sensitive back to their own friends in their own college. Just as in a nightmare invisible hands hold the eager heart from the object it pursues, so this old-world Oxford seemed to be haunted by unseen forces, ghosts of forgotten prejudices and immemorial feuds, herding the young generations mysteriously into enclosures from which they might not stray. Only in outside clubs, where men may meet on neutral ground in newer buildings not permeated by this imperceptible, pervasive spirit of exclusiveness, does this harass of veiled aloofness disappear.

Christ Church, which as the *ædes Christi* or House of Christ scorns the appellation "College," is nevertheless itself more like a city. So many types, so many ranks, so many interests are gathered in its five quadrangles that no wearer of its colours need go outside to find his friends. It is a University within a University, and there are few who would not rather say they were at the House than that they were at Oxford.

If there is any breach within its walls, it is through the link of school. Paulines, like the rest, forgather, indeed possibly more than others, for that school wins so many scholarships that it breeds a race of prigs who rather fancy themselves a race apart, destined by a thoughtful deity for the Ireland and other such University prizes.

Charles who had no need to work save when he wanted,

was not a Pauline born: he had merely had St. Paul's thrust upon him by a careless father. His school-fellows now at other Colleges put up with him because he was good-natured and imagined them nearly as brilliant as they thought themselves. He annoyed the scholars by saying he preferred G. K. Chesterton to Homer, and yet they forgave him, for after all Chesterton had been a Pauline.

The privilege of being a Pauline was never realized so keenly as on that evening of Charles's very first term, when the debating hall at the Union was packed as it was never packed before by a crowd eager to hear Chesterton himself meander round the subject of the House of Lords. That Oxford should have paid this tribute to one who was not an Oxford man was typical of the broad spirit which so often disarms its critics. Strangely enough no one better than Chesterton expressed the attitude towards which the undergraduate of that time aspired—an attitude of paradox concealing faith, expounding the Age of Innocence in the epigram of the intellectual exquisite.

Charles's own particular school chum had been swallowed up in Cambridge, but Frank Mainwaring had always been friendly, and now that they were of the same year at the same House, went to the same lectures, had the same tutor, and were tubbed together, this friendliness increased.

Although he had the protruding teeth and die-away chin which Continental artists delight to picture as typical of the effete Englishman, Frank had a fair physique and considerable force of character. At the competition for his scholarship, he had impressed his examiners by answering only one of the fifteen questions they had put down for the general paper, treating it with a thoroughness which left no doubt of his wide reading. Like Charles he had played in the School Fifteen, his speed and pluck as a three-quarter being beyond reproach. He had a truly Pauline skill with the gloves and was an admirable swimmer. Lack of pocket-money had been his greatest handicap to friendship At Oxford, however, after a preliminary spell of thrift, he went more boldly into debt.

Frank also took a fancy to the American, finding intens delight in his pungent language and his New World poin of view. On urging Kelly to go down to the boats, thi offspring of Chicago answered, "Rowing is the finest spor in the world next to knitting. But give me a game where more than one out of eight is allowed to think for himself. Your perfect oarsman reminds me of the poet's purple cow. I'd rather see than be one."

CHAPTER II

RETURNING rather early from the river, Charles one afternoon found Kelly's door ajar and heard the sound of scuffling on his own landing. Then the voice of the American rang out sharp and nasal:

"Now, boys, that'll do."

Hurrying up to see what was happening, he found Hargrove's oak sported and Kelly with his back to it, surrounded by four others, men whom Charles recognized as of their own year, hunting men of the "coshy" type. They fell back as Charles appeared so that he could stand beside the American.

"What's the row about?" said Charles, ready for a fight.

Why do you spoil the fun?" said one of the four, a fat red-haired dandy. "We're not interfering with you. It's this rotten Hargrove smug. He's much too 'pi,' so we are screwing him up."

"I'm dead nuts on pie myself," said Kelly. "What's the matter with pie?"

"Not that kind of pie, you silly goat," said the other. "'Pi' short for pious. The fellow holds prayer-meetings in his rooms,—regular confessional. You ask Silas."

"You leave Silas to us," said Kelly roughly. "This is our staircase and not yours. We'll hold all the god-damned prayer-meetings and confessionals we choose. Now you fat son-of-a-gun, hands up and get out of this. I hate to spill blood upon the floor, but just smell this automatic and quit before I count ten, or, by God, I'll give Silas something to wipe up! One—two—three—four——"

He did not have to count any further, for when they saw the weapon pointed as if to fire the four suddenly blanched, ducked and plunged downstairs so quickly that before

Charles and Kelly had time to look each other in the face fugitive steps were heard scattering across the quadrangle.

"Ever play poker?" said Kelly as he turned round the barrel of his imitation revolver and drew from it a cigarette. "If these boys haul me up before the Censor, I'll have yet another laugh on them. Here, old man, fetch a screw-driver so that we can release the Papal Legate."

"Here's one on the floor," said Charles. "They must have dropped it."

Half a dozen screws had already been driven into the oak before Kelly had intervened, but these were quickly extracted. Opening the inside door they found Hargrove, a smile on his face and a jug in either hand.

"For the love of Pete," exclaimed Kelly, "what kind of a prayer-meeting is this?"

Hargrove chuckled as he explained,

"I had the jugs of water ready in case they threw in fireworks through the letter-slit, and when I heard them rush downstairs, I ran to the window and caught them just in time; at least two of them—the fat one and Browning—soaked to the skin, I imagine."

"Bully for you, St. John the Baptist," said Kelly. "That was a hell of a near shave, but they'll leave this staircase alone now, or I miss my guess. Fitz, put on your coat of many colours, and we'll all celebrate with tea in my rooms."

"Why not have it here?" said Hargrove. "Unless you are afraid."

"Afraid?" Kelly roared with laughter. "That's a good one. Sure, we'll be delighted. Won't we, Fitz?"

"Just in a jiffy," said Charles.

Hargrove's rooms were characteristic. He was an ardent brass-rubber, belonging to that happy band which on bended knee secures impressions from fourteenth and fifteenth century graven memorials in which the floors of English parish churches are so rich. The beautiful lettering and fine drawing translated thus into black and white become fine panels of surprising decorative value, so that Hargrove had an array of supplicating knights in armour on his walls, as

background to tall brass candlesticks and dark oak Tudor furniture.

When Silas appeared, Kelly gave the old man a dressing down which he was not likely to forget, warning him that if any more such tales were spread, he would put arsenic in all the untouched food which Silas claimed as his iniquitous perquisite, and gunpowder in the cigars which Silas stole.

Hargrove seemed rather to enjoy the lurid language interspersed in these admonitions. His eyes deep sunk under dark beetling brows sparkled with the humour of what evidently was a hospitable soul. The stooping shoulders and sallow skin did not make his a prepossessing appearance, but behind it all there was something human which delighted in pouring out tea and handing cake to the two friends who had come to his rescue.

He was still a boy at heart and behind his almost saintly exterior rejoiced in pranks of which a stranger could hardly have believed him capable.

Every word that Hargrove spoke seemed to carry the echo of a Gregorian chant—his face was the face of a mystic, and in the subdued light of candles one could visualize in him the mediæval priest swaying with incense and with ritual the souls of the faithful. While Kelly looked on morning chapel as an alibi, this rite was an essential purification of the spirit to such as Hargrove, who rejoiced in the responses as if his heart were in the sacrificial fire.

With the Cathedral as its private Chapel, Christ Church was to him an earthly Paradise. The massive strength of the Norman columns, the fairylike fan-tracery above the choir, the graceful early English arches of the Lady Chapel with the watching chamber of St. Frideswide, the simpler vaulting of the Latin Chapel guarded by the recumbent warrior figure, comrade of the Black Prince, the great Norman door from the Cloisters to the Chapter House—these gave an air which the Westminster scholar loved to breathe. For Wolsey, the worldly Cardinal, who had cut off two of the Norman arches to make a great quadrangle he had a fine contempt.

"The memory of such a butcher," he said, "is best kept in his kitchen."

Hargrove had a piano in his rooms, and between him and Charles grew the bond of music. Up till now he had played mostly in the afternoons for fear of annoying his neighbours, but this illusion was soon dispelled, and as often as not when he began to play one or more slipped in to listen. It was not long before he found that Charles had a pleasant tenor voice, with, however, a poor selection of songs.

"You should begin with the Elizabethans," said Hargrove, "if you wish to get the spirit of good melody, and you could not find a better place to begin than here. The Library of Christ Church is full of forgotten airs from the days of Thomas Campion. I'll transcribe what I think would suit your voice, and then if you like we can make an historical progression, linking up these songs for the lute with the best of the ballads of to-day. I have a dozen books on folk-song too—the songs unearthed by Cecil Sharp are fascinating."

Kelly's hands-up exploit won for that worthy considerable popularity. Westminster is strong at Christ Church, and Hargrove with his quiet but intense religion had the respect of those who knew him best. It was not long before the fat Fresher met with retribution in Mercury, the historic fountain of Tom Quad, into which the obstreperous are dipped with or without ceremony by those who take this salutary method of teaching manners. Even the Dean stopped Kelly one day in the Broad Walk, and with a twinkle in his eye asked him if he had any more Wild Western cigarettes.

Hargrove had some months later his opportunity of doing the American a service in return.

The pivot of the educational system at Oxford is not the lecturer discoursing to a roomful of men more or less attentive, but the tutor who for an hour a week talks over with each of his pupils the books read and knowledge gained thereby the week before. So much reading is prescribed and an essay must be written in which the undergraduate maintains some thesis. No better system could be

found for keeping record of a man's real study and intelligence. In order to defend his argument, he must digest what he reads instead of rushing through more books than he can remember. His brain goes actively to work upon a subject, instead of taking mere dictation. He learns to express his thoughts in language which must be clear and to the point, otherwise he is at his tutor's mercy.

Kelly took his work more seriously than he openly admitted. It cost him money, and your good American gets his money's worth. Five hours was his daily modicum of study, if he had to steal the hours from sleep. Suddenly, however, came the spell of golf which for a fortnight obsessed him so that, in his own language, he went to bed with his mashie. He practised stymies of an evening on a baby green which he had made by filling a large flat bathtub with turf, and swished his driver before a full-length mirror in the style depicted in his "Guide to Golfers."

The result was that the five hours dwindled down to two, and Kelly one week actually cut his tutor. It was impossible to plead an *æger,* for that very afternoon on the links he spliced a ball into that very individual. One morning, on the second week of this infatuation, Charles and Hargrove went to him for breakfast, and whether it was that he was off his game, or conscience smote him, he declared his intention of turning over a new leaf.

"Trouble is," he said, "that this week I haven't read a line, and Blinkers sent me a note last night that his hour is ten o'clock to-day, not the week after next. Guess it's face the music for mine."

"I can help you," said Hargrove. "Doesn't Blinkers live in Meadows, staircase three?"

"Sure thing."

"Well, if you can keep him going for twenty minutes, we'll do the rest."

Kelly wished to know the plan, but Hargrove sucked his pipe mysteriously and gave no answer but a chuckle.

As soon as Kelly had left them, Hargrove dashed upstairs to his rooms and fetched a piece of rope.

"Get some more," he said to Charles, "and meet me in Clayton's rooms—he lives right over Blinkers. Ask any one to come who has a rope."

Within ten minutes, five or six conspirators were gathered. Hargrove made them clear the table into the bedroom, remove the ornaments from the mantelpiece and then unfolded his plan.

"We will now," he said, "compete for the skipping championship of Christ Church. Extra points will be awarded to those who jump the highest. Through a regrettable oversight, Mr. C. F. Blinkers, M.A., Student of Christ Church, who occupies the rooms below, has not been advised of the contest, but if we commence with a competition between teams, three a side, he will soon realize that something is happening. Proceedings will commence when I blow this whistle."

It needed no persuasion to get them started. The stout oaken floors creaked beneath the strain as the six leaped in furious competition. It was not long before the scout came running up.

"Mr. Blinkers' compliments," he panted, "and was this intended for a h'earthquake or a volcano?"

"Ask Mr. Blinkers to come and see for himself," said Hargrove, with a coolness that surprised them all.

The scout hesitated. He did not like to see an undergraduate run the risk of being sent down.

Just then a stone came flying through the window. Charles looked out, and saw it came from the American, who had evidently been let off.

"Wait a jiff," he shouted to the scout, catching him in time. "I'll go down and explain. It's all right now, you fellows. The contest will continue in Kelly's rooms in Peckwater. Hurry along."

Charles found Blinkers ruefully repairing a broken statuette with seccotine, and gravely apologized.

"It wasn't very much worse than last year," said the tutor. "That was when Blagden, the heavy-weight putting

champion practised in the rooms above. Still even a teacher of political economy can turn."

Kelly was pouring out drinks for the crowd when Charles got back to Peckwater.

"Blinkers took it very well," he was saying. "At first he looked up quietly when the plaster dropped from the ceiling. 'Rhodes scholars, I presume, playing Euchre.' Then at a terrific thump, 'I hope that isn't Clayton's head upon the floor. It is not as if he were a Scotchman.'—Then, when the pictures started to fall down, he rose and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Kelly, we can finish this next week. Perhaps in the meantime it would be wise for us to seek refuge on the Cathedral Spire. You may have the weathercock."

It was in the variety of types he met that Charles found Oxford most entertaining. Books were all very well, sport and the river were still better, but best of all was this intercourse with men of different upbringing, circumstances, character, ideals, manners.

Kelly was unique, and when they were better acquainted and sat over the fire loosening their tongues with mulled claret he cast the spell of the West upon our more sophisticated Englishman. On several such occasions Mackenzie, rubbing his tired eyes, would join them.

"What really brought you here?" asked Charles of Kelly on such a night. "You have your own American Universities, presumably the best on earth."

"Well, I am several kinds of a damn fool. I'm here for a rest cure—doing nothing makes me feel bully. I like this quiet backwater where all I have to do is to play around and feel good."

"I always thought you one of those post-graduate fellows."

"Not exactly—Diploma in Economics and Political Science is what they have stuck me for. Tutor is one of those metaphysical guys that keep you rubbernecking all the time to find out what they mean. See, it's like this, I was an attorney in Chicago—graduated in the John Marshall School after a mixed diet of textbooks and cases—working in the

courts and in the office from eight in the morning to two the next, with no kind of a change unless I went to see a baseball game—partner in a live firm where we worked to beat the band. Well, I got so that I couldn't smoke a cigar without I had two meals under my belt, so Doctor says to me one day, 'Mike,' he says—they call me Mike over there—'it won't do; quit right now, or you'll go bughouse. Travel—get some ozone into your system—take a sea-voyage—go to Europe—marry a pink English girl with no nerves. You're using your own up at both ends.' Well, I took Doc's advice and came over in the *Adriatic*—did Rome and Vienna and Berlin and Paris—some burg Paris! —and then to dear old England, and was beginning to feel lonesome, till I came here. That was last summer in Eights Week. Then, why, I just sat around and laughed till I cried. Gee! to see them chickens——"

"Chickens?"

"Why yes, girls—flopping around Tom Quad—and to watch the races and see the barges and the boys in their nice white flannel suits taking their best bets out in canoes and punts, and the roses and the hedges and the lawns staying as green as green without so much as a sprinkler. 'Mike,' I said, 'this looks good to me.' So when things had quieted down a bit, I had a nice visit with the Dean, who took me to see that portrait of William Penn and said he liked Americans and that the only thing they needed to be perfect was an Oxford finish—Diploma was the word he used. What finished me was the kitchen—have you ever seen anything to beat it?—forty feet square and forty feet high, with tall windows like a cathedral, and long ranges against the walls, and an old English open fire with a chopping block in the centre and Cardinal Wolsey's old gridiron still hanging up—some kitchen, I tell you. Me for Christ Church, I said—here's the place where a fellow could get back his appetite. Yet the Dean sold me on Christ Church, so I asked him to set my name in the books. Well, I came up early and cleaned all the junk out of these rooms to make them more like home—and here I am having a

whale of a time sparring with the head cook and getting back my appetite and studying economics and waiting for the pink English girl."

"I have two sisters," said Charles, "both expert in the use of rouge, who would be glad to oblige if only you had a title."

"Call me descendant of Irish Kings. Oh, I should worry! My fate will come along in good time. But till then let me eat and play golf and take sugar with my fingers and think I am back in the Middle Ages with horse-cars and no telephones or radiators, and paying Battels instead of Bills—and believe me they are some Battels, where they charge like hell—and then the husky old curfew of Great Tom, with its hundred and one strokes every night—still, you have electric light."

"More's the pity," said Charles. "We should have stuck to the old motto of the University—*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*."

"How do you translate that?"

"You might put it 'The Lord is my Lantern,'" said Charles.

"I'm with you there, Fitz!" said Kelly laughing. "I'm not one of those wise guys that want this Noah's Ark brought up to the minute. I can get a room with a bath at two or three hotels in London if I take my hat in my hand and speak nicely to the manager. But honest to God I do love to wake in the morning to hear Silas pouring cold water into the large tin saucer you call a tub, and then get a whiff of smoke from the chimney that won't draw as he lights the fire. It brings back the old camp way back in the bush, when Bill Foster and I went hunting and had God's own time. Don't I wish I was there now! Well, I get up and put the pan on the fire to warm my shaving water, and by the time it's ready I'm due to be gated for missing morning chapel. Yet perhaps it's as well I have to stay at home with spotters prowling around whenever there's a good-looker in sight."

"Spotters?—ah, proctors."

"You're a bright boy, Fitz—we'll soon understand each other. Then breakfast with no icewater to wash it down. Then a lecture— Say! The old boy in his lecture yesterday said that Cambridge was known as the largest cattle market in the provinces.—Do you know, Fitz, that took me way back home to Chicago. Don't I wish I could show you our stockyards. Oh, we've got a University too—twice as many students as you have here."

"Do you know them all?"

"Not on your sweet life, old man; but it's easier to break in there than here— Say, I like to see the gentlemanly way you boys kick each other's shins here at football without apologizing till you've been introduced, and the ladylike way you talk and the old-fashioned way you have of going on the jag—Good night!"

"We're just going."

"Who said go?"

"You said good night!"

"Why, that's the American language and just means 'Can you beat it?'—Savvy?"

"All right, you heathen Chinaman, some day as a penance for my sins I shall cross the Atlantic to learn your language."

"Sure do! Well, you may learn by then to speak more like a human being, but it will take you longer than that to think American. Now our Scotch friend here, Mackenzie, he'd get the hang of it quicker—he's a regular dollar-chaser, has his eye already on a job in some University away up near the North Pole, where he'll be a big bug and write books that his students will have to pay for with good money."

Mackenzie chuckled. He was a small almost stunted fellow with a large head, and obtrusive spectacles, who had an almost uncanny capacity for work. "Smug" was the term applied to such, for he took no part in games or sport, being satisfied with a daily grind to Iffley or Godstow, as a rule in the company of other Scots. Oxford to such as these was an expense the value of which must be extracted

to the last penny. Their greatest relaxation was the Thursday night debate at the Union. That indeed was almost the only common ground on which Charles and Mackenzie met, for Charles went there to learn from more practised speakers and Kelly too found here in the introductory half hour of "Private Business" the source of much innocent mirth.

As the term advanced, the call of the river became of all the most incessant. Charles began to understand the joy of feeling the boat lift under a leg-drive, and learned the knack of wrist-play and shoulder-work and body-swing which at first seemed so difficult.

The discipline did him a world of good. The accomplished coach has the happy knack of making the self-satisfied Fresher realize that he is a babe who after a thousand years might be permitted to go in a rowboat with a nurse. Once reduced to a true understanding of his place in the universe, the afore-said Fresher can be trained into the modesty and perfect motion which wastes not an ounce of misdirected energy—his whole being attuned to a common effort. The greatest of all crimes for any one but stroke is to have an independent thought or be individually brilliant. No place in the boats for the airy insouciance which one may parade with impunity when with one's tutor.

Severe though the exercise might be, the sluggish, enervating Oxford air made exercise a necessity for health. In summer, perhaps, with the sunlight flooding the towers and spires, Oxford may be "the silver city" of the poet's vision, but from late October to early spring, from the last falling leaf to the earliest lilac in the gardens of St. John's, it is a city of dark greys and leaden skies.

Youth alone with effulgent spirit lightens the gloom, fills the playing fields and the river with bright energy and colour, beats down the fatal miasma with the flail of almost perpetual motion.

Great was Charles's gratification when the captain of the boats came round one evening to tell him he would have a place in Torpids.

"Which Togger?" he asked eagerly.

"Third," said the captain brusquely.

At which Charles felt snubbed, yet brightened again when he considered that such a place was better than no place at all.

This was news that he could not keep to himself, so he ran down to tell Kelly.

"Why, that's dandy," said the American. "You make me feel a regular slacker. Still, I have good news myself. Friend of mine in Constantinople has hired the Sultan's late *chef*—who had poisoned the wrong wife, and so got let out—so I am booked for Christmas at the Golden Horn, and if I don't come back with Turkish recipes enough to make Hargrove into a Mohammedan call me a Dutchman."

Frank Mainwaring had also won a place in the same boat, and Charles found he was already friendly with most of the other members of the crew.

The College Examination known as Collections and the Law Prelim were safely navigated, and when he went down for his first Vacation he felt that his first term had not been spent in vain.

CHAPTER III

FULL of the glad news, Charles went home to Richmond for Christmas expecting the welcome of a hero.

"Very nice," said his mother. "But what friends have you made at Christ Church? Have you met any members of the aristocracy?"

"No," he replied, suddenly on edge, "but I know a man who did."

"My dear Charles," cried his mother, "how can you come home with such a story! Think of the money your father is spending on your Oxford career."

"Yes," said Charles, "and think of the money I am saving him. If I were to go about with bloods, I'd have to join the Bullingdon, and that would mean a thousand a year—besides they never would elect a Pauline. Fate has ordained me to be an Ornament to the Middle Classes."

"How does the Ornament propose to earn a living?" interjected his father from behind the *Financial Times*.

"I have a remote hope of becoming a publicist," answered Charles.

"What sort of a saloon does he keep?"

"He serves the bar of public opinion—higher journalism and that sort of thing—writes leading articles which influence current thought."

"If you could influence the stockmarkets, you would be more useful. Pray don't mistake your father for a philanthropist."

"Charles, you have disappointed us," said Clara, the elder sister. "We thought you could introduce us to the right sort, when we came to visit you in Eights Week. You wrote to us from Oxford on such nice crested notepaper that we

thought you must really have got in among good people. You said you had a German baron on your staircase."

"Did I? Well he's supposed to be a spy. All those German Rhodes Scholars are barons or vons and much too rich to be honest. Try some one else."

"If only I had your opportunities!"

"Clara, my dear," replied Charles, "if your ambition is to catch a title, why don't you join the chorus at the Gaiety? All I can offer you at Christ Church is a lawyer from Chicago?"

"Do they allow them there?" cried Mrs. Fitzmorris.

"In Chicago? Why not?"

"Charles, do not be foolish. Of course I meant Chicago lawyers at Christ Church."

"We positively dote on them," said Charles. "This one is called Kelly—he is the nicest man on my staircase and speaks three languages in one. Has been ordered to marry by his doctor. I gave him his choice of you two girls, but I think he would prefer a milkmaid."

Clara shrugged her shoulders. Joyce, the younger sister continued the interrogation.

"If you haven't met any titles, weren't there any with double-barrelled names?"

"Why yes, Staynes-Manners, also on my staircase, but there is a regrettable tendency among us to call him Staggers-Maggers."

"Father, dear," remarked Mrs. Fitzmorris, "I wish we had sent Charles to some other college. He seems to have got into low company."

"Better low company than high finance," said Charles.

At which his father, who found it difficult to keep up with the social ambitions of his womankind, smiled indulgently and decided that his son had a certain amount of common-sense.

This craze for blue blood had caused the elder Fitzmorris some inconvenience in a sphere where petticoat influence seemed out of place, namely his business. To please his wife he had allowed a lordling to be director in a com-

pany he controlled, but he grudged the guinea-pig's fees. Other such directors loomed within sight, and he wished to heaven his wife would let the House of Lords alone.

Charles, before he went to Oxford, had laughed at the snobbishness of his family, but not till now did he realize its blatancy. His sisters echoed Society gossip, and the Christmas vacation to which he had pleasantly looked forward became distressing. He pleaded work when they wished to drag him to Charity Balls or Bazaars, and when that excuse failed shunned the house from early breakfast to late at night.

There were two things about Oxford that Charles found out in his first term. First, that the serious reading for the Schools is done not in term but during the vacations, and second, that the University itself is more or less a youthful suburb of the House of Commons. To keep afloat, he must therefore spend this Christmas in studying, first, the books prescribed for his School in History, and, second, the harangues of Lloyd George, the preciosities of Mr. Balfour and the diplomatic evasions of Mr. Asquith, which were subjects of so much debate among the men he met. Reading at home was subject to too much interruption, but at the British Museum and at the London Library he could immerse himself up to midday in the seventeenth century, while after lunch he could swallow Old Age Pensions, Death Duties, Woman's Suffrage, Land Taxes and Labour Exchanges.

In the evenings there were concerts and the theatre, more particularly the theatre, where Charles discovered he had an unexpected capacity for sentiment. He went to *The Blue Bird* for the first time, and wept. He went for the second time, and wept again. A third, a fourth and a fifth time, still resulting in tears.

The sixth time he went, he was taken by his father, who had never read the newspaper critiques and imagined that as the play was so popular it must be musical comedy. Discovering after fifteen minutes that it was a symbolic play for children, he suggested they should pass on to the Em-

pire, but was persuaded to remain. After further fidgeting, the stock-broker grew quiet, and at the scene where the children play again with their lost brothers and sisters the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Charles affected not to notice, but, when as the play went on the tears flowed again, he took out his own handkerchief and wiped away his own tears so openly that his father took notice and did the same.

"Who would have thought it possible," said Mr. Fitzmorris after the play was over and attempted to regain his normal spirits over a little supper at the Carlton. "It's all very well for you—you are young and impressionable—but I am an old stager, hard as nails when it comes to business. I believe this must be some hereditary weakness—this weeping over a play—like bad teeth or a tendency to gout. I must ask my doctor about it."

"Whatever it is," said Charles, "you seem to have passed it on to me. Have you any other failings that I can look out for?"

"Sometimes I have a homicidal mania," replied Mr. Fitzmorris. "These young fellows the girls bring home seem to bring it on."

"I've noticed that symptom myself," said Charles. "They certainly are the worst kind of worm. If the feeling attacks you again and I am around, let me do the shooting."

"By Jove," said the elder, "I'm glad to hear you say so! I was afraid that Oxford would develop you into the same kind of pup. The sins of the father may be visited upon the children, but the affectations of the children are punishment enough for the worst father I ever met. What kind of men do you really come across at Christ Church?"

Charles described some of his friends, more particularly Kelly.

"Bring him out to the house if he comes to town," said Mr. Fitzmorris. "He seems to be an original."

On the day before vacation ended, great was Charles's joy to hear in Piccadilly the hail of his American friend.

"Hullo, Fitz, what's the best word?"

Charles turned with a smile to welcome Kelly.

"Well, of all people! How did you find the Sultan's harem? Did you discover the secret of Turkish Delight?"

"Wait and you'll see. Had the time of my life. Gee, but all the same it is good to be back in this little old village."

"Then you haven't met your fate yet?"

"No, but I've got one on the string who in about a year's time might let me in on the same level as her fox-terrier. Fitz, you son of a gun, she's a peach, and has all the rest of them faded."

"Glad to hear it, also to think that we shan't lose you yet awhile. Does this mean you are captured?"

"Still a loophole, and I've got to keep my hand in, so if you see something in petticoats just right, remember Kelly. Who says a little drink?—Gee! it's good to see your face again. I'm glad to see you and glad twice over."

Charles hesitated.

"Not on the water-wagon?"

"No, but——"

"Yes, but—as an appetizer. I've struck quite a cute place if you want to eat; corned beef and cabbage—there's no finer fruit in the world."

Kelly was irresistible.

"First of all a little cocktail," taking Charles's arm and walking him into a bar over which there hung the sign "American Drinks."

"Rosie,"—this to the barmaid—"mix me a nice little Ward Eight, and another for Fitz here, Fitz—Rosie—Rosie —Fitz."

"Pleased to meet you," said Rosie, offering a display of gold and imitation diamonds which presumably concealed a hand. Then to Kelly: "That's a new one. Tell me how to mix it."

"It's what the Irish drink in Boston," replied Kelly. "First a little ice—then a squeeze of lemon—then raspberry juice and rye and soda and a shake and another squeeze of lemon, and then you're ready to vote right."

"Does that mean two votes or three?" said Charles.

"Mike," said Rosie, "you know we don't have ice."

"Then why 'American Drinks'?"

"I spoke to the boss about it, but he said if any customer wanted it he could bring his own."

"Ice or no ice, Rosie, you are certainly some mixer."

Then after taking the cocktail which certainly tasted good, he said:

"Now for the good old stand-by. Just round the corner, corned beef and cabbage and pumpkin pie. Makes me think of mother—but, hell, this is no country for pie!"

"Makes me think of Hargrove," said Charles.

And they both laughed heartily at the recollection of that adventure on the staircase.

His second term at Oxford taught Charles what it was to be in strict training. Smoking was taboo, and he opened his lungs before breakfast with a hundred yards sprint and then a sharp walk round Meadows. At the training breakfasts each of the Eight devoured a giant's portion lightened only by squish—otherwise marmalade—and the green vegetable known as rabbit-food. A sleepy forenoon and a light lunch were followed by the muscular discipline of the river. Then a cup of tea and relaxation until another heavy meal at dinner, after which an hour in the J. C. R., bed at nine o'clock, and an exhausted slumber.

Considering themselves to some extent champions of the rest of the House, every eight of them, even though they were only the Third Togger, inclined to put on airs. It was the *Isis,* that weekly epitome of undergraduate wisdom, which humbled them with the cutting reference:

"Christ Church have not a Fourth this year, and by the look of their Third have some difficulty in raising that."

An indignation meeting was held in the rooms of Bayley, the stroke, who proposed that they should kidnap the editor and make him eat the insulting page in their presence, or else be ducked in Mercury, the fountain in Tom Quad.

Another demanded that a copy of the paper should be publicly burned in Peckwater.

Better counsels however prevailed, particularly when Jeffers, their coach, came in and told them that the *Isis* was just about right.

"What it says is true now," he remarked. "But you can make it look silly if you keep strict training and plug like hell."

Jeffers was a fair-headed bull-voiced martinet who had rowed for the House in last Summer Eights and therefore was not allowed a place in Torpids. He had at the same time sufficient tact to temper truth with sympathy. Just a short time before, the *'Varsity,* a snobbish rival to the *Isis,* had uttered a now classic *mot.*

"The best men," it had said, "avoid the debates at the Union."

Thinking of this Jeffers continued,

"The best men do not row in Torpids. They spend the afternoon playing pills, auction bridge or other such manly sport."

The laugh that greeted his remarks encouraged him to proceed.

"They are above taking any interest in the good name of the House to which they belong, or a pride in its place upon the river. They train all day for their evening 'wines,' culminating in 'rags,' the cost of which they are not too proud to share with quieter mortals like you and me. Now what we've got to do, every man Jack of us, is not to degenerate into the example of the 'best men,' but to show these arm-chair critics that they are wrong. I've just sent the editor of the *Isis* an offer to bet a hundred pounds to one that Christ Church III will go up three places. If you don't go up, I'm so much out of pocket. But I think I'm going to win."

"Good old Jeffers!" shouted Bayley, and "Good old Jeffers!" said they all.

Charles and Frank had meant to take at least one night off for an O.U.D.S. performance of *The Tempest,* but

loyalty to Jeffers put such thoughts out of mind, and from that moment they and every member of the crew kept to the strict letter of their regimen.

They were indeed a clean-cut, healthy minded set of fellows—sons of middle class parents, three of them scholars and the rest commoners sent to the University to rub the angles off their youthful ardour.

Bayley, the stroke, had learned to row at Radnor, whereas the others were all new to the river. Jenkins, a classical scholar, Todd and Moberly, who rowed seven, six and five were all from Westminster. Frank Mainwaring was four, Charles three, Grant, a Canadian Rhodes scholar, was two, and Stanley, a tough wiry Carthusian, rowed bow. Gilmore, the cox, who in spite of his diminutive size was the only one of them to wear a moustache, was an Australian, and always at loggerheads with Grant, the Canadian, on the respective greatness of their two countries. Gilmore's moustache was the subject of much good-humoured chaff. It won him such nicknames as that of the Wild Man of Borneo, all of which made Gilmore tug his precious appendage the more fiercely and retort that he would fight any of those present when they grew up.

Training at first took ten pounds off Charles's weight, then added the muscle which raised the scales again and so enlarged his chest that the fancy waistcoats began to grow tight. For a time he lost the inclination to replace them. Harris tweeds and square toed thick-soled shoes were more now to his fancy than his first finery, and Silas came in for a legacy which enabled his eldest offspring next vacation to paralyze his fellows.

If Kelly had not been an American, and therefore subject to the licence of a foreigner, Charles might have lost friendship with one who took such little interest in the river. They dined now during training time at different tables, but on Sunday evenings Charles still dropped into Kelly's rooms for a talk till the appointed bedtime.

With so much to distract him, the beauty of the old buildings, the romance that clung to every corner left

Charles indifferent. He found more interest in exercise and good fellowship. Hargrove, the Westminster scholar, who sometimes joined their talks, put in his word without avail. Hargrove bicycled each afternoon to one or other of the many fourteenth or fifteenth century parish churches in the neighbourhood of Oxford. There some Norman door or mural painting or brass or curious belfry charmed his soul.

"The trouble with you, Fitz," said Kelly, "is that you don't know how lucky you are to be here. It's fine and dandy to be a good sport, but I've got a hunch that Hargrove with his head chock full of ghosts has got you all skinned. I sometimes get a rise out of him myself for living before the Flood, but he has a soul and the rest of us just appetites."

"Speak for yourself," said Charles. "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we may have to go down. You have been reading too much guide-book. As an Englishman I claim the right to do as I please, trusting that when the time comes to get anything done I can pay some one else to do it. Oxford to me means flannels and a sweater, not cap and gown——"

"What about fancy waistcoats?" interrupted Kelly.

At which Charles blushed but continued:

"If ever I come back to a Gaudy, it will be to renew old friendships, not to see old stones. We belong not so much to a University as to the House, and in the House only to a Generation."

One group of buildings however did appeal to Charles, and that was Magdalen, whose beautiful square Gothic tower sang into the ravished sky its unheard melody. The red of autumn flushed the trees when he had seen it first from the Botanic Gardens, and as it shone so delicately fair in the bright sun, more graceful than the slender Lombardy poplar beside the gate, his soul trembled with ecstasy. Magdalen Cloisters, too, with the brooding Founder's Tower, were exquisitely satisfying, and on Friday afternoons never if he could help it would he miss the

service sung without organ by a perfect choir. Some might have said that he was prejudiced and mingled his affections with the memory of that Magdalen man, Dean Colet, who had founded his old school, St. Paul's. But Charles paid his homage to this great building without the aid of tradition.

During the last few days preceding Torpids, tempers were beginning to acidulate. The odds and ends of conversation had been used up at training breakfasts, they were swinging badly in the boat, and the rumour had gone round that if they did not show up well Christ Church III would really be dropped in future. Charles's crew was all on its nerves, and if a better showing had not been made at the trial practices prospects would indeed have been black.

One spirit, however, breathed through them all. They were determined to do their damndest, so that Jeffers should not lose his bet.

"If he does," they said to each other, "of course we'll pool the hundred. He's too good a sort for us to let him down like that."

Thirteen boats rowed in the Third Division, another melancholy omen, and of the thirteen Christ Church III stood ninth. Owing to the narrow river these were bumping races, all the competing boats starting at once with a given space between. The races opened on a Thursday, lasting till the following Wednesday, with Sunday as an interval of rest.

It was Charles's first boat race, and as the shell slipped down the river to the allotted place, and he watched the rise and fall of the backs in front of him, he wondered what they would do to him if he should catch a crab. Probably they would rag his rooms and burn his furniture —well, that would not be much loss, but it would be a nasty thing to live down. Worse still, Jeffers would have lost his bet through him. The thought made him watch his rowing all the more carefully.

All Oxford seemed to be trooping down the towing-path towards Iffley, mostly in shorts, though some, particularly

clergymen, were in ordinary dress. They evidently meant to run alongside, and of course House men were much in evidence.

Jeffers whispered his last words of advice to his men as they lay alongside the bank, then they stripped and a pole pushed them out far enough to catch water with their oars. Jeffers, stop-watch in his hand, counted the fleeting seconds —ten—nine—eight—seven—six—five—four—three—two—one—bang!—the gun gave the signal as their oars struck the water, and they were off.

Then for Charles it was tear—tear—tear—with hardly time to pant, his eyes glued to the necks of Four and Five, his teeth clenched and his ears singing so that only a confused sound came from the bank along which a wild horde ran, whirling rattles, banging gongs, ringing bells, blowing whistles, firing pistols, shouting "Well rowed House!" Then the voice of Jeffers through a well-aimed megaphone caught him, "Head up, Three!" and he answered with a jerk of the chin. There must have been a bump under the Green Bank, for two boats drifted past them. Charles's throat was parched, but at Long Bridges he got his second wind, just as they swept past another two boats, and with a leap of the heart knew that he could hold out. Queen's II was behind them at a safe distance and there was a long gap behind Queen's. Keble had evidently caught St. Catherine's. Coach said they were gaining on the boat ahead.

They were at the Barges now—one last spurt, and then the race was over. They had not made a bump, but they had held their place.

"Well rowed, all of you," came through the megaphone. "You'll go ahead to-morrow."

In the Second Division, Christ Church II had better fortune, moving up a place, but it was not till the First Division races that Charles and Frank recovered wind enough to join the House crowd on the towing-path and yell for the boat which headed the furious procession up the river. Kelly was there with a blunderbuss in each

hand, puffing so hard that Charles was afraid he would burst his lungs. Even the Bullingdon bloods condescended to carry dinner-bells.

To-morrow came with a hurricane of rain and wind almost swamping them when they took their place in line at the starting place. It was impossible to do any fine rowing in such weather—the wonder was they could keep afloat. Drenched to the skin and in thoroughly bad tempers they finished the course in the same position as when they started.

The third day's race was just as disappointing. A fierce wind blew down and across the river, sweeping waves over their bows, and gripping their oars.

There was never a Sunday in the history of England when the weather was responsible for more bad language than this. But it gave them a rest, and they still had three days to run.

The most cheerful man of them all was Jeffers.

"This was just the way I wanted it," he said. "It would have taken all the gilt off the gingerbread if you had won it all at once. I believe that *Isis* editor has already spent half the money in anticipation, and he'll be all the sorrier for himself when he sees you romp ahead. All you have to do now is to row the way you are rowing, and pray for better weather. You pull together now, you have a good leg-drive, your wrist work is the best in your Division, perhaps you don't keep your eyes enough on the boat—but the only thing that keeps you back is this Hairy Ainu we chose as cox. That moustache of his is too heavy on one side—we can't keep an even keel."

Gilmore gave a sickly grin, but said nothing. He was as much disturbed as any of them, for he had his heart in the boat and would have given anything to win. Anything? Yes, anything, even that long and flowing moustache, the one thing that gave dignity to his otherwise boyish face.

On Monday at breakfast Gilmore was late.

"Go and wake him up," said Jeffers savagely to the scout. "Pour his bath water over him."

In a few minutes the scout reappeared with the message, "Coming in a minute, sir. Mr. Gilmore says he's shaving."

"Shaving! Good God, with only half a face to shave! I'll teach him to shave," muttered the coach as he slashed at his bread.

But when Gilmore appeared, a shout went up from the whole room. His moustache was gone! He had taken Jeffers literally at his word.

But in his eyes there was a happy look which held back the joking comment on the tip of everybody's tongue. Jeffers was the only one to say anything.

"By Jove, old man, you're a real sport."

"I thought I'd give you fellows an excuse to keep your eyes on the boat," replied the Australian, with his queer little laugh.

Somehow or other a new enthusiasm infected the crew from the thought of this eccentric action. He was an ass to do it, of course, but sporting all the same. If Gilmore could do this, surely they could put an ounce or two more into every stroke, and win that bet for Jeffers. Yes, by Jove, they would!

That Monday indeed luck seemed to have turned.

The river seemed less like a storm at sea.

From the moment the gun went off they kept their heads, and a positive tornado of delight greeted their ears when at the Crossing they realized that they had caught Brasenose II, the boat ahead. All the tribulation of the past few days was now forgotten, and in magnificent style, after they had let the mad racers pass, they themselves swept up to receive their just ovation at the Christ Church barge.

Next day they vanquished Trinity II at the Long Bridges, and on the third day caught Oriel II at the Red Post, and thus had three triumphs to their credit.

Jeffers nearly pumped their arms off when he met them again on the barge.

"Hurry up, you fellows, and come along to my rooms,"

he whispered to each of them, nodding towards Gilmore. "We must have a presentation."

They changed as quickly as possible, then seized Gilmore and ran him shoulder high to Jeffers' rooms in Canterbury. Struggling a little at first, the Australian soon accepted the situation and with a pleased smile entered the gate at Meadows waving the cap of a conquering hero. Through the quadrangles they rushed cheering till they deposited him on the table of Jeffers' front room, where they joined hands and danced round him till the ornaments began to fall.

Then the coach called for quiet and produced a gold case on which was the inscription,

"To A. S. Gilmore,
Cynosure of Christ Church III."

Gilmore received the case with beaming face. He chuckled again and again as he read the inscription, unconsciously feeling for the moustache that was no more.

"Open it," said Jeffers. "There's something inside."

Touching a spring, Gilmore revealed a bottle which amid shouts of laughter they recognized as Hair Restorer.

"That's a good one," said the Australian, in excellent humour. "I'll be able to beat the Kaiser with this."

Christ Church II had gone up four places, and Christ Church I was still head of the river, so the House gave itself up that night to celebrations. It was a triumph worthy of wine, not beer or vulgar whisky.

After such rigid training virtuous indeed was the soul that could resist the call to Bacchus. Charles and Frank were neither of them paragons, and so in each other's company succumbed to the too frequent toasts, waking next morning about noon with headaches lightened by the joy of knowing they had helped to maintain the glory of the House.

The strain and excitement of the races had been severe, but Oxford quickly passes from one phase to another, and soon both Charles and Frank found football calling them

three times a week. This kept them well, and kept them in a good, healthy set. Charles never was more healthy or more happy, the only cloud upon his horizon being the thought that term must end and he must go back to the family refrigerator at Richmond. Great therefore was his relief when after displaying a reassuring knowledge of Scripture in the Examination known as "Divinners," Frank came to the rescue with an invitation to spend the Easter Vacation reading with him in the more democratic suburb of Bedford Park.

CHAPTER IV

FRANK MAINWARING was the son of an artist who belonged to a school no longer in fashion. Formed under the inspiration of Ford Madox Brown in the middle of the last century at a time when the spirit of revolution was in the air, it had preached the study of nature instead of convention and had included among its early adherents Rossetti, Millais and Holman Hunt. Its later and more decorative development drew into the field such men as Burne-Jones, William Morris and Walter Crane, but James Mainwaring painted in the earlier method of precise and meticulous rendering of a legend, the figures in which were drawn from actual persons correctly costumed in one strong definite light.

When the semi-artistic colony of Bedford Park was established in Chiswick by certain kindred spirits, he took one of Norman Shaw's red-brick white window-silled, Queen Anne cotages and forgave the inadequate drains on account of the excellent studio. It certainly was a charming suburb, with winding streets in which a tree was considered a thing too holy to be removed for a pavement. A row of Lombardy poplars too sacred to touch stood sentinel beside the Green, on which the offspring of the neighbourhood flew kites or planned mischief.

Daughter of a brother artist, Mrs. Mainwaring had attracted Mr. Mainwaring in her young days by her bright manner and sympathetic interest in the movement which was bringing new life and beauty into English domestic art. But marriage and cares of a family had swamped that interest, and by the time she was middle-aged, she was very far from the ideal he had pictured when she first captured his affections. He was however too loyal even to remonstrate, and took her change as part of the same sad

circumstance which had transformed the old-world villages surrounding London into crowded jerrybuilt suburbs, absorbed in the perpetual if sordid problem of how to make ends meet.

Although not so visionary as his friend William Morris had been, Mr. Mainwaring was an ardent reformer, and as he stood at his easel, with his grey hair and beard, wearing a faded blue smock, the very picture of an old Chartist, he discoursed in his gentle voice on the utter damnation of kings and the humbling of the House of Lords. A sociable fellow, he liked to work in company, and if Mrs. Mainwaring herself was too busy called in his son, or Viola his daughter, or Charles, so that he might have around him that human atmosphere without which he could not breathe. Charles indeed became very soon a favourite with the old man, who loved to hear him sing the old folk songs taught him by Hargrove. Viola played the accompaniments, joining sometimes in duets which threw Mr. Mainwaring into transports of delight.

Viola Mainwaring was a young lady, whose age for some years had veered around twenty. On leaving school she had attended art classes and now designed wall-papers, cretonnes and other such objects of domestic art. She had been through a course of book-binding with Douglas Cockerel, and several charming specimens of her skill lay upon the drawing-room tables. Seen from behind one might have said she was Burne-Jonesy, but nature had unkindly given her a tiptilted nose, and though this was a style of beauty in keeping with the period of Chaucer it was a source of annoyance to this girl of the twentieth century. A wealth of dark brown hair, a warm complexion and a graceful figure gave her an otherwise attractive presence, and the nose after all was in keeping with the eyes, which shone with a cheerful disposition.

At first Charles was too shy almost to speak to her. He had not thought of Frank as having a sister, and when she first came into the room he was overcome by the unaccountable nervousness which halted his usual ready speech. She

brought with her a faint, indefinable yet distinct fragrance, her delicate hands were in themselves a delight to look upon as she arranged the flowers with which the room was brightened, or at mealtime daintily carried a fork to her mouth, or pushed back the wisps of curling hair which would not be pinned or controlled but kept straying wilfully into her eyes.

If he had known more of the sex, he would have realized that there was a certain art in her artlessness, that she was interested in her brother's friend and desired to make an impression, that she lingered a little longer in the sunlight streaming through the baywindow and making an irridescent halo of her thick hair than was absolutely necessary to water the plants. She knew the effect that the rustle of a silk petticoat and the chink of an old-fashioned chatelaine must have upon impressionable youth, and while assuming the air of an earnest *ingénue* was too much of a woman to pass by the chance of having this good-looking, healthy, well set-up young Oxford man at any time if need be at her beck and call.

Her voice was musical, with a quality of husky warmth which was the despair and admiration of her teacher of voice production.

The conversation at table frequently turned on matters of art, and when she spoke on such a subject it was with thrilling intensity—so different from the snippety, gossiping small talk of Charles's own sisters. Viola seemed to see only the beautiful in the pictures that were discussed, and the fine points in the artist whom Frank was inclined to criticize. Frank indeed at times seemed to suggest the decadent, whereas Viola, with her squarer yet softer face, had a saner, sturdier attitude to life which made her conversation wonderfully sympathetic.

Of course they went to see the Boatrace. There was a House man in the Oxford crew, and it would have been disloyal to have been within thirty miles of London and not have gone. They could have witnessed the race from Thornycroft's, but Frank voted for the Surrey side so that

they could see more of the crowd. And, as Kelly would have said, it was some crowd. Although they left the house a good two hours before the start, Hammersmith Bridge was already packed with a vast throng of those who had taken up positions so as to see the boats pass underneath, and therewith forced the others to take the middle of the road.

"Sign that it's going to be a walk-over," said Frank. "The race will probably be settled by the time the boats reach the bridge."

"And Oxford seems to be the favourite," said Viola. "Nearly every one is wearing dark blue."

They settled on a barge within sight of Barnes Bridge. Near them a nigger minstrel beguiled the waiting minutes with cheerful ditties, sending round the hat at judicious intervals. The crowd on the towing-path swayed and swelled till it was three or four deep, all in line for the boats to appear. So great was the hubbub that one could hardly hear the singer. Then suddenly by a sort of instinct the voices died away, and there was straining of necks towards Putney.

"They're off!" said some one, and sure enough the roar of cheering swelled as the boats came up stream.

"Oxford's leading!" "Well rowed Oxford!" "Oxford for ever!" rose into a confused thunder as it was seen that Bourne had stroked his boat well ahead. Charles was excited and proud, yet found almost as much interest in the crowd as in the race. He noticed that the nigger minstrel who had hitherto shown no favours was tying a large bow of dark blue Oxford colours round his neck. No doubt it paid to be on the winning side. Viola was wildly waving her scarf, and must have forgotten for the moment her passion for wronged humanity. She certainly had an attractive figure, and Charles was not the only man who looked twice at her.

The boats were passing now, Oxford easily three lengths ahead of Cambridge. In a few minutes the flag above Barnes Bridge confirmed the victory, and with one last

cheer the crowd broke up and pushed for home. Viola was as happy as if she had won the race herself.

"I am so glad," she said, "I do love Oxford so."

"Yes," said Charles. "It has the prettier colours."

"Don't be silly—it isn't that—and it isn't simply because Frank is there. But there's something about Oxford which Cambridge has not got—more romance, more poetry, more beauty."

Frank Mainwaring himself had never gone through any formal training at an art school, but in such an atmosphere it would have been strange if he had shown no artistic sympathies. Caricature was the form in which his art took shape. He had the happy knack of catching the facial likeness, the attitude and the obvious character of any one he drew, and had the gift, moreover, of being able to draw as well from memory as in the victim's presence. Artistic temperament indeed threatened his chances of a good degree. He was more busy with his pencil than his books, and Charles, who was himself no smug, soon found himself just as well informed as this possessor of a scholarship. When it came to taste in pictures, Frank was all for Wilson Steer and Clausen and the painters who painted light, not subjects, and took his friend to galleries which would have laughed at his father's pictures. But like his father, he believed in Philip Snowden and Sidney Webb, introducing Charles to meetings of the Fabian Society and to the labour movement. A pleasant walk near Bedford Park led to the corner on the Hammersmith Mall near Kelmscott House where William Morris used to hold forth. Old Mr. Mainwaring in his broad-brimmed hat loved nothing better than to point out where the poet in dark blue suit and soft blue collar and tie had preached his gospel to the working-men of Hammersmith, waving a hand at what he likened to the bridge of freedom over the river of despair.

It would have been also strange if the daughter of old Mr. Mainwaring had not been in sympathy with advanced political views. She sold copies of *The Common Cause*

at the corner of the Bath Road, wearing the picture hat which least accentuated her unfortunate profile.

Although he had lived in the same house as two good-looking sisters, ever since he could remember, Charles had hitherto entertained a somewhat disdainful opinion of the fair sex. It had always been a cat and dog life in the Fitzmorris family, the sisters in his short trouser days wanting him to be neat and tidy when he preferred to play in the mud and go to bed unwashed. Then when he was of more mature school age, he had a contempt for the airs of fashion they assumed, the fops they brought round to the house, the idiotic dance music they played, their vapid talk and patronizing attitude towards himself. Of course he had realized from the books he read that men did fall in love with women, but all that had seemed on the far horizon so far as he was concerned. Once or twice he vaguely longed to make the acquaintance of some particularly striking actress, especially Edith Wynne Matthison, of whom he went the length of buying picture post-cards and with whom he thought out imaginary conversations leading up to a discussion of souls and immortality in the moonlight, but then some one told him she was already married and that actresses were too high-strung to live with for more than a week at a time and that until one was thirty the most comfortable way of living was to take a flat and have one's meals at the club.

A few weeks in the company of Viola, however, showed him that his own sisters were not the only type of female, that a sister could be affectionate to her brother, could be fond of good music, could take an intelligent interest in things and be altogether human.

Mr. Mainwaring was subject to rheumatism on damp days, and so long as he lived in London that meant roughly three hundred days out of three hundred and sixty-five. Charles who did his reading in the studio in a corner near the stove found himself therefore on rainy days once or twice alone with Viola. Put a young Oxford undergraduate on vacation at a distance of twelve to fifteen paces from

an attractive girl, with nobody else in sight, and the chances are seven hundred billion and thirty-two to one that he inclines to grow sentimental. She may be absorbed in the design of a perfectly wonderful wall-paper, but his thoughts turn to the problem of whether or not she can become absorbed in the less decorative but more vital ***him***. Hold before him the most learned, the most scholarly, the most incontrovertible tome written in French, German, English or Esperanto, and he will read the pages line by line without remembering a single word, the only line in his thoughts being the line which might possibly lead from her heart to his.

As Charles sat thus one torrential afternoon before the end of the vacation, tilting his chair at such an angle that he could see the glint of her hair over Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis Quatorze,* he realized how utterly inexperienced he was in the art of approaching the Delectable Fair. After half an hour's deliberation on this point, Viola suddenly let down the drawbridge.

"Penny for your thoughts," she said.

"Make it twopence, and you are welcome."

"Mercenary youth! Very well, split the difference—three halfpence."

"I was wondering," said Charles, "whether it would ever be possible for a girl like you to be attracted by a fellow like me."

"Charles Fitzmorris!" she exclaimed, turning round with a gesture so startled that her easel and tumbler and water colours fell with a crash to the ground. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Oh, merely in the abstract," he said confusedly, going forward to pick up the debris. "I didn't say 'you' and 'me,' but 'a girl like you' and 'a fellow like me.' "

"Oh, you did, did you?"

She watched him replace her things, then go back to his chair and light a cigarette. With a touch of humour she herself whistled a few bars of Chopin's Funeral March. Then she continued deliberately.

"The usual thing for a girl to say to a man under such circumstances is that she will be a sister to him. Honestly I feel more like saying that a girl like me would be a mother to a fellow like you. She would feel not three but thirty years older than one who is still little more than a schoolboy—quite a nice schoolboy, but without any character or individuality of his own. Even when you are finished with Oxford you will just be beginning. I am perfectly happy as I am, and don't believe I shall ever be married, but if I do it will be to a man who has fought for recognition and won it—independent of his parents and able to stand in the world without anybody's help. I am trying to earn my own living myself. How could I possibly respect a man sufficiently to live with him if our income depended on an allowance from his parents?"

"That," said Charles, "seems rather more like marrying a profession than a man. What a fellow like me feels attracted by in a girl like you is the voice, the face, the hair, the distinction of dress, not the brain or the ability to earn an income. But that, I suppose, is a schoolboy's notion of love."

"Don't put it like that," she said. "Can't you see that independence is merely the outward sign of character, and if you want to live day in and day out with any one you must have more than physical affection?"

"No, I am too young to see life in that way," he replied.

"Then you are too young to think of marriage," she said. "Do let me make you some toffee."

"If I had more experience," he began, wincing under the snub—then like a flash he thought of Kelly as the ideal she had pictured. The very man!

Just then Mrs. Mainwaring and Frank came in from a walk, and clamoured for tea. Viola said they could have "studio tea," and filled the kettle with water from the tap. As she brought it over to the stove, Charles said:

"I wish you would come to Oxford for Eights Week. I want to introduce you to an American friend. I'd like to hear you two argue."

"I'm willing to argue with any man," said Viola, who seemed suddenly to remember that she was a suffragist, "who thinks the place for woman is the home."

"That's not Kelly's view," said Charles. "He says the place for woman is the beauty parlour."

"How vulgar an expression!" said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"Oh, it's just American for the shop of a complexion specialist," explained Viola, "Mrs. Pomeroy and that sort of a thing, I know it—we get the *Ladies' Home Journal* at the Club."

"So you belong to a Club," said Charles.

"My dear Fitz," said Frank, "the Bath Road is strewn with the latch-keys that Viola loses."

"Tell me more about that Kelly person," demanded that young lady of Charles.

"He says he is looking for an English rose—healthy, fresh and innocent."

"Those Americans want the whole earth," said Viola impatiently, "and this one seems worse than usual. Does he really think he can make an English girl forgive his accent?"

"He's rich enough to make the mouth of the average girl water," replied Charles.

Viola sniffed.

"If this American looks for a tame rose for his buttonhole, let him buy a German."

"*Frau Karl Druschki* is my own favourite variety," said Mrs. Mainwaring innocently, and could not understand why the others laughed.

"What's the game?" asked Frank of Charles when they were alone. "Do you want to make a match between Kelly and Viola?"

"Do you object?"

"On the contrary, go ahead! I think he would do her good, and it's time we got her off our hands. But don't say anything of this to mother. She considers matchmaking her pet preserve."

CHAPTER V

THE first days of a new term are largely consumed in comparing notes. Charles found that many of the men of his year had spent Easter travelling on the Continent. Jenkins, who had rowed seven in the same boat in Torpids, had gone with a reading party of other classical scholars as far as Greece, Hargrove had been studying the great cathedrals of Northern France, while Grant, the Canadian, had found time to visit his family at Ottawa.

These tales of travel suggested lost opportunities. There was some sense after all in long-drawn-out vacations, if they gave a man a chance to see the world.

Frank Mainwaring agreed on Germany for the Long Vacation. An Anglo-German Association in Oxford gave advice to men wishing to visit or know more about the Fatherland. Here they borrowed a translation of Heine's "Harzreise," and remembering George Canning's rhyme about the

U-
niversity of Göttingen

decided on that Georgian Augustan seat of learning, where the pronunciation was said to be the purest and Englishmen were traditionally welcome.

Kelly said that instead of going to the Continent they should study their own country.

"These are the most wonderful little islands in the world," he said. "I spent last Easter automobiling, and I wish it had been a year. You pass from one county into another and find separate races, talking languages so different they don't understand each other swear. Each little village is in a groove over which time passes without

their knowing it. Why, I supposed I was Irish till I went to Ireland—over in the West where my ancestors belong. They had no more use for me than for the devil. I was a Yank and the priests thought me an emigration agent. There's four Irish centuries between me and my grandfather."

"You speak as if you were piqued," said Charles. "Some Irish colleen must have jilted you. Never mind, if you can keep heart-whole till Eights Week, I've got something in petticoats for you that may send you back happy to Chicago."

In the meanwhile spring crept on apace. Before the insidious charm of green leaves and flowery meadows and sunshine and the river, the books prescribed for Schools had little chance. Neither Frank nor Charles had any hope of getting into either of the Eights, so they decided that their "ecker" should be golf and tennis.

Kelly and Charles shared a punt where they found ample food for conversation in discussing each other's institutions. Ever since they had met, Kelly had never ceased to impress on Charles the wonderful efficiency of everything American, and Charles out of sheer cussedness decried it. He ridiculed the magazine articles which Kelly made him read on model factories and lightning-quick business men who had become Presidents of billion-dollar corporations before their hair was grey. He groaned at Kelly's favourite short-story heroes, stern clean-shaven salesmen who made spectacular deals and who after skipping sixty intervening pages somewhere among the advertisements decided to marry the daughters of the rivals whose business they had smashed.

"Your heroes bore me to extinction," said Charles. "They talk shop all the time, even when they are sitting in the moonlight with the heroines. It's not surprising that both England and the Continent are overrun with American women who have left their husbands at home. The wonder is they ever married them at all. Your millionaires seem too busy even to make friends."

Charles, on the other hand, roused Kelly's sarcasm by

declining either to stay up all night or rise early enough to hear the Latin hymn on May Morning sung by the choir on the top of Magdalen Tower.

"No five a.m. for me," said Charles. "We keep up pagan ceremonies for our visiting Colonials and Americans. But that does not mean that we have to go ourselves. If I could count it as a Chapel, I might go, but not unless. Besides, it is sure to rain."

Kelly was vastly excited over the expected visit of Theodore Roosevelt to Oxford.

"He is the typical American," said Charles, "trotting round the globe with ready citicisms which distract attention from the shortcomings of your own United States. Not that we object. If Roosevelt only were to give his Romanes lecture at five o'clock on May Morning on Magdalen Tower instead of that Latin hymn, all Oxford would get up to hear him. Nothing gives us greater pleasure than to be wakened up to our weak points. We go to sleep expressly for the purpose."

Thus they whiled away the afternoons under the willows on the Cher, chaffing each other and blowing cigarette rings and watching the parade of paddling or punting youth. When they felt more energetic, they explored the backwaters, quiet streams through mossy woods and meadows starred with daisies.

Summer hats and gowns appeared on the Broad Walk.

"Your time is coming now, Kell," said Charles. "Steel your heart against too easy capture. A pink cheek may conceal a suffragette."

"Why not?" replied the American. "Believe me, my stenographer in Chicago is just as good a lawyer as I am, and if she wants to vote she's welcome. My own mother is a practising attorney earning ten thousand dollars a year. You folks here need women to run things for you more than you think. A woman housekeeper would be mighty fine even in the House. The waste and graft here is a fright."

Then one morning at about seven the world was wakened

by the tolling of Great Tom. Silas opened the door just as Charles slipped out of bed.

"What's the matter, Silas?"

"The King is dead, Sir," said the old man huskily.

"Dead!"

Of course the King was known to be ill, but no one had expected anything so sudden. Charles had never taken much interest in Royalty, but he was shocked by the news.

At first it was thought that all sports would be stopped, but other counsels prevailed. Eights Week was not cancelled, but postponed till after the great funeral. Roosevelt had to keep quiet for three weeks. Charles however was saved from an impending visit from his family.

Memorial services on the day of the funeral made Oxford a city of mourning, but on the following Tuesday the fanfare of the trumpeters heralded *i[illegible]e le roi*. For the rest of the week, gaiety was certainly subdued, but youth is hard to suppress.

"People," otherwise the sisters, mothers, fathers, cousins, second cousins, uncles and maiden aunts of the lucky or unlucky undergraduates were less in evidence than usual at Eights Week. Many like the Fitzmorrises decided not to come.

The Mainwarings, however, arrived, frankly unaffected.

"The best thing about the whole funeral," said Mr. Mainwaring, "is that the *Times* was forced to employ artists, and to illustrate as well as to describe the ceremonies. It takes the death of a king to wake up Printing House Square."

On the first day of their visit, Charles had arranged luncheon for the party at his rooms, and loaded every available vase with flowers. There were six persons to provide for, but he had food for a dozen, and Silas, who saw at last a reasonable perquisite, smiled and brought out his own silver coffee service lent as a rule only to ground-floor men.

"How do you like my rooms?"

"Charming," said Viola, looking at the flowers; then

casting a critical eye at the wall-paper, "You must let me choose something more virile. This is too Early Victorian."

"Kelly," said Charles, "thinks that design of any kind upon a wall covering is barbaric."

Viola, who had barely noticed the American, flushed and turned to face him.

"I suppose you escaped the Early Victorian era in the United States."

"Not altogether, but we ran to horse-hair rather than to plush. Our favourite decorations were samplers worked with mottoes such as 'What is home without a mother,' and memorial portraits with obituary poems reading:

'So we come,
And so we go,
But where we go to
I don't know.'

In one corner of the room was a what-not——"

"What is a what-not?" interrupted Viola.

"One definition is that it is a small table with shelves supporting those things which no one has had the presence of mind to destroy—seashells, and coral, and pampas grass."

"And that is the age to which you would relegate wall-papers?"

"Not exactly," protested Kelly. "It's all nerves with me. I find less chance of nightmare in a room without a pattern. There's more rest in simple spaces of tone and light."

"And yet," said Viola, "we are told that you Americans surround yourselves with the Stars and Stripes."

"On the contrary, *Life*, which corresponds to your English *Punch*, hit the mark when it said that one Navajo blanket, one Portrait of Whistler's Mother and one talking machine equals one refined American Home. Old Glory is a dandy decoration in its place, but we can't live up to it all the time, Miss Mainwaring. We are really a sombre people, and come to Europe for the colour that our ances-

tors left behind when they crossed in search of the dollar. We break out only on the Fourth of July."

"I should like to see your rooms, if you will permit me."

"On condition that you all come there to-morrow for a little luncheon party."

Viola was wildly excited at this her first visit to Oxford.

"To think of it!" she cried. "Here at this very Christ Church Sir Philip Sidney and Ben Jonson were once undergraduates—and all the statesmen—Gladstone and—and—oh, why do you men have all the privileges?"

"Well, you can live at Somerville or Lady Margaret Hall," said Charles. "And if you are very good and can find a chaperon you may come here to tea."

"Yes, but that is different. These women's colleges haven't the traditions, and we—we don't——"

She hesitated for a word.

"You don't belong," suggested Kelly.

"That's it," she said, thanking him with a smile. "Now if Queen Elizabeth had realized her opportunities, she would have given women the same chance here as the men, and then we shouldn't have had three hundred years' handicap to catch up. If we had had more say here, I think England would have been a better country."

"How so?" asked Kelly, interested in her enthusiasm.

"We would have educated our women to be better companions for their children, and the children would have grown up more likely to be better citizens. The reason why progress is so slow is that only one half of the human race has taken part in the work."

The Mainwarings however had come to Oxford to see the races, not merely to argue on education, so as the afternoon drew on they were anxious to make for the river, where from the Christ Church barge they saw and were thrilled by the glad mad procession.

What more charming sight has England than the Broad Walk and the banks of Isis in the Week devoted to Eights? Youth is there, ever so gay, and Middle Age, and Old Age infected by the prevailing air. A sombre note, it is true,

greyed dresses and dimmed the sparkle of the visitors, in memory of the dead King, but the faces were not sad—how could they be, when the sun was shining, the trees were green, the river reflected the blue sky, and Youth would run its race?

Yet there were some long faces before the first day was done. Christ Church started Head of the River, but when the first of the boats came into sight of the Barge it was New College that was leading. The House had fallen to Magdalen just outside the Gut. Christ Church II had bumped Oriel earlier in the day, but triumph in the Second Division was poor consolation for this greater lapse from grace. All the prophets had "told you so" but it was a bitter pill for those who had so long held the pride of the place.

"Poor old Jeffers," said Charles, and described to Viola the incident of Gilmore's moustache.

"Lucky we have something this evening to cheer us up," said Frank. "I've got six tickets for *You Never Can Tell.*"

"Oh Frank," cried Viola, "you are a dear!" But what a pity it is Bernard Shaw. I hate him so."

"It is not whom or what you hate or like," said Frank. "It is what is good for you. I thought it right for you to see the character of Mrs. Clandon in that play and realize the kind of woman you will be when you are fifty."

"I've seen her already—horrid creature," replied Viola. "Frank was always the *enfant terrible,*" she added, turning for sympathy to Charles.

"Brothers will be brothers," replied the latter. "Why do you dislike Shaw?"

"Of course he is abysmally clever, and all that sort of thing, but I wish he had chosen some other cause than Socialism for his self advertisement. Theosophy or Christian Science would have done just as well and they would have been glad to have him. No one will ever take Socialism seriously so long as G.B.S. is supposed to be one of the

elect. And now he is tagging himself on, at a safe distance it is true, to the Suffrage Movement."

"I thought," said Charles, "you suffragists believed in anything for an advertisement, so long as it drew attention to the Cause."

"No," she said, "you forget I am not a militant. To my mind it never pays to be anything except sincere. Don't you think so, Mr. Kelly?"

Kelly, who was drinking in every word she said, chimed in with

"You bet your bottom dollar."

In spite of her dislike, Viola was infected by the gaiety of the audience and laughed immoderately at the play.

"You can't deny that Shaw is clever," said Charles.

"Yes," she replied, "but already he is meeting his due fate. Last time I saw this play it was delicately sentimental. Now even the actors refuse to take him seriously, and play it as a wild farce."

"Shaw has met with a worse fate than that," remarked Frank. "He is now admired by the Germans."

Kelly ingratiated himself into the good graces of the Mainwarings by his knowledge of Oxford, a knowledge which he had acquired in his tourist days. Charles had fallen into disgrace when he confessed that he did not know which had been Ruskin's rooms at Christ Church, and had never heard of the Art Museum. Whereas Kelly led the way to the Morris and Burne-Jones tapestry at Exeter, knew all about the stained glass in the Cathedral, showed them the Holman Hunts and the Ruskin water-colours in the New Ashmolean, and proved himself so excellent a cicerone that the Mainwarings were charmed. When they arrived at his rooms for the promised luncheon, Viola was visibly impressed.

"William Morris could have lived in this room," she exclaimed. "Have you ever been to Japan, Mr. Kelly?"

"Only once," he modestly replied. "You see I've been too busy until now to travel much."

"Only once!" cried Viola, who had never been out of England.

"Eve was only once in the Garden of Eden," remarked Charles.

Viola wore a silver-grey gown and hat which harmonized admirably with the room. She walked slowly round studying the arrangement, followed by Kelly's eyes.

Three golden lilies stood in an old French centre-piece, and the table was set out for luncheon with a service of ornate blue and red faience, new to both Frank and Charles. Viola was fascinated.

"Isn't this Rouen enamelled ware?" she asked.

"Very near," replied Kelly. "I had it copied from a pattern of Louis Poterat. It's from the period of history Fitz is said to study. That's why I got it."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "An expensive study if you carry it to this extent."

"Never fear," said Charles, "this is Kelly's hobby and not mine. Personally I prefer any old dish I can shy with good conscience at my scout. This fancy ware would make me nervous. Kelly, old man, what else have you up your sleeve? Is lunch *à la* Louis Quatorze?"

"You've hit it, my boy—following the tracks of Bechamel, the guy who mixed the sauce that made King Louis famous. I've got our head cook so tame, he'll eat out of my hand. He fell for *Consommé Colbert* and *Turbot à la Vatel* and *Mignon d'agneau Madame de Maintenon* and he'll float along with *pâtisserie* of the period, or I miss my guess. It's wonderful what Englishmen will do when they are up against it."

Whether the menu was really of the period or not, it certainly was delicious. Charles observed Viola, whom he had known almost as a vegetarian, calmly accept her second helpings; there was nothing that she did not sample twice.

"Kelly," he said when they had sighed over a sweet that melted in the mouth, "this is forcible feeding. I believe you are an Anti-Suffragist."

Kelly grinned.

"No," he said. "I'm not strong at any time for Antis. Put me down as an American who likes to stick with things to the finish."

Peckwater, which in other terms was rather a tame Georgian quadrangle, now was ablaze with flowers. Every window had its box and Kelly for his had chosen flowers all of an orange vermilion. When they had finished luncheon and were leaving the quadrangle for the river, Charles drew Viola's attention to this note of colour, harmonizing with but at the same time distinctive from the rest.

"Isn't it typical?" he said.

To which she answered,

"He certainly has character."

On the second day of the races New College followed Magdalen's success, and the House fell back to third place. Balliol was behind now, and if Balliol had gone up on the third day deep indeed would have been their humiliation. The death of the King was now but a trifle compared to the impending danger.

A thousand tons seemed to have been lifted off the heart of every House man when on the third day Christ Church kept its place on the river—only third, it was true, but thank heaven not fourth.

"You take it all so much to heart," said Viola, as they walked back through Meadows to the Old Library.

"Why not?" answered Charles. "The House gets into your very blood when you have lived in it for a while. You feel its triumphs as a personal victory, and its losses as a personal defeat. If we had fallen to Balliol, the only thing to do would have been to get drunk and try in that way to forget disgrace. Balliol! of all the ghastly fates!"

During the mornings, old Mr. Mainwaring wandered about from college to college, "intoxicated," as he himself said, "with this debauch of English Gothic."

Mrs. Mainwaring was less exalted. All she dreamed of now was to see her daughter comfortably married. Here in three thousand undergraduates she saw three thousand

possible sons-in-law, and their variety suggested only a wider choice. Art, she knew, was but a precarious source of income, and if it had not been for her own two hundred pounds a year Frank would never have gone to Christ Church.

Among the friends that Frank brought round to meet Viola, she therefore beamed benevolently on the better dressed, made discreet inquiries about their homes and peoples. Somehow or other she took comparatively little note of Kelly in the light of possible suitor. A foreigner to her belonged to another sphere.

Charles suspected that she had a warm corner in her heart for himself, by no means a despicable match from her point of view. He smiled as he thought of the surprise the old lady would have when she discovered his intrigue. And yet, if Viola and Kelly did not make a match, he would not have been altogether sorry if that failure meant a better chance for himself. For Viola was never so charming as in these Eights Week days. There was not a prettier girl on any of the barges, and she had the temperament in which he knew he could find companionship should ever she forget she was three years older and encourage his still untrammelled affection.

Eights Week had been limited to four days, so that Kelly had little enough time to woo. Still he seemed to miss no opportunity of speaking to Viola.

The last evening was devoted to an expedition on the Upper River to Godstow. Viola was a trifle disappointed at the flatness of Port Meadow, but fell into raptures after they floated into the shady water below the lashers where the Trout Inn offers its plain but hospitable shelter. There a supper of corned beef and lettuce, cheese and shandygaff, ending up with strawberries and cream, quickly disappeared from the tables under the trees. After which they paid a visit to the little old village of Wytham, with its thatched and moss-grown, red-tiled roofs humming with bees, where Kelly said there was more ivy on the walls and houses than could be found in the whole of the U. S. A., while

nothing he had seen in England reminded him so much of a New York sky-scraper as the hollyhocks in the gardens. Before they started downstream, they crossed the rustic bridge from the Inn and sat on the bank of the main stream opposite the Nunnery, where they watched the dusk fall on the Nun's Chapel under the tall elms and on the ruined walls capped with ivy.

Dusk mellowed into a tender moonlight night, and on the return downstream Kelly and Viola shared the canoe, leaving the punt for the other four.

"Kell is certainly making the pace," said Charles to Frank.

Mrs. Mainwaring evidently began to get anxious, and urged Frank to go faster when the canoe threatened to pass out of sight. Yet when they did catch up, neither of the two showed sign of embarrassment.

At last the train carried the visitors back to London. Charles dropped in that evening after supper to see if Kelly would own up to anything. The latter was sitting on the window-seat smoking a long cigar in an absent-minded sort of fashion.

"Well, what do you think of Viola?" asked Charles, determined to have it out.

Kelly blew two or three clouds of smoke before replying, then said enigmatically,

"She's not the kind of medicine Doc recommended."

"That's rather unfair, isn't it?" said Charles. "Viola seemed to like you, and you certainly were leading her on. She is a nice girl and now you would throw her over because she does not fit the exact description of your ass of a doctor in Chicago. Why don't you go back to him?"

"Just what I mean to do," replied Kelly. "He can find this pink English girl for himself. I've quit."

"Viola does not perhaps correspond to the Christmas card English dairymaid," expostulated Charles, "but she is perfectly healthy."

"You bet your life," replied Kelly, "but her point is

that the husband also must prove healthy before he earns his wife."

"Have you asked her?"

Kelly nodded.

"Won't she have you?"

"She's side-tracked me until she is thoroughly posted on my past moral and physical history. We had a heart to heart talk in that canoe last night—why couldn't you have run that punt into us and upset us so that I could save her and put some romance into the thing? She was perfectly frank, and I tell you she had me blushing as well as herself. The moon was shining bright as day, so I could see. It took all her time to get out what she thought she had to say, but I guess the way she's been brought up she had to say it or bust. 'Mr. Kelly,' she said, 'I like you or I wouldn't say what I'm trying to say now.' She had her head turned away, but she faced round then and made herself look square into my eyes. 'I want to be the mother of worth-while children, and I've been taught enough to know I can't be that unless my husband has lived cleanly. Chicago's a long way off. How do I know what your life has been there? If your doctor could give you a clean bill of health——' "

"So that's your hurry," said Charles.

"Fitz, old man, this is serious. Honest to God, I have led a clean life—not that I wouldn't have strayed from the straight and narrow if I hadn't had reasons—for one thing I've been too busy—went to work when I was eleven—saved enough to attend night-school—worked my head off ever since, except for that one little trip to Japan, and I took my mother with me then. But these New Woman notions are the limit. I'd rather go again before the State Bar Examiners than face Miss Mainwaring again in that canoe. Well, I guess she had a perfect right, only what she said didn't seem to fit in with the moonlight and the stars and the river. Regular eugenics fan."

"What did you say?"

"Well, I got sort of personal, and said I too was taking

some on trust—for instance her taste in wall-papers. I said I understood she designed them, which meant that I might have to live with them, and to my mind the peace of a home could be wrecked just as easily by wall-papers as by vice. Would you believe it? She laughed and said she agreed with me—she's an artist, sure thing."

"Did you tell her what your life had been?"

"What would have been the use? She would never have believed me without a witness."

"That depends upon the story," said Charles.

"Say!" said the American, as if struck by a new idea. "Is that so? Do you English believe anything without an affidavit? I'll tell it to you, old man, and you can say if it sounds good."

He drew a fresh cigar from its case, lit it thoughtfully, drew and exhaled one or two long draughts of smoke.

"Let me tell you, first of all, that of all the cities in the United States, for graft, for vice, for degeneracy and for crime, Chicago tops the league. And let me tell you, if a woman there goes wrong and lets the gang get their hooks on her, she has as much chance as a snowball in hell. I've had too many cases connected with the Red Light district to think the so-called life of pleasure means anything else for the women than dead-sure damnation. I have seen too much of the underworld ever to help to keep a woman under. Since I was eleven years old, I have worked all day and half the night to be independent, self-supporting and self-respecting. While my mother was waiting for the clients who would not come, I was earning enough as messenger-boy to pay my schooling and feed and clothe us both.

"No one except Mother was kind to me, no one ever gave me a nickel I did not earn. My one stroke of luck before I was fourteen was when I found a dollar bill upon Michigan Avenue. It took me a month to make up my mind how to spend it, and then I spent it on new gloves for Mother. Then when ten years ago luck turned, and we both began to pile up the bank balance, I certainly had my

invitations to the dance. Bright lights looked good to me, and tasty food and the gay restaurants. No damned psalm-singing church for me. I earned my own money, and could spend it as I chose. Money is a good thing to spend, and I could lick up the booze because I liked it. Mother it was that kept me straight on women. 'Mike, dear,' she said, 'the cost of a woman's soul is too high a price to pay for the pleasure of a night.' I have respected her wish, because she has been all the world to me, and I would sooner die than give her pain. So on that side my sheet is clean."

He spoke with such intensity that Charles was stirred. Instinctively he stretched out his hand.

"Thanks, old man," said Kelly, grasping it, his voice husky with emotion. "I see you believe me."

"Who couldn't believe you?" said Charles. "Why don't you tell her your story as you have told it to me?"

"Perhaps I shall," said the American. "But when I do, I'll take no chances, I'll have my witness handy."

CHAPTER VI

KELLY carried out his threat of going back to Chicago at the end of the term, but Silas, when he heard of the intention and asked the American whether he intended to give up his rooms, received for his inquisitiveness nothing but a Niagara of oaths.

Baron v. Gleyn, the German Rhodes Scholar, who seemed to have heard that Charles and Frank were planning a trip to his country, had recently become more affable, and recommended them to go by way of Hamburg.

"The mistake so many Englishmen make," he said, "is to take the Dover-Calais boat, and look on Paris as the gateway to the rest of Europe. The German door, however, opens into the North Sea."

Charles and Frank therefore decided on the Harwich boat.

They were urged to stay up for Commem, but this meant little else than garden parties and balls, for which neither of them had much inclination. Charles had never taken much to dancing. He was tongue-tied with nearly every girl he met, and nothing bored him so much as the people in North Oxford for whom Commem was apparently the crowning joy. Frank, who had just been deluged with unpaid bills, shuddered at the probable expense and was anxious to make up for the work he had neglected in term. He wished to start reading as soon as possible. Besides, he argued, if they went at once, they might see something of German University life, as the summer *Semester* appeared to last longer into the year than the Oxford summer term.

So by the very first train permitted, they rushed to London and Harwich for the boat to Hamburg.

It was a longer route, but good weather sped the voy-

age, and a game or two of quoits on deck soon broke the ice among the fellow passengers.

As the steamer entered the mouth of the Elbe, they began to understand why Baron v. Gleyn had recommended them to come this way. Passing Cuxhaven they were overshadowed by a transatlantic giant of the Hamburg-America line, taking its passengers aboard by tender.

"One of Ballin's Babies," said the mate, leaning against the rail and spitting into the sea.

"Who is Ballin?" asked Charles.

"Who gives Kaiser Bill his pocket-money?" replied the mate. "He's the cleverest Jew in Europe, worth all our own shipping men put together. There's not an Austrian, a Ruthenian, a Russian or a German emigrant but pays his toll to Ballin's Pool. Talk of your Standard Oil or Steel Trusts!"

As they swept up the Elbe, they passed other liners bound for the River Plate, for East Africa and for Australia, and then when they reached the harbour of Hamburg itself, a swarm of tugs, motor-boats, ferries, tenders and lighters scurried to and fro, churning up the water.

Quays stretched to left and to right of them, lined with ships discharging or taking in cargo, evidence of enormous traffic.

"Near a million tons of shipping is run by the Hamburg-American alone," said the mate. "And there's the N. D. L. at Bremen and all the others."

"One can't blame them, after all, for wanting a Navy," said Charles.

"Blame them!" replied the mate. "We have been pretty smart to bluff them out of it so long."

At the station they had two hours to wait before their train departed, so they sauntered out for a brief survey. It was a blue-sky summer day, and the Alster was gay with yachts and row-boats and swans. The grass on the banks was beautifully cared for, and the streets bore all the evidence of a proud city. What struck them most, however, was the display behind the great plate-glasses in

the Alsterdam—proof of the wealth to which such shops must cater.

The people in the streets did not look so very un-English. There were more soft hats than one would have seen in London and both men and women on the whole were stouter, but many who were talking German might easily have passed for Piccadilly so far as clothes would count.

It was not till they were in the train and had moved out of the seaport atmosphere that they felt they were in a foreign land. By mistake they had chosen a so-called Bummelzug which seemed to spend more time at than between stations. However, they had such entertainment in watching passengers that the day passed quickly enough.

What took their fancy most were the piccolos or boy-waiters who ran along the platform with their trays and sing-song of:

"Belegte Brödchen, kleine Würstchen, Bier, Cognac, Ar-r-r-o-o-omatik!"

By the time they had reached Hanover, Charles and Frank agreed they had never seen so many plain men and fat women in so short a time.

At Göttingen they had arranged for board with a German family—Frau Pastorin Schmidt was the widow at the head of the house, a good-natured, motherly soul with a homely but clever daughter, Emma, and two grown up sons. Here for the modest sum of two hundred marks or ten pounds a month they had each of them an airy bedroom with each of them a large wooden bedstead holding a deep mattress, spotless linen, large square feathery pillows and a small down quilt which it would have hurt the old lady's feelings not to use in the hottest weather. In addition they had a sitting-room with painted floor which Minna, the *Dienstmädchen*, loved nothing better than to mop every morning. Stiff, old-fashioned furniture gave the house an atmosphere which would have passed for Early Victorian in England.

Frau Pastorin was a born housewife, rising at six, and

except for her afternoon nap, in which she probably dreamed of her kitchen, doing from morn to night the thousand and one things the born housewife thinks necessary. Ever since two and twenty years ago when she had borne her daughter Emma into spectacles and the Evangelical Faith, she had commenced to work upon the *Ausstattung* or outfit of household linen without which no true-born German husband will take a wife, and though that would never be complete to her motherly satisfaction even if Emma lived to be a virgin of a hundred and twenty, still the great closet in which it was stored was now very nearly full.

Much needlework had meant much sitting and much straining of the eyes, so that Frau Pastorin was stout and spectacled as well as grey, but there was something particularly charming in the gentle smile with which the old lady greeted them whenever they met. Her blessing of *Gesegnete Mahlzeit* after each meal came from a generous heart, and they learned to say the words themselves just as sincerely, for she provided fare which would have made the mouth of even Kelly water.

Emma, a youthful replica of her mother, was born, as has been said, into the Evangelical Faith, but into No Faith At All were born the two sons Herr Dr. Med. Georg Schmidt and Herr Cand. Chem. Karl Schmidt, both of whom with punctilious bows presented their cards to Charles and Frank. Karl the younger studied chemistry at the University, devoting ten hours a day to the thirtieth part of an experiment which would be summarized by his professor at the end of a year. Then if his work was approved and he got a good degree, he might be taken on as assistant in the great man's laboratory, and in that hope was content to slave, with no relaxation beyond beer and an occasional evening at "*Skat.*"

The older son, Georg, was greater grief to his mother. He had his degree of doctor of medicine and had been promised a partnership by an uncle at Berlin when he returned from a trip as ship's surgeon. But the sea had so

roughened his manner that the uncle had cried off, and Georg was going once more abroad. Travel made him thump the table for German overseas expansion.

"If only we had a naval Bismarck," he would roar, "one who realized our world commerce needed as great a Navy as our German Army. But you English have it all your own way, all except in business. We are beating you there."

Then he would bellow statistics till the old lady trembled lest he should drive away these good-paying English boarders. One might not think there was much she could save out of the plenty she provided, but Frau Pastorin was thrift itself, got the last pfenning out of old rags and boots that an Englishwoman would have thrown or given away, wasted not an ounce of meat or vegetables, and thus without respite scraped for the *Mitgift* or dowry of cash which would accompany the *Ausstattung* and cement her Emma in the affection of the destined lover.

Her fear lest Charles and Frank should be driven away was groundless. They knew that England was a discarded love among the young Germans. They had come here to learn the language, not to convert the Anglophobe, and Georg was an interesting type.

Their English clothes at first attracted irksome notice in the streets from small boys who pursued them shouting,

"Engeländer Geld-verschwender,
Engeländer Cafe-brender!"

They therefore bought German hats and left their clothes unpressed so as to look less unlike natives.

The peaceful German town with its old ramparts turned into a promenade, with its gaily capped and banded students, with its barracks full of soldiers had much that was quaint and interesting. Charles and Frank were fascinated by the drill-yard where the young soldiers learned to shake the ground with the *Paradetritt*. Relentless indeed was the discipline under which they drilled. See for instance that officer back his horse into the face of a private slightly out of alignment. At hot-high noon each day, one bearded

infantryman was put through solitary drill by a ferocious sergeant.

"Tried to evade service by emigrating to America," explained Georg. "Never took out his papers as American citizen and came back here on business thinking he would be forgotten. This is his punishment."

"But at his age?"

"He will surely break down."

"Perhaps die?"

"Very likely."

"What then does Germany gain?"

"An example."

The benefit of military training on a nation of such heavy beer-drinkers was however obvious—without it they must surely die of racial dropsy. Charles could not help admiring the sturdy fellows who made the air vibrate with their full-chested soldier songs as they marched along the country roads.

"We must join the O. T. C. next term," he said.

Frank laughed in derision.

The coarse black *Pumpernickel* which the soldiers themselves found so monotonous was looked on as a delicacy in the civilian household, and Frau Pastorin used to send Minna to wheedle some of her soldier friends into selling their rations. Minna was nothing loath, for this enabled her to make known her own attractions and find out how much some Hans would take to be her lord and master.

Of the fine evenings there was the Stadtpark to which most of Göttingen repaired for beer and the local civil or military band, or sometimes more distinguished orchestras from other cities. For a small provincial town the music was astonishing, and the family character of the audience made it all the more pleasant. Until the close of the summer term, the students filled the tables allotted to their various clubs, several odoriferous with antiseptic and bandaged from recent duels. The foreigners forgathered at an International table, at which Charles and Frank met Americans, Dutch, French, Greeks, Hungarians, and Japs, all

fraternizing over ice-cold lager and drinking "Ich komme mit," or "Ich komme nach" according to student etiquette.

"Why don't you fellows try Oxford or Cambridge?" asked Charles of a burly Californian. "We have our American Rhodes scholars, of course, but these are few in comparison with the Americans here."

"Reason obvious," replied the Californian. "We come here to study, not to acquire an English accent or learn your style of rowing."

"Has Cambridge no chemists, nor Oxford scholars?" asked Charles.

"One or two muddle through," replied the other, "just as your army muddles through a war. But times are changing, and your methods are too costly. A German degree is dollars and cents to us. It stands for scientific method, not pleasant manners. We pay to come to Germany. We are subsidized to go to Oxford."

The wildest gaiety Frau Pastorin could think of was a picnic at Plesse, a walk through the forest to the top of the hill where beside the ruin there was beer for those who brought their own *Butterbrot* and sausage. From there, if it were a Wednesday, and not too late, one could go on to the open air dancing in the woods at Mariaspring. But the old lady was happiest in her own garden, fresh from her afternoon nap, drinking coffee with a neighbour who dropped in to sew or knit for company. Charles and Frank would sit and listen, picking up here and there a phrase they could understand.

To Charles Frau Pastorin took special fancy. As they sauntered along a path through the woods one day, she stopped at a great silver birch and showed him how to strip off bark in sheets.

"That is what you should write your love-letters on," she said with a smile. "It is more romantic than ordinary paper, and a girl loves romance."

"I wish I knew the girl," said Charles, "but honour bright, I have not met her yet."

"Herr Je!" exclaimed the old lady, "How cold blooded

you must be! To think that any one so amiable could live to twenty without a single affair! We always imagine the English to be so romantic. They marry whom they choose, if they are in love, and do not ask for a dowry. Well then if you cannot find a fellow-countryman, let me find a Fräulein for you. Would you wish her light or dark?"

"Light is nicer than dark in the case of beer," said Charles.

She shook her finger at him.

"Ah, you are as matter of fact as our German men. But I prefer to be more sentimental. Heine, our dear Göttingen poet, was right when he said,

" 'Like a great poet, Nature produces the greatest effects with the fewest materials—sun, trees, flowers, water and love—that is all. If indeed the last is wanting to the heart of the beholder, the whole is likely to seem to him to be a daub—the sun is only so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for firewood, the flowers are classified by the number of their stamens, and the water is—wet.' "

"I believe you write poetry yourself," said Charles at random.

Frau Pastorin blushed, then seized him by the arm, and looking round to make sure that no one was listening, said,

"Yes, I do—but none of my children know it. I write under a pen-name, and in the evenings Emma sometimes reads aloud my verses from the magazines we get through the reading-circle."

"I hope she likes them."

"I think she does. I know she sometimes buys extra copies, and cuts my poems out to send to a particular friend; but Georg, if he is there"—here she sighed—"laughs and makes fun of them. 'Why can't our poets be more up-to-date,' he says, 'why can't they write about food and cooking, instead of this everlasting *Liebe*. We Germans

don't have *Liebe* any more. We just have *Verhältnisse.'* What you call relationships."

Charles knew enough German now to understand the double-meaning, and blushed.

"Yes," she continued, "Georg is rough in his talk. It all comes from going to sea. If only we Germans left the sea to others, we should be more happy. The sea seems to get like beer into the heads of our young men—it makes them coarse and boisterous and impatient with the old home life. They want our cities to be world-cities, and they talk of war as if it were a pleasant thing. But I lived near the frontier in 1870, and I have nursed the wounded. May it never be again in my time!"

In the mornings Charles and Frank took German lessons from a whiskered beer barrel, Herr Privat Docent Wolff, a rolling though inaccurate encyclopædia.

"Every English house," he would insist, "has 'Burke's Peerage' on the hall table. Shakespere got his plays from German sources, *jawohl,* and Schiller's translation is greater than the original English. All the finest Shakespere scholars are Germans. The English force their criminals to join the army, because it is cheaper to keep them in barracks than in gaol. The British Empire is dissolving just as the Roman Empire fell when it had become too scattered to defend with Roman soldiers. The English fear to go to war except with native races."

With malicious joy Herr Privat Docent used as textbook for their lessons Treitschke's "Die Politik," in which the antagonism between Prussian and English ideals is accentuated by that firebrand Professor of History.

"The German historians are the greatest," said this German, "and the greatest of German historians is Treitschke who says that the English are a nation of robbers. With your hypocritical diplomacy you ask for a 'naval holiday' and preach a European peace so that you can steal new territory in Africa. No, no, we have polished our German spectacles and can see through all this trickery. We demand our place on the sea, as well as in the sun. See

where the great Treitschke says 'The dreadful prospect presents itself of England and Russia dividing the world between them, and then it is not certain which would be more immoral, more terrible—the Russian knout or English gold.' "

"Worse than either," said Charles, "would be the Prussian '*Verboten.*' The English may be rich and may be robbers, but their victims find them very pleasant to live with. On the other hand Bismarck, the greatest hero of your great historian, used to say it was impossible to get out of bed and walk to the window without breaking a Prussian law. The same great hero, before the war of 1870 complained to William I that he was the first Hohenzollern who had not grabbed some one else's land."

"*Unsinn!*" cried Herr Privat Docent, "You are never serious. Let us continue our reading."

Although there was little excitement about this life in Göttingen, both Frank and Charles were perfectly content. They managed to get through a great deal of reading, thus making up for the neglect of the past three terms. The exercise they took was a daily spin on bicycles which they found well suited to the very fair German roads—then a swim in the Leine. When the University session was at an end, and the hot days of August drove those who could afford it to the seaside or to the mountains, they showed no signs of moving, much to Frau Pastorin's relief.

Ere they went back to England, they were reminded of the darker side of this idyllic existence. Frau Pastorin came back white-faced one afternoon from a neighbour's *Kaffeeklatsch* saying that Frau Professor Himmelfahrt, one of her frequent visitors, had been informed against to the police for saying that the Kaiser was half-crazy, and had been condemned to three months gaol. Fräulein Emma's dearest friend, engaged to a lieutenant, was instructed by his Colonel to break off the engagement as he did not think her dowry adequate.

When they got tired of bicycling, they found many a pleasant walk in the surrounding woods. Little foot-paths

ran beside many of the country roads with their fringe of heavy laden cherry trees.

"Viola should be here," said Charles one day, as he watched a group of peasants trudging home, the women laden with burdens, and the men walking behind with hands in their pockets.

It was a letter from Viola that reminded them of and made them look forward to the coming term at Oxford.

"Just think!" she wrote, "Mr. Kelly has come back from America with his mother, and taken the lease of a house in the Park. He called to introduce her, but has not called again. She is a clever woman, I should say, and from what mother can hear has learned more about her neighbours in a week than we who have lived here for years."

Kelly back in England and with his mother! And in Bedford Park! This looked like laying siege to Viola.

CHAPTER VII

IT was with more self-confidence that Charles faced his second year at Oxford. As a Freshman he had hesitated to assert himself beyond what might be considered good form. Now he could patronize the new Freshmen himself, and as he drove up to Canterbury Gate he fancied the Porter touched his hat with more diffidence, while the Messenger who brought up his trunks spoke to him with a respect due to the memory and further hope of tips.

What gratified him most was that the Dean stopped in his stride to shake hands with him in Tom Quad.

Kelly was there, smiling as ever.

"Hello, Kell, how are you?"

"Not too bad, except that some fool grippe got a hold of me a fortnight ago. Came up yesterday to get acclimatized."

"Anything new?"

"Baths, my boy—real baths, with hot and cold water. Talk of scrapping the old horse-cars and putting on motor-buses same as London. Spanish Duke and Indian Prince among the Freshers. Kaiser Bill's Best Friend has left our staircase and is replaced by an Eton bug. Silas has gone batty because Hargrove has put up an altar in his bedroom. Silas says 'To 'ell with the Pope,' and if this means incense he'll quit his job and run lodgings."

"Yes, and about yourself—what does the Chicago doctor say?"

"Says I'm a bad actor, and that I have some nerve not to be on my honeymoon. Dosed me with seven particular kinds of poison, and told me to return to Europe and be good."

"I hear you have brought your mother with you."

"Why yes, the old lady was crazy to see Buckingham Palace and the Tower of London and the Old Cheshire Cheese; then perhaps run over to Killarney in the summer and kiss the Blarney Stone—she's for the high spots, I tell you."

"Taken a house in Bedford Park, I hear."

"First Garden Suburb in London—celebrated artists and actors every second house—bath-room, electric light, telephone, two minutes from the station, trains every three minutes, twenty minutes from the Bank, and all the modern conveniences—that's what the house agent says."

"What does Viola say?"

"Miss Mainwaring? Tried to talk mother into Votes for Women. Found she had gotten hold of the wrong end of the stick. The old lady knows more about the vote than all the Pankhursts in or out of Holloway Gaol. Believe me, she's some suffragist and can put the kibosh on any of your Antis inside of twenty minutes. She's a practising attorney herself—big bug on the Legal Aid."

"What's that?"

"Gets after the loan sharks—gives free advice to the poor."

"I remember now. You told me she was an attorney—one of your women lawyers in Chicago."

"Bet your life—Catherine Waugh McCullough has been at it twenty years. Florence King, leading patent attorney in the United States, another Chicago dame, Eleanor Bates, dandy on probate and divorce, Mary Bartelme, assistant to the Judge in the Juvenile Court—they've got the men beaten to a frazzle."

"Kell," Charles said, laughing, "I believe you are a politician yourself."

"Like as not," replied the American. "They said, when I was a baby, that I took after Dad."

Mackenzie came back a trifle thinner and paler.

"No holiday for me," said the Scot. "Honour Mods is only two terms off now, so I have to keep my nose to the grindstone."

"See that you don't put it under the tombstone."

"Yes, but I've got to get a First, I've got to get a First."

The second year is usually the happiest for the undergraduate at Oxford. His angles have been rubbed off, he knows what to do and how to do it, he feels that he fits in, and unlike the third or fourth year man is not shadowed by the thought that soon he must go down. He pays paternal calls on Freshers, and breakfasts them with becoming dignity.

Charles continued to forgather with Frank Mainwaring. They went down to the boats together, had hopes of getting into the First Torpid, and—particularly Charles—went into severe training. Jeffers warned him that this was a mistake.

"You will go stale, old man, if you don't let up a little. You shouldn't overwork the human machine"

Charles, however, went his own way, running and Sandowing till he had not an ounce of spare flesh left. Ambition spurred him on. If only he could get into the Eight, he would go down happy.

After the calamity to the House in falling to third place in Eights after heading the river for so long, there seemed to be more chance for men who had done well in Torpids. Every one prophesied a shake up, and Eton was no longer the Open Sesame. Nemesis, however, was inexorable. Coming down to the boats one day more tired than usual, Charles put in a hard afternoon's tubbing when suddenly, during a large spurt before they put into the Barge, a sharp pain tore up his right leg.

"What's up, Fitzmorris?" asked Jeffers, who was coaching and saw his face go white.

"Something gone in my leg," said Charles between clenched teeth, shivering with a cold sweat.

At the Barge he had to be lifted out of the boat, and could not have reached his rooms without support.

"Looks like a bad strain," said Jeffers. "Told you you

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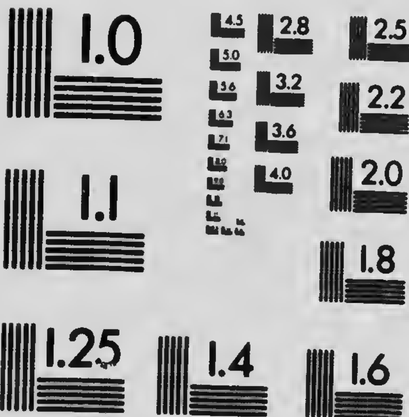

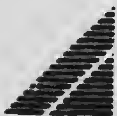

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were overdoing it. However you meant well, so you will be forgiven in the next world if not in this."

The doctor backed up Jeffers, ordering rest for a week, and no more rowing for at least a year.

It was a bitter blow, for Charles had set his heart on showing Eton that a Pauline also could row. His style had been improving, he was getting into the right swing, when all of a sudden out went his ambition.

"What's the good of anything?" he growled to Frank who found him next afternoon disconsolately arm-chaired.

"You can at least yell for the House," replied the latter cheerfully. "Every little helps. Think of that Australian imp's moustache. It saved the day for us in the Third Togger."

Frank had been taking sport less seriously, and was already shining at the Union. Charles on finding himself a temporary cripple returned to books and also played with current politics. Both he and Frank had been elected to the Twenty Club, a fruit-eating and debating society the members of which were strictly confined to Christ Church. Although less fluent than Frank, Charles had quite a turn for epigram, and through judicious use of German phrases was able to pose in debates on foreign policy as "one who had been there."

The Union was certainly a trying school for any one at all thick-skinned. In the middle of a fervid period, members of the audience who thought they had had enough entertainment for one evening would rise and walk out of the hall. No crime was greater than to be dull. Raise a laugh, and you at least got a hearing, if only for three minutes, with the chance that after a while you would be known enough to get a place upon the paper. In spite of jealous sneers, the Union held its place as the training ground for budding orators, who found here the schooling necessary for later political life. The shining light at the Palmerston or Canning found that he shone with less effulgence before this critical audience.

Frank had gone through his initiation in the Summer

Term, and already nursed ambitions. He had joined the Russell and a dozen other clubs with a view to office at the Union. Canvassing for such office was in theory prohibited, but club members were clannish when the time came to vote, and the wise one spread his nets accordingly.

Towards the end of the term, on the occasion of a motion, "that this House views with concern the growth of the German Navy" the *Isis* for the first time lifted Charles out of the list of those who "also spoke." He read the paragraph a hundred times, and sent it to his father. The first words made him wince, but it was good to see one's name in print.

"C. Fitzmorris (Ch.Ch.) in a very fair imitation of the Balliol manner, defined the difference between the British and the German navies as being that one was floated on a love of the sea and the other on lager beer. The one was a navy of Invincibles, the other a navy of Unquenchables. The one was manned by a nation of sailors, the other by a race of swillers. The German virtue of domesticity would certainly shine in any naval battle, while British Dreadnoughts swept the seas—all the big and little Von der Tanns would run for home. The use of the Kiel Canal would then be revealed—it was an admirable place in which to hide."

Kelly entertained largely at the Grid, but still paid close attention to his lectures.

"I mean to get my money back," he explained when Charles accused him of sporting his oak too early. "I mean to make sure of my Diploma. Tutor thinks me one complete nuisance. He took a house two miles up the Woodstock Road without a telephone, so when I want to get his goat I take a taxi and get him busy on Free Trade and the cost of tea. I guess when they come to examine me I'll give them the dope all right."

He still, however, stood faithful to the old Sunday evening talks, and though Mackenzie cried off because of his coming Schools Charles was unfailing. Kelly on such oc-

casions talked about his home life, particularly of his mother.

"Put her in a party of a hundred," he said, "and she'll make a million friends. I've talked to her a heap about you, old man, and she wants you to pay us a little visit at Christmas."

This suited Charles, who shunned another Richmond Christmas.

He was curious to meet so advanced a type as Mrs. Kelly—a woman lawyer—probably dogmatic and opinionative, masculine in character, and yet with a feminine taste for gossip, if Viola's hint were true.

Charles's father had inveigled his family that summer on to the links at Sheringham. There, in addition to lowering his handicap by two, he saw his wife cast for, successfully play and land a husband for Clara, cousin to a title and quite rich. The announcement had been made in October and the wedding fixed for the third week in December, Mrs. Fitzmorris believing in striking the fiancé while he was hot. This meant that Charles had to put in an appearance at Richmond before proceeding to the Kellys.

Mrs. Fitzmorris was never so happy, planning the details of the wedding, and would have invited a thousand Kellys if Charles had wanted them at the ceremony. Mr. Fitzmorris's original joy was tempered by the flood of bills.

"I suppose it's worth it," he groaned to Charles. "But, thank heaven, this can only happen twice in my life. Charles, my boy, do me a favour?"

"Certainly, dad, if I can."

"There's a fellow called Jones I have a grudge against. I wish you would get engaged to his daughter and let your mother help to plan the trousseau."

CHAPTER VIII

As soon as the wedding was dutifully done, Charles repaired for the rest of the Vacation to the house of his American friend.

Mrs. Kelly herself came with the maid to welcome him at the door.

"Mr. Fitzmorris, I am sure," she said pleasantly. "Come right in. Mike has gone round to the Mainwarings, but is bringing Viola and her brother round to lunch. He wasn't sure which train you would come by. Tell the cabman to bring your grips upstairs. Let me show you your room," she continued, leading the way. "The bathroom is right alongside."

She spoke with a soft, almost drawling voice, most unlike that of her son. One might almost have taken her for an Englishwoman, if there had not been a faint nasal intonation. She used a broad "a" in the word "bathroom," whereas Kelly was laughed at in Oxford for talking of his "beth," and she gulped her final "r's."

Taller than her son, her head was poised on a graceful figure. The hair was wavy white, the smooth face oval and always lit up with a smile.

When Charles came downstairs she was rocking in a chair at the open hearth in a recess panelled with Austrian oak, and the same simplicity of decoration which marked Kelly's rooms at Oxford was repeated here. The room was noticeably warm, though the windows were open and the day raw December.

"We've just put in a radiator system," explained Mrs. Kelly, "and the regulator hasn't found itself yet. How pretty the houses in the Park are—every one with its garden."

She spoke the word "garden" with so soft a "g" that it

sounded almost like "gyarden"—just like the accent of an old-fashioned aunt.

"I've been cooped up in an apartment," continued Mrs. Kelly, "for the last twenty years, and don't see flowers grow except in the parks. Mike couldn't have picked out a house that suited me better. What do you think of Mike? Isn't he the finest fellow that ever the stars shone on?"

"We all like him at Christ Church," said Charles. "He has the knack of making friends."

The mother was evidently pleased.

"I'm glad to see him well again," she said. "I used to be scared of his sleepless nights. He is all brains, but brains need rest. He has had only one real bad habit, chewing gum, and that he quit when he came to Europe. Won't you smoke? I'm used to cigars with Mike in the house."

All the time she knitted and rocked.

"Have you got used to English ways yet?" asked Charles.

"Quicker than Mike, I reckon," she answered. "They remind me of my old home when I was a girl—I was raised in Virginia and only came to Chicago later. There's right much that is the same. I could fancy myself sometimes back in Richmond—that is Richmond, Virginia. Your own home is in the English Richmond, is it not?"

Just then Kelly was heard at the gate, and Mrs. Kelly rose to greet the Mainwarings.

"Well, what have you all been doing?" she said as she kissed Viola. "Isn't it just fine of you to come round."

"Fitz, old man," said Mike, "I rang up to find whether you were coming a. m. or p. m., but your line was busy. Glad to see you haven't waited to be introduced to Mother. Isn't she a wonder?"

"Mike dear," said Mrs. Kelly, "I rely on you to keep Mr. Fitzmorris posted on my virtues. In the meanwhile you all please excuse me. I must attend to the salad and other mysteries of the kitchen. I like to keep my eye on the cook when she tries her hand on Southern dishes."

"Some eye!" said Kelly with a laugh as she went out.

Although the meal was less elaborate than some of Kelly's Oxford menus, it was exquisitely cooked and served, and Charles surmised the parentage of this once puzzling trait in his American friend.

Unless there was cause to look elsewhere, Mrs. Kelly's eyes hung on Mike, and any one could see that she was wrapped up in her son. The conversation veered from the weather to the English home as compared to the American, and from that to the part a woman plays in the household of to-day.

"Women," said Mrs. Kelly, "are their own worst enemies, and drown themselves with their own millstones. They forget that the restaurant can serve at least one meal a day——"

"That's a hint to us, Fitz," said Mike.

"And take no exercise except at a bargain sale. Their lives are swamped by their families, and they work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for no better wage than food and bed and clothing. Viola dear, if ever you marry, see that your husband pays you a salary over and above your household allowance, and insist on overtime."

"An eight hour day?" asked Mike.

"Sure enough, eight to eight, with four hours free in the afternoon. Of course another way is to have a division of profits, but I recommend a salary."

"With a month's notice," added Mike.

"So you believe in Suffrage?" said Charles.

"The vote," said the old lady, "is the least of the things that women want, and not, I reckon, the cure-all that Viola thinks. What we need is equal opportunity with men—let them beat us in the race if they can, and let us beat them if we can—but don't hang unwashed dishes round our necks and clothes to mend and children to bring up."

"From these few remarks," interrupted Kelly, "you can picture my youth."

"Mike," said his mother, "you were a perfect child—no trouble at all—I speak in general. I for instance was one

of eleven, and your father was one of twelve. You might have been one of twelve yourself, Mike, if your father and I had not agreed to differ. I separated from my husband," she quite calmly explained to the others, "two years after our marriage. That's why I had to earn my own living and studied law."

"She's nuts on Separation," said Mike. "It was Mother who made the record for Chicago—Pullman porters on the trains used to wake up passengers saying 'Chicago, Sir, twenty minutes for divorce.'"

"My experience grew out of Settlement work," she explained. "Sixty per cent of the cases there are wives who are abused or children who are neglected owing to drunken or careless fathers, so naturally I got pretty wise on probate and divorce. It is freedom more than votes that these poor women want."

"We ought," said Viola, "to have at least as much influence as Beer. Equal opportunity is all very well, but in England without the vote we can never get anything but broken promises."

"Well, my dear, let others break the windows. I think you could get your way without this militancy if only you organized a business-like campaign like ours in Illinois. But Europe still has the Middle Age belief in war and martyrs and revolutions. No doubt these end in progress for the race, but oh, the tragedies they bring on the individual! They are the man's way of doing things. It is the women who suffer and weep."

Charles could see that Viola was fascinated by the ripe experience of Mrs. Kelly.

"What gets me," said Kelly, "is how to calculate the salary. Does it rise with the quality of the meals or with the capacity of the husband to make money?"

"Man and wife are partners," replied his mother. "She is expert on bearing and rearing children, and on home and creature comforts. But she has a further duty to herself. She won her husband's affection first through the charm let us say of her conversation. His work continues

to be brainwork, and she must keep up with him if they are to remain on a level. The generous husband makes a good investment. Division of profits is perhaps in theory right, but the salary basis keeps the wife busy. An angel, too sure of heaven, is apt to sing only one tune."

Mrs. Kelly was certainly a born hostess. Though less indifferent to food than he had been in his own home, Charles was still a tyro in the mysteries of taste. Breakfast now, with its feather-weight muffins, its hot biscuits, its corncakes or pones and bacon fried with apples and other palatable mixtures became a meal worth getting up for. If indeed he was lazy after a late night, Mrs. Kelly herself would knock at the door and bring in a tray with a toddy, saying "This will kind of open your eyes before you take your bath." Then her fried chicken with corn fritters and scalloped celery, her creamed oysters and her baked ham, were poems. In salads she professed less skill but she had one perfect salad made of pineapple and a soft red cheese with chopped red peppers sunk in a bed of shredded lettuce. Then her egg-nog and her Christmas cake, her syllabubs, her mince pies and the roast turkey with the chestnut stuffing that they shared with the Mainwarings on Christmas Day were food for the gods.

All the time she spent in the kitchen, she sang or hummed old darkie songs in a low sweet voice.

"Just listen to that," Mike would say, stopping a conversation with held-up finger. "That's Mother again, singing her old head off."

"How can you ever tear yourself away from here?" said Charles to Mike one day.

He understood now the strategy of bringing Mrs. Kelly to England. Between the English girl with her restful environment and the dynamic Chicago lawyer was a great gulf fixed. Mike had realized the prejudices Viola must sink before she could accept the intimate relationship of marriage, and had brought his mother, with her domesticity and Southern charm of manner, to bridge London and the Middle West. If such a mother could love and live with

such a son, surely that son could husband such a wife.

Most subtle was the spell that Mrs. Kelly's kitchen cast upon Viola, who began by coming over to pull taffy or maple candy and to make marsh-mallows. Then she asked the older lady to teach her how to cook, an invitation easy to exploit. The cook in the Kelly household was a good-natured soul who unlike so many of her kind did not resent the intrusion of the mistress into her kitchen. Indeed she herself was anxious to learn the tricks of American cooking, for she meant to emigrate as soon as she could save her passage money, and thus realize the income rumoured in America.

To Mike the kitchen was his element. He had the theory which his mother could put into the actual cooking. Nothing could keep him out, particularly when Viola was there. Charles could see the fine meshes of the net which gradually closed upon that elusive creature, swimming still in imagined freedom.

Food however was not their only pastime. Keen on social problems, Mrs. Kelly had already sampled the underside of London, and was as eager as any to attend the socialist and suffrage lectures for which the Mainwarings enthused.

"Where are you all going?" she would say when they came round and told Mike and Charles to put on their coats, and then, "Look here, Mike, you just go and take me with you," and with them she went.

It was on this visit to the Kellys that Charles got to know the Fellowship Settlement for Working Men. Here the comfort of the quarters for the Residents was his first surprise. True, but a single combination room—a sitting-room with green serge curtains screening the recess that held a bed—but the room was large and airy, with cheerful hearth and comfortable arm-chairs, while the common room with its substantial meals had the tone and style of an exclusive club. An excellent library, a good piano in the drawing-room, and the recherché collection of prints upon the walls seemed a good deal to throw in with board and lodging for thirty-five shillings a week. But it was ex-

plained that by such influences it was hoped to uplift the working classes and the moral effect of Rembrandt on the factory hand was plausibly expounded.

By this time it was fashionable to be a Fabian, Bernard Shaw was the darling of the *Times,* and Sidney Webb at the London School of Economics was whispering policies to the Cabinet.

Kelly laughed at them but Frank persuaded Charles to join the crowd. When he subscribed to the forms of this mild Socialist Society Charles ran little risk of having his door screwed up at Oxford. Even had he become a follower of Keir Hardie, he might have escaped that fate, for he was a well-built fellow known to be a good boxer, and your undergraduate bully hesitates to attack those who can hit back hard.

When Charles then signed himself a Socialist, this merely meant that he was honest, warm-hearted and unselfish. It meant that he had come to feel he was a citizen, not just Charles Fitzmorris spending five hundred pounds a year to pass the time. He had sensed his responsibilities—he was no more a boy who went to school because he was told; he was a man, ready to take his place in the State.

Naturally his theories had some effect upon his actions when he returned to Oxford. He was more considerate to Silas, whom he had been hitherto inclined to bully, and changed his tailor when he found that individual was not on the white list of those who paid a living wage to their employés. He spoke with less contempt of Toshers, those much misunderstood unfortunates who have mistaken Oxford for a seat of learning instead of a social centre, and for lack of funds have joined the University without belonging to a College. He took his work more seriously, feeling that he ought if possible to earn his living instead of sponging on his father longer than could be helped.

That thought caused him indeed heart-burning. He began to wonder whether his father's money was earned by honest work, or merely from a parasite profession which had no right to exist at all. When he came to study things,

he realized that most of the world he lived in was topsy-turvy. Christ Church itself was founded on the spoliation of the monasteries which in turn had tithed the people for a not very worthy priesthood.

Yet in spite of its tainted origin would it have been so fine or would it have been built at all under a Socialist State?

Kelly said no.

"These old stones," he argued, "come from the time when the labourer was not a politician but an artist. He may have taken an eight hour night, but even in the night dreamed of the work he did by day. Look at that fan-tracery above the staircase leading to the Hall, and tell me what labour-boss could have bettered that."

While keenly interested in social remedies Kelly was a strong individualist.

"Believe me," he said one day, "I take off my hat to the walking delegate who earns good money in his high-priced profession—but not my money if I can help it. Organized labour is just as tyrannical as a Trust, and a damn sight less human. It boosts the skallywag and the malingerer into the same pay as the hundred per cent efficient. There's more graft to the square inch in a Brotherhood than there is in Tammany Hall, and that's going some!"

"Of course," said Charles, "your political conditions are different from ours. With us the very best men go into the House of Commons—it is a family tradition."

"If they are wise," said Kelly, "they will keep it in the family while they can. It pays a landed gentry to control the land laws."

"But some of your younger leaders are almost Socialists."

"No wonder! If they have any heart they must hate to see one third of the population too poor for meat or butter, and Socialism seems one way out. In middle age they grow cynical and work for themselves. But even then, if

they are to be successful in politics they must be with the dear people once in a while."

"Perhaps," interrupted Charles, in his best Union manner, "in the United States, where your measure of happiness is a million dollars, and where most of your money is paper, there does not appear to be enough to go round your ninety million population, especially as you bring in a million immigrants each year to sweat in your Eastern factories. But don't think that your overstrung, overfed, overdressed millionaires, who can't be happy without their manicure, their face-massage, their private cars and their sixty horse power limousines, represent the height of human perfection. The Land of Liberty has become a hothouse of abnormal growth, and until some virile nation such as the Japanese—ninety per cent of whom are workers working for the glory of their race—lets in the fresh air, and brings you back to the hardy life of your pioneer forefathers, you will continue to be the incarnation of all that is unhealthy in human society."

At Easter Kelly evidently returned to the siege of Viola, for Frank, who had persuaded Charles to spend that vacation with him in Paris and Versailles, received letters from his mother every second day referring to Kelly's activities. He had joined the Men's League for Women's Suffrage and was agitating hard with Viola for the Conciliation Bill. His motor-car whirled all four of them—for she herself felt it her duty to be present, not because she really cared but because she felt that some one ought to counterbalance Mrs. Kelly—to committee meetings, receptions, drawing-rooms, debates, deputations, conferences, lectures, addresses, Eustace Miles teas, Suffragist Concerts, Suffragist Ateliers, Junior Suffragist Hat Sales, Suffragist Matinees, to such an extent that she began to hint that she was worn out with such strenuous chaperoning and wished to goodness that Viola would capitulate or that England would declare war on the United States and thereby banish these Americans from the once tranquil suburb of Bedford Park.

Charles, who was studying the campaigns of Turenne and

the great Condé, and immersed in the writings of Vauban on the siege and defence of fortresses, decided that all the Marshals of France in the palmiest days of the great Louis would have had something to learn from the perseverance and ingenuity of this Irish American as he beleaguered the heart of Viola.

Gallantly though she resisted, Viola must at last have raised the white flag, for when the summer term came round Frank confirmed his sister's engagement.

CHAPTER IX

AS soon as he heard the news, Charles chased after Kelly to congratulate him. The American's rooms were empty but he was found in Tom Quad on his way from the J. C. R. with a box of cigars under his arm.

"Yes, old man," he said, "it's true. I won out after all. At first I thought some other fellow had the inside track, but it was only the fence she put up to keep out the hoboes. You see I don't exactly look like gilt-edged stock, and she could afford to be choosey. She looked like a million dollars to me the first time I saw her—England certainly is one land for peaches, and Viola is the ultra of the bunch. Lucky? Gee, I should say!"

"When is the fatal day?"

"Not a day too soon. Her mother said December, but I rooted for July. Got to work off the honeymoon before the Fall and get busy earning the rent. Say, Fitz, old man, I'm counting on you to put me wise to all the rules and regulations."

"I'll do my best," said Charles. "Is the ceremony to be in church?"

"The betting points that way. Mother-in-law-to-be put me next to a sky-pilot—friend of the family—Socialist guy with large feet who preaches hell in Bedford Park—quite a lively duck who seems inclined to do the trick."

"What is he like? Got a black beard?"

"That's him. A good scout from the looks of him."

"Yes, he is—I know him. I'll be there," said Charles.

When Eights Week came round, Viola arrived with Mrs. Kelly triumphant chaperon. She never had looked so charming. A softer light had come into her eyes, and though the chin was firm as ever it loomed less aggressive. An

indefinable air of femininity enveloped her, and there was not a man that met her who did not think Kelly fortunate to win this attractive girl.

"Everything seems gay this year," she said. "Aren't there more people here? The streets are parasol'd and the High looks like a garden party. Oh yes, of course, last year we followed the King's funeral."

"And this year we approach the wedding of the Princess," said Charles.

"Which Princess?" she asked, as if puzzled.

"Princess Viola," said Charles, "the Princess of Mike Kelly's fairytale, whom he crossed the sea to win and woo, and with whom he hopes to live happy ever after."

"And you," she said, "imagine you are the Good Fairy?"

"One of them," he admitted modestly.

"And pray, who was the Dragon?"

"There were dozens of them," said Charles. "All your prejudices, your craving for independence——"

"Independence Day is our Day of Days," interrupted Mrs. Kelly. "Do not think you have killed the Dragons. You have only turned them into House Dogs who will bark now instead of bite."

In order to distract Mrs. Kelly's attention, Charles spent these days in being most gallant towards that lady. He had roses for her every morning, and kept her talking to him so that Mike and Viola could have uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*. Mrs. Kelly, as her son declared, was "chock full of talk" and "had conversation just wrapped up in her" and was "peeved to death" when she was left alone. Charles got her to tell him about life in the United States, and thus heard something of the complex problems of that heterogeneous nation.

With marriage so much in the air, it was natural that Mrs. Kelly should incline to dilate thereon. Charles raised the question.

"What about mixed marriages—I mean between Americans and English—don't you think there is a risk?"

"I'd just hate to tie myself down on that," replied Mrs.

Kelly. "If the man is American and the woman English, there is less chance of friction than the other way round. For English women are more adaptable than American women or English men, and accustom themselves to a new country more readily. An American who brings home an English bride is thought to have done tall, and usually with good reason. She brings up her children with better manners than most American mothers. Although at first lonesome for her old home, she is attracted by our readiness to make friends. But in the American home there is the question of maids. The American woman has to do more housework than the Englishwoman of the same class, because maids are scarce with us, and mighty independent. Clothes cost more, and we pay more heed to fashions in dress. Whatever she wears in her kitchen, you'll find out that the poorest American woman dresses as a very stylish lady. The Englishwoman in the States soon realizes this, and if her husband can't afford her a shipload of new clothes, she feels very unhappy. As a rule, however, the American husband feels just the same as she does, so that she gets all she wants if he has to kill himself to raise the money. On the other hand, the American woman over here becomes a climber, aims at making glory and meeting titled folk, and if her English husband doesn't give her a hand he just gets left behind."

"Glad I'm not engaged to an American girl," said Charles, "I've got enough 'climbers,' as you call them, in my own family already. But don't you misjudge your own people? Are you a climber, for instance? If you have been running after titles since you came to England, I haven't noticed it."

Mrs. Kelly laughed.

"Perhaps you are right. One shouldn't generalize. There are Americans and Americans."

The boatraces naturally took them to the House Barge every afternoon, and it was good this year to see the Christ Church Eight keep its place while Christ Church II actually

went up from the Second to the First Division. But most of their time was spent in going round the Colleges.

"It's my last chance of seeing anything historic for some time," explained Viola. "Mike says that in Chicago everything over ten years old is out of date."

"He probably means 'falling to pieces,'" said Charles.

"Chicago is not all the United States," remarked Mrs. Kelly. "We have a few buildings over a century old, and our State Capitol at Richmond is only twenty years younger than the Library at Christ Church. I allow you will find more customs that date from Queen Elizabeth in Virginia than you will find in London. The mistake made by the English who visit and write about us is that they do not go further South than Washington, whereas Washington to many an American is the Farthest North."

"How do you like leaving England?" Charles asked Viola one day as they sauntered along the High.

"I look upon it as a great adventure," she replied. "We all have just one life to live, and if we don't make the most of it we have ourselves to blame. I could keep on vegetating here in a studio in England, but Mike has made me want to see the world."

"Will you keep up your art?"

"Why not? Mike has promised me a studio in Chicago, and as a wedding present has bought me a library of books on decoration—tapestry, stained glass, furniture, metal work, bookbinding and what not. He says I can learn just as much over there as here, and that I should think of Chicago as four thousand miles nearer Japan than London. Well, I shall soon find out—it is all part of the game. He offered to make his home in England if I would not marry him without, but that would not have been fair to him, as his work is over there."

"And your heart?"

"Is where Mike is, Charles," she said, linking her arm in his. "I know you started this match half in fun, and I did not take Mike seriously myself at first, but you did the greatest thing in the world for me when you brought

us two together. Honestly I don't care just at present whether I remain an artist or not. All I want now is to be with Mike."

"He's one of the best," said Charles thrilling at her touch. "And so too, I think, is his mother."

"She is mother to me also," said Viola softly. "I won't feel so lonely with her to help me over there. She has been my best friend ever since we met. I never realized before how little separates Americans and English."

They went to Godstow again on another moonlight night, with Viola more sentimental than the year before. This time she and Mike floated downstream side by side in a punt instead of cross-questioning each other face to face in a canoe. There was light enough to see that Mike had his arm around her waist, and she looked up in his face from time to time in a way that showed she was no longer concerned about the unknown past. Her thought was only for the present, an idyll of rapturous young love in which two hearts beat as one in the warm air of a summer night.

"Isn't it queer," said Charles to Frank, "to see otherwise sensible people looking into each other's faces like sick cats? I almost wish sometimes I hadn't thought of bringing them together."

"Don't worry, old chap," replied Frank. "You'll look just as foolish yourself some day. After all, it's not so bad as delirium tremens."

This love-making began to have its effect on Charles, who could not forget what Frau Pastorin had said about his lack of sentiment. He longed for the day when he should be able to claim a Viola of his own. How was it that the other fellows all paraded photographs of girls not their sisters, while he could only muster obviously paid for pictures of actresses he never knew? If only his own sisters had not been so impossible, he might have got to know more girls, but Clara's friends were hopeless.

Viola's wedding had been fixed for July, as soon after the great Suffrage Procession and the Coronation as dress-

makers could be persuaded to promise her trousseau. Charles spent the time till then dreaming of the day when he too could face the altar. In the meanwhile, he was privileged to act as best man, on the condition that some day soon he would visit the bride and bridegroom in their American home.

CHAPTER X

AFTER the marriage nearly three months still remained of the Long Vacation, and Frank Mainwaring urged Paris. Charles who suspected that Frank was thinking more of art-galleries than of history, however, said that another dose of German would do him more good. This time he would go to the Rhine, and see for himself whether it was as German as the Germans claimed. By this time he was absorbed in the Special Period selected for his Final Schools, more particularly in the character and times of Louis the Magnificent. Colbert had established the sovereignty of France upon the New World, but in the Old World also Louis had ambitions, aligning his borders with those of the Roman Gaul. Strasburg, that apple of discord between France and Germany, would, Charles thought, be a good centre from which to study historical geography.

"No Germany for me," protested Frank. "This Agadir business is the last straw. Why should we spend our money in a country with so little sense of decency? Give them a taste of the boycott."

"Nice sentiment from a Socialist who has preached to me the brotherhood of man," said Charles.

"The Germans are no more than seventh cousins to the human race."

"The French, on the other hand, are very pretty sisters," said Charles. "If only we had met a suitable Margaretha last summer at Göttingen, you would have sold your patriotism to the devil."

A year ago Charles had thought a trip to Germany real adventure, and had come back inclined to put on airs. "When I was in Germany," he would say in any argument with the less travelled.

Now, however, he was more blasé, and took this journey casually. He knew enough of German manners now to doff his hat on entering a German shop and to call a waiter "Herr Ober" instead of "Kellner"; also his tips were mild, and he travelled on the trains second or third class instead of first.

Yet if adventure came his way, he meant to welcome it, and the absence of Frank, however much a pal, would not be felt so much if the adventure were with a petticoat.

But neither on the Ostend boat nor on the continental express appeared the unescorted Fair who might have tempted a flirtation. The route Charles took to Strasburg enabled him to pause at Aix-la-Chapelle, and from that very moment he swayed between historic memories and surprise at the growth of this industrial Germany. He had looked for a little old-world city town centred round the Octagon of Charlemagne's Imperial Church, whereas the modern Aachen that he found was a busy factory city. Cologne he had dreamed of as a Cathedral, circled by cloistered churches, but the railway station was so large that he got lost in it—his chief remembrance of the place was of coal dust and crowded streets. At Bonn he breathed serener air, and on the sunny deck that carried him towards the Drachenfels began to think romance had not yet left the Rhine. Yet the villas of the *nouveaux riches* overshadowed the ruined castles, the great gorge from Königswinter to Coblenz was dull with smoke from tugs towing huge barges, the hill-sides were scarred with quarries.

"Du lieber Gott!" he wrote on a postcard to Frank, "The Rhine is German."

From Coblenz up to Bingen the beauty of the river, sunk between precipitous sides, was less disturbed by modern industry, the Lorelei cast her pensive spell, and at Bingen, as he looked back on the great cleft cut by the Rhine in the dark Taunus Mountains, he felt that his voyage had not been made in vain.

The *pension* at Strasburg in which he settled was run by two middle-aged sisters named Weber of pleasant man-

ners and some little education, proud of being German but glad they were not Prussian.

They had been infected by the movement which filtered through Germany from Vienna, and had transformed old German homes into very arty show-rooms. The chairs and furniture of the dining room were designed in curious green curves, the walls were panelled with rough plaster tinted mauve and subdivided by lines of purple spots. In each panel blazed a violent landscape. A yellow carpet and red lacquer cabinet with purple shelves full of eccentric pottery added their vivid notes.

Charles's rooms were also in the movement, but fortunately for his nerves were less eccentric, and with their panelled oaken bedstead and square William Morris furniture came as a relief after the postprandial impressionism of the room where they met for meals. The two sisters themselves wore the so-called "reform gowns"—Viola would have called them "Djibbas" which no doubt were as comfortable as they were ungainly. Still, so long as the food was good, they might wear crinolines for all Charles cared. Their table indeed was excellent, and attracted several officers and students to the midday meal. Other more or less permanent boarders included three German bachelor business men, a young lawyer, a Japanese, and two American ladies, mother and daughter, to whom by some oversight Charles was not introduced on his first appearance at table.

Over the rim of a glass of Berncastler Doctor, he saw two jet-black eyes flash upon him for a moment, then withdraw and not again turn his way till the end of the meal, when they broadsided an unconscious challenge as their owner floated out followed by her less ethereal mother. German had been the only language spoken or attempted at table, but the intonation and Gibson-girl get-up of the daughter were unmistakable. Her oval face, uplifted eyebrows, piled-up raven hair and half-open arch of a mouth had an irresistible appeal. After the company had dispersed, Charles learned that she was a Miss Madeline Raymond from Chicago, studying singing at the local Conservatorium.

He made up his mind that when he was formally introduced he would be as nice as nice could be to this attractive person. He would find out her favourite flower and her taste in chocolates, and see that she was well supplied with both, he would tell her the right kinds of book to read and show her how to appreciate the history of the country she had come to. In fact he imagined himself entertaining her with brilliant conversation and acting as guide, philosopher and friend to this *ingénue* from the wealthy but not very well educated continent of North America.

There were two common links that he could trade upon in making her better acquaintance—Chicago, where the Kellys came from, and singing, an art in which he rather fancied his own skill. At the evening meal, however, after the belated introduction had been effected, he was too shy to go beyond the Kellys. These he found Miss Raymond slightly knew, particularly Mrs. Kelly, whose fame was evidently well established.

"What did you think of England?" he asked, as he took a wicker chair all corners beside her in the sitting-room after they had withdrawn from supper.

"England?" said Miss Raymond. "We didn't come that way. Took a French boat straight from New York to Havre. We can see England any old time, but I was crazy for Paris. Perhaps on the way back we might spare a day or two for Stratford-on-Avon and a dozen cathedrals, but just now Europe and Paris for mine."

"Could you come all this way and not visit London?"

"Why should we?" she answered opening her eyes. "Nothing I ever saw come out of London was worth thirty cents. Not a hat or gown, while the Englishmen we met in Chicago make me tired—as if they owned the earth."

"Madeline, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Raymond, "Mr. Fitzmorris is an Englishman."

"I should worry," she coolly replied. "That's his funeral, not mine. Even if I did make a break, Mr. Fitzmorris knows I was just kidding. So don't get huffy. But you know," she continued, turning to Charles, "you English peo-

ple are the limit. Your forget that the world has gone round since the days of Alfred the Great."

"Costumes have changed," said Charles shyly, looking at the Weber sisters but speaking softly so that they should not overhear. "If you came to England to buy gowns like these you would certainly be disappointed."

"Mercy's sake!" exclaimed Miss Raymond. "Don't think I came here for that. I came to study music, particularly singing. By the way, has London any music?"

"Have you ever heard of Covent Garden?—no, not Mary Garden," he replied, still suave. "Or the Albert Hall for concerts? When you have had more experience, you will find that you have not 'arrived' till you have appeared at one or the other."

"You don't say!" she exclaimed, with an assumed surprise very like that which Charles remembered on the face of Kelly. "W[illegible]'ll wait till then, and if I don't make the old burg sit up[illegible]all me a has-been."

"I shall certainly look forward to that [illegible]" answered Charles, then blushed.

The American girl blushed also but Mrs. Raymond laughed at her daughter, saying,

"You got as good as you gave there."

He had not meant to be rude, and yet he would not apologize. His British pride was hurt, and he began to think that the insular habit of taking fame for granted had its drawbacks.

Nettled though he had been by Miss Raymond's transatlantic superciliousness, Charles could not forget the charm of her face and figure. Next morning he set out in the direction of the Conservatorium just about the time he knew her lesson was over, hoping to meet her and dressed to kill. He wore his black and gold figured waistcoat of Chinese silk which Kelly called "The Paralyser," while his Christ Church straw, ribboned with the crest of the cardinal's tasselled hat, was something new to Strasburg. That inseparable comrade of his travels, the trouser-press, had done its duty, and as Charles studied his reflection in the

shop windows he saw with satisfaction that the cut of his coat was good.

Miss Raymond and her mother were in the Kleberplatz, watching the change of guard. Ever since 1871 Strasburg had been the least badly dressed of German cities, but these two women were obviously Paris, and there were very few of either sex in the Platz who did not glue their eyes to such confections. Mrs. Raymond bowed pleasantly to Charles as he came up.

"Aren't they just cute?" she said, pointing with her parasol at the stiff-legged warriors. "My, it's worth the money to come over and see Europe."

"Why, mother," protested Miss Raymond, "these soldiers have nothing on the National Guard. They remind me of the Twelve Apostles on the Cathedral clock here, just li!· wound-up machines."

"So you don't think much of Germany either," said Charles.

"It has its points," admitted the American. "For instance, across the square is the best candy store ever. I'm deadnuts on their *Kaiserspeise.*"

"Let's sample it," said Charles, grabbing the occasion. "I've a sweet tooth myself."

"That's talking sense," said Miss Raymond, with a dazzling smile. "Mother, you are invited too."

"Isn't it too near lunch time," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Let's pass up lunch to-day," replied the daughter, "the way Herr Referendar eats roast pork makes me sick."

So they forgathered at the *Conditorei,* and Charles was introduced to *Kaiserspeise,* a sweet tasting dish worthy of its Imperial name.

With this went the most delicious coffee, served with whipped cream by a girl who spoke the curious blend of French and German which since 1870 had become the unhappy heritage of Alsace.

"Is the Conservatorium here so good?" asked Charles.

"Not one-two-three," replied Miss Raymond. "It was wished on me by my old teacher in Chicago who had been

here with Paderewski. We're going to quit as soon as I have used up my course of lessons—just a week from now. Then the old boy can kiss himself good night."

"Madeline, my dear," remonstrated the mother, "how often have I asked you to forget your boarding school slang!"

"Forget it!" replied the incorrigible, "Mr. Fitzmorris is a College boy himself, and can guess what I mean. I suppose you never use slang in England, Mr. Fitzmorris?"

"Not on your sweet life," replied Charles, with a nasal intonation reminiscent of Kelly.

At which the two ladies exclaimed,

"What do you know about that!"

Then with a laugh Miss Raymond continued,

"I guess you've put one over on us. You must have visited the States."

"No such luck," replied Charles. "But my friend Kelly taught me a few of your expressions."

"He did, did he?" she said more sympathetically than he yet had noticed. "I like a good lively talker, don't you?"

"It helps some," said Charles solemnly.

At which both ladies laughed again.

It was not long before Charles found that Mrs. Raymond was just as young in heart as her daughter, and had made her chaperoning an excuse for a good time.

"Milan and Rome are where we are heading for," she explained. "I've longed for Italy all my life. We stopped off here because Mr. Raymond told us not to give this place the go-by. My daughter's music teacher was his tillicum, and he was brought up on Strasburg."

"And I've had my fill of it," interposed Miss Raymond. "These professors here are the limit. They think the heavenly choir should have been trained by Germans to sing Wagner."

"If not by Germans," said Charles, "whom would you get to train it?"

"Search me," she answered, laughing.

"In the meanwhile," said Charles, "before you leave this

place lamenting, you might find time to show me the sights."

"Well, I like your nerve!" replied Miss Raymond.

"Your reward will be in a heaven where they sing Puccini," continued Charles, "and perhaps also in this pastry shop."

The week passed quickly enough. Out of doors there was always something to see. The city itself had never lost its mediæval character, but even the modern streets and this up-to-date Garden City had their peculiar charms. Old houses brooded on the waters of the Schiffleutstaden, half-timbered houses with oriels and steep roofs pierced by dormer windows enriched the narrow streets—some were so narrow that even to ride a bicycle was *"verboten."* The Minster with its growth from austere Romanesque to an exuberant Gothic cast its spell upon them as upon a thousand others. The figured façade of warm red sandstone, intricate with traceries and crowned by an exquisite rose-window faced towards the France which had given it birth. Its portals opened naturally into an interior with delicate and dreamy windows. After this serene beauty, the astronomical clock with its trickery of angels and gods and twelve apostles seemed but a toy. Instead of standing with the gaping rustics, they preferred to climb up to the platform of the spire and drink in the panorama of the Rhine Valley, with the Schwarzwald and the Vosges on either side, while on a clear day they could even see the Jura. Underneath on the tall chimneys, the storks had built their nests, as in the days of fairy-tales.

Finding that he was a history student, interested particularly in the era during which Strasburg and Alsace-Lorraine came under the sway of France, the Germans at the Weber *pension* turned all their batteries upon him in the desire to prove that these two centuries of French dominion were but an interlude, and that the Alsatian remained through it all at heart true German.

"German or Prussian?" asked Charles, whose reading of history was different. "And was it ever so very German?

I had always thought it was Austrian. Is the architecture of the Minster French or German Gothic? Surely it belongs to the same order as the Cathedrals of St. Denis and Notre Dame."

He angered them by producing a facsimile of the terms granted to Strasburg in 1681 by Louis XIV, and comparing that monarch's policy of *"ne pas toucher aux choses d'Alsace"* with the ruthless Prussian régime. The subject grew so sore that Fräulein Anna Weber hinted that Charles had better avoid it. He easily, however, proved his case to the Raymonds, and with the aid of old engravings visualized for them this Frontier Province, decimated by centuries of warfare, colonized again from Burgundy and Eastern France, suffering like the rest of France from Royalty, and thus bearing a Rouget de l'Isle with his song of the Marseillaise, blossoming in a distinctive vigorous art, not Parisian but definitely Gallic—now crushed by Prussian discipline.

In order to see the country round, Charles hired a motorcar, a costly vehicle, since the geese that fattened in the villages round Strasburg for the *pâte de foie gras* market had a suicidal tendency, and there were very few trips without their casualties. Hitherto he had thought a motorcar extravagant, but the Raymonds took it as a matter of course—Madeline was a singularly forceful maiden, knowing what she wanted and always getting it. Viola, at first had impressed Charles as an aggressive type, but she was tame compared to the American, whose honeyed requests had behind them the threat of a command. The mother was but a child in the daughter's hands. Yet the graceful form and beautiful face of this young Amazon obscured her dominant manner.

Willing though he was to lose his heart, he found her slow to appreciate the ready sacrifice. What puzzled him most was her lack of interest in any music other than her own. Of an evening he would fondle the piano, turning over the leaves of her music, and suggesting by his comments

that he also could sing. But she would not take the hint, content with her own contralto.

It was not till the last evening of their stay that Fräulein Anna took pity on Charles and asked him to perform. Nothing loath, he gave them "Sally in our Alley" with all the sentiment he knew. The rest of the company applauded, but Miss Raymond indifferently turned the leaves of an album. Charles determined to have it out with her.

"I suppose you think the old English ballads out of date," he said standing beside her.

"No," she answered, "that's not it. The song you sang is beautiful, but, pardon me for saying it, Mr. Fitzmorris, your voice is untrained, and this was more than you can manage. You think you are a tenor, whereas your high notes are falsetto, and you would be a baritone if you only knew how to produce your voice. Even my Strasburg professor would tell you that. I don't think amateurs should be encouraged to sing in public."

Charles had been so used to hearing his voice praised that this came with all the greater shock.

"Do you really mean it?" he said, deeply mortified.

"It was coming to you," she replied, "since you asked for criticism. I'm telling you the straight of it. From your talking voice I knew you had no training. Your Oxford drawl is amusing but not musical. Half the time I feel inclined to say, 'Use your lungs and speak more like a man.'"

"Damn her professional conceit," he thought, and "Damn her manners." And so for the next two days after she had gone he damned her up and down. But when in calmer moments he paid a visit to the Conservatorium, had his voice tried, and was told the same contemptuous story, he realized it was wisest to make up for lost time and subscribed for a course of voice-production.

His pique soon disappeared and he thought of Miss Raymond with tender regard.

Blank verse may do for middle-aged philosophers but rhyme is the normal sequence of an emotional collision be-

tween a youth aged twenty-one and a maiden aged twenty. His thoughts dance in rhythm and the music of words that sing together sets the tune to his adolescent rapture. Charles thrilled now with a fine frenzy of which Miss Raymond was the charming but elusive source. As a rhymster he was unquestionably fortunate, for the epithet of "Gibson Girl" which visualized the memory of the American stood in a row with "curl" and "pearl."

Quite a few of his mornings were abstracted from the study of Ranke and other such historians of the seventeenth century to this present rage for verse, and with the conceit which flourishes in a literary parent, Charles began to send his offspring to the editors of various London publications. Owing to his forgetfulness to send the office boy's due perquisite, the "necessary stamps for return," most of these were lost for ever, but a few he recovered with polite expressions of regret on his return to Oxford. One indeed found favour with the editor of *Pen and Pencil,* an illustrated weekly which as a result went up considerably in his estimation.

CHAPTER XI

CHARLES had much to live through on this Long Vacation. Other change from his books he found in exploration of the surrounding country, on a bicycle now, since there was no longer excuse for a car.

All the Valley of the Rhine from Strasburg to Basle was a fabric woven with two thousand years of history. Along the left bank the Romans had built their road down from the great Burgundian Gate—the very road by which Turenne was afterwards to swoop on his famous winter march across the Vosges. Here was an older and a richer civilization than one found on the dark narrow valleys of the Schwarzwald on the opposing bank.

Both sides of the Rhine seemed to have been made for wheels. Easy going state-owned trains climbed up to altitudes from which one coasted down through miles and miles of the dark scented pines, passing here and there a saw-mill or farm-house, with its warm monkcowl roof. On the Vosges side of the Rhine were scattered fine old churches and market places and town halls. Here too was the smoke of modern Germany—Mülhausen, which Charles had pictured only as a field of battle, proving to be a much sophisticated city, noted for its workman's quarter, built with model cottages from which the working men had gradually been ousted by the petty tradesmen.

This was not mere sightseeing or interest in old churches for Charles. He was following the varying fortunes of France in Alsace during the great wars of the seventeenth century. If he crossed the Rhine by the little railway from Freiburg to Colmar, it was to spend a day at Breisach, where he could see not merely the vista of the Jura, Vosges and Schwarzwald from the Kaiserstuhl, but also make himself

familiar with a famous military crossing, to localize one of the victories of Turenne, and to study Vauban's fortifications. It was from Colmar that he had gone south to Mülhausen, and so to Thann, where he found the loveliest church he had ever seen—almost toylike Gothic, with openwork tower and exquisite portal. So beautiful it was that he spent the night at the inn *Zum Bahnhof*, to re-study it in the better light of morning.

During these wanderings, Charles thought incessantly of Miss Raymond, sending to her Rome address picture postcards of the places he visited and of the costumes and headdresses worn by the peasants of the Vosges and Black Forest. "They may be useful to you some day," he wrote, "for a masquerade, and may remind you of a week which for me passed all too soon."

She postcarded him in return from various Italian cities, and so on that evening in Thann he ventured on a letter—which he forgot to post—telling her of this Gothic gem, which in spite of six centuries of warfare had remained perfect, unspoilt—a simile of the love which could cherish an ideal in the midst of strife, ambition and the lust for earthly dominion.

From Thann he took the train to Krüt, meaning to wheel his bicycle to the French frontier at the Col de Bramont, and then coast down the valley to Mülhausen. His train was shunted in order to let another, and yet another train pass by, both full of soldiers. Krüt itself was like a military camp, and Charles almost forgot his first intention when he saw the troop trains pour out human armies in full marching order.

"It must be autumn manœuvres," he thought, although he had not noticed that these were to be held in this part of the country.

Then along the road came another horde of motor cars, some with officers, and others of a commercial type evidently laden with supplies. These were followed by armoured cars and these again by heavy artillery. Overhead drummed an aeroplane.

As he leaned on his bicycle by the roadside, Charles felt a tap on the shoulder and turned to see a lieutenant with two privates.

"Consider yourself under arrest," said the lieutenant in excellent English.

"For what?" said Charles, taken aback.

"Hand over your wheel and knapsack to these men, and come with me," was the answer.

Exceedingly uncomfortable, Charles obeyed and was conducted by the officer to an inn near the station. The doors of this were guarded by sentries, and the constant passage of staff officers showed that some one high in command was in possession.

Here Charles was ushered to a bedroom where the lieutenant searched his pockets, returning everything except his pocketbook and the unposted letter to Miss Raymond. Charles saw the uselessness of protest, and as his cigarettes had been restored to him lit up till the lieutenant had completed his examination.

"Your name—place of residence in Germany—business?" were the questions asked.

Then leaving a soldier in charge, the lieutenant picked up the papers he had selected, and for a time disappeared.

Four—five—six cigarettes were consumed before he returned. Charles was then ushered to a larger room in which a number of officers heavily epauletted were seated round a table In front of them were maps which Charles recognized as taken from his knapsack. As his eyes scanned the faces of those in front of him, he recognized with a start one who was familiar and who seemed just as surprised to see him there. It was Baron v. Gleyn, the Rhodes Scholar, Kaiser Bill's Best Friend.

"This is luck!" thought Charles. "He at least can back me up when I say I am no spy."

The officer at the head of the table began to interrogate.

"Your name—Charles Fitzmorris—English—you claim to be at Oxford—studying history—you are known to have

spent the last month making a careful and methodical study of places of military importance—you have a collection of very interesting and rare maps, mostly French—some old and some new—you are present here close to the frontier at a time when there are certain concentrations of troops—Have you any explanations of this unusual and highly suspicious behaviour?"

The officer spoke in a good if guttural English, with a suggestion of sarcasm which gave Charles an uncomfortable feeling. The best thing he could do was to be perfectly frank.

"These are military maps," he said, "though out of date. I have been making a study of the topography of the country. This, however, is in connection with the period of history assigned to me for my examinations at Oxford, where I am an undergraduate. My special period includes the campaigns of Turenne, many of which were fought in Alsace."

"For an Englishman," interrupted the officer, "you are singularly thorough. Are you willing to swear you are not an officer in the English army—not even a Territorial?"

The smile that appeared on every face showed that the German respect for Territorials was limited.

"If you do not believe me," replied Charles, "ask my friend over there—an undergraduate till recently at my own College—Baron v. Gleyn."

All eyes turned on the former Rhodes Scholar.

"It is true, *Herr Major,*" said v. Gleyn in German. "I did not recognize the name and would not have thought it the same individual. Mr. Fitzmorris occupied the same staircase as I did at Christ Church. So far as I can remember, he did not belong to the Officers Training Corps—he was a rowing man—it is even possible that I myself recommended him to come to study in Germany in his vacations, but of course I would not have expected him to be so indiscreet as he has evidently been. Yet it is just the kind of thing that Englishmen would do—they don't know what war means."

This evidently appealed to these Germans, who laughed merrily, much to Charles's relief.

"Were there any other papers?" asked the major of the lieutenant who had arrested Charles.

"Just this one," said the lieutenant, producing the letter intended for Miss Raymond.

"Anything suspicious?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant solemnly, so that they all were at attention, "I have grave reason to suspect, from the language in which his letter is couched, that this Englishman, without realizing it himself, is in love."

The rafters shook with the laughter occasioned by this unexpected sally, and it was some time before the major could make himself heard.

"Enough, gentlemen," he said, "we can take the letter as read. Mr. Fitzmorris, the order of the Court is that you return to Strasburg by the first train. We commend your industry in studying the Thirty Years' War, but remind you that there have been other and more recent conflicts, and that these frontier roads are unhealthy just now for any but German soldiers. Your maps are confiscated, but the rest of your papers you may retain. Lieutenant, conduct Mr. Fitzmorris to the station."

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Charles. "Thank you, Baron."

"Good-bye, old chap," said the latter, waving his hand, "Give my love to Peckwater."

As the train slipped down the valley and Charles saw the great grey army marching steadily up the road to Krüt, his head whirled with the excitement of what he had just passed through.

Was this Morocco affair going to end in war? There had not been a word in the papers about mobilizing—of course, the first steps would be secret.

He now realized that at Strasburg he had been living on the edge of a volcano. The Germans who either boarded or took their midday meal at the *pension* were obviously less polite to him, an Englishman, than to other foreigners.

Even if that was merely imagination, there were other symptoms of abnormal circumstance.

The people talked a *patois* mostly German, the soldiers were Prussian, but the hearts of all but the officials were surely French. Nowhere was there a more callous police in Europe. Charles actually saw one policeman draw his sword on a nursemaid who laughed at him when he ordered her perambulator off the pavement. The outraged passers-by stepped in, but the mere action spoke of the oppressor. Fräulein Anna, sauntering out one evening to post a letter, was pounced upon at the pillar-box and dragged to the police court on the accusation that she must have had an assignation. Her absence caused alarm, and as inquiries naturally led to the police court she was traced and found in tears—her protests having been ignored. A civilian who failed to yield the pavement to an officer was run through to teach him better manners in another world, if not in this.

So unsympathetic had Strasburg become, that Charles decided to rejoin Frank Mainwaring in Paris, where he could follow his studies in more congenial atmosphere.

But first he must visit Treves, the oldest city claimed by Germany, with its third century remains. This meant a slight detour, but he could take in Luxemburg as well and better his geography.

Treves he found full to the brim with soldiers—yet the frontier here was surely on the buffer state of the Grand Duchy, not of rival France. Did the Prussians then intend to ignore the treaties under the stress of war, and overrun this neutral, unarmed country so as to find an easy road to Paris?

A travelling acquaintance had told him on no account to miss the midday dinner at a named hotel—it was the best in Germany. So after a visit to the Porta Nigra and the Rotes Haus, he followed the advice. It certainly was what Kelly would have called "Some dinner." The large round guests sat at a long straight table, their eyes wolfish in anticipation of evermore to come, their mouths busy with

Gargantuan platefuls. Never till now had Charles fathomed the depths of the German appetite. He himself gave up at the third course, but his neighbours had seemingly just begun, and the munch, munch, munch drove him into the open air. A glance at the Cathedral and Protestant Basilika, a hurried visit to the museum, and he caught his train. But for a week to come the nightmare of that solemn orgy swamped every other memory of his German trip, and the munch, munch of the insatiable gluttons haunted him like a barrel-organ tune.

CHAPTER XII

THEN after a month in Paris and Versailles began his final and most serious year at Oxford. Kelly's absence had left a noticeable blank. To some extent this was filled by a growing friendship with Hargrove. Not that Charles had any religious tendency, but that he took more interest in church architecture since his visit to Strasburg, and found in the Westminster Scholar a congenial companion in exploration of this Oxford county. Together they bicycled to see the fair sanctuary of the Abbey Church at Dorchester, the cloisters at Ewelme, the village cross and Benedictine Church at Eynsham, the remains of the great Monastery at Abingdon, the Manor of Stanton Harcourt, and the old mural paintings at Southleigh Church. Hargrove taught Charles the meaning and mysterious charm of aumbries, chamfers, chantries, clerestories, transoms and parcloses, and in the choirs and doors and windows and chancels of these churches visualized the history of Norman and Tudor England, with its Kings and Crusaders, Bishops and Barons, Churchmen and Craftsmen, in a way that books had failed to do. He began to realize as never before how far into the past stretched the roots of the present, and felt himself nearer the Knights Templars who in white mantle and red cross had kept the Pilgrim's Road from Sandford to the Holy Sepulchre.

Two years at Oxford had transformed this saintly Hargrove from acolyte to priest, although he still supposed himself an undergraduate. His rooms reflected the development. All save two of the austere brass-rubbings were now replaced by reproductions from illuminated manuscripts, framed twelve together into harmonious decorations.

Towards the middle of the term, a letter from Chicago

told him that he had at least one friend outside Oxford. It came from Mrs. Kelly.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"Mike always talks of you as 'Fitz,' but to me that sounds too little dignified. I always think of you as so typically English—quiet, courteous, conservative and yet quick to understand, and so sympathetic. Whereas an American boy of your age would force his own country on the foreigner, you seemed more anxious to learn our viewpoint, subtle and most pleasant form of flattery. It makes me tired to hear my countrymen belittle the English. We have so much to learn from you.

"But that is not what I filled my pen to say. I thought you might care to hear about your old friend Mike and your still young friend Viola. They talk so much of you that I am sure you also must remember them. But both are so-so letter-writers—Mike being too deep in work, and Viola snowed under with invitations and new friends. Out West—I still think of Chicago as out West, though the real West now is nearer the Coast—the ice is quickly broken. Every door is wide open to Viola. She never looked so charming as she does to-day, and never, I think, more happy. Her fresh complexion blooms so sweet even in our drier climate. She is an English rose—none else so fair.

"Mike has just won an important case, and had bouquets from the judge on the skill with which he handled it. He says that the two years of Oxford did him a world of good—widened his outlook, gave him new impulses, taught him to think more logically—so far from being a mere rest-cure, Oxford has helped him in his profession. But of course, best of all, it has given him Viola.

"Some of my friends say I should be jealous of the love he gives to her. But I know better. The greatest happiness I have is seeing Mike contented.

"The next thing I wished to say to you was—when are you coming to see us? I am so eager to show you round. I am so proud of our country that I want you to know it

better, you, my friend, above all. It may not be so beautiful as England, but it is so spacious, so vigorous, so full of hope. I know it would do you good to breathe our air, and it would do me good to see you breathe it.

"For I am growing old, and mine must now be vicarious pleasures.

"Won't you come across?

"Your old friend,

"MARION KELLY."

Charles's poem in *Pen and Pencil* took the fancy of Buller-Wilson, Editor of the *Isis,* who asked him for some contributions. At first Charles thought of sending him the poems which the London editors rejected, but reflection told him that these in print would bring yet more embarrassment, owing to their so obviously amorous intention. He wrote instead some flippant essays on the Oxford Man's most cherished traditions, more in tone with that radiant mirror of undergraduate life. These were accepted, and for the first time since he came to Christ Church Charles began to see a light ahead. "Publicist" was what he had told his father he desired to be, but that career was certainly a trifle vague, not to say impertinent in one so young. "Journalist" on the other hand was a profession any one could understand, and if his articles were so readily accepted by an editor so critical as Buller-Wilson surely he would have a chance in Fleet Street. He did not have to earn his livelihood at once. He could wait till he had the right connections, possibly buy himself into a publishing house or magazine, preferably a magazine where literary style was the ideal—something better than the journalese which satisfied the board-school public.

In his work for Schools, the growing fascination of military history carried Charles on once again from Condé and Turenne and Vauban to his old schoolboy hero Marlborough, and Christmas therefore found him in Brabant and Flanders and the adjoining France, retracing on the actual ground the progress of the unconquerable strategist who

broke the power of the great Louis. From Ramillies Charles tramped, regardless of the bitter weather, to Louvain, and so to rich, flamboyant Brussels and to Antwerp, thence by way of Termonde and the still picturesque city of Oudenarde to Lille.

At Easter, on his last vacation, he was back again at Lille, walking thence to Tournai and so through Hainault to industrial Mons and the bloody battlefield of Malplaquet, after which he crossed into France again to Douai and Bethune. The easy, placid Belgians, interested only in their industry and business and *bock,* felt evidently too secure in their state of bufferdom to trouble about military students. They occupied the battleground of Europe and were proud of it—it brought a profitable crop of tourists—trade was good and the factories busy—the only cloud on the horizon was the Socialist movement with its perpetual threat of strikes. In a country so peaceful and unmilitary, the inconvenience of being mistaken for a spy, which had cast a shadow over his autumn pilgrimage through Alsace was not repeated.

Frank Mainwaring was now a star at the Union and laughed at Charles for taking Schools so much to heart.

"Degrees don't count when you go down," he declared. "I mean to try my hand in Fleet Street—one editor says he will take my caricatures, and if I get elected President of the Union another says he will put me on to leader-writing. Politics is a better-paid profession than it was a few years ago, and if you don't see me an M.P. before you are thirty it's because you'll be dead."

"Not if I can help it," laughed Charles. "I mean to row in the same boat, at least so far as Fleet Street is concerned, unless Dad lets me play with millions on the Stock Exchange. At present however our tastes do not coincide. He prefers the *Pink 'Un* to the *English Review.* He can even laugh at the jokes in *Punch.*"

"My dear fellow, when you are forty you will do the same. In the meanwhile forgive its vapid literature for its

admirable art. If *Punch* would only take my caricatures, I should die happy."

What Charles admired about Frank was that he did not cast aside his rabid Socialism, though by doing so he might have won more votes when he stood for office at the Union. Moreover, he came out whole-heartedly for Woman's Suffrage, flayed Mr. Asquith as the Grand Old Time Server, rivalled Lloyd George in the violence of his attacks on venerable institutions. His ironic spirit scintillated in his speeches. He was the terror alike of good Conservatives and Whigs. His sharp, satiric features enraged the opposing forces the more they looked at him. "Damn this Pauline demagogue," they said, and fumed for lack of answer to his biting eloquence.

The only point on which Charles disagreed with Frank was on his attitude to the Colonies. Charles had never taken kindly to the Canadian and Australian Rhodes Scholars, any more perhaps than they had taken to him. They arrogantly claimed the merits of their own countries over England, and yet resented criticism of themselves. Kelly and the Americans were different. They had behind them a country which in their own language had "made good." Whereas Australia and Canada were but half-baked, in spite of all their bragging. South Africa to him was the spoilt child whipped, and then put on a pedestal. Let these colonies shift for themselves, he said. They had been spoon-fed long enough, with a more or less free Navy and unlimited loans.

Frank, however, was an out and out Imperialist—opponents said it was to get the votes of the Rhodes Scholars.

"Let us have a real Imperial Parliament," he urged, "not a parochial affair like our present House of Commons, ruled by a Cabinet of Bumbles. A world wide Empire needs the counsel of constructive men from overseas. Canadians, Australians and Afrikanders should be our partners. They have no idle rich, they are used to doing and thinking on a big scale, and are not simply the mouthpiece of the permanent official."

"I don't see how you reconcile your Socialism and your Imperialism," said Charles. "How can you make a practical Socialistic State out of a scattered Empire such as ours, where each separate colony——"

"Dominion."

"Well then, where each separate Dominion has its own problems—the tariff for instance—I fail to see. Unless you have a more or less isolated, self-contained community, Socialism is impracticable."

"Well then," said Frank, "throw it overboard. Socialism is only a means to an end, namely the betterment of Labour. We are too small-minded in this little England. We coddle ourselves behind our supposed Invincible Armada. But the world does not revolve round London. Don't you feel when you talk to some of these men from overseas that our intellectual arteries are hardening, that we need fresh blood, new nerves, more elasticity in our body politic. Our Foreign Office is still Hanoverian—still pettifogging over the Balance of Power in Europe. What we must consider now is the Balance of Power throughout the World."

"Some day, no doubt," sneered Charles, "we shall listen to a Canadian Prime Minister at Westminster talking through his nose."

"No worse than a Scotch Prime Minister talking through his hat," retorted Frank.

"With an Australian Home Secretary being mistaken for a Cockney. I wish you joy of your Imperialism. For my part, I would cut loose every outside part of the Empire that could not pay its way. It is not worth the glory it is supposed to give us. These Canadians and Australians talk as if they owned us, not we owned them. Don't forget the fate of Lord Milner who went to South Africa a Pro-Consul and came back a damned fool."

"Does he know it?"

"Everybody else does."

Politics at Oxford is however but a game, and though Charles and Frank had furious arguments they remained good friends. Frank achieved his ambition at the Union,

and after passing through the Junior offices occupied the Presidential chair in the following summer term. As such he had the last word in the selection of the speakers, and for the Eights Week debate Charles was allotted the place of honour as proposer of a motion. "That in the opinion of this House, it is better to be a Socialist than a Snob."

In deference to what the undergraduate supposed was the intellect of the fair sex, heavy subjects were taboo in Eights Week, and the speakers were selected to amuse. Charles had developed a somewhat mordant humour, but the subject was one after his own heart, and Frank felt sure that his friend would put some spirit into the debate.

CHAPTER XIII

"THAT speech of yours was all right though rather youthful," said Frank as they walked back to the House after the debate was over. "You didn't truckle to the Tories, but as you aren't running for office, that doesn't matter. What you've got to do now is to live up to your Socialism and help me next Monday with a crowd of working men and women from the Fellowship Settlement—you know that 'arty' place we visited in London. Whit Monday is the recognized day for these visitations."

"Right you are! How many are coming? What do we have to do with them?"

"Twenty or so—male and female created He them—just talk nicely to them and give them lunch. You take half and I take half—probably they will want to see Ruskin Hall."

When next morning they started to collect promises of boats for Monday, they found the disadvantage of having Whit Monday in Eights Week. The House Mission crowd was also due, and nearly everybody had "People." However with the aid of Saiter's they scraped up the necessary craft.

On Monday at the station it was a problem to disintegrate the Fellows Settlement party from the seething mass upon the platform. Then Frank was hailed by the Resident who had brought them along—an old Oxford man who was glad to be back again, if only for a day.

"Any more room in the Ark?" he sang out cheerfully. "This looks like Noah's busy day."

The Settlement had come in its Sunday Best. So far as the women were concerned, their style was on the heels

of fashion though the material might be cheap. They had more the finery of the shopkeeping than of the labouring class. As they chattered to each other, Charles noticed Lancashire voices and West Country voices and Scotch and Irish but only one or two Cockneys. For London is the great Octopus stretching out tentacles East, West, South and North, hypnotizing its victims with glittering eye, dragging the fresh young country lads and lasses into its insatiable maw.

So far from wishing to see Ruskin Hall, they asked for the oldest, particularly Christ Church, and of course they wished to go upon the river.

"Aeroplane for me," said a side-whiskered individual in white spats, Williamson by name, who evidently fancied himself as a funny man, "I am accustomed to high society."

He was anxious to be conspicuous, and his rasping voice got on Charles's nerves.

However, in excellent humour they made their way to Carfax, and so by the Cornmarket to the Broad.

By this time Charles had grown so used to his surroundings that it was strange to find how Oxford fascinated those who came with fresh eyes. One old man in the party, Chalmers by name, would have spent all day over Trinity or Balliol if he had been allowed.

"Never mind your lunch for me," he urged, "I have had enough to eat for sixty years, but I have just one day for Oxford."

It was only by persuading him that there were more beautiful buildings yet to see that he would come along with the rest.

Another of the party was a handsome girl with auburn hair and a Gainsborough hat, beside which Viola's largest would have seemed a bonnet. "Miss Adair" was what the men called her, and "Millicent" the women. The old man Chalmers kept a fatherly eye upon her, and as Charles took a fancy to the old man, with his never ceasing questions, he found himself her frequent neighbour.

When they came to the Sheldonian, the grotesques outside

that otherwise fine building gave Williamson his opportunity.

"Behold our long-lost brothers," he exclaimed, striking a mock-heroic attitude, which sent the party into fits of laughter. "This here is a faithful portrait of John Williamson, now serving six years for bigamy. What woman could resist him? He left seven claimants to his name and title. Next Peter Williamson, whose effort to increase the circulation upset the Bank of England. He is the best known forger in our family. Beside him, Joshua Williamson, whom you may have already met at the Home of Madame Tusssaud. He stands there in the group of poisoners—Chamber of Horrors. Joseph Williamson, mother's pet, is our next—the sainted—no not scented Joseph, whom Toto, King of the Cannibal Islands served up as missionary pie on the birthday of his favourite concubine. Then comes David, confined during His Majesty's Pleasure—and so on—to be continued in our next."

The Exeter man who had opposed Charles in the Union debate happened to pass that very moment, and heard their noisy laughter with a supercilious smile. Charles was annoyed, perhaps unreasonably. This fellow Williamson jarred him also, and he wished these people were less blatant. Still, it was their way of life, so with a shrug, he led the way upstairs to the Cupola which Christopher Wren more than three hundred years ago so admirably shaped.

Here they found a vista of spires and towers and pinnacles and parapeted roofs and domes and College gardens that drew from each of them each time they looked through each of the eight windows a volley of "ahs!" and "ohs!"

Miss Adair, to whom Charles more and more gyrated, seemed to have most restraint, and though she clearly was interested showed a reserve akin to breeding. Charles noticed that she wore a pale green cotton dress fitting close to the lines of a tall and well-proportioned figure, and if the hat had not been so obtrusive would have been well dressed.

"Milliner," he surmised, but on questioning the old man, Chalmers, learned that she was shop assistant at a Furniture

Emporium in the Tottenham Court Road. A wider knowledge of the London West End Shop would have told him the secret of her equilibrium. There it was a misdemeanour to unbend, lest the customer should think it was not a privilege to buy. The lady who displays the wares lives up to the "Under Royal Patronage," and those on whom she attends are made to feel that the price they pay puts them among the Upper Classes.

An evident desire to see "the swells" took the party then to New College where Charles humoured them by pointing out an imaginary Earl of Brownacres. At Magdalen he invented a marquis and a viscount, after which their thirst for titles was slaked sufficiently to let them wonder at the cloisters, the doorway of the Chapel and the open-air pulpit near the entrance.

No true House Man would admit any Oxford building older than the cloister school of St. Frideswide, the nucleus of Christ Church. They therefore were given merely a peep at Merton and the Pelican of Corpus, before they entered Canterbury Gate, where it was enough to point to the rooms of Gladstone to prove that here indeed was the nursery of greatness. For many years must pass before the magic of that name fades from the memory of democracy—the Grand Old Man still looms up Champion of its Distresses.

In Peckwater they divided, Charles taking his ten, and Frank the rest, Charles being careful to shepherd the increasingly attractive Miss Adair.

It was a jovial party that sat down to lunch, the only gloomy face being that of Silas, grieved at having to wait on common folk. Williamson, who increased the tension by imitating Silas' voice and gestures, added insult to injury by saying,

"Take it away, my lord, take it away."

"Take what away?" said Silas blankly.

"Your face, my lord, your face—it's a misfit. Take it back to the shop to get made over again. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, cannot we eat our salmon mayonnaise without

the assistance of this proud aristocrat?" Then as the scout made his offended exit, "Now then, Heaven help those that take two helpings."

Old man Chalmers could not be induced to keep his seat at table.

"Let me have a place at the window," he said. "I want to look at the old buildings. They're company enough to one of my age. A sandwich will do me fine."

After he had seen them started on what was to them a banquet, Charles came over to the window and sat beside him.

"You don't know what a treat this is to me, Mr. Fitzmorris. I read my books at night when the day's work is done, and think about them next day at my work, but there's little enough inspiration in the basement where my workshop is—all I can see when I look out of the window is the railing over the area, and the legs and feet of passers-by. But here you are face to face with fine architecture and look down on people's heads. What a grand opportunity, and what a different point of view."

"I wish we all realized it," said Charles, "but at my age few of us are philosophers. Most of us are just out for a good time. We are here because we are twenty, and because our fathers can afford it."

Then after watching the rapt expression on the old man's face, he added:

"I'm afraid, Mr. Chalmers, this day in Oxford will make you feel discontented."

"No, sir, I'm too old to be discontented. If I were twenty as you are, and poor as you are well off, perhaps I might be discontented. But the old man of sixty, when he sees a beautiful bride, is not jealous of the bridegroom—he knows she is out of reach. He thinks the bridegroom is a lucky man, but if he has any sense, he knows he could never replace him. I can never be a student here at Oxford—my life is nearly over. This place is beautiful to me as to you, but all I can have of it is a passing vision."

"What is your work?" asked Charles.

"Shoemaking," said the old man, "more particularly shoes for crippled children. It's a trade that has survived machinery—they all have to be fitted and measured separate—the one sole perhaps thicker than the other, and the ankles often as not need supports. If only we all could get the cripples from our slums into the pure air and sunshine of the country, some of them would be happier, poor things. But the race is to the swift, and the victory to the strong.

" 'God's Poor' is what the Scotch call them.

"Wonderful, all the same how cheerful the little ones be," he continued. "It's not only wealth and health that make for happiness. There's more laughter in the slums than in the streets of the rich, and more fun in a barrel-organ than in a symphony concert. I often think that at our Settlement they aim too high. It's over our heads, though a trip like this is a little bit of all right."

In the meanwhile Williamson kept the others entertained in his own way.

"Whatever is Whit Monday?" he asked. "I've forgotten all about these Saint's days since I was put out of the Church. It must be something swell, or Mr. Fitzmorris wouldn't have brought out his best silver."

Or again,

"Mr. Chalmers, will you kindly lend your stick to the Gorgonzola."

Through it all Miss Adair sat serene. When lunch was over, and they left his rooms, Charles manœuvred himself beside her, and pointed out the things of interest. There was something to tell about each corner of each quadrangle—he had the story pat now—so that he did not notice how little she said in answer. By the time they had gone through the Cathedral and admired the Hall and crossed the Cloisters and passed through Meadow Buildings into the Broad Walk he believed they had had a wonderful conversation.

At Salter's there was diffidence as to who should get into which boat. Mr. Chalmers helped Miss Adair into the punt which happened to be Charles's.

"And I'm going too," he said. "It's the last chance I'll have of going on the river with a pretty girl."

Fortunately for the safety of the expedition, all the rest were row-boats,—least dangerous of rivercraft. Charles brought up the rear of the procession up the Cher, answering the endless questions of the old man, and watching the fair cheek and graceful arm of Miss Adair as she reclined in the soft cushions and cooled her fingers in the water.

"All I can say is," remarked Mr. Chalmers as they turned at the Rollers for the journey back, "I hope you young gentlemen understand how fortunate you are. When I was your age, it was work, work, work from six in the morning to ten at night—all to make ends meet—and it's been just about the same ever since, except holidays and Sundays. Yes, but I don't grudge it to those that have it. There's lots of happiness in work as well as play."

"Now, isn't it odd?" replied Charles, with a sudden inspiration. "You think with envy of the life we live at Oxford, whereas I am looking forward to the time when I can live in London, at your Fellows Settlement, if you will let me be a Resident. We are only playing here—you are the workers."

"Do you really mean it?" said Mr. Chalmers with evident pleasure. "Are we going to have you as a Resident? You'll be kindly welcome so far as the Associates are concerned. When do you think of coming to us?"

"I have to pass my Final Schools first. But I've seen enough to make me want a change from this butterfly existence."

"This is the butterfly," said Mr. Chalmers, smiling and nudging the lady at his side.

Charming as Miss Adair was to look at, she remained singularly quiet. She would answer questions, but as a rule only with a "Yes, Mr. Fitzmorris," or a "No, Mr. Fitzmorris." There was a reason, namely, that she was uncertain of her aitches, and knew it, so that she did not speak till she had carefully planned the aspirates in the right places. Charles however attributed her silence to

shyness and modesty, qualities which struck a sentimental chord in his heart.

He thought of that other river trip to Godstow two summers before, and Kelly's wish for something which should introduce some romance into his relations with Viola.

It would be easy enough to collide with any of the canoes coming up the stream, but the Cher was notoriously shallow in these reaches, and in any case a punt is hard to upset.

It was not till they had floated through Magdalen Bridge into the wider and deeper stream that hope gleamed ahead of him. This was a diminutive Fresher revolving in a punt which was evidently too much for him, so that his frantic efforts and uncertain course gave promise of the hoped-for catastrophe.

If only the Fresher would fall overboard, and if only he could not swim Charles saw that he could make a showy rescue, without much danger to any one concerned. The water could not be very deep.

Drawing closer to the bank, he got ready on emergency to push his own punt ashore, so as not to upset his passengers if he had to dive into the water in aid of the distressed.

Bracing himself together, however, no doubt lest he should excite the ridicule of so fair a lady, the Fresher steered safely past them, and Charles was resigning himself to a humdrum return when suddenly Fortune veered.

Whether it was that old Mr. Chalmers was not used to the balance of the punt, or whether Charles himself was careless as he pushed out again into midstream, anyhow there was a sudden lurch, and before he had quite realized what had happened he was himself in the water. Coming to the surface and treading water as he cleared his eyes, he found himself seized suddenly by the hair and unceremoniously ducked again. This was the Fresher who thinking that Charles might not be able to swim and seeing that the other two in the punt were too excited to do anything, had plunged into the stream, grabbed his victim by the hair and commenced to swim vigorously on his back to the

shore. Fortunately for Charles he had just had his hair cut. Struggling free with his head still smarting from the hands of his unsolicited deliverer, he swam to where the two punts had drifted under a tree.

"By Jove!" spluttered the other, swimming after him all out of breath. "I was trying to save you."

"I wish you weren't in such a damned hurry," hissed Charles, furious at the turn things had taken.

"Do you often do this at Oxford?" came the rasping voice which Charles had already learned to dislike. It was Williamson who in a row-boat with three other members of the party had swung in sight just as the upset occurred. "Please do it again, so that I can take a snapshot."

The shout of laughter which followed recalled Charles to the humour of the situation, so swallowing his wrath he laughed himself, and climbing on to the bank tried to wring the water out of his clothes. Just then Frank came along in another row-boat and saved the situation.

"I'll take the punt back," he said. "These other fellows with me can row all right. You get back into dry clothes and have tea ready for us about five o'clock. We are just in time to see the Second Division races, and will come along after the finish."

"Right you are," said Charles, glad to escape the grinning Williamson. "What about you?" to the Fresher.

"Thanks, I can manage," said the latter. "I came out expecting to get upset."

So saying he got into his punt again, and with a pleased look on his face continued to revolve up stream.

All the way back to Christ Church Charles cursed the ill luck which had so perverted his intention. Instead of shining as a hero in Miss Adair's eyes, he had been made to look ridiculous. Then that low comedian Williamson had turned the laugh still more against him. He could have kicked himself as he reviewed the wretched sequence.

However, by the time he had rubbed himself down and changed and put the kettle on and got everything ready for the return of the party, his usual good nature was again on

top and he was quick as any to laugh over what had happened. Much to his relief, Williamson and some of the others preferred to stay on the river till the First Division races, but Miss Adair and Mr. Chalmers and half a dozen more had professed themselves tired and returned to make a pleasant and congenial tea-party.

Then they sang songs, and Charles found one or two duets such as Philip Sidney's "My True Love Hath My Heart" in which his own voice blended admirably with that of Miss Adair.

It was her voice and smile that stayed with him after they had all gone. He sat at his window that night looking at the moon.

"That's a fine girl," he thought. "What a pity she has to serve in a shop. Dignity of labour be damned."

He spent the night writing verses to an imaginary Beatrice who was astonishingly like Miss Adair.

Her qualities as in the case also of Miss Raymond, the American girl he had met at Strasburg, were nicely suited to the poetic vehicle. "Demure" rhymed with "pure" and "lure," "hair so rare with its auburn glow" made a line that matched the "voice of music sweet and low." Any one "so tall and slender" naturally needed some one "to defend her," and the "lips of silent eloquence" rhymed after a more or less satisfactory fashion with her "virgin innocence."

He was glad that his suggestion of some day taking up residence in the Fellows Settlement had been received so heartily, at least by old Chalmers. That could not be till he went down from Oxford but she was young yet, and it would in any case be a long while before he could marry. If in the meanwhile she met any one she liked better,—that would be just his luck, but even then she might marry a brute from whom he might one day save her.

Between Eights Week and the end of the Summer Term, the hearts of Charles and Frank were oppressed by a deep gloom. Within a few weeks now each of them must enter the Examination Schools clothed in his right mind and a

white tie. In their punt they read no more the latest Chesterton or Belloc, but sighed over heavy books loaded with foot-notes, tearing their eyes away from the blue skies and leafy willows and gentle ripple of the Cher. After Hall they forswore the theatre and except on Thursday nights, still sacred to the Union, slipped away from coffee in the J.C.R. to the seclusion of their own rooms, where at the stroke of ten they sported their once hospitable oaks.

So far as their immediate future was concerned, it mattered little what sort of Class they got, Class having no weight in Fleet Street, but Frank did not wish to appear unworthy of the Scholarship which had helped him to three happy years at Oxford and which he realized had put him under obligations to the Dons. Charles for his part still nursed the hope of earning his own living, and the better his degree the better chance of a position if his venture into journalism should prove a failure.

It was however impossible to make up for the time lost in past distractions. Frank came out with a Second which in spite of his finer scholarship was no better than the Second secured by Charles.

"I tried my hardest to get you a First," said Charles's tutor, when they met again at Convocation, "but the other Examiners were against it. They said you were too irrelevant, and did not show sufficient scholarship. However, there is one consolation, namely that you won't be tempted to become a Don."

"Is that so dreadful a fate?" asked Charles.

"To one of your temperament, yes. If only you knew the drudgery of trying to knock sense into the Passmen who waste half our time! And Oxford is so out of the world. It has novelty for you—you have just three or four years of it—but we have the whole of our lives and most of that in North Oxford—worse than Brixton or Clapham."

On going down, Charles and Frank planned to see as much of each other in London as possible.

Charles had decided to take up Residence in the Fellows Settlement. He told himself it was because he wanted to

be one of the people—but note that he did not definitely ask to have his name proposed until he had paid a visit to the place and found Miss Adair still an Associate.

Frank said it was cheaper for him to stay at home—he would have to practise strict economy now, but meant to come to the Settlement at least once a week. He thought he might run a drawing class for the Associates or perhaps help in the Dramatic Society.

"Anyhow, we are sure to run across each other in Fleet Street," he said as they parted at Paddington. "We have drunk a *Bruderschaft* in ink which no man can obliterate."

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN Charles announced to his people that he had become a Resident at a Working Man's Settlement, Mrs. Fitzmorris merely shrugged her shoulders.

"You can't expect us to call on you," she said. "Slumming is quite out of fashion. It was all very well before Lloyd George started his Limehouse taxes, but I don't see how people in our position now can afford to be charitable."

"My dear mother," replied Charles, "this will cost you nothing and will do me a world of good. If I am to write on public questions, I must make some friends outside the House of Lords."

"Personally," said his father, "I think it an excellent idea. I hope you will make friends with labour leaders and let me know when any strike is brewing. The market is usually caught napping. My only advice is, don't take it all too seriously. Twenty-two is the sentimental age at which one takes to Socialism just as children catch the measles. But you'll grow out of it in time—particularly when you have to earn your bread and butter. You'll be glad then you have an education which handicaps your competitors. And don't be too socialistic to remember that, if you need some capital to buy yourself into any business, your father is ready with the accursed thing."

Charles did not forget. Indeed only a few weeks later he asked his father to put up £5000 to secure an interest for him in *Pen and Pencil*, the paper which had printed his first published poem and which was on the lookout for a new director with literary tastes and a supply of cash.

The opportunity was brought to his attention by Frank Mainwaring, who discovered that the editor who had prom-

ised publication of his caricatures was less enthusiastic when it came to paying.

"Find me some source of revenue," said that worthy, "and you can have all you want. But art is at a discount in these days of photography, and we ourselves survive by small economies."

Frank remembered that Charles had a father on the Stock Exchange, and therefore probably in touch with guinea-pigs.

"Guinea-pigs be damned!" said Charles. "I shall get Dad to put up the money himself and kill two birds with one stone, appointing myself director, and you as regular contributor. By doing so we shall perform a service to current art and literature. The old rag is like your body politic—it needs new life. I shall see that the editor cuts out his journalese and prints only good English, if I have to write it myself, as indeed I hope to do."

"Don't count your chickens," said Frank, "till you have met Jones."

"Who is Jones?"

"The editor."

"So prejudiced as that? Then our duty is to train him, to convert him, or to die in the attempt."

"You can save time now by writing our obituaries."

Charles found that Jones was not so adamantine as imagined, though he insisted on his rights.

"We'll make the paper as literary and book-reviewish as you like," he said. "Publishers can usually be milked, if approached with care, at three seasons of the year, particularly at the Christmas giftbook season, though the advertising rates they pay are hardly worth the cost of paper. But don't ask me to fool about with Mainwaring's Imperialism. We have no circulation in the Colonies—Canada particularly is impossible, swamped with American publications—so unless these emigrants pay to see their names in print, they can stay out of our pages. Of c rse if there is a rebellion, we shall have to deal with then but unless they are on the scale of the Russo-Japanese affair wars cost

more than they are worth. I'd much rather have a society divorce case or political scandal, or a good Royal funeral." Then suspiciously to Charles, "I hope to God you aren't a short-story writer. I have enough in this drawer to last three years, accepted and none paid for. Poems are another matter, if they are not too long. They come in useful as fill-ups. Two and a half inches is a handy size."

Fitzmorris Senior was also as good as his word.

"Let me name the Financial Correspondent, and you can have it," he said. "I may as well have a run for my money."

The existing directors were willing, and Charles, who salved his conscience by recalling that the leading principle of Fabian Socialism was Compromise, lost his last scruple when he found that the correspondent in question had hitherto been Scissors and Paste.

With reading and writing and practical incursions into the management of an illustrated paper, Charles found the time pass pleasantly enough. Three evenings of the week were devoted to the Fellows Settlement, where he now helped to conduct a debating society, a literary class, and the library. He would have preferred to assist more in the work done by day in connection with the Play Centre for children, but that was in the hands of competent women, who were much better fitted to conduct this admirable scheme of keeping children after school hours from the streets, with fairy-tale classes, basketwork, needlework, folk-song and morris-dancing.

Once a week there was a social evening at which his voice was in much request, and in his first enthusiasm Charles really thought the kindly glow which warmed him to his fellows was reciprocated just as heartily.

The Associates were mostly shopkeepers and their women-folk, clerks and a few skilled tradesmen, but the navvy and the bricklayer went elsewhere.

So far as grown-ups were concerned, the Settlement was but an inexpensive club. Their characters were formed, and they took the educational side as an inconvenience which had to be put up with to secure the other benefits.

Old Mr. Chalmers, the philosophic shoemaker to whom Charles had taken such a fancy on that notable Whit Monday excursion, was the most outstanding character among the Associates.

When the debates threatened to become too acrimonious, his common-sense opinion calmed the fevered disputants. If intrigue against authority undermined good feeling, he found the happy path of reconciliation. The cool green corridors were a fitting background to his grey beard and hair. On the social evenings his pleasant smile seemed to pervade the hall, crowded though it might be with more hilarious youth. At the lectures and concerts, however much above his head they might be, he was a faithful front-row disciple, urging by his example the mere pleasure-seekers to give their due to the Earnest Workers who gave their time and talent to the Elevation of the Masses.

Directorship of *Pen and Pencil* brought with it the drawbacks as well as the pleasures of power. It was surprising to find how many Residents and Associates at the Settlement had literary hopes, how many more or less remote acquaintances asked Charles to get passes for the theatre, how many of his sister's friends to have their portraits published. In vain he protested he was not the editor.

"How is it that you get your own articles published?" said the importunate and, "How do you get to so many theatres yourself?"

The fact was that Jones was a homebird and sent Charles to the plays he did not wish to see himself, thinking in this way to propitiate the source of his income and at the same time to find leisure for the bosom of his family.

One day Jones said to Charles,

"You look so presentable, I think I'll put you on to interviews."

"But I can't write shorthand."

"Thank God for that. I could, and I was kept back for ten years. I was sent to report speeches when I still had youth and the power to be original. All you need to do is to remember phrases of those you interview and fill up with

flattery. They never say what they really think. That is the secret of their success. All they want is to see themselves in print. They will swallow anything you put into their mouths if it is nicely seasoned."

"Mr. Jones," said Charles one day, "how did you get your worldly wisdom?"

"On two hundred pounds a year. I know too well what I lack myself. I want to help you with my experience because I like you, and because some day you may need it. Perhaps you don't know it, Fitzmorris, but you are going to drop your money in this paper, and I'd like to think that when we go smash, you still know enough to earn your own living."

"Five thousand pounds seems lots of money."

"Not in Fleet Street. This is a losing game, and if there weren't people fools enough to want to own a newspaper at any cost, it could not go on."

CHAPTER XV

ONCE a week, the more active of the Associates and Residents chose a place of interest in or near London for a "Ramble" most of which was usually done by train or tram.

Although he had met her once or twice at the Settlement, it was not till the occasion of a ramble to Leith Hill that Charles had a chance of talking to Miss Adair for more than a minute at a time. She was but little changed in appearance, except that her picture hat was now less overwhelming. Her dress, it is true, was hardly suited for the country—the high-heeled shoes suffering rude courtesy from muddy roads. She left the romps and races to those less fashionably corseted, and her hobble skirts were never meant to clamber over stiles. But at the resting places, when they called for music, she sang the latest from the Gaiety and sang it well. It turned out that she was a star soprano in the Choral Class and Charles resolved that he would also swell the volume of the baritones—he had left his tenor at Strasburg—would study her profile and think of St. Cecilia.

On the way home they walked together, and by this time she was less laconic than on the Whit Monday trip to Oxford. Although her accent had its Cockney flavour, she had by this time a fair control of the elusive aitches. But it was still Charles who had to do the talking, she being mostly satisfied to listen.

He naturally talked of Woman's Suffrage, thinking it would please her when he said he was a Pro. But she was lukewarm, blaming those who broke shop-windows.

"We are all suspected now, and if men could fill our places we should have to go. To my mind, a woman's place is the home."

This Charles had heard before, but never in a voice more musical. He told her then about Viola Mainwaring, not giving names, and gently ridiculed the modern woman's way of dealing with moonlight proposals. Miss Adair vowed herself amazed at any girl who could not take a man on trust, even if he were American.

When a youth talks of such subjects to an attractive maiden, it is time to fly the danger signal. Insidiously the spell which for a year had lain asleep revived. During the ensuing month Charles amply satisfied Jones's expressed capacity for verse. Such poems as dealt too closely with the glint of auburn hair were reserved for his own private desk, but others of less intimate nature found their way to the typewriter and so to Jones, who measured them with his rule and indexed them for use as required. These dealt with the charms of country life. The happiest was called "The Exquisite Rambler" and read as follows:—

"Where trees hang soft upon the lane,
And fields are green and sweet,
The delicate airs come down like rain
And kiss my dusty feet.

I slip beyond a broken stile,
And wake the drowsy ground;
I wander many and many a mile
Where never a path is found.

The fragrant ways that poppies know,
Where grass grows deep and free—
These give the breath that I would blow:
No hot high road for me."

"Three verses of four lines," said Jones when he had read it. "With the heading and the signature that makes two inches and a quarter. I dare say we can find a corner for it some day." Then with a hum and a ha, he added "You had your girl with you. It's a bad habit to get into. Take my advice and drop it."

"Absurd," said Charles, but blushing. "You imagine things."

"I've been there myself," said Jones, "and I'm just giving you the tip. Do you intend to send her these in writing, or will you wait and cut them out of the paper?"

"Neither."

"Well, try writing, and get her to write back. You'll find out then whether she can spell. It's an awful blow to an Oxford Man to learn too late that his girl spells love with a 'u'."

"Book-learning isn't everything."

"Between the educated and the semi-educated is a triple wall of barbed wire. Books are comforting when you want to forget your worries. And there's worry enough when you get a wife."

Charles felt sure that Jones was prejudiced. In any case he did not feel he knew Miss Adair well enough to send her verses, but waited till they should appear in print. *Pen and Pencil* was subscribed to by the Settlement Library, so that when the poem came out three weeks later it was pounced upon at once.

Within the Settlement walls he missed no chance of meeting Miss Adair. Jones, when he hinted that she could not spell, was surely wrong. She came to the Literary Class, and took books from the Library,—fiction, it is true, but then their fiction was carefully selected. With a face of rapt attention he had seen her listening on Sunday evenings to a course of lectures on philosophy, and she never failed the Readings from Great Writers.

She seemed to be less stiff to him than to the others, and on any mention of his work in Fleet Street showed unusual interest. He felt on such occasions that she had marked him from the crowd.

The other Residents marked it too, and did not fail to tease him. They had less faith, and remembering the character of the Emporium which she adorned by day called her "Miss Tottie Court."

"Tottie has got her eye on you," they would say, "also on your five hundred pounds a year."

Frank made a wicked caricature in which Charles knelt humbly at her feet. "Make me your footstool," he was saying. "Thanks," she was answering, "that will complete the suite."

All of which merely added fuel to the flame. He felt that they maligned her every time he saw her, and he made a point of seeing her whenever possible, going even to the Furniture Emporium to buy a coal-scuttle, where indeed he found her not so gracious as he might have liked. Well, perhaps she thought he was reminding her she was a shop-girl. Whereas by now he ranked her as a girl above her class, seeking to make up for lost chances, a searcher after truth, a love of romance, a dreamer of dreams misunderstood by a world of snobs. That serene face was surely an indication of a fine mind.

The problem now which kept him awake at nights was, how far could he go? Did he really love the girl, and what would they say at home if he proposed to marry her? Not that his family's opinion mattered much to him, but they would make things most unpleasant for his wife. His sisters were sure to imitate her accent, making it out more Cockney than it really was, and would snub her if they acknowledged her at all. That would be rough on Millicent—he thought of her as Millicent now. Still, he could make his own new friends. After all this was practical democracy—he was sick of class feeling—they could surely face the world together.

The only cloud in the sky was William Williamson, who still wore whiskers and white spats, and on close acquaintance proved to have a genius for intrigue. Whenever there was any friction at the Settlement, Williamson was sure to be behind it, though cleverly under cover. On the surface he was every one's best friend, but he had a way of insinuating motives which caused endless trouble. He was, however, popular with those who thought him funny.

Williamson had certainly the merit of persistence, and

at the social evenings monopolized the much-sought after Miss Adair. Fortunately he had other interests as well. He liked to think he was an actor, and intrigued himself into the stage management of the Dramatic Club.

Frank in the meanwhile was making headway as an artist, and to his delight actually had a drawing accepted by *Punch*. His help on the literary side of *Pen and Pencil* was also valuable, and Charles was happy to receive some letters praising the change in tone. Nevertheless the number of subscribers did not rise and the five thousand pounds melted as the snow.

Frank began to be so busy that he dropped the Settlement, but Charles and he lunched together not infrequently at the Reform, the Club they both belonged to. Spring found Charles faithful still to his ideals, and mothlike still flitting around the flame. Spring indeed found him tempestuously in love. Each time he saw the tender green upon the trees, and scented the fragrance of fresh flowers, and heard the birds sing, he drifted absent-mindedly along, thinking of the auburn tresses which were not there. Poetry once more became his safety-valve, and once more he brought Jones's inch rule into play. The latter at last began to shake his head when Charles produced yet another sheaf.

"The only way I can stop this," he said, "is to limit you to an inch and three-quarters and pay five shillings instead of half a guinea. These twelve line heart throbs are beginning to be too damned easy. We shall have to start another paper soon to work off all our unused verse, and I doubt whether your respected parent would stand for that. Indeed if he follows himself the tips he gives in his Financial column, your father must be on the verge of bankruptcy. I myself have made twice my salary by selling when he recommends to buy."

Charles gave a sickly grin.

"Thanks for the hint," he said. "I suspected that there was something underneath that generosity. I suppose we'll have to give the old man the sack, but first of all I want this particular poem to appear. It really is my best, and I

don't care what happens afterwards if this is only printed."

"Let's have a look," said Jones.

Then after a little, he said:

"Humph, the same girl, I suppose. Have you found out yet if she can spell? Never investigated? Well, you deserve the worst. A man like you, with all this education, spending your father's money on the Reform of British Journalism, ready to kill a man you hardly know because he does not write like Walter Pater, and ready to love, honour and obey a woman who may have to sign her name with a cross. Charles Fitzmorris, I am surprised, not to say pained."

"Well, print it," said Charles, "and then perhaps I'll follow your advice."

"At least," said Jones, reading the poem again, "it might have been worse."

The poem duly appeared, was admired and passed from hand to hand at the Settlement. Charles was embarrassed at the praise he received, and yet rather liked the distinction, hoping that Millicent Adair would also see the poem, and also like it. But during the last week she had not shown up, and in spite of Jones's sarcasm he was too shy even to send it to her.

Growing desperate at last, he haunted the Street in which the Emporium was located, hoping to get a glimpse of her at closing time.

But there were several exits, and the one he waited at was not the one reserved for those who were "living in." These, moreover, could not escape till they had partaken of the half-cooked supper which was part of their miserable wage.

Chancing however to go one Thursday afternoon for tea into Lyons' at the corner, his heart leaped as he saw her sitting alone. She caught sight of him at the same time, blushed and smiled at him. Taking courage in both hands he went and asked her if he might sit at her table.

"Please do," she said. "I was just thinking about you. Look, I have last week's *Pen and Pencil* with me."

This was beyond his wildest hopes. Surely she must

care for him. So far he had avoided speaking to her of his literary work, but here she had gone so far as to buy a copy of the paper containing his poem, six whole pence, a lot out of a shopgirl's weekly pittance.

"Miss Adair," he said—then to the waitress, "Yes, a cup of tea—" "You should not have bought a copy. I would have been glad to give it to you if I thought you took an interest in it. Won't you let me put your name on the free list? I am a director, you know, and can easily arrange it. Do let me have your address."

"Oh, thank you so much," she answered gratefully. "That would be so nice. We should have two copies then. You see I did not really not pay for this—it is William's office copy."

"William?" Hateful name! Was that William Williamson?

"I think," she continued, "that the one he did this week was the best of all—it is just fine."

"The what who did?" asked Charles, rapidly turning over in his mind the contributions appearing in that number. William Williamson? there was nothing that he could identify, certainly with that detestable person.

"The advertisement for Bunn's Blue Pills," she answered. "Didn't you know that Mr. Williamson was their literary assistant? I think his style elegant, and I have wanted for some time to ask you to try and get him a position with a better salary. He just gets thirty shillings a week."

If there was one side of the paper that Charles disliked, it was the advertising side. He hated Watson, the advertising manager, whom he thought a bounder, he hated the space the advertisements took up, often knocking out or cutting down his own contributions, he hated the puff paragraphs about motor cars and toilet articles, appearing as fill-ups at the back of the paper, and lowering the tone of the res

When therefore she talked about Bunn's Blue Pills, Charles was in the dark. He had not noticed what she referred to.

"Let me see it," he said, holding his hand out for the paper.

She passed it, a corner of the page turned down. It was illustrated with third rate drawings of the human form in various contorted attitudes, suffering according to the text from acute but avoidable pain. The letterpress itself ran as follows:

"Bunn's Blue Pills came to the modern children of Israel like manna in the oasis. They are like Mecca to the Arab steed and sweep like the Assyrian upon the fold of intestinal troubles. Like Orion and the Pleiades, Bunn's Blue Pills float above our dark and troublous life, lighting our way to the carefree digestion of the cassowary, in whose spacious stomach a stone becomes as soft and succulent as Turkish Delight. The discovery of the United States by Christopher Columbus was nothing as to this world-upheaving discovery by Professor Bunn, who stands like Moses upon a peak in Darien, holding his rod over the promised land of impregnable digestions. He has found a purgatory for the Inferno, and a Canaan for the catarrhal affections. Mrs. Elizabeth Adair says,

"'For years I was the despair of every physician and surgeon in Harley Street. I saw my fortune rapidly dwindling in hundred guinea fees. They dosed me with Greek prescriptions and operated on me fifty times till——'

"Who is Mrs. Elizabeth Adair?" asked Charles, unable to stand more.

"An aunt of mine," she replied with glee. "Don't you think it was clever of William to have invented that about the hundred guinea fees? And then the Assyrian swooping down on the fold—that's Byron, of course—and the peak in Darien—that's Keats—real literature—the rest of course is William."

"I didn't think it was possible," said Charles feebly, as he read it again.

"Ah, but you don't know William," she replied. "He was the most original student of his time when he took the Correspondence Course in English Composition. That's

what the professor said. I can show you the letter in which he remarks that William wrote like a blend of Julius Cæsar with Ouida and the Book of Revelations. William has that letter framed in the same style as the furniture we are buying on the instalment plan—Louis Quartz we call it at the Emporium. Did I tell you that we were married last week?"

"Married?"

"Yes, married. I always wanted to be the wife of a literary genius and William won my heart through my head; but I do want him to get the recognition he deserves. Don't you think, Mr. Fitzmorris, you could make him assistant editor. I'm sure he could improve your paper—he says so himself. I've so often wanted to speak to you about William, but till I married him I hadn't the right to speak for him, it didn't seem dignified."

So that explained it all! The scales fell from his eyes. What an escape! The very thought made him sick.

Yet it was not in his nature to be rude.

There was something pathetic in her faith in her William, bounder though he was.

"Give me your address," he said. "I'll speak to our advertising man about your husband. But at present, I'm sorry I can't hold out any prospect of editorial work.

She loked disappointed, but thanked him and gave him the address. And so they parted.

"Here endeth the second lesson," said Charles to himself as soon as he was out in the open air. Then he tore up the card with the address into little pieces. "Not so long as I live!" he muttered, as he stamped them underfoot.

Hurrying to the Club, he telephoned Frank.

"For God's sake, Frank," he said, "come and dine with me."

"Right you are," said Frank. "Let's make a night of it. Had another drawing taken by *Punch*, and wish to celebrate. What do you say to the Empire? Pretty good show, according to the papers, and it's always bright and cheerful there. All serene—seven o'clock—so long."

Bright and cheerful! certainly he needed something to distract his thoughts.

What an ass he had been! To think it should have taken him a year to make this discovery. If only he had followed Jones's advice and put her to the test.

That Williamson of all men should be her ideal!

What was that Jones had said? "Between the educated and the semi-educated there is a triple wall of barbed wire."

When Frank arrived he saw that something had occurred to upset his friend, and it did not take long to find the reason. Frank never had much faith in Millicent whose airs he thought insufferable, and when he read her William's masterpiece the humour of it all overcame consideration for Charles's feelings and he collapsed with laughter.

"Save me! Save me!" he said, the tears running down his cheeks. "This is a classic. Let us drink the health of London's latest literary star. She is right in calling him a genius. And yet," he continued, recovering himself, "you have only to read the fashion columns in your own pet paper to see that this is the kind of slush that women dote on. This is the language Daphne Dewdrop writes in about hats and gowns, and all that William has done has been to adapt it to the sale of pills. You divinity has had no other mental food since she put up her hair. You can't expect her to acquire the Oxford attitude to life behind a London counter."

"Very possible," said Charles, "but that does not bring me back my lost ideal. How would you like to find the woman you loved had the intellect of an Easter Egg? It's funny for you, but it's hell for me. Frank, old top, I'm going to take to drink."

"Good idea!" said Frank. "But this is my party. There's a particular kind of fizz which will make you forget home and mother quicker than anything else I know—German, I believe, and made out of rotten apples. Waiter, let's have the wine list."

Warmed by the first glass, Charles saw the dinner and

the world in general in a rosier light, and could discuss the tragedy with more composure.

"Fact is, Frank," he said, "we're both of us intellectual prigs. Style is only an acrobatic skill in manipulating language, and has no more connection with the moral qualities of a husband than Norman ancestors or a fat income. I don't suppose one's conversation with one's wife at breakfast centres round the place of George Meredith in English literature so much as the health of the baby and the freshness of the egg. After she is the mother of two, even the sweetest girl graduate talks more about her servants and the price of clothes than of the decay of Kipling and the split infinitive. She doesn't love him less because he can't darn a stocking or beat down the butcher."

"Wise philosophy," said Frank. "We put our girls upon the pedestal we really think of for ourselves. We make them in our own image. Damn the split infinitive. Let's split another bottle."

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN Charles informed the Warden that he intended to give up his rooms in the Settlement, the latter expressed no surprise.

"The fact is, Fitzmorris," he said, "you did not come here altogether in the right spirit. It was not the working classes you desired to elevate so much as a particular one of them who, as I suppose you have discovered, has preferred not to be elevated, at least to the height you intended. Your blushes show that I am a pretty good guesser. Well, I don't blame you for being human, and for your own sake and I am not sorry it has turned out the way it has. She was a hopeless case, just like ninety per cent of our other Associates—you see I have no illusions. Yet ten per cent is worth going after—the greatest of all reformers said that he would rather win the one than the ninety and nine."

After leaving the Settlement, Charles thought at first of going back to his family at Richmond, but as he now went to so many first nights decided that Richmond was too far away, and took a bachelor flat in St. James's Court. Once a week he prowled round in search of "copy" with Frank, taking subjects which Frank could illustrate and he could amusingly describe—the street market for stolen bicycles, a day with the militants, the new *cabarets*, the craze for picture theatres. In this way he came to have an intimate knowledge of London life, and being by no means unobservant came to be of genuine help to Jones.

Then he thought of a holiday in Germany, revisiting and renewing friendship with motherly old Frau Pastorin. He wrote to her, asking how she was, how Göttingen was, and if any of the people he had known were there still.

When he read her answer, he decided to stay in England. Circumstances had evidently changed.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"How pleasant it is to think you have not forgotten Frau Pastorin in this far-off Göttingen. A dozen times have I put on my spectacles and smiled as I read your charming letter, so full of warm feeling and so tender in its thought of an old housewife such as myself. Yes, dear Emma is married—happily married to a rising doctor. She now lives in Berlin in a great apartment with two servants. Georg has gone to sea again after being home once more; his manners, I fear, have not improved. Dear Karl still studies chemistry, but makes his doctor examinations this year and will very likely remain in Göttingen as assistant to his Professor. Karl has been a good son to me, and my mother's heart rejoices at his progress. Some day, I feel sure, he will himself be a professor.

"So much for ourselves, but Göttingen, alas, has greatly changed! It is not so much the physical as the moral change which terrifies me. No longer is there the old friendly welcome for the foreign student. The Russians in particular are looked on with suspicion, and are frequently insulted. Karl says that the mischief started with an American doctor who last year founded an International Student Club, the object of which was to promote the cause of Peace. The Club had many members among the foreigners, but the German students held aloof from it The climax came through a visit from the famous Norman Angell, who gave an address in English on the subject 'He Who Loses, Wins.' His meeting was almost broken up by some of our Corps Students who shouted *'Deutsch! Deutsch!'* These organized a countermeeting very shortly afterwards, at which two thousand students and others were present to applaud those who denounced the peacemakers. So great was the excitement that the International Student Club was ordered to be disbanded, and double fees are now charged to foreign students attending the laboratory courses. The chauvinism here has become so great that many of our friends are leaving. My English and American boarders are very nice to me, but they find it unpleasant at the lec-

tures and even at the Stadtpark, so I cannot blame them if they leave our University of Göttingen to the Germans. It is true that this unpleasantness is directed chiefly at the Russians, but there are some who are impolite to every foreigner.

"Fortunately for myself I am no longer dependent on my pension, which indeed I have just sold to another lady. For in the world of letters I am making headway and earn a comfortable income from my pen. I have a commission to translate some of your English authors and would be glad if you could send me novels by your clever young men. But it grieves me to think that foolish student quarrels should separate us Germans from our English and American friends. Dark thunderclouds are threatening, and all over the land there are rumours of an approaching storm. God grant it may never break!

"Karl, who contributes articles to the *Export Zeitung* of Leipzig says that war between Germany and Russia would set back German industry by twenty years, even if Germany won. In the meanwhile, dear friend, we all hope for the best.

"But let me close this letter with more pleasant thoughts. I treasure the photograph you left with us, and every time I write about England, my memory calls up the fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, clean-shaven, kindly Oxford man, who for three short months brought sunshine into my house and into my heart. I can still hear his good-natured laugh when he found he had made a *faux pas* through ignorance of German, and my memory rings sweet with the old English ballads he used to sing to my faltering accompaniment. You do not say that you are married, or ever engaged to be married. Are you still so shy? Can you not ask me, a born matchmaker, to visit you in England and find for you the ideal maiden who will make you happy?

"Ever your devoted friend,

"AMALIA SCHMIDT."

Charles read the first part of the letter to Jones.

"What do you think of getting out a scare number," he suggested, "and call it 'The Coming War between Slav and Teuton'."

"Not a bad idea," said the editor. "We want something to wake up the circulation. By Jingo, a war like that would give us new life! We should have gone under if it had not been for the Boer War, and the Russo-Japanese gave us quite a fillip. The Balkan fights cost more than they were worth and then missed fire, but a Russo-German tussle would be a regular godsend."

"You bloodthirsty brute!" exclaimed Charles. "What if England herself should get dragged in?"

"Not a ghost of a chance with the Liberals in power. Asquith will sit tight, and we shall sell all we have to sell to both sides. The English have a genius for getting rich while other people are winning glory. Let these continental fellows fire a few million shells at each other, and leave us to get the business."

After a fortnight Jones turned out a war-scare number which had the desired effect. Charles was pleased at the part he had taken in the number, and began to take more interest than ever in his work.

The memory of Viola made him pay particular attention to Woman's Suffrage, and he urged Jones to illustrate the movement, much to that worthy's disgust.

"Won't sell an extra copy," he said. "Half of them are actresses out of a job. What we want is pictures of actresses on the job, and known to the Johnnies—the good-looking ones on the picture postcards and in the advertisements for tooth powder."

Yet there was sometimes unexpected revenue from Charles's fads. He noticed for example that a rich American Suffragist, Mrs. Schomberg, whose daughter had soared into a ducal embrace, was due on a visit to England. Before leaving New York she had announced in public that she so hated England for its treatment of the militants that she would not spend a cent on English soil. From what he

gathered from accounts of the lady in American Sunday newspapers he concluded that her proposed holiday was tinged with a desire for notoriety, a feeling not uncommon in English as well as American society. To give her portrait a full front page, to trace her purchases in London, to write a racy story on "Our American Mothers-in-Law" was to make the journalistic hit of the week. There was a run on the number, a particularly large order coming from the bookstall near Mrs. Schomberg's hotel, and Jones began to treat Charles with respect.

The only drawback to Charles's content was the growing prospect of seeing an advertisement of Bunn's Blue Pills in every number. Each of these seemed more horrible than the last. Charles asked Watson, the advertising manager, if he could not break the contract and throw them out, but the mere suggestion made the latter apoplectic.

"It's the only thing that keeps the paper alive," he said. "You might as well commit suicide at once."

"One can always commit murder," retorted Charles.

Many a time Charles sat over the fire in his rooms wondering whether he would ever meet *the* girl. So far his experience with the fair sex had not been flattering to his self-esteem. Viola had treated him as a youth in knickerbockers. Miss Raymond, the Chicago girl, had snubbed him as an inefficient Englishman. Millicent Adair had overlooked him for a half-educated buffoon. And yet he knew he was not bad-looking, he was strong and manly and healthy, he could hold his own in conversation with most—What was the matter?

Perhaps it was his own fault. Perhaps he had been unwise to evade his sisters' friends—they might not be so violet as they were painted. Perhaps he should give more time to afternoon teas in drawing-rooms, call on some of these suffragettes he met in Fleet Street—they seemed to live on tea. Heavens no! He wanted something more robust than that.

CHAPTER XVII

WINTER passed without any further heart-adventure, but when spring warmed into summer, out shone the sun again upon romance.

It began with the *Morning Post*.

"What do you think of this?" said Jones one day, pointing to a concert advertisement.

Charles read:—

UNDER NO PATRONAGE.
Song Concert
in the
Queen's Small Hall
by a
Contralto
Hitherto Unknown
Miss Madeline Raymond
of Chicago
assisted by
Ivanoff Tschovkovsky
Violinist
Friday—June 30th
8.30 p.m.
Concert Direction Mayhew
Tickets half a guinea at Ashton's
and all libraries

"Under No Patronage?" said Charles. "Is this the millennium?" Then the significance of the name of the singer dawned upon him.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I believe I know her!"

"Good-looking?"

"You bet!"

"Can she sing?"

"She could two years ago. Since then she has studied in Rome and Milan, probably also in Paris, but I lost touch with her, and can't exactly tell."

Madeline Raymond!

A flood of memories poured upon him. He recalled as if it were only yesterday that svelte figure in the Kleberplatz at Strasburg, that reckless chin, those dark liquid eyes, that stunning raven hair—and that voice!

"Jones," he said with sudden determination, "we must give her a page."

"A page! And this on Tuesday! Last forme goes to press to-night. What would Watson say? Does Mayhew advertise with us now?"

"Damn Watson," said Charles, remembering many clashes, and particularly Bunn's Blue Pills. "If you are afraid, I'll do this off my own bat. I'm going to take a taxi and fetch her picture. Telephone to Mayhew that I'm coming."

In a quarter of an hour he found the concert manager waiting for him and was pleased-to-meet-you'd by a tall stout elderly man with square jaws and aquiline nose, who offered a card bearing the imprint

"Henry Raymond Jr.
Raymond Printing Company,
Chicago, Ill."

"Henry Raymond Jr.?" questioned Charles.

"Sure thing! Presume you wish to do a write up of my daughter, and use a cut. Madeline, where are the photos?"

Miss Raymond, who was writing at a desk with her back to the door when Charles entered, but whose silky, black piled-up hair was unmistakable, rose to the call and came forward with a parcel in her hand. Then, seeing who it was,

"Mr. Fitzmorris! Well, isn't this great! Where did you drop from? Father, this is a gentleman we met at Stras-

burg, quite a singer himself. Mother has been dippy to see him ever since."

"That's bully," said Henry Raymond Jr., "I thought he was a newspaper man."

"So he is," said Charles, "and in a hurry too. I happen to be director of an illustrated paper, and I want your picture, Miss Raymond, for this week's issue. It may help you with your concert."

"Now, that's what I call a friend," she said, blushing and smiling so that he thought she had never seemed so attractive. Charmingly dressed, her hat and gown were after all no more fetching than her face, which with its slightly lifted eyebrows, its jet-black melting eyes, its warm skin and half-open arch of a mouth made a deadly appeal to his young heart. He was glad to see that her nose was not powdered. She had a bundle of large photographs, American style, each in its special folded wrapper. One in particular made an attractive picture.

"Hits you in the eye all right," he said, holding it at arm's length, "but it's marked copyright."

"We'll fix that," said the father. "Just acknowledge the photographer."

"Now have you a piano handy?" said Charles. "Let me hear you sing."

"Hold on!" interrupted the father. "Two dollars fifty—I mean half a guinea next Friday, young man."

"Nonsense, father," said the daughter, laughing, "this is an old friend. Besides as a newspaper man he's entitled to a pass."

"Well, have it your own way."

"You see," explained Charles, "my paper, *Pen and Pencil,* comes out on Friday morning, and I want to be on the safe side. I want to hear how Miss Raymond sings, so that I can write something about her."

"Go ahead then, if that's so. Madeline, get busy."

Charles thrilled to hear her voice again. It was fuller and rounder now, more velvety and with a timbre which he did not remember before. She sang Tschaikowsky's "To

the Forest," putting into the song more rapture and at the same time more finished expression than he remembered before.

"Perfect," said Charles, sighing with the delight in such art.

"Thank you," she said, and as she said it he saw the tears in her eyes. She must indeed have put her heart into it.

Time, however, was passing.

"Now," said Charles, "do me the favour of coming with me to the office. There is so little time to spare, and you could give me an interview in the taxi."

"No you don't," said Henry Raymond. "There may be other reporters, and my daughter must be on tap. Here's a type-written story I've gotten ready, and if you want more ring up Paddington 2403."

"Father," expostulated the singer, "Mr. Fitzmorris wants something special, I am going with him, and if any others call you hold them till I come back. Besides I want to talk to him about Strasburg. We shan't be long, shall we?" smiling at Charles.

"Half an hour or so," said the latter.

On the way to the office he plied her with questions as to what she had done since they last met.

"You never answered my last letter," he said.

"Come now," she replied, evading him. "This is an interview, not a cross-examination. Better ask me questions on my career. Remember to say that I just dote on Brahms."

Arrived at the office, he asked her to wait in the taxi while he made arrangements with the editor. Then rushing upstairs he told Jones to make it the front page.

"That's all fixed," said Charles as he stepped in again beside Miss Raymond, telling the driver to go back. "Of course you'll dine with me one night?"

"Delighted, I'm sure—I just love your London restaurants—you are not such back numbers as I used to think in Strasburg."

"Have you been to Julien's yet?"

"Why, no."

"Well then, Julien's, on Saturday night, after you have got over the excitement, and then follow on with a theatre."

"And then you'll have supper with us at the hotel."

"And then," said Charles, not to be outdone, "I'll take you to church on Sunday—this is not a proposal."

Her laugh was very musical. She shot her eyes at him again as she answered.

"At this speed, it would have to be not a church but a registry. Tell me the address of a good press-clipping bureau? I'll want all the notices I can get to show my friends in Chicago."

"Are you going back so soon?"

"Why yes, I suppose I oughtn't to give away the game, but this is just a stunt of Father's to get my picture in the papers. The concert agent said it couldn't be done unless we got a duchess. Father said he'd do it without and make money on it. Anyway he can afford to lose--He's pretty well fixed--Raymond Printing Company has two hundred employés, and the plant is always working to capacity. I know now that I can never be a great *prima donna,* but I can sing as well as most, and father says he could put the hall in his vest pocket."

"This is a different attitude from your Strasburg days," said Charles. "Don't you remember how you used to sniff at everything English?"

"That was two years ago," she answered with a laugh. "I've grown wise in my old age. I found out what you said about the London hall-mark was correct. The strange thing is that a nation so unmusical should set the pace in musical opinion."

"It's not the English here who set the pace," said Charles. "It's the Jews of Hampstead and Bayswater and Park Lane, to whom we give a habitation and a name. By the way, how is your mother? It was rude of me not to ask for her before."

"Mother's feeling fine. Her only grief is that she is

putting on flesh. She will be tickled to death to meet you again on Friday. Won't you come in and say hullo to her over the telephone?"

"Afraid I haven't time. Must rush back and write this article. Here we are again at Mayhew's. See you again on Friday," he added, as he handed her out of the taxi. "No, I won't come in. Send me a seat in the fourth row, and I'll promise to cheer. Remember me kindly to your mother. *Au revoir.*"

Hurrying back to the office, he wrote a eulogy which made Madeline Raymond out to be another Kirkby Lunn.

"How much of this is true?" asked Jones as he read the manuscript. "Is this some more of your damned poetry? I don't think much of it.

> "There be none of Beauty's daughters
> With a magic like thee,
> And like music on the waters
> Is thy sweet voice to me."

"That's not mine," protested Charles. "That's Byron."

"Oh, Byron! All right, I suppose it will have to go in. Put me down for a piece of the wedding cake."

If Charles had not been used to Jones's chaff, he might have been vexed. And yet he was not in the mood to be angry with any one. Swept into the limbo of forgotten things was the unrequited affection for Millicent Adair. Here in Madeline Raymond was a girl more of his own kind—not separated by the charm of class—an American, but after all were not Americans first cousins? Viola Mainwaring had married an American and not regretted it—she wrote perfectly happy letters to her brother Frank, and had not yet quarrelled with her mother-in-law.

Then "Hold on, Charles," he said to himself, "this is going too fast. She never encouraged you much in Strasburg, and all she has done now is to be nice because you are going to publish her picture."

Nevertheless the image of her and the memory of her voice broke his slumber.

Next day Watson, the advertising manager, who was also a director, swooped down upon him with wrath on his brow. He was known as the "Walking Tornado" from his affectation of tremendous haste.

"What in blazes did you do this for?" he thundered. "You are only one of the directors, not the Board, and this should have been my sanction. We must keep down expenses."

"All right, old chap," said Charles soothingly. "I can assure you this new singer will be the rage, and we must not let any other paper discover her. How many tickets do you want for your clients?"

This was an inspiration. Fearing that the concert might be a fiasco Charles had bought a hundred tickets on the way to the office, without making plans how to get rid of so many. Watson however fell to the snarer, and Charles had only forty left before the day was done. These he sent to his own family, to his brother-in-law, to the Mainwarings, to Roberts the third director, and to acquaintances on whom he could depend to go to any entertainment which cost them nothing.

The clouds were not long in clearing. The *Daily Mail* came out on Thursday morning with a leading article on the English attitude to music.

"Who Miss Madeline Raymond may be, we do not know or care—she may be another Julia Ravogli or croak like a frog. But the announcement of her concert might very well be the end of patronage in music, just as Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield was the deathblow to patronage in letters. We fear however that hers is a voice crying in the wilderness, for music in London whether at the opera or in the concert-hall is merely an appanage of the Season and an excuse for seeing the coronets of the Great. Tetrazzini first drew the crowd here not because of her perfect voice but because she was re-

ported to have received five hundred pounds for singing one night at the reception of a duchess. Without the aid of titled patronage, musical talent would have little chance of being heard in this the greatest city in the world."

The directors' meeting on Friday passed off peaceably enough. Roberts was cynical, but neither he nor Watson could deny that the lady was not a public character. Curiosity indeed was widely aroused, every seat in the hall was filled, and the musical critics turned up in force.

The violinist led off with a creditable rendering of Dvorak's "Humoreske" and then Madeline Raymond herself came on, led by her father.

Charles had sent her a bouquet of red roses, and his heart beat high to see her carry this on to the platform. She was dressed in corsage and skirt of mauve silk under a tunic of silver brocade edged with black sable and clasped at the girdle with a large bow strung with pearls. The sable carried on the jet-black note of her hair, startling in its intensity.

"If she can sing as well as she can dress, she'll do," he overheard a lady in the seat behind him say.

Without a trace of nervousness she sang the dream-song "Träume," Wagner's haunting melody. A spirit of enchanted melancholy seemed to pervade her voice, and a sigh rather than the usual careless applause followed the last full tones. Then came Brahms's cradle song:

"Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht."

Her figure swayed with tender animation as she sang, and the bell-like tones of her upper register cleared the sad atmosphere of the first song.

An interval of violin was followed by two operatic songs from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah"—"Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" and "Printemps qui commence"—rendered with such charm that an encore was demanded. For

that she gave an English song—perhaps it was American—very sweet, in which the words ran:

> The sweetest flower that blows
> I give you as we part;
> For you it is a rose,
> For me it is my heart.
>
> The fragrance it exhales
> (Ah if you only knew!)
> Which but in dying fails—
> It is my love for you.

She lifted the bouquet he had given her as if scenting its fragrance, and though she sang without looking at him there was surely some thought in this for him.

During the interval that followed, Charles shook hands with some of those to whom he had sent tickets. They all expressed themselves delighted, and the Warden wished the lady to sing at the Settlement one Sunday evening.

Watson was there with a bevy fearfully and wonderfully dressed.

"I forgive you," he said in a stage whisper to Charles. "Just got an order from Antiphat on the strength of two tickets and Buggins of Internal Soap has asked me to lunch with him to-morrow. That's him over there in the long hair and whiskers. If you could get this singer to sample the stuff and write a testimonial, he would be good for three pages."

Charles muttered something about trying, and then discovered that he must shake hands with some one at the other side of the hall. Over there he happened on the Mainwarings and so saved his reputation.

"We don't go out much now," said Mrs. Mainwaring, "but we could not resist when we saw the singer came from Chicago. And what do you think! Just this very afternoon came a cable from Viola's husband saying they had a little baby boy. Wasn't it a coincidence?"

"I'm so glad," said Charles heartily. "You must tell her that I want to be godfather."

"Write yourself," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I think sometimes Viola has been homesick, and she loves to get a letter from old friends."

Just then Madeline reappeared, so Charles returned to his seat. Curiously enough, her next song was the seventeenth century, Lady Anne Bothwell's Lullaby,

> "Baloo my babe, lie still and sleep,
> It grieves me sair to see thee weep."

a cradle song of sombre cadences like a wind full of rain. Charles trembled to think of its effect on the superstitious Mrs. Mainwaring, but then as if by instinct the singer changed the sequence of her programme and followed with the charming fantasy of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," Alicia Needham's setting of Eugene Field's tender poem of childhood. In response to an encore she gave an old French *Noël,* "Dans cet Ètable," picturing the little Christ Child lying in the manger, the old old story, which never grows old.

Then after more violin came Tchaikowsky's "To the Forest," more exquisitely sung even than he had heard it in the concert agent's office, followed by an English version of "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt"—"Ye Who Have Yearned Alone." Last of all came two songs based on American Indian music—"The Moon Drops Low" and "White Dawn is Stealing"—exotic music which she sang with such intensity that the audience was once more carried away. She came back therefore and closed with another Alicia Needham setting of Eugene Field, a negro lullaby "Croodlin' Doo."

At the end of the concert he went behind to congratulate. Mrs. Raymond, distinctly stout, welcomed him warmly. Henry Raymond was handing round champagne.

"Come along, Mr. Fitzmorris, we're real glad to see you," was his greeting. "Isn't Madeline great? I guess this will

make her friends in Chicago take notice. House full and hardly any paper. Can you beat it? Shows you what can be done if you pull the strings right. See the *Daily Mail's* 'Deathblow to Patronage'? If you know any one wanting an advance agent, tell them of Henry Raymond."

"How did it go?" whispered Madeline.

"First rate," answered Charles. "I'm glad I gave you our front page. You've made a hit. Now don't forget to-morrow evening at Julien's—make it seven o'clock, as we go on to the theatre."

The notices in next morning's papers were good-tempered and even flattering. Madeline was radiant at the restaurant. She was the more conspicuous because she wore a hat at dinner, whereas the Englishwomen present were uncovered. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond had evidently come for food, and Charles was glad that they were satisfied.

"Our ideas of London are all wrong," said the father. "It's a chilly place, but it has Chicago skinned on taste. Look at the ladies here. They're all high-steppers, and—Madeline, my dear, next time you come here, check your hat. It doesn't belong."

Miss Raymond flushed.

"No don't," said Charles, "we are birds too much of a feather, and your hat is charming. There's not a woman here but wishes she could wear it as well. In the theatre, however, if I might suggest——"

"Of course, I understand," said Madeline, thanking him with a smile.

Two taxis were needed to take them to the theatre, and Charles stepped in with the mother.

"No American would have been so unselfish," said Mrs. Raymond. "How I wish our boys had your manners. But going to the hotel, you take my daughter. She wants to thank you for that picture in your magazine."

Charles took the hint and had his *tête-à-tête* with Madeline en route to the Carlton.

"I was so excited yesterday, I forgot to thank you properly. This means so much to me—my friends would

have guyed me unmercifully if it had been a frost. Ever wear a tie-pin?"

She held out a tiny case.

"This is to keep you from being conceited," she said laughing. "When you look in the glass to pin this on, you may think of some one else besides yourself. You'll find an inscription on the back. Too dark to read it here—but it will keep."

"You must pin it on yourself to-morrow, before we go to church."

As he handed his coat to the cloakroom attendant he opened the case and read the inscription:

"Madeline Raymond to Charles Fitzmorris
Who did his little bit."

"By George," he said to himself, "we're getting on!"

At supper he recollected that they knew the Kellys, and asked Mr. Raymond if he had met Viola or her mother.

"Louisa Kelly—*the* Mrs. Kelly!" said Mr. Raymond. "Sure thing, and Mike too—he's my attorney. Yes I've met Mrs. Mike—Mike brought her out from England."

"I've just heard she's got a baby."

"Mrs. Kelly a grandmother!" said Madeline. "Doesn't time fly?"

"I was best man at the wedding—What shall I send as a present?"

"Bring it yourself," said Miss Raymond, "that's the kind of present she would like."—"Is this an invitation?" flashed through Charles's mind.—"She'll be glad to see some one from England. She'll be lonesome but of course she will get over that now."

"It was Kelly himself that was my friend. Viola's brother and he were at Oxford same time as I was. I helped to bring them together—made the match, in fact."

"Well I never!"

They all laughed so heartily that the people sitting near began to stare.

"Don't you think you were taking a chance?" said Madeline. "Marrying an English girl to an American—like mixing blue blood with red?"

"It's been done the other way round—see some of our recent peeresses."

"With what success?"

"Practice for such as Mrs. Kelly, Senior, I'm afraid."

"Well," said Mrs. Raymond, "the Kellys haven't far to go if they want a divorce."

CHAPTER XVIII

NEXT morning Charles called for the Raymonds at ten-thirty. Madeline came down alone.

"You see I'm in lots of time," he said, "perhaps too soon."

"Not a bit—Mother doesn't feel up to the mark and Father is not much of a church-goer, so I'm the whole party. Where did you think of going? We went to early Mass at Westminster Cathedral this morning."

Charles flushed. He had not realized that she might be a Catholic.

"I had intended St. Margaret's, Westminster," he said, "because of a window I wanted to show you, and the music, but if you would prefer——"

"Do let's go to St. Margaret's," she said. "That's where they have Society weddings, isn't it? Father is a Catholic, but Mother and I are Protestant Episcopalians. They are leaving us to go where we like alone, but you are to come back to lunch and help us to make plans for the week before we go to Paris. We promised to be there for the Fourth of July—there's to be a procession to the grave of Lafayette."

It was a pleasant morning, so they walked to Westminster by way of St. James's Palace and the Mall, Madeline hoping against hope that she might see a Royal carriage sweeping past.

"You should see Washington!" she said. "It's just as fine as this."

When the service commenced, they shared a combined prayer and hymn book handed them from a neighbouring pew. It was pleasant to touch her arm and ungloved hand.

It was only now when he was standing beside her as she sang that he realized the wonderful resonance of her voice.

At the hymn "For thee, O dear, dear country," he joined in with his recently developed baritone, and found it blended well.

"Your singing has improved," she said, as they sat down.

"We've both learned something," he replied.

At lunch Charles asked the Raymonds what they had seen, suggested other places likely to interest them, and then said,

"Why not Henley?"

"What is Henley?" they asked.

"English summer in a nutshell—sport, pretty girls, trees, river boatraces, two days of rain to two of sunshine——"

"The sunshine days for mine," laughed Madeline.

"Lots of Americans there this year—Boston and Harvard have each an Eight."

"Then we must go to cheer—what else?"

Charles visualized for them the charms of the regatta, told them of the houseboats, the gondolas, the punts, boats and canoes, the Pierrots—"often quite good singers" he said, "actresses who mask their faces——"

"That's the stunt!" cried Madeline. "Let's go as troubadours—perhaps we could break even on expenses."

Charles fought shy of the suggestion, but Miss Raymond would not be denied.

"You've got a nice voice," she said, "we could sing dandy duets. Where can we hire costumes?"

"Clarkson's, I suppose."

"Take me there to-morrow. I've an idea—we two will take a canoe, and go as Canadian pioneers, time of Richelieu and Louis Quatorze, sing the old French songs that my great-grandfather used to sing and taught them to an aunt of mine; I could soon teach you. You know our family came to Chicago a century or so ago, arrived in a bateau, lived in a logcabin and birchbark canoe. We came from Montreal."

"I understand," said Charles. "What you call Illinois was once Canadian, that was in the days of the Hundred Associates and Nouvelle France when Canada stretched

down to the Mississippi—and even after it became American, the fur-trading was done by the French."

"You know that—you an Englishman! Hardly any one knows it in Chicago. Ah, but I remember you were a top notcher on history at Strasburg."

"Louis XIV was in my period at Oxford—I have some of the old French songs too—they are illustrated in a book I have."

"Isn't that lovely! We'll try them over after lunch."

Charles slipped off to his rooms to fetch the book, and the more he thought of the plan, the more it grew upon him.

"Tell you what," he said when he came back, "I can dress up like this print of Champlain, and you can be like Isabeau in 'Isabeau s'y promène'—with the fawn cap and loose green gown—I wish we could get birchbark canoe, but I suppose a canader will do—only that's too small for a piano."

"I can play a guitar," said Madeline.

All the afternoon they practised and found they could make a repertoire of ten or so duets.

"Where do we come in?" asked Mr. and Mrs. Raymond.

"Somewhere at a safe distance," said Madeline.

"I'll fix that," said Charles. "I can get tickets for an enclosure, and you can have your lunch and see the races in comfort from the bank. When we have made all the money we want, we'll change back to civilized clothes and pick you up before anybody is the wiser."

Clarkson had just what they wanted.

Madeline Raymond looked born to the part. She might have been one of those fair dames of France whose grace and loveliness inspired Villon to a villanelle and the soldier to brave adventure. Somehow Charles had thought of American girls as creatures of to-day—butterflies—ephemeral—but here was one whose blood went back perhaps to the seigneurs of the Compagnie des Indes, the pioneers who fought for the new world found by Cartier and Champlain and Maisonneuve.

"Then you must have old families even in Chicago," he said as he watched her sewing a hem.

"Sure," she said, "there are three degrees of aristocracy with us, first the pioneers, then those not pioneers who came before the Fire, and then those who came between the Fire and the World's Fair—after that the Deluge. I must send you some books about the early days—they are issued every Christmas by one of Father's rivals. I wish he would do something the same himself. What sort of a great-grandfather did you have?"

"Honestly," said Charles, "I don't know. I suppose Fitzmorris is a corruption of Fitzmaurice, and that sounds Norman—so perhaps nine hundred years ago we were first cousins."

"Quit it!" she said. "You make me giddy."

Between Sunday and the first day of Henley, which was Wednesday, they spent half their time together over the piano, while the elder Raymonds went sightseeing. Music is a wonderful harmonizer.

On Wednesday a blue sky and the prospect of good racing filled the trains from Paddington. The Raymonds, however, chose to motor. Owing to the number of cars on the same errand, they saw more dust than greenery, but this method of travel gave them liberty to leave when they wished to.

By the time Charles had deposited the elder Raymonds at the enclosure and rejoined Madeline at the hotel where she had gone to change, the river was gay with watercraft and summery dresses. It was a blazing day and Madeline's old-fashioned cap gave little shade. A pedlar of Jap parasols came to the rescue, and though this might seem incongruous with her court-lady costume, Henley was not hypercritical.

"If I had only known your climate," she said, "I should have dressed *bergère*."

The American flag flaunted its stars and stripes from boat and buttonhole, German voices jarred with honey'd

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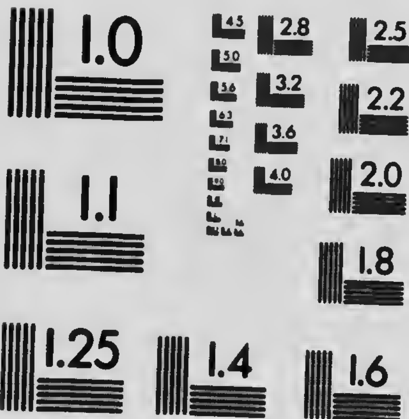

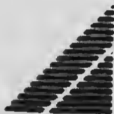

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French and even occasional Italian—so much so that Madeline asked maliciously, where the English were.

"You'll see them at the winning-post," bragged Charles, at which,

"Touch wood," she said.

"Why?"

"I'm superstitious—things mayn't turn out as you wish."

"Well, even if we do lose, you'll find us sportsmen. But I'll back Leander against the world."

As they paddled slowly towards Fawley, Madeline hummed over the tune of "Dans les Prisons de Nantes," to the rhythm of his stroke.

"That's the way it should be sung," she said. "Can't you picture the old voyageurs forging up some river deep in the bush, filling the forest with their songs of their beloved France, rough fellows but truehearted, and so full of music."

> "Dans les prisons de Nantes,
> Dans les prisons de Nantes
> Lui ya-t-un prisonnier, faluron dondaine,
> Lui ya-t-un prisonnier, faluron dondé."

"Begin," he said.

As she softly tuned her guitar, the curious already began to follow attracted by the costumes.

He let her sing the first verse alone, then at the second joined in.

> "Que personn' ne va voire
> Que personn' ne va voire
> Que la fille du geôlier, faluron dondaine,
> Que la fille du geôlier, faluron dondé."

By the time they had reached the last verse, they had a crowd around them, and Charles thought it wise to paddle slowly to the nearest house-boat. His voice had trembled at first with nervousness but gradually he had taken courage, and the two voices merged in rich harmony.

"Bravo, bravo!" came from the audience, and the people behind the blaze of flowers on the houseboat clapped their hands.

"Shall we collect now?" whispered Madeline.

"No, give them another. I haven't got the bag ready."

She struck the chords of some music he did not know, while he set up the fishing rod at the end of which was the velvet pouch which she had made for the purpose. Then when he gave the signal, burst with a fine swing into,

Mariann' s'en va-t-au moulin,
Mariann' s'en va-t-au moulin,
C'est pour y fair' moudre son grain,
C'est pour y fair' moudre son grain;
À cheval sur son âne, Ma p'tit, Mamzell' Marianne,
À cheval sur son âne Catin,
S'en allant au moulin.

Those who understood the French smiled at the quaintness of the words, while the music was of that simple charm which hits the heart. At the end of the song the fishing rod went round and up to the listeners on the houseboat.

"A three-pounder, or I'm jiggered," said Charles, watching the point bend. "This is a good pool."

Snatches of conversation reached their ears.

"Are they real French?——"

"No, just actors, I think——"

"I heard these songs once when I was fishing in Quebec; the guides sang them——"

"Did you go to that 'No Patronage' concert last week—rather sporting of the girl, whoever she was——"

"Wunderschön——"

"What gets my goat is that——"

"Look at that red-headed girl; do you think she dyes——"

"I don't care who wins the Grand, so long as it's not those Germans——"

There were quite a number of straw hats with House

colours, and Charles trembled lest he should be recognized, but the disguise was good, and by the time they had sung before one or two other house-boats he felt an old hand at the game. Only when the heats for the Ladies' Plate were rowed did he almost betray himself, for as the Christ Church boat swept past ahead of Univ, his sudden yell of "Well rowed, House!" so startled as to nearly upset the occupants of a neighbouring canoe.

"Over two lengths ahead at the finish!" he shouted to Madeline, "and Univ was head of the River! Well rowed, House!"

"Keep cool, House," remonstrated the neighbour who wore Leander colours, and Charles, recollecting his masquerade, blushed and paddled away.

"What do 'House' and 'Univ' mean?" asked Madeline.

"Two colleges at Oxford; sorry for getting so excited, but I was at the House myself."

"Excited?" she smiled. "You wait till you see Yale and Harvard. Why didn't you pass the word? I would have lent a yell."

Between the races they proceeded leisurely till they had done most of the line, and then returned to the finishing post.

"Shall we reverse?" asked Madeline.

"No, don't let's be hogs. Let the others have a chance. We can come again to-morrow—I want to see the House row again, and there will be a big crowd to see the first heats for the Grand. Boston and Harvard and Winnipeg and the Germans all rowing. And Leander—wait till you see Leander!"

They went back to the hotel to change, counted up their booty, which amounted to over twenty pounds, and went to join the elder Raymonds.

"Father, we had a peach of a time," said Madeline, "and just think, a hundred dollars!"

"Good business," said Mr. Raymond, "Madeline, my dear, we'll have to take you into the firm."

"You wouldn't pay the salary," laughed Madeline. "I've got ambitions."

"What do you say, Mr. Fitzmorris. What's she worth?"

"Weight in gold," he answered, smiling.

"Now if I were mother," she said, putting her arm round the latter, "that might be worth something, but I'm a regular fairy—got any scales handy?"

"We'll find them at any station," said Charles. "I'd put you down as nine stone two."

"Say it in pounds. This is worse than Centigrade and Fahrenheit."

"Counting twenty to the stone," he said, pencilling it out, "that would make you a hundred and eighty-two pounds."

"Oh, you wretch!"

"But as there are only fourteen pounds to the stone, the correct weight is one hundred and twenty-eight."

"Good gracious, how you frightened me!—anyway, you are ten pounds too high—whatever made you play such a joke?"

"Wanted to see if you really cared——"

"Care!—when I spend half my time on diets! It's evident you don't know much about American women. Why, we think more of our personal appearance than a saint does of his immortal soul—it's the whole caboodle with us. My, I'm so scared of putting on flesh, I never eat potatoes, although I just love hashed brown."

"That porterhouse steak waiting for me at the hotel kind of smells good," said her father, pulling out his watch. "Let's get a move on."

And so, scorning the speed limit, they hurried back to London.

CHAPTER XIX

CHARLES had tickets for the Alhambra that evening, and during an acrobatic turn he came back to the point.

"Are American women more vain than English?" he asked.

"They are more particular," she corrected. "The effect, I suppose, of the Declaration of Independence. You see, that made our great-great-grandmothers look to Paris instead of London for our modes, and we keep up the habit. Fourth of July is just an excuse for me—I'm going to collect new frocks."

"Are our women then so badly dressed?"

"Some of them do seem to have crossed the Channel"—she admitted. "Perhaps they are not quite so crude as the Germans—their figures are fair, and their complexions just great—but, my goodness, I don't wonder that your young men are emigrating. The girls could hold them at home if they dolled up more."

"You forget that economic circumstance——"

"Don't talk Encyclopædia Britannica to me. Give me a nice gown, and I'll hold Moses on a little piece of string. Your women are crazy about the vote. What most of them need is a full-length mirror."

"Perhaps we have more heart."

"You can't tell till you try," she said, looking him full in the face.

A shout of laughter at some antic on the stage distracted them, but all the rest of the evening Charles wondered if this was a challenge.

Was she merely playing with him, or had she something more than a liking for him? She was certainly less standoffish than she had been at Strasburg, yet even there she had

led him on—it is true, only to let him down. Still she seemed more human now than she had been in the old days—perhaps it was because she had lost her prejudices against England, and as an Englishman he gained by the change of spirit. Gratitude of course for the help he had given to her concert might account for something. At Strasburg he had merely passed the time with cakes and pastries. Here he had fed her appetite for praise, and though she was not unduly conceited she was woman enough to welcome appreciation.

By George, she was a lovely girl! Every opera glass that swept the stalls rested on her for a while and came back to her again. She certainly looked stunning—there was not a handsomer face in the house. The mother might be thought plebeian, but Madeline, the daughter, was of a finer generation. She was an artist—was spirituelle—with more than a mere mouth for the good things of this world. Her accent, too, was not so nasal as her mother's—due no doubt to her training as a singer. Certainly she used more slang, but Charles was used to the vernacular which Kelly had already made familiar.

How beautiful her voice was! Perhaps she was right in thinking she would never be a great singer. The volume was not there, but could there ever be more perfect quality, more delicate art, more lovely timbre, more passionate sincerity? She carried an echo of her singing voice in the voice with which she spoke—he seemed to hear the croon in her whisper.

How exquisitely poised her head was, and her neck how graceful! The coils of her dark hair were piled up in a curve which flowed down over her neck and shoulders to her deep rounded warm-skinned bosom. In that were set red roses he had given her.

Her eyes were surely not mere will-o'-the-wisps. She laughed at him in them perhaps a little, but it was a friendly laugh that lingered and did not run away; it seemed to say "Be pals."

The hands, he saw, were manicured. She used them

quite a little as she talked—perhaps the heritage of French descent. Once or twice her left hand touched his right during the evening, and at the touch the young blood surged through him till he knew that now, if only she wished, she had him at her mercy.

Where were the traces of the Indian blood that she hinted at when she said "Coureur de bois." As yet unbetrayed, except perhaps in the intensity with which she sang those Canadian songs at her concert. The hair was not the straight black of the Iroquois or Huron. Was there not however a darker tone to the skin than would be found in Northern Europe?

Next day it was fine again, and Charles called in high hopes at the hotel. He was dismayed to find the elder Raymonds plastered with American flags. What made it worse was that they chose to go by train, from memory of dusty roads the day before. Fortunately the four of them filled a compartment, and Charles did not meet any one he knew to smile at his embarrassment.

Still, one couldn't blame them for being patriotic. However he was glad that Madeline was less flamboyant.

There must have been many who were on the river the day before, for as Charles and Madeline paddled down, they heard

"There's that girl with the black hair."

"Let's hear them sing again," and

"Well rowed, House!" this last being a stage whisper from the Leander man they had so nearly upset.

The river was even more crowded than the day before, and the crowd more excited. Along the houseboats however there was room to move, for most of the craft kept close to the boom.

"It's the Grand Challenge that has drawn them," said Charles, who was keyed up himself. "Leander meets Harvard in the third heat."

They were in the middle of singing when suddenly their audience drifted away, and "Winnipeg is leading!" passed along the line.

A roar of cheers went up as the Canadian crew finished ahead, and then Charles realized that he was nervous with excitement. Madeline was quick to see his anxiety.

"Never mind the singing," she said good-naturedly. "Let's keep close to the boom. I want to see the Americans myself. When do they come on?"

"Boston next—against London. They should easily win in spite of their Panama hats—poor old London! But wait till you see Leander!"

Madeline said nothing but shook her finger at him laughingly, and touched wood on the side of the canoe.

As Charles had prophesied, Boston with their red-topped oars walked away from London, and the air was thick with the Stars and Stripes.

"Now Leander!"

He was edging up closer to the boom when a strange succession of noises rose from a group of boats beside them.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "A lunatic asylum has got loose."

Madeline laughed gaily.

"It's just the Harvard yell," she said.

They could not see the beginning of the race, as the river curved, and the starting-post was round the corner. Charles smoked furious, impatient cigarettes.

"Just watch their rhythm as they pass," he said to Madeline. "They have the perfection of style. They are all old Blues——"

"Blues?"

"Yes—rowed either for Oxford or Cambridge—here they come!"

The roar of cheers approached. It was difficult to see who was ahead at the corner on account of the crowd, but "Leander's leading!" shouted some one standing in a punt.

"Of course," shouted Charles.

"Here they are—Harvard's catching up! Ra—Ra—Ra!" and the yell recommenced.

Madeline heard Charles exclaim, his face all pale, as the boats flashed past. Yes, Harvard was drawing ahead.

Another wild yell, and the Stars and Stripes waving furiously.

"Well, on my soul! Leander beaten!—who could have thought it possible!"

One could pick out the long-drawn English faces.

"I'm so sorry," said Madeline. "Shall we go back to the hotel?"

"Not yet. Forgive me for my rudeness, those American fellows deserved to win—they rowed magnificently—but do you mind our staying here a bit? There's another heat still, the Germans against Jesus—Jesus College, I mean," he added, seeing her puzzled look—"let's hope they keep our end up—it would be deadly if they too got licked."

If cheering could have done it, Jesus would have won, for every Englishman on the course shouted himself hoarse for the Cambridge men. But fate was inexorable, and though it was the closest race of all the German crew drew ahead at the last, and won by three quarters of a length.

Charles backed in silence out of the crowd and paddled towards the boat-house. Madeline was too sympathetic not to understand.

"I don't want to sing any more," she said, "this shouting has given me a headache. Let's go back and change."

"You're a brick," said Charles.

They walked from the landing-stage to the hotel.

"It wouldn't have been so rotten if we had not lost all four heats," he groaned. "Just think of it—four foreign crews in the Semi-Finals."

"Surely not!" cried Madeline. "You don't count the Canadians as foreigners, do you?"

"Theoretically not; but—well, they're not English."

"How insular you are," she said. "You don't deserve to belong to an Empire. I don't wonder that Canadians get mad—why, they have saved the day for you, if you only look at it the right way."

"Do they get mad?"

"Do they? You know you sometimes make even me

mad. I thought you said that the English were good sportsmen."

"That was before I knew we were going to get licked," he said grimly. "And this is such an absolute knock-out. I don't know what is coming over England. She's taking such a backseat in everything. Look at the Olympian Games, and golf, and tennis—and then in politics, look at this Irish mess—by George, I think I'll emigrate."

"Why not?" she said quickly.

"Why not," he echoed gloomily.

They were at the hotel by this time, and parted to change their costumes.

"Father will be crazy," said Madeline when they met again. "We must hurry back and cool him down."

As they returned, there was one rift in the clouds, for Christ Church raced in ahead of a Cambridge crew just as they approached the winning post. Charles wore his House colours and cheered like a maniac.

"Still," he said when he had quieted down, "I don't care if it rains all the rest of the week. This is the last Henley for me. I believe it's all due to our allowing motorboats upon the course."

As they drove from Paddington to the Carlton, Charles, who had manœuvred into the taxi with Madeline, realized that this might be the last time they would be alone, and suddenly plucked up courage to test her—was she just having a good time, or was there something more? She had been decent about the races. She had sympathized with him when her own people had won—yes, a decent thing to do.

"Am I going to see you again?" he asked.

"That depends on you," she answered, looking at him out of her dark eyes from her corner of the taxi with a queer little smile.

"What!" he ejaculated. Then blushed as he realized how rude this sounded. "Excuse me, I didn't realize—did your mother suggest——"

"Why should mother butt in?" she replied. "We sail

from Cherbourg on the *St. Louis* in ten days' time. You'll find the States pretty hot in summer, but the Atlantic's cool. She's an old boat, but *St. Louis* is our patron saint, and the captain's an old friend of the family. Shall I send you a printed invitation, or can you take a hint?"

CHAPTER XX

LYING in bed that night, Charles realized that he was very nearly in love, and that so far as he could judge, Madeline liked him. That might however be for her just a flirtation, and she might have a dozen other beaux in the United States, in addition to those she could have picked up while she was studying music in Rome and Milan. The Raymonds seemed to be well off, and he himself was certainly no catch, so that if it came to facing the old man with a request for the hand of his daughter he might have to sing small. There was this about it, however, namely that Madeline was independent—she had said she wouldn't have her mother "butt in." But she would be an expensive girl to marry, if what she said about dress was true, and she certainly seemed to wear a different gown every time he had met her. It would be just as well to stand in with the father, if she really meant to have him. Madeline was undoubtedly "come-hithering," so "nothing venture, nothing have" he concluded.

Before taking his passage, he must have a talk with his father, just to see how the wind blew.

"Be at home to-night, father?" he telephoned next morning after he had seen the Raymonds off from Charing Cross.

"Yes, glad to see you. Wanted to have a talk with you myself."

The rest of the family had gone out for the evening, somewhat to the relief of Charles, as he wished to see his father alone. When they had reached the coffee and cigars, Mr. Fitzmorris raised the question,

"Want more money?"

"No, father, not just at present."

"Glad to hear it. Market's absolutely putrid. Look at

Kaffirs and Rubbers and American Rails, not to mention Consols. Something's in the wind—well, what is it? I don't suppose you came here to talk about the weather."

"No, I came to say I thought of going to America."

"What's the trouble? Been playing the silly goat?"

"No, just for a trip. You remember Kelly, my Oxford friend; I thought I might visit him and at the same time see something of their newspapers and methods—perhaps do some business for *Pen and Pencil*."

"From what I hear, it needs it. Can you pay your passage?"

"Yes, but I might be the better of a letter of credit, in case of accidents."

"Two hundred?"

"Thanks awfully."

"That's all right, my boy. Don't cash it if you can help—one never can tell what's going to happen here. I don't want to frighten your mother, but we've got to go slow for a bit. Tell you what, my boy, if you see a chance of getting into business on the other side, take it—this country's played out."

Charles had never known his father so pessimistic before. He had his ups and downs, but this was down with a vengeance.

"I'll remember," he said, "but I'm afraid there's not much chance of any American wanting an Englishman. They think we are behind the times."

"They're just about right. But they themselves go too fast sometimes, and the wise ones know it. However, what I want to tell you is, that I wouldn't ask you to come into the firm as things are at present. I am an old stager, and can look ahead to the time when the storm has passed, but it takes an old man's nerve to live on the edge of a volcano. Besides, we've too many eggs in one basket as it is. Take this trip to the States, and if you see good prospects there hold on to them and think you are lucky."

"What about *Pen and Pencil?*"

"Hopeless! There's no market in the shares, not even

in the bucket-shops. I gave you the money because you asked for it and it kept you out of mischief, but that's written off the books. Too many weekly illustrateds on the bookstalls. Give it a year to go under. No, my boy, it's time to strike out a new line. If I can help you I'll do it, but if you can manage by yourself you'll help your old Dad."

"Oxford's a poor place to get a business education," said Charles, "but I'm not so green as I was when I went down. One gets a lot of experience in Fleet Street."

"I suppose one does. Thanks, by the way, for those tickets. We enjoyed the concert, all of us. So did you too judging by the way you clapped the singer. Why didn't you come and speak to us? I tried to get hold of you at the end, but you went out by a private door. By the way, that singer came from Chicago as well as your friend Kelly. Does that 'No Patronage' mean 'No Chaperons'?"

He laughed heartily as Charles coloured.

"You can't fool the old man—he's been there before. She was an amateur, of course, but carried it off well. Who put up the money?"

"Her father."

"Good for him! I should like to meet the old sport. Are they still in London? If so, why not ask them out to dinner here?"

"Too late, I am afraid. They are in Paris now, and I don't expect to see them again till the steamer."

"Give them my compliments when you do. Now as to yourself—I'll be frank and tell you how you stand. I have laid aside five hundred pounds a year for you the next two years, and nobody but you shall touch it. But after all, it's all a toss up whether there's anything left in the bank. Things may improve, but——"

"All right, father, I understand. If I see a chance on the other side, I'll stay there, for a while at any rate. You've been awfully good to me, and I haven't shown my appreciation as I ought. If you want me to draw less——"

"No, no. This is some old family money that would come to you anyway."

"Talking of family, by the way," said Charles, "some one asked me the other day about great-grandfathers—who was the first Fitzmorris that we know about? Had we anybody in the Ark?"

"Not quite so far back as that—some pirate or sheep-stealer, I believe. Your mother paid a fellow once to work out a pedigree at the time we started a crest. Most of it bunkum, but there did seem to be one genuine ancestor—Hugh Fitzmorris, a soldier of fortune, who fought under Gustavus Adolphus. Candidly, I've no use just now for Norman ancestors. Wish mine were German Jews; I'd have a chance then of knowing why Berlin has been unloading so heavily—these sheenies are damned close nowadays."

Soldier of Fortune! Charles smiled at the thought. That was just about his case now—his sword was a thousand pounds, and the field of battle Chicago. A thousand pounds? There were still his shares in *Pen and Pencil*. These his father said were worthless, and he ought to know, but Roberts, the rival director, might be bluffed into buying some. It was worth trying, anyway. There was to be a Board meeting next Friday. Something might be done.

In the meanwhile he went to Cook's and secured a cabin on the *St. Louis*. He felt it also his duty to say good-bye to his mother and sisters, as it might be years before he returned, but did not hint to them that this was anything but a holiday trip.

"If you pick up an heiress," said his sister Clara, "get one with as little twang as possible. They say the Southerners speak with the least accent."

Roberts was the only other director to attend the Board Meeting, so that Charles had the opportunity he wanted.

"Here is the situation," he said. "You and I are the only two members of the Board who count, and we disagree on policy. Your ideas are no doubt sound, but I prefer mine, and between us we are producing a paper which is

neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Can't we come to some arrangement by which either I buy out your shares or you buy mine?"

The flicker of excitement in Roberts' eyes told Charles that he had a rise.

"You hold too much," said the latter. "I wouldn't raise the money to buy you out, and I don't care to sell."

"This means more to you, perhaps, than to me," said Charles. "I look at it more as a hobby than a means of livelihood. Perhaps that is why I do things you think unbusiness-like, and spoil the chances of the paper's earning dividends. Money doesn't mean much to me, so if it would help I could let you in on easy terms. Five hundred ten pound shares would give you control, and leave me as much interest in the paper as I want, for I really am fond of the old rag and don't want to sell outright. Now, you can have these for ten per cent cash and the rest at your convenience—payable, say, out of future dividends."

"That's five hundred pounds down?"

"Yes."

"Give me till to-morrow."

Next day Roberts telephoned.

"Sorry, I can't raise more than four hundred pounds."

Charles hesitated.

Should he accept?

"It's a bluff," he decided, and then answered. "Sorry myself—well, we must call it off. I'm going to America next week, and will see what you think of it when I come back."

"How long do you expect to be away?"

"Couple of months. Hope to get some new ideas for the paper."

Sure enough, next morning he received a letter from Roberts agreeing to his terms.

"That's one on Father," chuckled Charles, and telephoned the news of his deal.

"Go ahead, my boy," came the answer. "You may find room in Chicago yet."

CHAPTER XXI

THE special boat-train for Southampton was due to leave at nine-thirty, but Charles was there at nine as he wished to escape the possibility of meeting the elder Raymonds before he and they were safely on board the steamer. They might have changed their plans and decided to catch the boat at Southampton instead of Cherbourg. Half concealed behind a window-blind, he watched the stream of porters and passengers and eventually settled down into something like calm. So far they had not shown up. With a waving of handkerchiefs the train steamed out, and the green fields and hedges of England slipped past at fifty miles an hour.

At the end of their journey, a row of stewards in trim white jackets devoured the small packages, suitcases, umbrellas and the like which otherwise might have been lost to the world of tips, and so at last the vessel which was to be their home for a week or so received its heterogeneous family.

The allotted cabin, the library, the lounge, the smoking room, the dining-saloon, the purser's office—all in turn were discovered and investigated. A telegram was claimed and proved to be "Good Luck" from his father; then came the order, "All visitors on shore!" The gangway was lifted, and with one last cheer the liner sheered off and swung into the stream.

Then began the deck-parade. Still no sign of the Raymonds.

Slowly the wharf faded into the distance, and then Charles made his way to the library, where seats for dinner were to be allotted.

Quite a number of passengers were standing in queue, for the saloon list was heavy, and those who wished to

choose their sitting had better choose now. A little old fellow inadvertently stepped in ahead of Charles, then apologized.

"No harm done," said the latter. "You won't get anything more to eat."

Those who heard it laughed, among whom was Mr. Raymond himself.

"Well, well—Mr. Fitzmorris," clapping Charles on the shoulder, "what wind blew you here? Are you alone? Why then, join our table—I was just looking for a fourth, Madeline and Mrs. Raymond join the ship at Cherbourg—don't wish to face the customs officers twice over."

Needless to say, Charles was delighted, and joined the American in a cigar on deck, more than satisfied with this turn of fortune.

"Nice old boat," said Mr. Raymond, as they leaned over the railing. "Crossed the Atlantic in her ten times. Not so showy as the new high-steppers, but pretty sure of her eighteen knots, and doesn't roll more than she ought to. Chief Steward's an old friend, and keeps a special ice-chest for me. In the big ships a fellow gets lost in the crowd."

"Did you stay in Paris long?"

"No longer than I could help. I thought I'd done my duty if I paid the bills, so after two days I left the girls and slipped over to Mainz and Leipzig and Amsterdam and Antwerp coming back by London to have a day with the Caxtons at the British Museum. My, but it was a great trip, no one to drag me to sights I did not want to see. Let me tell you, Mr. Fitzmorris, to a printer like myself Westminster is the place where William Caxton at the Sign of the Red Pale brought out the first English books—it is not the place where English Kings are crowned. On this trip I learned more about Gutenberg and the Elzevirs and Plantin than I would in a thousand years in Chicago. And the Graphic Arts Exhibition in Leipzig was a wonder."

"Any American exhibits?"

Mr. Raymond's face darkened.

"Goddammit, no!" he growled. "We are slow as molasses in January. I could have gotten up a booth myself that would have made quite a hit, if I had only known in time. But that's the trouble with us Americans. We have been blowing too long without showing we have the goods. And we have the goods. There's no finer printing done anywhere than in the United States to-day."

Charles smiled inwardly as he heard this confession, but was too polite to make capital out of it.

"We see *Scribner's* and the *Century* and *Harper's,*" he said, "but not much else."

"Well, my boy, you are going to see a whole lot more. I can't tell you how glad I am you are coming across. My trip has shown me what a false impression you have, for instance, of Chicago. You think of us as The Jungle of Upton Sinclair, living in an air of squealing pigs and lousy Poles, rich and purse-proud, or squalid, dirty and illiterate. I want you to see our homes, our work for good citizenship, our efforts to make life beautiful, our parks and care for the children. We are not just dollar-hunters as so many of you folk in Europe seem to think. We may have begun life in a shack, but we send our young architects now to train in Rome and Paris."

"And bring them back to build your sky-scrapers."

"Why not? Why should they build Greek temples or Roman arches? Why not take the fine construction and design and decoration of Greece and Rome and the Renaissance and adapt them to the building problems of our business cities? I know you think of sky-scrapers as monstrosities—perhaps some of them are—but when you come to study them without prejudice you will find many of them well-proportioned, well designed, and rich in beautiful detail. The tall building is not necessarily ugly, though I grant you it would be wiser to regulate the height according to the width of the street and the light available. Streets are like the margins of a book. You should not crowd or dwarf them."

Hitherto Charles had thought of Mr. Raymond merely as

an incubus on Madeline, but now he loomed up differently.

Mrs. Raymond and her daughter duly appeared at Cherbourg, only to disappear into their cabins. At dinner Madeline came to table in dazzling green and gold. Mrs. Raymond beamed on Charles, evidently satisfied at her husband's choice of fourth.

"Hope you play bridge," she said. "We're auction fans."

"If the stakes are not too high," assented Charles.

"Quite right, my boy," said Mr. Raymond. "Gambling is a bad habit, unless you deal the cards yourself."

Charles and Madeline started the game of guessing "who's who" among the passengers.

The English were easy enough to distinguish from the Americans, and on the whole kept together. One graceful, piquant girl, who strode along the deck as if it were a moor, was in marked contrast to the high-heeled New Worldlings. A sporting parson made friends and romped with the children, whose mothers reciprocated by attending Divine Service on Sunday morning.

Not till he had cursed the bath-steward for being late did Charles discover that the clock went back three quarters of an hour each day on the west-bound voyage.

"They put one over on us this time," said Madeline, who confessed to the same mistake as they met on deck.

"Lucky for me," he answered, "it gives me forty-five minutes a day more with you."

"Glad you didn't mention beauty sleep," she said. "If I allowed myself more than seven hours in bed, I should grow fat like mother. She is the laziest old thing I ever struck—hates to get up before lunch. Say, I'm glad you've come along."

"So am I," he said, "so long as the sea is quiet. How many times round the deck makes a mile?"

"Six times makes an appetite for breakfast," she replied. "Come on!"

"I'm so excited," she said, after they had turned the first corner, "my concert seems to have made a hit on the other side. Mrs. Van Tromp, the society leader who gets

up all those crazy stunts at Newport, has cabled me an invitation to a Chinese dinner she is giving the Saturday of the week we arrive at New York. She never asks any one to Rockwood—that's her Newport home—outside the Four Hundred except celebrities, so I must be one now. Mother would give her little finger to be asked too. I am to go on to the Oriental Ball at Carrara Cottage, Mrs. Schomberg's million dollar place—she's another of the leaders. Every one in Paris was talking about it—it's to be the big splurge of the season."

"Mrs. Schomberg?" said Charles, musing. "I remember her. Suffragette and that sort of thing; mother of the Duchess of Ramillies. I think I'll go myself."

"You!" she exclaimed, with such an expression of incredulity that he was put on his mettle. "I'll bet you a hundred dollars you don't. The Duchess herself will be there. It's the most exclusive——"

At which he took out his notebook and jotted down the date.

"Hundred dollars did you say? That's too much. Make it cigarettes."

"I like your nerve," she said and dropped the subject as if his going were too remote from possibility to discuss.

Charles, however, thought to himself.

"If she fancies I'm to play second fiddle, she has made the mistake of her life."

After breakfast he went to the wireless office, and offered the operator a cigar.

"Ever hear of a place called Newport?" he asked. "Some sort of social centre in the United States."

"Newport, Rhode Island, you mean—naval station—you bet I do."

"Ever hear about a Mrs. Schomberg there?"

"Ever hear of Barnum and Bailey? She's the best paragraphed woman in the United States."

"You mean she gets her name in the papers?"

"You can't keep her out, she has all the press agents skinned."

"Well, take two messages for me—reply prepaid."
To Mrs. Shomberg the cable read,

"Am visiting United States on mission to write and illustrate typical American Society. Kindly make appointment interview Saturday July 23rd at Newport only date available. You may remember our front page your last visit to England. Charles Fitzmorris,
Director *Pen and Pencil.*

To Mrs. Van Tromp he sent a similar cable, omitting the last paragraph referring to the portrait.

"Why prepaid?" said the wireless man, grinning as he read the messages. "They'll send a special train to meet you."

Deck quoits, shuffleboard and tennis with rings for balls and hands for racquets and a string for a net helped to pass the morning, while in the afternoon the passengers from Queenstown, a snooze and a book under the eye of Mrs. Raymond, bridged the interval to dinner. Charles had fixed his deck-chair next that of the elder lady, and was assiduous at just the right time. All the while he kept wondering whether his cable would draw blood.

He had not long to wait, for as they were dining in the saloon that evening the replies were handed to him. With a quiet chuckle he passed them on to Miss Raymond.

"Delighted to see you. Invitation to dinner meets your steamer at New York. Bring Chinese Costume.
Elsie Van Tromp."

"You must come to my Oriental Ball. Can lend you costume of Ming dynasty. House full but have arranged with friends take care of you. Cable address New York."
Blanche Schomberg."

"I usually smoke Pall Mall, King's Size," he said, as he saw her eyebrows lift.

"However did you do it!" she exclaimed. From her

tone he could see that her respect for him had gone up mightily.

"Easy enough when you have a friend," he replied. "The only thing that troubles me is that I never learned your American dances. I can waltz, of course, and struggle through the Lancers, but this Fox Trot is beyond my intellect."

"You have six days on board this steamer to reform," she replied. "Father can whistle ragtime, and I could write a book on the steps. You are just the height and build to make quite a dancer, isn't he, mother? Why, we are going to have the time of our lives."

"Weather permitting," interjected Mr. Raymond. "If this breeze doesn't die down, I can see you batty on Hesitation."

"By the way," said Charles ingenuously, "is Newport on the Atlantic or the Pacific?"

The question amused them so much that it was a minute or so before any of the Raymonds could speak.

"In July and August," said Mr. Raymond, the first to recover, "it is the whole world to quite a number of good Americans. If they can't be paragraphed as seen on Bailey's Beach in a two-piece bathing suit they would cry their eyes out. Fact is, Mr. Fitzmorris, we Americans are the worst kind of snobs, and if your name appears on Mrs. Van Tromp's dinner list a million freeborn American citizens will eat out of your hand. It's like this. She gives the Society Editors something to talk about. We have no Buckingham Palace with Drawing Rooms and Presentations, but we have Mrs. Van Tromp and her stunts at Newport."

Madeline Raymond lost no time. That evening up on the boat-deck she gave Charles his first lesson in the necessary steps, her father whistling the music. With his arm around Madeline's waist, and the touch of her bosom on his own breast, Charles thrilled with a strange emotion. His sense of rhythm made him quick to learn, she herself stepped as light as a feather, her hair brushed his cheek, its faint

sweet perfume caressing his now enchanted senses. She on her part was passionately fond of dancing and rejoiced to find so apt a pupil. For the first time she realized how muscular he was, and, as she looked up sometimes into his face, how handsome. At first she guided him, then found he had the instinct.

"Great!" she said. "We'll make a real dancer out of you before you know where you are."

"I don't care where I am," he whispered, "so long as you are there."

The moon was bright enough to show she was not offended.

After such an evening it was impossible to sleep. As he lay in his berth with eyes half closed, Charles felt his heart throb with remembrance of her touch. He wondered how he had been able to refrain from clasping her still closer and passionately kissing her—if only her fat[illegible]ad not been there, he must have done it. Some day, i[illegible]uck would have it, they would be alone. Once or twice, by inadvertence, he had held her closer than was necessary, but she did not seem to mind. He remembered how she looked up into his eyes with a questioning look which seemed to ask "Why did you do that?"

Dancing, after all, was not so effeminate as he had fancied. At any rate it gave one opportunities which he would be a fool to let slip.

How beautiful she was! That arching mouth was irresistible—and those ears, so delicately shaped and placed. Her dark hair was silky, with so many coils piled up that it must surely fall down to her knees if it were loosened. He was glad she wore no earrings, and there was only one ring on one finger of her right hand. Her hands were perhaps the most beautiful of all, and firm as they were beautiful. No, she was not the feeble, clinging type.

In such a mood, Charles would have quarrelled with any one who found any fault with Madeline. He was infected by her atmosphere, and saw her only with the glamour of youth.

An hour of fitful slumber, and then the dawn called him once more on deck. With a leap of the heart he found that she also was up to greet the sun.

"I could not sleep," she said. And remembering the sleepless night he himself had spent, the heaviness that had oppressed his eyes, the fatigue of the long restless night passed away as if by magic.

"She cares for me," he whispered to himself, yet dared not look into her face lest he should find himself deceived.

"How beautiful the dawn is!" he said, as he leaned on the rail beside her. "Surely this is the perfect hour of the day. The air seems like a living soul, born of the dark and holding its arms out to the light. The first faint sunshine comes as a caress, and the whole world fills with happiness."

"To me," she replied, "the air seems to be more full of music when the day breaks than when the sun is high. On land, out in the fields, of course you hear the birds twittering and singing as the light awakes them. But here at sea also, there is a cadence in the earliest breath of wind which one does not notice in the later breeze."

"The world is simpler in the dawn," he answered. "By noon it has become more complex. The air becomes crowded with light and with so many voices. The eyes see too much, the ears are deafened."

"Everything just now seems elemental."

As the sun raced up, more people came on deck, sailors clattered along behind them, white caps appeared upon the sea, the spell was broken.

"Mother will wonder where I am," she said with a sigh. "I think I had better go back to our cabin."

But she smiled at him as she disappeared into the doorway, as if to say "We understand each other now."

"My wife believes in taking it easy," said Mr. Raymond who appeared alone at the breakfast table. "She won't appear in public till she is sure of the weather. Madeline is keeping her company."

Charles spent the next two hours on the port deck,

where their chairs were, always at the other end, but always with one eye on the door through which they were likely to come on deck. When at last they appeared, he pretended not to notice them till they were settled down in their rugs. As he sauntered up he found Madeline back again on earth, and laughing over a volume she had borrowed from the library.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"Nothing, only it's so old-fashioned.

She was reading Georges Ohnet's "The Iron Master," and the words which amused her were:

"Octave and Claire grew up, reared by their mother—the heir in serious fashion, so that he might become a useful man, the daughter delicately, so that she might charm the life of the suitor she elected."

"No wonder these Frenchmen are so conceited," she said. "Their women exist merely to charm them."

"What must a man do to satisfy an American wife?"

"He must suit himself to her wishes, just as much as she suits herself to his."

"I thought the American man put business first."

"That's why so many American women leave their homes for Europe."

The ever changing sea was a never failing interest: now leaden grey, now a slaty blue, now the winedark ocean; then in the setting sun a sheet of rose madder; lastly, as seen through the port-hole of the dining-saloon deep blue turning to purple, and so to-night, luminous with stars.

That night again—another moonlight night—he had another dancing lesson, and once more the sea of passion flooded his senses. That night, however, he was too tired not to sleep. It was a sleep of dreams—the dreams of a young lover.

When he awoke next morning the ship was tossing and swaying so that he could hardly shave. The fenders were on the tables, and of the few who had had the courage to appear at breakfast one or two would make dashes for

the door. Charles and Mr. Raymond, however, proved immune, and spent the day in the smoking-room.

Mr. Raymond did most of the talking, Charles merely putting in a question now and then to draw him out. Love casts a glamour over all the world pertaining to the beloved, and even if Madeline's father had not been an entertaining talker Charles would have listened to him with respect.

After the gale, they passed through mists, when the fog-horn sent its shuddering note through the ship. Then came clear weather again when a freighter, or a liner, or an occasional four-masted sailing ship broke the line of the horizon. Once a school of porpoises swooped upon them from the North, playing at hide and seek in the ship's white wake.

The smoking-room began to fill up again with little groups airing conversations. One was between a man with an unredeemed Cockney accent bragging about the States—how much better things were done there than in England. The *Saturday Evening Post* was the greatest magazine—the *Ladies' Home Journal* was the only real woman's paper—he and his wife took them regularly in Cincinnati—America was twice as free as England.

"Where do you come from?" he asked of the man beside him.

"Canada," said the other shortly.

"What makes you stay up there? We're more alive and prosperous in the States."

"Yes, but I don't have to shed my British citizenship, and become a renegade."

The newly-made American flushed.

"I'm better off now than ever I was in England."

To which the Canadian growled,

"You look the kind of man who would sell his country for a dollar."

"Hold on, there," interrupted a third, "this is an American ship."

"Good ship too, sir,—no offence intended to you."

He rose and left, the others following shortly after.

The Americans on board, Charles noticed, talked less of London than they did of Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

"We are children of Europe," explained Mr. Raymond, "not of Great Britain alone. America was planted and replanted by the Dutch, the German, the French, the Slav, and the Israelite just as much as by the Irish, the Scotch and the English. We may be said to speak the language of Shakspere, but even Shakspere is claimed now by the Germans.

As he looked down at the emigrants on the lower deck aft, Charles saw that there seemed to be more foreigners than British: dark-haired women suckling babes at the open breast, Scandinavian men dancing with each other to the wheeze of a concertina, refugees from overcrowded Russia huddled in a corner as if not yet daring to breathe the air of freedom. From these the British seemed to hold aloof—not that they were any better, though they seemed better clothed and less unwashed.

Two days passed before he saw Madeline again.

"I suppose you think me a coward," she said, as he tucked her into her wraps, "and I suppose I am. Mother asked me to stay down and keep her company, and honestly I was glad of the excuse."

"Only three days more to New York," said Charles, "and the Captain prophesies fine weather. Sports are announced for this afternoon, concert for to-morrow evening and a masquerade dance for the last night of all. I told the purser you could sing."

"And I'll tell him you can dance," she replied merrily. "We must practise again to-night. What will you learn next—Boston Glide or the One Step or the Maxixe?"

"What shall we have to dance at Mrs. Schomberg's ball?"

"That won't be a real dance. It'll be a crush where people go to see and to be seen. But we'll have lots of dancing elsewhere—that's if you come to Chicago. They dance there all day long—you have it to every meal and between and after meals."

"Don't make the prospect too horrible," said Charles. "Otherwise I may never go at all."

"Not even if I ask you?" she said, catching his right hand with her left.

Charles felt himself suddenly trembling from head to foot with excitement.

With an effort he pulled himself together.

"Do you really want me to come?" he said, sinking into the chair beside her.

"Ask me at the masquerade," she said provokingly. "It will depend on how you dance."

The next three days for Charles were days of feverish anticipation. He was eager to see the New World, of which New York was the gateway. He was eager to know the new world to which Madeline was beckoning him, a world of love and kisses. He knew that the invitation was signed and sealed in her heart, though not delivered. He felt her trembling now sometimes as he held her close to him in the dance, and return the pressure of his hand. At the concert she sang only love-songs, and though she did not look at him once while she sang, he knew they were meant for him.

At the masquerade Madeline appeared as an Alsatian, a broad black silk bow on her head, in bodice of embroidered silk with puffed white sleeves, an apron over her short blue skirt and buckled shoes on her blue-stockinged feet, a charming figure and therefore much in demand. But for Charles, who came late in plumage of white cap and apron borrowed from the *chef*, she had considerately reserved his share.

"We shall have to sit out some of these," she said, "otherwise we shall be too conspicuous."

"So much the better," he said daringly. "Let's find the darkest corner."

He knew that the moment was approaching, and the thought made him dance as if in a dream. By this time he had fallen under the spell of ragtime, and the delight of syncopated rhythm and of stepping and gliding to the

strains with one who moved in such harmony was so exquisite that the orchestra always seemed to end too soon. Dances that she had meant to sit out found them swinging to the music, until late in the evening she came to him all flustered with the message.

"Mother wants me to stop. What shall I do?"

"Come with me to the boat-deck," he answered quickly. "You promised to let me know to-night."

They slipped out through the crowd of lookers-on, and were up the steps before Mrs. Raymond had noticed their absence. Charles could have gone blindfolded to the corner he had chosen—not a soul could see them there.

She was panting with excitement as they reached the spot, but Charles was now deliberate and cool. He had waited long enough, and he meant to have it out with her.

There were two chairs, but neither of them tried to sit.

"Now," he said, putting his hands on her shoulders and looking straight into those deep pools, her eyes. "Tell me, do you want me to come?"

"Yes," she said huskily. "I do."

"Is that all?" he asked, drawing her closer to him, and slipping his arms round so that she could not escape. "After all this waiting, don't I deserve something more?"

He was taller, so she had to lift her face to him.

"What is it that you want?" she whispered.

"Just a little one," he said, kissing her gently.

Her face turned pale, and he thought for a moment she was going to faint. Then she lifted her hands, and flung her arms round his neck.

"Charles," she said, giving him a long warm kiss. "You dear, dear boy!"

CHAPTER XXII

WHEN Charles awoke next morning, the ship was at anchor. A glance through the port-hole showed a curtain of blue haze, and his watch suggested that it was the twilight before the dawn.

"We must be at the harbour bar," he thought, and so it proved when he went on deck. Lights were twinkling from a low shore, and beside the ship, not more than tv hundred yards away, was a dark grey mass which, as the light crept in, shaped itself into the outline of a destroyer. Beyond that was a yacht, pearly white, and beyond that again the wooded slope of a steep bank.

The stillness of the ship evidently awakened others, for Charles was joined by a score or so of the four hundred who on the fairer days had crowded the decks.

"Going to be a sizzling day," said one.

He was right, for when the steamer began to move again the air grew warmer and more humid, until by the time they passed the Statue of Liberty Charles decided to slip into flannels.

When he appeared again on deck, Madeline and Mrs. Raymond were there dressed for the city.

"Oh, you wise man!" cried Mrs. Raymond, who already looked a trifle wilted. "We are in for a regular New York heat wave. If I lose my temper, blame the climate."

"What do you think of our sky-scrapers now?" asked Mr. Raymond, turning round from the deck-rail in front of them. "Don t they pile up fine?"

"They certainly look less deadly than I expected," said Charles, impressed in spite of himself by the tall silhouettes grouped round and culminating in the Woolworth. "They suggest a race of giants in business."

"Said very nicely for an Englishman," commented Madeline with a smile. "We feel quite perked up."

"Talking of giants," remarked Mr. Raymond, "look at these German liners at Hoboken. That must be the *Kronprincessin Cäcilie*. I wish we could have seen the *Vaterland*. Gehosophat! one certainly must hand it to these Deutschers."

The other passengers evidently shared his feelings, for there was a general stampede to the port deck.

Then they came abreast of the American Line quay, and as the tugs punched and pulled the ship into her berth, hundreds of small American flags were produced and waved to the crowd of waiting friends on the wharf.

Then "Hello Bill," "Hello Mary," "Had a good trip?" "How's Mother?" and a thousand such greetings passed between ship and shore till the gangway was connected and the passengers who had been pent up for a week poured out. Charles, who yielded place politely to a party of school-teachers, got separated from the Raymonds and, as the trunks for the F's arrived before the R's, took the opportunity of getting his cleared through the customs.

Then after sending a wire to Kelly announcing his arrival he went in search of Madeline, whom he found in tears beside her saratogas, watching the pitiless onslaught of the inspectors on her Paris trophies.

"Talk of hooligans and apaches!" she sobbed. "This is the most outrageous, the most barbarous country in the world. Just look at these brutes. They handle lace as if it were tarpaulin. Can't you do something?"

The general atmosphere of fury among the lady passengers proved that Madeline was not the only victim. But she was evidently in no mood to argue. So sauntering up to the most aggressive customs man, a ruffianly edition of the Kelly he had known at Oxford, Charles took a chance shot.

"Have a heart, officer," he said, offering a cigar. "This lady is also Irish."

"Sure, and isn't that the noble race?" was the grinning

reply. "Patrick O'Doherty, come here and mark these trunks. They're passed."

Her wrath turned suddenly to merriment, Madeline could hardly thank her rescuer for laughing.

"You certainly are a wonder," she said as she folded and put back the salvage. "Who taught you the secret?"

"It was just a lucky guess. Where is your mother?"

"Trying to make good with father somewhere. She needed him to pay the duty on her hats, and it certainly was some duty. There they are. She looks as if she had won out."

Mr. Raymond seemed depressed, but cheered up when he found that Madeline had no similar demands to follow.

"Thank Mr. Fitzmorris for that," she said, and with the tale restored his humour as they drove to the hotel.

There were two hours to put in before luncheon, but it was nearly all that time before the insinuating barber into whose chair the unsuspecting Charles had sunk released his impoverished but exhilarated victim. Then just as he rejoined the Raymonds, Kelly's answer was handed to him:

"Crazy to see you old son of a gun gee but Im glad where can I meet you newport boston or new york wire quick to eleven forest avenue evanston why not come straight to a real city the latch string is out for you fitz old man if any one else wants you say nothing doing mike."

"Where is Evanston?" asked Charles of Mr. Raymond, showing him Kelly's telegram. "Is this a suburb of Chicago?"

"Most people think so," replied Mr. Raymond, "except the dyed-in-the-wool Evanstonian to whom Chicago is the suburb of Evanston. Our own home is in the same street, so that if you accept your friend's invitation we shall still be neighbours. And I don't see why we should not travel together. We shouldn't like to lose Mr. Fitzmorris on the road, should we, Madeline?"

"Evanston," replied that elusive damsel, "is Chicago's

highbrow quarter. It takes its tone from the Northwestern University, and is as literary, artistic and musical as you can expect to find outside Paris. The Kellys must have taken a house there since we left for Europe—they used to live in Lincoln Park."

"Say, mother," continued Mr. Raymond, turning to his wife, "how long will it take you to get ready for Lake Geneva? Suppose Mr. Fitzmorris spends a few days with his friends, after Newport, and then comes along with us?"

"That would just suit fine," replied Mrs. Raymond, wirelessing with her eyes to Madeline, whose smile was sufficient answer. "I can do the house over by Friday, and we can leave Saturday. Most people will be on vacation, so we won't be interrupted with calls. We should like to offer you a room," she explained hospitably to Charles, "but you can understand that after being away three years we are hardly ready to look after guests. But in our summer cottage at Lake Geneva it will be different, and you will indeed be welcome."

"You are too good to me," said Charles, diffidently seizing this opportunity of being with Madeline, "but I fear this is imposing too much——"

"That's settled," said Mr. Raymond decisively. "We'll all leave Newport together. I guess we had better go by Boston. It is closer to Newport than New York, and just thirty hours run from Chicago."

So oppressive was the heat that they decided to leave for Boston that same evening. Charles had received his formal invitations for the dinner and ball at Newport from Mrs. Van Tromp and Mrs. Schomberg, and though there was no special train, there was a letter from an unknown Mrs. Dubois, offering him hospitality for the night of the ball, saying she had his costume and asking him to name the train by which he should arrive so that she could send her car to fetch him.

"Here, too, we shall be neighbours," said Madeline. "The

Dubois live next door to the Schuylers with whom we ourselves are staying."

After lunch, Madeline and Mr. Raymond were eager to show Charles Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Raymond hugging her room on the plea of headache. He would have been content if Mr. Raymond had also remained behind, but preferred two Raymonds to no Raymond at all. Madeline, knowing that soon she would have to make the great confession, could not be too affectionate towards her father, with the result that he was in excellent humour.

Although the social columns said that New York was "empty," there was an endless, slow procession of vehicles on this delectable thoroughfare, so much so that they chose to leave the car they had hired and walk. Charles was fascinated even more by the people on the pavement than by those in vehicles.

"Every man," he said, "looks as if he had stepped out of an office, and every girl as if she were going to a tango tea."

The shops, he thought had more variety than those in Regent Street or Bond Street, and had more Oriental wares to offer. Kelly's remark that Chicago was four thousand miles nearer Japan than London recalled itself, and Charles began to realize that the idea of an Oriental Ball was not so very eccentric.

Most attractive was a corner house where flowers were sold, every window dressed with window boxes, one mass of leaves and blossom. Then again there was the surprise of finding an immense store which did not even display its name.

Just as they got back to the hotel the long-due storm burst down upon New York. A hurricane of wind and rain swept the streets clear of human beings, tore down signs, broke windows, uprooted trees, while the lightning played with tropical magnificence and peal followed peal with deafening rapidity.

Yet in fifteen minutes all was over, and a cool sweet breeze lightened the air. Mrs. Raymond's headache evap-

orated, and they dined, a much relieved and congenial party.

Charles's first impression of the American sleeping car was hardly flattering. He shied at the lack of privacy, for though Mrs. Raymond and Madeline had secured for themselves a compartment, the agile old lady in the berth above him showed more ankle in her climbing up and coming down than seemed appropriate. However, he was able to sleep, though the nearness of the girl he loved filled his mind with tempestuous thoughts for a full hour before oblivion came.

At the hotel in Boston, even more palatial and be-marbled than their quarters in New York, the morning papers told of Austria's threatening demands on Servia.

"What do you think of this European mix-up?" asked Mr. Raymond of Charles as they sat down to breakfast. "You are a newspaper man, and no doubt posted on the Balkans. Did you read that note from Vienna? Isn't it the limit?"

Charles had been thoroughly disturbed by the news.

"The worst feature of the note is," he said, "that it was not written in Vienna. It has all the earmarks of Berlin, and came from the same source as the 'Mailed Fist' and the telegram to Kruger. This is not Austria's summons to Servia. It is Prussia's challenge to Russia, and if Russia means business we are on the eve of the greatest war since Napoleon."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond, echoed by the murmurs of the two ladies. "I'm glad we got back when we did. Let's hope it's not so bad as that. Anyways, we're here now. We could," he continued, changing the venue, "have gone direct to Newport from New York, but I did not wish to lose this chance of dropping in on Boston. This is the home of printing in America, and I have many friends to call on. Madeline and Mother can take you to the State House and to Boston Common and to the Public Library—you'll find in Trinity Church a window by your William Morris——"

"Thanks," said Charles. "I'm more interested in the Boston Tea Party."

"That will take you to the old South Church, enough for one morning. We'll meet again at lunch, then catch the train for Newport."

With the aid of a motor-car, it was surprising how much ground they covered in the few hours at their disposal, though the narrow streets of the business quarter made progress slow and sometimes perilous. Charles fell in love with the Public Library.

"It's worth crossing the Atlantic to see this," he said. "When I think of our musty mausoleums and see this marble palace, I wonder how we can look you in the face. If this is the fruit of your democracy, call me a Republican."

There was a different air from New York. The dresses were not so chic, the faces of the girls less pretty, the faces of the men less hard, more women who looked like spinsters, more men who looked like students, the air of a city which has dusty or muddy streets and puckers its face against mist or wind and sits over the fire of an evening with a book.

So said Charles, but Mr. Raymond said:

"You have seen only a corner. It takes a week to motor through the suburbs and the outskirts. There you see the wide and tidy streets, the fresh green lawns, the fresh young faces, and, beyond, God's own country."

Something was evidently on Mr. Raymond's mind, for he merely toyed with his lunch.

"Say, girls," he said at last, "I'm going to break your hearts, or leave you behind at Newport. There's something in the wind that doesn't sound healthy. Had a wire from Chicago to say the banks are tightening up. To-morrow sees me on the road for home. No Bailey's Beach for mine."

The faces of the women fell.

Madeline was the first to recover.

"Never mind, Father," she said, patting his hand, "we'll

go with you. We've had two years in Europe, so what's a week-end here? So long as you don't cut out the Ball, what's the odds?"

"That's the girl," said Mr. Raymond, cheerful again, and helping himself to a plateful of neglected mayonnaise.

They saw a little of the country on the road to Newport, though Charles was too intent listening to Madeline to look much out of the window. She was talking of her friend Mrs. Schuyler, a schoolfellow married to a wealthy stock-broker, now in the inner Newport circle, and sponsor for her own invitation to to-night's affair.

As they drew nearer their destination, the woody country opened out with Narragansett Bay hinting at the ocean. Everything seemed on a bigger scale than England, low though the landscape was, and homely.

CHAPTER XXIII

MRS. SCHUYLER herself was at the station to meet the Raymonds and kissed Madeline with frank affection.

"So glad you've come," she said. "I tried to work the oracle for your father and mother, but the bars were up before I got your wireless. However, they can have a quiet rubber at home with the old people. You'll stay over the week-end, won't you?"

"Father says he must be in Chicago Monday, and Mother thinks he can't be trusted alone, so that means we leave to-morrow."

"Isn't that too bad." Then in an audible whisper, "Who's your friend?"

"Pardon me—Mr. Fitzmorris—Mrs. Schuyler—an English editor who was our shipmate on the *St. Louis*. He goes to the dinner and ball to-night—the Dubois are putting him up."

"There is their car," said Mrs. Schuyler, pointing to a limousine and beckoning to the chauffeur.

"Au revoir," said everybody.

Newport, from the little Charles saw of it on the way to the Dubois, began by being an old-fashioned seaport town, full of sailors and sea-captains; the houses mostly of wood with occasional mansart roofs, narrow crowded streets with diminutive fruit, fish, baker and nicknack shops. Climbing up a hilly thoroughfare the car passed more pretentious shops and then spun along a broad avenue flanked by residences reminding him of Bournemouth. Many a hedge was of English privet, backed by chestnut, copper beech and rhododendron.

The car slowed down and passed through a gate into a garden radiant with hollyhocks, larkspur, cactus dahlias,

snap-dragon, campanulas, sweet-william and roses framing a lawn as smooth and trim as a billiard-table. The house itself was of the type he knew as Queen Anne, red bricks with homely white-silled windows, round which a tea rose climbed in coppery clusters.

The door was opened by a maid who told the chauffeur to carry Charles's things to his room, then led him through a cool Adams drawing-room dainty with tapering Hepplewhite furniture and lighted on the farther side by tall French windows which opened on to a larger lawn at the back of the house. Here in a rustic summerhouse linked with the veranda by a pergola of Dorothy Perkins sat a group of ladies, one of whom rose to greet him with welcoming hand.

"I did not hear the motor," she apologized, "or I would have come to the door. How charming of you to accept an invitation from a stranger. Come and have a cup of tea. You see we are adopting your English customs, Mr. Fitzmorris. These are some of my friends—Mrs. Hunt—Mrs. Fullerton—Mrs. Rice—Mrs. Foster—all going to the ball to-night—Miss Marsh whom you will take into dinner at Rockwood."

The grace with which she made the introductions set Charles at once at ease. He was so appreciative of her flowers that she flushed with pleasure.

"Let me show you some of my roses," she said, rising and putting a bud in his buttonhole. "You must have noticed my William Allen Richardson upon the wall—I brought it over myself from a Devonshire garden. Here is a bed of La France with a pillar of Aimé Vibert—don't you love these dense white clusters?—and that is Charles Lefebre with Félicité Perpètue—and between them what I call my strawberries and cream bed, Antoine Rivoire with its pillar of Hiawatha. I hate the formal garden—don't you think it so much jollier to have the flowers grow up in masses, accentuated here and there with tall spiked blossoms or with pillars? We come too late to Newport for the tulips and the Irises, but I do revel in my roses."

So carried away was she by her enthusiasm that by the time they returned to the summerhouse, many minutes had sped and her callers were on the point of leaving. Miss Marsh, a vivacious blonde, was the only one to remain, and proved to be herself a guest.

"By the way," said Mrs. Dubois after the last good-bye, "your costume is ready for you in your room. Perhaps you had better try it on. Miss Marsh and I also require some time to dress. These affairs mean more to a woman than to a man. You will excuse us, won't you?"

On a rush-bottomed chair beside an old-fashioned carved mahogany fourposter Charles found his costume, wide trousers and a loose tunic with wide sleeves covered by a coat of dark blue richly embroidered with gold. On the bedspread lay a wig with directions how to put the costume on, and as this was a simple process, he had leisure to think over the day and frame the questions he might put to the great ladies who had admitted him to their exclusive circle. If they were like Mrs. Dubois, it was not going to be such a dreadful ordeal.

Miss Marsh and their hostess were both ready when Charles descended, the former in a bright blue coat embroidered with red braid, the latter in a dark green silk with underskirt of flame-coloured satin.

"All ready for the Chop Suey?" cried Mrs. Dubois. "We're very punctual to-day—fifteen minutes still before the car comes round."

"Spend it telling me about Mrs. Van Tromp," said Charles. "I know something about Mrs. Schomberg, but the other lady is more or less a myth. Is she for woman's suffrage too?"

"Very lukewarm. She is more the old-fashioned type. Only the other day, when Mrs. Schomberg had her first suffrage meeting at Carrara Cottage, Mrs. V[illegible] said to me, 'A woman's first duty is to her home, and h[illegible]econd duty is to her home, and likewise the third and [illegible]ourt[illegible] duties, and several others.' She always talks like tha[illegible]ull of pep and ginger."

"Is she very rich?"

"Nothing to speak of. Don't believe half the newspapers say. She makes a cent go further than I can make a dollar. We Americans are so used to talking money that we can't imagine anything good unless it costs a million. Mrs. Van employs less capital than brains. I don't suppose her dinner to-night will amount to a thousand dollars, but if it doesn't get the front page in to-morrow's *New York Herald,* I'll eat my hat."

"Is that her ambition?"

"That and some more."

Just then the car honked, so with a few last looks at the mirror, and a scurry for a forgotten wrap, and an order to the maid about the lights, they were off.

"At the time your wireless came," said Mrs. Dubois as they turned into the Avenue, "Mrs. Van was glad to get any kind of a man. Anything lazier than the men we have round here has yet to be found on God's green earth. It was the bore of getting the costumes that frightened them. 'Don't be a crow' she said to my husband when he threatened to back out, and he would have been here only he had a sudden call this morning from Wall Street. Your wireless came like a gift from heaven. 'Here's a man, and what's more an Englishman and better still an editor. Don't let him escape' she said to her social secretary. 'Cable this minute.' I happened to be there, and promised to take care of you. That is your secret history."

Considering that its chatelaine was the acknowledged leader of the richest American society, Rockwood was singularly austere. A wooden house with simple pillared portico, set on a rocky corner between two roads, with a lawn, a shrubbery and a few trees, it might have been rented in England for £100 a year. Yet the very simplicity of the place appealed to Charles and the prejudice which had led him to expect money-bag architecture changed into desire to meet a woman supreme by force of character.

The interior was more startling. They entered a hall bizarre with Chinese banners, draped overhead to form

a decorative ceiling of black dragons on their yellow grounds. The walls were enriched with carvings and with hangings of blue and gold. Each guest was heralded by a tall standard bearer costumed in dark blue satin studded with bronze nails to a throne carved with dragons on which sat some one evidently meant for an Emperor of China, tawny in face with drooping moustache, robed in the same yellow as the ceiling, embroidered with the same black dragons, and wearing a yellow head-dress with peacock plumes. At his side, dressed in a richly figured coat of flowers and butterflies and golden dragons with head-dress of pearls and silver and flowers was his consort, impersonated, as Mrs. Dubois whispered, by Mrs. Van Tromp herself.

Each guest was supposed to come as an historic Chinese personage, and Charles, who had been told he was Prince Lung-King of the Ming Dynasty, had an almost irresistible tendency to announce himself as Pooh Bah, the Lord High Executioner. However he refrained, although as he made obeisance according to instructions, he was once more almost upset by the greeting "Pleased to meet you. See you later."

So far he had not seen any one resembling Madeline, but as he entered the dining-room with Miss Marsh on his arm, he felt a fan tap his shoulder and he turned to find her smiling in a coat of orange silk with a head-dress of butterflies and jade.

The dining-room was aglow with red lanterns of camphor-wood, set like sentinels beside each of a number of small tables. Wistaria drooped in purple blossoms from a bamboo latticed ceiling, and the latticed walls were hung with panels in Chinese characters. An embroidered tapestry covered a screen beside the carved door, while the fireplace was concealed with another embroidery of white and red. The scent of camphor-wood filled the room and as an orchestra commenced to play some weird, oriental music, a ripple of laughter and applause told the hostess that once more she had achieved a triumph.

Besides Miss Marsh there were six others at Charles's table, Mrs. Dubois and her partner, an attaché from the Russian Embassy, Mrs. Schuyler and a naval captain, and another lady who introduced herself as Mrs. Van Tromp's social secretary, paired with a cheerful individual who insisted on talking pidgin English. An insidious cocktail slipped the leash of every tongue, and Charles, whose repartee and fund of stories never seemed so ready, kept his table in such laughter that it drew the eyes of the whole room.

Served with his ice, Charles found a note from the social secretary which read:

"Mrs. Van Tromp will speak with you after dinner. I have all the photographs you are likely to want, and will send them to you in the morning."

As the ball at Carrara Cottage would not start till midnight, Mrs. Van Tromp had arranged to pass the time with dancers from New York, bringing the latest steps from Paris and a Chinese dance, which of course would be the rage. In an interval of these Charles was summoned by the hostess, a stately figure with clear-cut face, though the crow'sfeet round the pouched and drooping eyes showed the advance of age. She spoke decisively yet pleasantly with hardly noticeable accent.

"Come and sit beside me, Mr. Fitzmorris. So you are the English editor? I hear you are quite a wit. All the rest of us were envious of your table. What is your mission? Is it to publish a week's impressions and call them the United States? How nice to think that English writers are speeding up to the American pace."

Charles blushed.

"I know," he said, "it is absurd to rush through like this, but I am travelling with friends. I hope I shall have the good fortune to return here. I never have learned so much in so short a time, nor found such charming hospitality. In England, Newport is much maligned."

"We are moving with the times," she replied, "and allow other things to count than birth or money. I myself believe

that men of brains—thinkers, artists and that class—should be admitted to our best drawing-rooms."

"I'm glad you count editors in that class," said Charles blandly. "I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Mrs. Van Tromp looked at him sharply, but he did not move a muscle.

"Nothing," she continued, "would enliven our American Society so much as would the presence of brilliant men and women. Newport teems with silliness. Well, are you ready to hold up your hands in horror at another of our Four Hundred's freak entertainments?"

"You could not be more freakish than we were the other day at the Savoy Midnight Ball, when every one was either Cubist or Futurist or Better-Not-Do-It-Againist."

"I am glad to think that your rich are spending money. What would happen to the poor if it were fashionable for Society to economize?"

"I see you are not a Socialist."

"Why should I be? Socialism just makes the poor discontented and read Ibsen. It makes them dislike us instead of thinking us their friends. It makes them envy us, whereas we have trials just as hard to bear as they have. We have things of which they do not dream—impertinent chauffeurs, parvenus who are insanely stupid, and dudes who are so bored they can hardly speak."

"Tragedies indeed!" said Charles dryly. "But it is also annoying to a mother to see her baby die of hunger." Then seeing the lady stiffen, "Tell me," he continued hurriedly, "are such affairs as this intended to elevate or to amuse?"

"A little of both. This Oriental Fête is not a mere ostentatious whim. It originated in your English habit of afternoon tea which we Americans have adopted holus bolus. From drinking tea we took to building teahouses. Now my neighbour, Mrs. Schomberg, a delightful woman and a thorough artist, followed the idea to its finish and planned a typical Chinese Teahouse, instead of a Mission Bungalow or an Italian Villa. The Chinese Teahouse had to be inaugurated with a Chinese Fête, the guests to be appropriately

gowned. And so to-night we are wearing old brocades and faded silks, because we are logical Americans. Don't you think the costumes charming? They are such a relief from the modern ball-dresses. They do not suggest or reveal more than half the female figure."

"Then you have pronounced ideas on dress?"

"My social secretary will tell you that it was I who started the American movement in dress, to stop our women from flocking over in droves to Paris to buy everything they wear. I am proud to be an American. In culture we are behind, but in everything else we are ahead of Europe. The trouble is that in our culture we try to follow Europe instead of going ahead on natural lines. Because you English drawl, we think you are insipid, and so we affect insipidity ourselves. Americans should imitate not your accent and your mannerisms, but the breeding and the culture which make you so certain of yourselves. What we want is a good shaking up."

"Women," said Charles, "seem better able than men to shake society. No doubt you have heard about our militants."

"My friend Mrs. Schomberg does not let me forget them. But I can't follow her. I have come out flatfooted for the Home. I tell our girls to look on marriage as a means not to secure a settlement but to bring up a family. I know I can do more by influencing my husband and his friends than by personal intervention at the polls, and so can every woman. A conscientious mother has all her work cut out in doing her household duties and meeting the intellectual demands of her children without haranguing at street corners. What are women's rights? The best right of every woman is an affectionate husband, but she may lose that by exciting his ridicule. From the days of Adam men and women have filled different positions in life, discharging different duties. The twentieth century is too late to change our characters. But I am neglecting my duties as a hostess. We shall meet again no doubt at Mrs. Schomberg's"

"What do you think of her?" asked Miss Marsh when he returned.

"If I saw her in a play," was Charles's non-committal answer, "I would call her a caricature. She is more aristocratic than the aristocrats. But then I have been only one day in the United States, and have not yet had time. How goes the enemy?"

"We shall move on very shortly now."

Charles booked two dances, but kept a corner of his eye on Madeline. That damsel was evidently in good company, and a pang of jealousy shot through him as he realized that she could be content without him. At Mrs. Schomberg's Ball he meant to have his innings.

It was half a mile to Carrara Cottage, but the motor cars soon bridged the distance. The entrance was through tall iron gates past a lawn and pool which seemed too small in proportion to the Corinthian pillars of the portico. The Van Tromp party, although it must have numbered nearly a hundred, was evidently but one section, for the semicircular drive was already packed with cars discharging guests.

Here there was less attempt than at Rockwood to give an oriental atmosphere. The entrance hall was of yellow marble, frankly Louis XIV and of the purest style. On either side hung tapestries—one of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and one of the Death of Colligny. Louis XIV also was the period of the room in which Mrs. Schomberg received her guests. *Petite* and plump in figure, her hair of Titian red, with rather retroussé nose and dominant lower jaw, she was dressed as Charles had seen pictures of a Chinese Empress—most noticeable of all was the headdress of turquoise and pearls and diamonds, the brooches with pendant sapphires and the blaze of precious stones on neck and shoulders. A finely embroidered tunic of mauve with sheens of many other colours divided into panels covered a skirt of cloth of gold, and as she moved one could see that her shoes were glistening with pearls.

Beside her was a taller slender swanlike figure, unmis-

takably the Duchess, in cloth of gold embroidered with dragons and wearing a small head-dress of black velvet.

With such an army of guests to greet, Mrs. Schomberg was naturally *distraite,* so Charles after his formal introduction left the lady for a more convenient hour and passed on to the ballroom in search of Madeline. He had evidently come ahead, for she was nowhere visible, but the blaze of colour on the floor and the setting of the room salved his impatience. It was a chamber worthy of the Grand Monarque—dominated by two immense bronze torchbearers flanking each side of a richly figured and illuminated mantelpiece. The gilded bas-reliefs of gods and goddesses, the Tintoretto ceiling might have been made for Versailles. The floor was already thronged with figures conscious of their novel costume and interested more in studying each other than in dancing. There were brocaded velvets, silks of orange and green and poppy-red, satins of blue and rose and flame, cloth of gold and braid of silver, head-dresses and necklaces and ropes of precious jewels. Through it all ran the current of excitement—the Duchess, the lovely American Duchess, was there, and also an English Duke—This was the reddest of all red-letter nights in Newport.

At last Madeline came in, and Charles secured her programme.

"How many may I have?" he pleaded.

"Don't put the same initials more than twice," she answered graciously.

To his delight she had kept it almost free—just a single dance here and there for her dinner companions.

"Don't think me greedy," he said, after filling up the blanks. "We can sit out just as many as you please or else explore. This place has possibilities."

She laughed her acquiescence and chatted gaily with him till a partner claimed him. Charles was himself booked for Miss Marsh, who shook her fan reprovingly.

"I saw you," she exclaimed, "but I won't tell. Is she as nice as she looks?"

"Nicer, if that were possible," he answered blushing.

"Tell me,"—this in her ear as they began to dance—"you know this house—where can one find the quietest corner?"

"It's a shame to give away the secret," she replied, "you dance too well to be let off."

"Oh, I shan't loaf," he said. "You bet that I'll be busy."

"Try the Gothic room upstairs," she said. "Nothing there later than Columbus. Just the romantic place for you and her. The crowd will ricochet between the supper tables and the Teahouse."

After he had danced with Madeline twice and once with Miss Marsh, Charles remembered he had to interview his hostess. That lady was obviously glad to escape for a moment the ebb and flow of guests.

"Walk over to the Teahouse," she commanded in harsh but compelling voice. "I can show you best in that way what I aimed at. If I had been a man and had to choose a profession, I would have been an architect—it is so practical a form of art and I love doing things. How do you like this house?"

"So far as I have seen it, it is admirable—so scholarly. It might have been designed by Mansart."

Her face coloured with pleasure.

"What a relief," she said, "to meet an educated man. I made no mistake when I sent you that invitation, though honestly I sent it chiefly because I admired your nerve in facing me after the fun you poked at me in London. Still I bear no grudge for that. I wish the architect were alive to hear you. The average American just thinks of this as a marble caprice, a million dollar cottage, whereas it really is, as you suggest, a scholar's dream. So too with my Chinese Teahouse—so far from being an extravagance, it is a perfect thought perfectly expressed. Of course this ball is mere advertisement—that is part of the game. I speak to you frankly—you are in the game yourself. But if I could show you the drawings, the plans, the detail, the research which have gone into this pavilion, you would understand that it is more than a mere freak."

They stepped on to a marble terrace massed in flowers

overlooking a long green sward towards the sea. The trees were starred with myriad lanterns, and a bright lane of lamps led to the Teahouse. This was itself outlined with coloured lights, and beacons at the head of their tall standards challenged the sea and sky.

Over the lawn the guests who did not for the moment dance strolled carrying staffs with lighted lanterns. Charles and his hostess paused for a while to admire the fairy scene, then followed the lane of lights and crossed a stream by a high Chinese bridge connecting the gardens with the rock on which was perched the Teahouse. On nearer view, the vivid colour became more evident—the red lacquer pillars and the green tiled roof behind and above the hanging lanterns of the massive Torii or gateway, the blue tiles of the balustrade, the great blue jars at the head of the stone steps—these, with the carved friezes and the dragons, the overhanging eaves and the great sweep of outcurving roof, gave an exotic charm to this Atlantic promontory. From the balcony they saw a surf beating on dark mysterious rocks, and a long winding cliff.

Inside the door, the lacquered pilasters painted with Chinese characters, the teakwood decorated panels, the rich rugs and lovely vases, the fragrance of strange woods, the latticed light of figured lanterns, the perfect finish of fine craftsmanship—all showed an artistry which made the more garish decoration of the Rockwood dinner somewhat tawdry by comparison.

"We opened this three weeks ago to advertise the Suffrage movement," she explained. "Newport, you know, is thought by most Americans to give the cachet to anything on trial, and though some neighbours say I have taken up this movement to advertise myself they are glad enough to get my invitations."

"Your women in America," said Charles, "seem just as aggressive and as capable as men."

"Our men are fools not to realize what we can do. Our President thinks less of a hundred thousand mothers than he does of one walking delegate. But the world to-day

needs all the human energy and brains it can employ. Debar us from political power and you have lost just half the force that God has given as a means for further progress and advancement. I wish we had a war where in the absence of the men we women could show what we could do. We could farm the land, we could run the business, we could drive the streetcars, operate the railroads and fill a million jobs in factories that men do now because their Unions and their Brotherhoods say their members alone can fill them. If you had a war on your hands in England, you would not waste your time in torturing women of intellect such as Lady Constance Lytton, or Mrs. Pankhurst, or Dr. Louie Garrett Anderson. You would be glad to have them organize your woman's labour, and help to run your hospitals; you would put them on to food supply, not forcible feeding."

She spoke with astonishing energy. Was this the decadent Society that he had read about? If only the men were like the women, it was surely otherwise. Abnormal it might be, and crude, just as the wealth it represented was beyond due limits. But this was still the first, or at most the second generation of supremacy, and the vigour which had brought the leaders to the top was vigour still.

They traced their steps back to the house, but before leaving him Mrs. Schomberg led him to the curving staircase with its balustrade of bronze, to the landing.

"There," she said, pointing to a bas-relief, "is the Mansart whom you spoke about, and there is a marble bust of Louis XIV. The lantern hanging from the ceiling is a replica of one at Versailles, and the whole edifice, except the Gothic room, owes its inspiration to that most splendid epoch. Remember it is the epoch of Madame de Maintenon, who just as much as Louis XIV himself held sway over Europe."

Returning to the ballroom, Charles found Madeline waiting impatiently.

"Don't think me a wallflower," she snapped.

For answer Charles slipped his arm around her waist and

swung out to the dance. Under the spell of rhythm and music, her irritation vanished and the close clasp thrilled her again with irresistible emotion.

"Why can't this last for ever?" she said as the music ceased. "We seem to have been born to dance together."

Just then the lights went out, leaving the room in sudden darkness. Whether she was frightened or merely an opportunist, she clung to him.

"It's only a joke," said some one, and broke the spell. "Let's dance outside on the terrace."

The orchestra was summoned from the staircase to the white piazza, and under the stars the ball went on, gayer than ever.

Across a supper table under an awning lit up by Chinese lanterns Charles placated Madeline with the reason for his absence, and then persuaded her to come and see the Tea-house.

"This is the first chance we have ever been able to walk arm in arm," he whispered, "and to be for any time alone. When are you going to let me speak to your father? It is maddening to see you with other people and to talk formal conversation when I want to put my arms round you and kiss you and make you feel that we are meant for ourselves alone."

"Let me go easy," she answered. "Father will be all right if I get him in a good mood. He has taken a fancy to you, but we must break him in gently. Of course if it comes to a scrap, he'll have to knuckle under. But he's a dear old boy, and I'd like to have him with us."

"And your mother?"

"She cuts no ice in this. She knows I shall marry whom I choose. I've told her so before when she wanted me to fall for an Italian flapdoodle. Charles, dear, leave it to me. Wait till we get to Chicago."

They were under the trees now.

"Let's look behind this shrubbery," he said. "We may find a seat there and have a quiet talk."

There was no seat, and except by standing close against a bush they could be noticed from the path.

"Quick!" he said. "There's no one visible—let me have just one."

She offered him her hand.

"No, on the cheek."

"That sounds like 'Hands Up.'"

"Better than 'Thumbs Down.'"

"Wait till we get to Chicago."

"Now or never."

"I wish," she said, "I had a complexion like your English girls. It takes me all my time to raise a blush."

"Let me help you," he said, bending his face to hers. And she did not resist.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE train for Boston left no time for Bailey's Beach, but Madeline had not brought her Merry Widow hat to Newport for nothing, and as she swept into the Casino on the arm of Mrs. Schuyler an inquisitive ripple stirred the equanimity of that *blasé* assemblage. Charles's eyes were glued to his divinity, so much so that Miss Marsh discovered herself in monologue.

"This must be your first affair," she murmured in his ear. "I never saw any one so badly hit. Do present me. I want to find out what an American girl should be or do to catch an Englishman."

Charles blushed.

"Thanks for the warning," he said. "I must be more guarded."

"No, don't," she urged. "It's so rare to find something genuine in our artificial world. Lo and behold! In amongst our diamonds and dollars has strayed a human heart."

Charles turned to his companion with new interest. She was good-looking and well-dressed, but this suggested something more.

Madeline also noticed the lady's attractions and Charles's [illegible]. She therefore lost no further time in memorizing [illegible]. An introduction quickly followed, and Miss Marsh was skilfully but firmly steered away from the man whom Madeline had chosen.

"Who is this Miss Marsh?" she asked, surely somewhat [illegible].

"Fellow guest," he answered, "at Mrs. Dubois'."

"Too gushing for me," was her disturbing comment. Then.

"She's jealous!" was the thought that flashed upon him. Henceforth he was in high good humour.

"She's jealous!" he kept chuckling to himself. "That means, she really cares for me."

On the train to Boston, it was almost impossible to get a word in with Madeline, as Mrs. Raymond was a perfect machine-gun of questions on the subject of the dinner and ball, each demanding an answer, with the object of satiating her apparently unquenchable curiosity about these historic happenings. So, too, when they transferred to the Chicago train, so that if Charles expected another *tête-à-tête* this day with Madeline he was disappointed.

Next morning he completed his initiation into American long-distance travel—the democratic absence of privacy in the Pullman, and the entertaining "common room" of the observation car. While he was struggling there with the half-ton or so of paper known as a Sunday Edition, he was rejoined by Mr. Raymond, looking graver than ever.

"Seen the news from Europe?" asked the latter. "Looks as if Serbia had called the bluff. What do you think now?"

"To tell the truth," answered Charles, "I haven't succeeded in disentangling the news yet from this debauch of colour and advertisements. Ah, here it is! Give me ten minutes."

The cables were truly sensational. Serbia's reply was declared by Austria to be "unsatisfactory." Diplomatic negotiations were broken off. Both armies were mobilizing. King Peter and his court had evacuated Belgrade.

"Berlin is at the back of it all," commented Charles, pointing to a cable from that city. "This is not Austrian diplomacy. These cables show that Berlin takes more interest in the matter than Vienna. Look how the Germans are being worked up in organized crowds and parades, insulting the Russian and French embassies. Read between the lines of this message—'The enthusiasm could scarcely be greater if it were Germany's own war which was about to begin.' I only hope to God that England is ready."

"How England? What has England to do with this?"

"What had England to do at first with Napoleon, or with Louis XIV? Yet it was Wellington who in the end de-

stroyed the power of Bonaparte and Marlborough who smashed the Bourbons. She is the bulwark against the continental tyrant, and if the Kaiser means to be another Charlemagne he must fight England first."

"But surely England can't get into the scrap without a reason?"

"Don't worry about the reason," said Charles. "Leave that to the Foreign Office."

"Thank heaven this is America!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond. "It beats me how you cold-blooded Europeans can talk of war. I was only a boy in our own North and South, but the little I saw then was enough. Never again!"

The appearance of Madeline put an end to such discussion, and Charles spent the rest of the journey in a subdued ferment of love-sickness. Mr. Raymond immersed himself in reports and letters which had met him at Buffalo, while Mrs. Raymond snoozed peacefully over the *Literary Digest*, so that the two young folk could exchange confidences without interruption except for meals.

It was an opportunity such as had seldom occurred before, and as Charles talked he began to realize how little he knew of the girl with whom he had fallen in love. She, it is true, knew a good deal about him, for Mrs. Raymond with those leading questions in which so many elderly American women are expert had discovered what his father was, how old his mother was, how many sisters he had, how many aunts, uncles, cousins and second cousins, what Church he belonged to, whether he believed in palmistry and table rapping, what he took for headaches, how many illnesses he had nearly died of when a child—she was a perfect encyclopædia on illnesses and described with embarrassing detail the symptoms she had herself experienced—all in the hearing of Madeline who was, however, less communicative on such domestic intimacies.

It was from Mrs. Raymond that Charles also learned most of what he did know about the Raymond family. Mr. Raymond apparently had "got in bad" with his own people for marrying a Protestant—he being of French-Canadian

forbears and naturally brought up in the Catholic Church—but he had long ago given up going to mass or confession, and had frankly no interest in religion. The priests had tried to get him to send Madeline to complete her education at least in a convent, and it was really half to escape their importunities that mother and daughter had gone to and stayed so long in Europe. Madeline like herself belonged to the Protestant Episcopalian Church, and Episcopalian she would remain. There was only one congregation that really counted in Chicago, and that was St. James's, and the Bishop was a lovely man. He preached such dandy sermons, telling them how religion had got into a rut and how he thought they came to Church to get away from hell, not because they wanted to go to heaven, wasn't it cute?

As he sat watching Madeline, Charles realized that here in her own country she harmonized, whereas in Europe she had suggested the bizarre. It was characteristic of her race to be aggressive, but her accent was less strident than that of her neighbours on the car. In a country where costume seemed so much to the women, she was by no means overdressed; was domesticated too—was knitting all the time.

"No more hotels and boarding houses for mine," she startled him by saying. "Three years of foreign food is enough. When we get to Lake Geneva, and you taste the bread I bake, and the pies, you'll know what it is to have me for a friend."

At Toledo Mr. Raymond brought them the *Chicago Sunday Herald*.

"Same old Chicago!" he remarked. "Thirty-two divorce cases—anti-vice campaign—bathers in Lake drowned by undertow—city imperilled by strike—suffrage leaders fighting for the limelight——"

"What are they doing now?" asked Madeline.

"Helping the Cause by throwing their superfluous wedding presents into the melting pot."

After which he beat a politic retreat.

As dusk grew on and the gleam of Lake Michigan re-

minded them that Chicago was at hand, they arranged to lunch together at least once before the end of the week.

"Make it at the Tip Top Inn," she said, "in the red room to the right. The Dickens pictures will remind us both of England, and yet it is true American. We can do a matinée as well. You may write to me if you like, but not more than one letter a day. I want you to spend your time in seeing Chicago. What you have to say can keep till we meet again."

And so at last the journey had ended.

"Well, isn't this a sight for sore eyes!" said Kelly, clapping Charles on the shoulder as he stepped off the Pullman. "So you have come all the way to little old Chicago. My, how glad the folks are! Mother has been as busy as a hen with one chicken getting ready for you. Why, Henry!"—this to Mr. Raymond—"how do you do? What's the best word? Have you met Fitz? You travelled on the same boat? What do you know about that! Mrs. Raymond, pleased to meet you—and Miss Raymond—all on the same boat? Fitz, old man, you always fell on your feet. Tell me, Miss Raymond, is Fitz still shy with the girls?"

So laughing and chaffing, Kelly welcomed his friend, and Charles already felt at home.

With an *au revoir* to the Raymonds, they passed out of the station.

"Holy Mackerel!" said Kelly as he steered his car through streets noisy with the rattle and slang of the streets. "Isn't that girl a peach! Where did you pick her up? Henry Raymond says she cost him a mint of money, but if she is as good a singer as she is a looker she'll pay dividends."

"So you know Mr. Raymond?"

"You bet I do. He's a lovely gentleman. We both belong to the Chicago Athletic. He told me he was going to Europe to collect his family, and by jinks he did it just in time! Some of those here with families on the other side are getting jumpy—this news don't look too good, and traveller's cheques won't buy peanuts if there's a European war."

They were in Michigan Avenue now, one of a swift procession of motor cars which sped up or down that resplendent highway. A cool breeze from the Lake swept away the headache which had accumulated in the long journey.

"By Jove," said Charles, "there's a bigness and openness about this place that you don't feel in New York. There you are stifled by the sky-scrapers. Here you still have room to breathe, and these tall buildings lift you up."

"You've hit it," said Kelly. "This is America. New York is just New York."

The succession of parks and garden cities which the night was not yet too dark to conceal came as a further revelation.

"How different to what I expected," said Charles. "It's true that I saw those drawings of Jules Guerin at Burlington House but I never realized they had anything to do with the real Chicago. I somehow thought of this place more as the city of 'The Jungle,' slaughter-houses and foreign quarters and factories."

"We both slaughter and manufacture everything except First Families," replied Kelly. "Now you are in Evanston —this street with the double row of elms is Forest Avenue, and there at the gate is Viola."

Under the clustered lights, she looked more than ever charming—dressed in white, without a hat, holding out both hands to welcome him.

"Yes, you may kiss him," said Mike cheerily. "Fitz is perfectly safe. He has tied up with another girl."

"We never kissed!" Charles and Viola both exclaimed in the same breath, and then, with old-fashioned superstition linked their little fingers and wished a wish.

Charles wished that he might always have such a welcome wherever he went, and Viola wished that she might always be as happy as she was then.

Mrs. Kelly stood watching them from the open door.

"Don't forget the old lady," she called, and brought her gentle welcome down the steps.

"I never knew before I was so popular," said Charles

laughingly, as he sunk into a chair on the wide veranda. "It's going to be hard to get away from here."

"Going away!" exclaimed Viola. "Don't let's even say the word. Tell me all about London, and all about Bedford Park—all at once—now everybody be quiet and listen."

Charles's conscience smote him that he had seen so little of the elder Mainwarings, but he was able to tell her about Frank's success and of his meeting with her parents at Madeline's concert.

"We saw the account of that in the *News,*" said Mrs. Kelly. "Is that the Madeline Raymond whose father lives down the road?"

"Yes," said Mike, "she came back to-day—by the same steamer as Fitz, and by the same train as Fitz—she's the one and only girl, now isn't she, Fitz?"

If beetroots have pride, any beetroot would have been proud to be as red as Charles grew then at Mike's happy shot.

"May we congratulate?" asked Viola.

"Not yet," admitted Charles, laughing in spite of himself. "Her parents haven't been told."

"That is not always necessary," remarked Mike.

"Often quite unnecessary," added Mrs. Kelly significantly, as if her opinion was that parents saw more of the game than any one imagined.

After that they sat up till midnight, talking over old times, with Viola rushing off at intervals to see her baby, till at last Kelly said:

"Time to hit the hay."

"Not till he has seen my darling," said Viola, and tiptoed him into the holy of holies where lay the new little Mike.

Next morning Charles was wakened by the sunlight, and looked out of his window into a garden ablaze with red and yellow blossoms.

"Viola's hand is in this," he thought.

"Some garden too," said Kelly, giving her due credit, "there is no other like it that we know of in Chicago. Most of the States in the Union have each a flower as emblem, and

Viola has planted a State Flower Garden where each should have a place, to show she means to be a good American."

"All our blue flowers are over now," she explained. "I wish you could have been here in May to see our violets and columbine and lupins and pasque flowers. Now we are in the month of scarlet and gold—look at Ohio's carnations, and New York's roses and the wild rose of Iowa, and that blaze of Indian Paintbrush for Wyoming, and that splash of red clover and then those flaming golden poppies for California. What a palette to paint with!"

"The first summer after we were married we spent in travel," said her husband. "We got the actual soil from many of the States, as well as the plants."

"It is the cactuses that give the most trouble," said Viola, "but with the help of our greenhouse in winter we can do wonders. I have grown so fond of this garden that I hate to leave it, however hot the summer."

When Charles told them he would have to leave them at the end of the week, there was an outcry, but, on the further confession that he was going to be near Madeline Raymond, they relented.

"So long as you can give me three days to show you that Chicago is half civilized, I will let you off," said Kelly. "Then when you come back from Lake Geneva, give us what Miss Raymond leaves of you. This is as good as a trip to England for Viola. She just loves to hear you talk."

"Indeed she does," said Mrs. Kelly. "So, Mike, honey, run down to the office, and leave Charles to her till lunch time, when you can have him again till supper."

"That's so," said Mike. Then, "Fitz, old man, do you still play golf?"

"Haven't played a round since I went down from Oxford. Are you still keen?"

"Crazy as a bed-bug. Tell you what—we'll have a game this afternoon. Never mind if you haven't brought your sticks. I'll give you a set of misfit clubs so that I can beat you good and win some money off you. Mother, dear, send Charles down to Rector's in a taxi about noon. I'll

drive him out in my own car after lunch to Flossmoor and show him an honest-to-goodness course. The weather's just right and we must give him a good time while the going's good. Don't hold supper for us. We'll have a bite at the University Club and join you before bedtime."

After the baby had submitted to its morning worship and set out with its coloured Mammy for an airing, Charles was once more put through his paces.

"I'm perfectly happy," said Viola, anticipating his question, "but I do so love to hear about dear old London. I never knew before how fond I was of the place—yet I do like Chicago, don't I, Mother?" she added, turning to Mrs. Kelly.

"You certainly do," said the old lady, "and Chicago likes you. Charles," she said, "you should see how homey Viola is now. She goes fanning about the house in her check-apron, and all the afternoon she has comers and goers. And now that little Mike is here, I think she has taken root."

"Check-apron? What sort of a garment is that? It doesn't sound like Viola's style."

Both ladies laughed immoderately.

"A little old-fashioned," admitted Viola, "but old-fashioned things are what I like now."

"But what is it like?" persisted Charles. "Let me see you in it so that I can tell the news in Gath."

"Get Mike to take you to *Daddy Long Legs*," said Mrs. Kelly. "It is playing just now at Powers Theatre. Ruth Chatterton wears a check-apron in the first act, and if you don't love her in that just as much as in the fine dresses she wears later I shall be surprised."

"And what about Art?" continued Charles.

"Mike is so good to me," said Viola, "and has built me a lovely studio. Just now I am designing a nursery for little Mike to grow up in—fairy tales for the walls, and every piece of furniture a toy. Just let me show you some of the designs. They aren't all worked out yet—baby has been here only a little while."

It was a light and airy room, in which surely any child

would grow up healthy. A pine tree threw its cool shade upon them as they stepped out on to the balcony overlooking the garden.

"I asked Mike," she said, "to come out here because Evanston reminds me of Bedford Park—of course it is on a bigger scale—there are twenty-five miles of garden city like this along the North Shore—but the trees and the gardens to each house remind me of home, and at first when one comes out here that means so much. If only there weren't so many motorcars!—they keep one awake at nights."

Then a sound of wheels on the gravel, and "There's Baby!"—and she was running downstairs to kiss and fondle her darling.

It was not till well on towards noon and he was waiting for the taxi that Charles took up the newspaper. A reference to a slump on the London Stock Exchange made him turn to the financial columns, where he read there had been the worst fall in prices in a generation, as a result of the Austro-German crisis. The face of his father rose before his eyes, and a flood of sympathy welled up in his heart.

"Poor old Dad!" he said to himself. "More trouble!"

The cables to bankers in New York were more optimistic —one saying "General war improbable—distinctly an Austro-Servian fight." The source of the cable, however, was Frankfort, and Charles knew enough by this time about financial news to be suspicious. Yet he was relieved to see that as much prominence was given to the Irish riots where the Scottish Borderers had fired into a Dublin street mob as to the Servian affair.

As he drove down Forest Avenue towards the city, he looked up at the windows of the Raymonds' house but there was no sign of Madeline.

Mike Kelly was waiting for him at the entrance to the restaurant and hugged his arm affectionately as they stepped downstairs.

"Well, what do you think of Viola, old man. Isn't she a wonder? Only two years over here, but able to stand

up to any old-timer. I don't usually throw bouquets, but you certainly are some matchmaker. I tell you, I thought at first I was taking a long chance in bringing her over here, but she has made good. Mother used to be the main squeeze in the Kelly outfit, but she's got to hand it over to Viola. Let's sit over in the corner. There's a whole raft of things I want to talk about. How's the appetite? We're liable to get some real food here. Hullo, Harry—" this to the restaurant manager—"Meet my friend Charles Fitzmorris of Christ Church, Oxford—first visit to Chicago—a good scout and in a pretty damned hurry. Thought I'd like to show him a regular joint."

From the greetings and handwavings, Charles could see that Kelly had a host of friends among the men who thronged the place—business men from the looks of them, with an air of self-confidence and push which no weather could slacken. It was eighty degrees in the shade outside, and none too cool here below.

Kelly fired a broadside of questions about Madeline Raymond which left no escape. Before they had ended their race through lunch he had the whole story.

"There's only one finish," he said as he lit his cigar. "If you mean to hold the girl, you got to stay here. Old man Raymond clears thirty thousand per ann, and that's the kind of home she's used to. It's up to you to do the same. You can't earn that in England in a hundred years, but in Chicago a fellow with your brains can soon get a move on. Your father is right. England is played out."

"The Englishman is not," snapped Charles.

"There's the spirit!" replied Kelly heartily. "Shake hands on that."

Their route to Flossmoor took them through drab areas of factories and streets which made the later open country all the more agreeable. As they drove, Charles realized how powerful was the car. Twenty miles rose to thirty with hardly perceptible impulse, and in the stretches beyond the outskirts they purred along at forty-five. It was all

typical of the American himself, whose quiet determined face was the incarnation of energy and power.

Flossmoor welcomed them to a beautiful rolling landscape of fields and trees. The club-house had recently been burned down, but an old farm-house had quickly been adapted to the easy comfort which its members evidently looked for. The greens were in perfect order.

"Reminds me of Tyre and Sidon!" said Charles when he was offered a "soft drink" at a hut about half-way round. "By the eighteenth hole I shall be a confirmed sybarite."

Two other men had been drawn by Kelly into a fourball foursome, and Charles became acquainted with the great game of Josh to which the American subordinates golf proper—a perpetual flow of insidious *badinage* aimed to upset an opponent's nerve. Charles played an erratic game, but Kelly was by this time scratch, and between them they won the last hole.

Charles, they said, was down a dollar.

"Hand it over, Fitz," said Kelly. "I'm willing to give you bed and board, put you up at the club, stand your drinks, pay your car-fare, and lend you a million dollars, but I draw the line at clearing your gambling debts. Hand it over."

On their way back to town, Kelly slowed down at a large open square and turned off to the left into a group of grey Gothic buildings.

"This is Chicago University," he said. "We'll see if we can't find something to remind us of the old days at Oxford. Can you notice anything familiar in that tower?"

"Magdalen, by all that's holy!"

The atmosphere and trees and landscape which made the real Magdalen so exquisite were lacking, but a new sympathy with this western city entered Charles as he recognized the lines of the building itself. The spirit which could pay such homage to an older University surely deserved acknowledgment, and as they came to a halt in front of the tower unconsciously he raised his hat.

The Hall to which Kelly now conducted him was a still greater surprise.

"Christ Church!" he exclaimed as he stepped inside, "but——" and then a smile lit up his face as he saw the difference. The wainscoting was studded with coat-hangers, the stately atmosphere of Wolsey's banqueting chamber was cheapened to a cafetaria.

The card of prices on each table was truly democratic. The napkins were paper and probably used occasionally as missiles evidently, for a conspicuous warning read: "More than two Napkins Per Person will be Charged For."

Tomato Soup...........5c
Lamb Stew 7c
Hash 7c
Corn 5c

and so on.

And then waitresses, instead of sleek fat scouts.

"Wish we could have lived as cheap at Oxford," said Charles. "And whose is that portrait in the place where above the high-table we used to see old Henry the Eighth?"

"That guy lounging in the chair with the sick stomach effect? That's John D. Rockefeller—our patron saint. This is the University of Standard Oil—the other out at Evanston is the University of Wheat. Oxford was built out of the confiscation of the monasteries. Our Universities were endowed by robbing the people. Times have changed, but human nature remains the same."

"What do they teach here?" asked Charles.

"Everything except the Oxford drawl," replied Kelly, "and that no doubt will come when it is found to pay. We have set out to beat Columbia—our rival in New York—and we'll do it, even if we have to have a Chair of Acting for the Movies."

If Charles had reason to express astonishment at what he saw in Chicago University, how much more cause to open his eyes at the splendour of the University Club. As they entered the building, he was delighted to find in the

hall a set of William Nicholson's prints of Oxford, dear to his heart—the most perfect things of their kind. Then up a swift elevator to a dining-room resembling the interior of a Cathedral with its tall Gothic stained glass windows.

"My dear Mike," he said, "this deserves a place in our school geographies. Niagara is nothing to the intellectual stream that must pour through Chicago to justify such a temple. Tell me, are all these other fellows at these other tables real graduates?"

"Sure thing. We have two hundred thousand of the breed in the United States and Chicago has its fair share. The University you saw an hour ago has seven thousand students registered this year, and in addition we have the Northwestern and the University of Illinois. I tell you, this is some State."

"Kelly, old man," said Charles, "let me get my breath. Consider me converted, and teach me to discard blind tradition, hidebound prejudice, hereditary sloth, insularity, back-numberism and effete old-worldliness."

"O shucks!" said Kelly. "What will you have to eat?"

Then at the house after supper two eager hours of talk.

"My dearest Madeline," Charles wrote that night tearing up a dozen sheets, for this his first love-letter. "If I tried to put down on paper all the thoughts, impressions, emotions of to-day, I could write on till sunrise—so different is everything from what I had dreamed. Life here seems to be lived at such high speed with such concentrated impulse, that when at last I came into this quiet room it was as if I had stepped out of a whirlwind. Kelly whom I used to take only half seriously now looms up a human dynamo; Viola, the rather casual woman of artistic temperament, is keyed out of all recognition. Life swirls at such high pressure that although I have been all day little else than a bystander, my brain is fagged and my nerves on edge.

"I have to make a confession. Kelly knows all about our little affair. We were intimate at Oxford, and he soon had it out of me. He says I must go into business here—that I should have a chance even though I am an English-

man. If I only had half his energy and optimism, I should have more faith in what he says. The greatest difficulty is to find an opening. This world is so different from England—your newspapers are written in a different language, your mentality is poles apart from ours. But Kelly simply can't see obstacles—he has our future fixed.

"All day long, in spite of this surfeit of wonderful impressions, your face had been before me. I kept on thinking 'Madeline belongs to this world, was brought up in this rich, impetuous life. How can I ever bridge the difference between England and Chicago, so that our two lives can harmonize. Madeline in Europe was always an American. Can I in Chicago be anything else but an Oxford man?'

"Every time I saw an 'electric' driven by a lady, I hoped against hope it was you,—but no such luck. I suppose you were at home unpacking, ringing up old friends, gathering up the lost threads of the last three years.

"On Wednesday we are to meet again—just a day and a half from now. At this pace I shall be an old man, but you, dear heart, will always be young.

"I'll send this to you to-morrow morning by the maid. These kisses on this page are surely warm enough to last till then. And through the window I am blowing others, on the chance that one at least may find your lips.

"Ewig dein

"Charles."

CHAPTER XXV

THE telephone rang as they sat down to breakfast next morning. It was a welcome call from Mr. Raymond asking Charles and Mike to lunch with him at the Yacht Club.

"If it's a day like yesterday, we're in luck," said Mike to Charles. "Yacht Club's the cool spot in Chicago."

Viola claimed Charles for the morning on the ground that he had been stolen from her the afternoon before, and a pleasant chatty morning it began to be. When Viola was occupied with the claims of little Mike, Mrs. Kelly took up the running. She had more or less retired from active work in the firm, she said, feeling that now she was a grandmother she had earned the leisure desired for writing and political propaganda.

Just about eleven o'clock, the telephone rang again. This time it was from Mike himself, now at his office.

"Hello, Fitz! I've ordered a taxi for you right away! Call for me here, and we'll go on to the Board of Trade. There's something doing to-day, I tell you—beats anything ever since Joe Leiter's deal, time of the Spanish-American war. They say Austria has declared war, and wheat has shot up ten cents. All kinds of rumours from Wall Street. Berlin is unloading stocks to beat the band. Tell you more when I see you. Don't be long."

Berlin unloading? Once again, Charles was carried in thought across the sea, and saw himself in his father's study at Richmond, talking things over before the final decision to cross the Atlantic. He could hear the voice still, "I'd have a chance then to know why Berlin has been unloading so heavily."

Almost before he had time to explain, the taxi was at the door. Bidding a hasty good-bye, he jumped in and had

passed the Raymonds' house before even he remembered to look out of the window. All the way down town, his brain swirled with questions—had he been right to leave England? did his father expect this trouble and wish to get him out of the way? would all Europe be involved?—what would England do?

Kelly was all excitement.

"Just your luck!" he said. "The wheat pit is staged for you. I happened to pass La Salle Street and it's some sight, I tell you. Ever hear of Joe Leiter's deal? Armour had to dynamite the ice in the Straits of Mackinac to get the wheat through before he could break the price." Then, as the rush of traffic slowed them down, "Guess we'd better walk. It's only a few blocks now to the Board of Trade."

For some distance from the gloomy and top-heavy palace in which wheat was king, the street was thronged with curious crowds, while at the entrance itself a dense mass of onlookers stood lined up watching messengers and clerks and traders pouring in and out. Many of those who made their exit wiped the perspiration from their brows, as if the heat, whether physical or mental, was oppressive. Even in the street one could hear the roar inside.

"We'll have to go in by the back," said Mike. "Follow me and watch your watch."

Gradually they edged their way round and into the rear of the building, where, fortunately, Mike met a friendly broker who gave them the floor and a card to the gallery.

"The bulls are trying for dollar wheat," said the broker. "Margins raised to twenty per cent—nothing less. Trading should reach a hundred million bushels. Bill Jones cleared twenty-five thousand dollars in five minutes."

The Exchange itself was a large dingy hall in which the Stars and Stripes, draped upon a wall, gave the chief note of colour. The hubbub of the traders, and the telegraphic drumfire killed all conversation, and through the turmoil of the floor they had almost to fight their way to the visitors' staircase.

"What do you think of this?" shouted Mike to Charles.

"Reminds me of Oxford football and the Freshers' Squash," was the reply.

At last they were up, and peering over the heads of earlier spectators at the tumult beneath.

From this point, it suggested a cauldron or live volcano crater, in which the molten surface boiled up there and there over unseen fires. Most tempestuous of all was round the wheat-pit, a seething mass of faces and shirt-sleeves, and hands which threatened and gesticulated and signalled across the floor through the murky air. The official reporter had a hard time keeping track of such breakneck transactions. A steady roar, sometimes sufficiently subdued to let them hear the rattle of the telegraphs, suddenly would swell into heavy vocal artillery, faint echo of the still greater clash in Europe.

"If this results from rumours of war," said Charles, "what will happen when the real thing comes?"

"Hell!" said a man, turning round at the remark. "This is the real thing. They've got the dope. It's war now, sure thing. Formal declaration made by Vienna. The shorts are being hit good and hard."

A sudden howl from the pit drowned anything more he might have said. By some mysterious means of communication the new disturbing rumour reached the gallery.

"British battleship squadron ordered to mobilize," was passed from lip to lip.

The heat became so stifling that Mike and Charles were glad to escape into the street.

"Holy Moses!" said Mike, mopping his face. "This is real history, not the kind you read in books. Fitz old man, aren't you glad you came? I guess the lights will burn here all night long."

"I wonder," answered Charles, "what is happening on 'Change in London. You know my Governor is a broker—up to the neck in it too. I think I'll send a cable. He has had tough luck lately, and I want to know that he's all right."

"Good idea," agreed Mike. "He may send a useful tip. We'll do it right now."

They made their way to a cable office where Charles composed his message.

"How will this do?" he said to Mike.

"War reported here Trust you are all right Shall I come home?

"Charles."

"Shall you come home?" said Mike, his face clouding. "What do you mean? You have just arrived. What has War to do with you? This is between Austria and Servia. Even if England is dragged in, you are well out of it."

"That's not the point," said Charles. "If the Governor's firm goes broke, he'll have to economize. This trip costs money."

"Cut out that line of talk. You are my guest. This trip from now on need not cost you one red cent except for the candies you buy for your best girl. You don't throw money away upon a return passage if I can help it. You stay right here and go into business where the money is. Cut out that last sentence and save a dollar."

Charles reflected. After all the question was premature. In a few days things might be more developed.

He therefore followed Mike's advice.

A clock struck one and reminded them of Mr. Raymond. They were still both flushed when they reached the Yacht Club, so that the wind which fanned their cheeks on the veranda facing the lake came with refreshing coolness. There over the usual cocktail they watched the fleet of pleasure-craft swaying in a harbour which on that somewhat breezy day, showed evidence of seas outside.

"Are you much of a yachtsman?" asked Charles of his host.

"Mike and I," replied Mr. Raymond, "belong to the rocking-chair fleet. All that I can qualify on is a dinky little motor-boat on Lake Geneva and the cheers I gave at

Henley Regatta. Well, what do you think of Chicago? Just come from the wheat-pit, have you? Some pit to-day. I guess you weren't far off, Mr. Fitzmorris, when you figured that this was Germany's affair."

During luncheon Mr. Raymond proposed his plans. Charles and such of the Kellys as wished to come were invited to hear *Carmen* on Friday night at Ravinia Park. On Saturday, the Raymonds would move on to the Moraine, and on Sunday afternoon would motor from there to Lake Geneva.

Charles was invited to join them on Saturday at the Moraine. There would be a dance that evening.

"Couldn't be better," said Mike. "If Viola weren't tied to the house just now, we should have fixed just some such programme ourselves."

When two Chicago men get together, it is difficult for them not to revert to business, and as Charles was content to listen Mike and Mr. Raymond revelled in dollars and cents. The latter was much concerned at the outlook for paper. Most of his time since his return had been spent on this problem.

"Just closed up my new contracts," he said, "so that I'm safe now for five years, and mighty glad to get them out of my system. Mike, old man, it's a great game, this working for a living."

After the *demitasse* Mr. Raymond turned to Charles.

"Now I want to introduce you to my old friend Tom Mosher. I wish we had had time to run over from Boston and visit with him in Portland, but since we couldn't, we'll get acquainted with him at Marshall Field's—been to Field's yet?"

On Charles's negative, Mr. Raymond commenced the lyrical rapture to which Chicago folk are subject when describing their many-storied heaven in State Street. Tom Mosher, it appeared in the course of their walk to the heaven in question, was a printer of fine books, and at Field's there was a book department with a Mosher counter. Here Charles came under the spell of this tribute of a New World

publisher to Old World literature, books printed and spaced in type and on paper that rejoice the heart of the scholar—fit robes for the immortals. To pick one up was to sigh—how difficult it was to choose—why not buy them all?

"We'll come back here again," said Mike, "some day when we've a month to spare. In the meanwhile take this from me."

"This" was Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis and The Scholar Gypsy.*

Charles opened it and read the familiar lines.

"And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book
  Come let me read the oft-read tale again,
The story of that Oxford scholar poor
  Of pregnant parts and quite inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at Preferment's door
  One summer morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the Gypsy-lore,
  And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
  But came to Oxford and his friends no more."

As he read, he seemed to see again the grey quadrangle of Tom Quad, nine o'clock on a midsummer eve, and he was counting as in the old days the hundred and one deep notes of the curfew—he was standing on the turf not far from Mercury, most famous fountain. Along the terrace past the Deanery towards Peckwater, a figure in master's gown was hurrying—in his ear the voice of Hargrove, quiet, English and cultured, talked of Oxford and her mediæval beauty—Oxford—Oxford—Oxford——

"All aboard!" like the clang of an American locomotive came the voice of Kelly, startling him out of his brown study. "Henry Raymond has a date at three o'clock and has just ten minutes to make it."

"All right, old man, I'm ready," Charles answered with a laugh,

"to learn the Gypsy-lore
"And roam the world with that wild brotherhood."

The rest of the afternoon was spent in snapping up the evening papers which poured in breathless succession upon the streets.

Then before going home to dinner, a Turkish bath and a plunge at the Chicago Athletic.

The answering cable came late that evening.

"Situation has not put me off my game.—Father."

"That's good enough for us," said Kelly, laughing. "We'll have a game ourselves to-morrow."

Next day, however, was the day on which Charles had fixed to meet Madeline at lunch, and it required some little diplomacy to throw Kelly off the scent. Diplomacy indeed proved vain, and Charles in the end had to declare frankly the reason why he could not meet his host at midday.

"Why didn't you say so before, you son of a gun," said Kelly.

They arranged to leave the house together, as if for a day at golf, and Charles spent the morning in the Art Institute, sizing up the quality of Chicago's taste in pictures until the longed-for hour approached. He had written to her again, a letter full of anticipation of the joy of meeting her again. Foolishly he had not asked her to write to him, so that he had no absolute certainty she would be there. Surely she would not fail him. The place of meeting was her own choice.

Before entering the Art Institute, he had inspected the restaurant and arranged with a sympathetic gentleman of colour to reserve a table in the corner near the window, leaving the selection of the menu to the said gentleman's discretion. It was certainly an attractive place, with half-timbered effect of dark-stained oak and plaster, green-stained rafters, and prints from Dickens framed in red lacquer.

Also he had secured tickets for *Daddy Long Legs* so that they could see the check apron that Viola now affected.

As the hour drew nigh, his heart beat faster, and he wandered up and down Michigan Avenue, looking into the shop-windows but seeing nothing of their enchantment, unless it were the reflection he looked for to see if his tie were on straight. At last the hour struck, and with a final glance up and down the street to see if she were coming he made for the elevator.

Two minutes after, Madeline herself appeared, in foamy white, all the whiter for her coal-black hair, with a round sailor hat, and lace *ruche* round her neck *à la* Sarah Bernhardt. She gave his fingers an answering pressure as they shook hands, and smiled into his eyes as she unbuttoned her gloves at him across the table.

"Did you get my letters?" he asked.

"You bet I did. I am frightfully excited. I could have kissed your friend Mike Kelly when I read how he told you to get into business here. I suppose you have been too busy seeing Chicago to look around yet for a job. Father said you were going yesterday to see the fun at the Board of Trade. You do have all the luck! There was I, tied to the house with mother, spring-cleaning in August, not even able to go out and bathe—have you been down to any of the beaches yet? Well, I guess not, the lake has been pretty rough."

"Spring-cleaning doesn't seem to have hurt you," said Charles. "You are just the loveliest, daintiest creature in the world——"

"That'll keep till we get to Lake Geneva. Aren't you glad you're coming. You and I are going to have the time of our lives. Once you get there, you'll never want to quit."

"It must be lovely," said Charles, "but what about the work that Kelly recommended?"

"We'll see what father says," she answered, more seriously now. "Do you know, I am strong for his opinion. I

know he thinks you a likely young fellow, and he's such a good mixer himself he knows everything worth while, so he can surely get you a toe-hold. Charles, do stay here. I'm fed up with Europe, and Chicago's home to me."

"Curiously enough," admitted Charles, "my father told me to stay over here if I saw a good opening. Poor old Dad, he's a good sport. Here's a cable I got from him last night."

"He certainly is," she said, smiling as she read the message. "I wish father took things as coolly. He dropped quite a bit on Steel this last month, but was wise enough to get out on Monday before yesterday's slump. Would you believe it—three and a half points down in a day, and Reading dropped six and three-quarters!"

It surprised Charles to hear her talk about the market. How different from his own sisters, who took no interest in their father's business except as a sourse of income.

"Let's talk of something more cheerful," he remarked. "Yourself, for instance."

"Me—what is there to tell? Except this—do you know that concert in London has just panned out beautifully. I've got the hallmark all right, and I'm booked to sing here at the Thomas Concerts this winter. Oh, it has been the dream of my life to get an engagement like that. As father prophesied, all my friends in Chicago will sit up and take notice."

From what he gathered, a Chicago girl would just as soon sing in a Thomas Concert as in the Heavenly Choir. This, she maintained, was the most musical city in America. It had so many Germans—half a million of them—and so many Slavs—most of whom were born musical—that the audiences were good. They loved music and did not go to concerts because they were fashionable. New York might be more of an actor's city, but Chicago was first in music, and first of all in Chicago were the Thomas Concerts.

"And what if the Germans and the Slavs go to war?" asked Charles. "There won't be so much harmony."

"Over here, they are all Americans," she answered. "They left their taxes and their property behind in Europe, but they brought their music with them. Music may be more developed in certain races, but it has no nationality. Let Europe fight its own battles. But don't let us quarrel over politics."

"Right you are. Let's go to the theatre—it's just about time."

Sentimental plays had always a fatal effect upon Charles and, with his emotions all wrought up by the delight of being with Madeline, he found himself more than once that afternoon in the theatre unable to keep the tears from rolling down his cheeks. Madeline bore him company, and as she had forgotten her own handkerchief their sympathies were mingled on the same square piece of dampening linen.

"We are a pair of kids," she declared as they composed themselves after the play over a cup of tea. "I blame it on Ruth Chatterton. The book itself just made me laugh."

"I wonder!" said Charles, and told her of his experience with his father at *The Blue Bird*. "Don't you think there is something elemental in most of us which no veneer of civilization or artificial living can ever deaden? A great actor can take us out of our shells, and bring us back to our primitive natures. I believe after all it's a good thing to know you have a heart, that you are a man, not merely a tailor's dummy."

"Don't you worry about that," she answered. "You are quite human enough for me."

She had promised to be home for supper, and Kelly was to pick up Charles at the Chicago Athletic, so their rendezvous had to end, but not till they had come to feel nearer in spirit to each other than ever before.

Kelly breezed in upon him just a few minutes after he had arrived at the Club.

"Got an idea," he exclaimed. "You'll need some training for that dance at the Moraine, and we got to post you on Chicago styles. I'm going to take you to the College

Inn to-night to dinner—it's a regular sharpshooter's joint. I'll phone to mother to join us. Viola of course can't leave the house."

"Is 'sharpshooter's joint' a sort of Mothers' Meeting?" asked Charles.

"Not exactly," said Kelly laughing. "What I mean is that it is a place for swell dancers. What mother will appreciate is the skating—they have a rink there as well as a dance floor—it's the livest spot in town."

So to the College Inn they went.

"A liberal education," murmured Charles, as he saw the diners, slender and stout, middle-aged and youthful, rise from perfectly good food to glide and sway around to syncopated music in each other's arms.

The somewhat sombre background in this underworld of dark oak and square pillars accentuated the joyousness of dress and curve of figure. Charles had by this time learned enough about the twostep and other such modern dances to realize that Mike was right in claiming these as experts.

"Is this," he asked, with a shade of malice, "a post-graduate or merely a University Extension class in Cabaretics? Are these included in your seven thousand registered students?"

"Sir Christopher Hatton," replied Kelly, "is said to have been made Lord Chancellor of England by Queen Elizabeth because of his skill in dancing, and in the same way Charles Fitzmorris may find preferment with Good Queen Madeline."

Charles's retort was interrupted by the appearance of two gaily dressed skaters on the rink of artificial ice which had been the happy thought of the *restaurateur*. Here in sweltering midsummer Chicago could get the suggestion of cool winter, and over *crème de menthe frappée* watch this most exhilarating of outdoor sports. Under a striped awning, a bright succession of Scandinavians waltzed and twirled and pirouetted and cut miraculous figures till the eyes were

dazed with the intricacy of their movements and the glare of ice and the kaleidoscope of colour.

Then the dancing on the floor recommenced, and Charles's brain was busy once again studying the niceties of style which he saw gave grace and distinction to steps otherwise banal.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEXT morning's papers were heavy with import. Russia had called a huge army to the colours and suspended diplomatic intercourse with Austro-Hungary. Mr. Asquith had emphasized in the House of Commons the gravity of the situation.

The echoes of the European conflict grew louder in Chicago. Wheat rose to a dollar and Austrian subjects received their call to the colours. Austrians and Serbs employed in the steel mills at Joliet were clashing in street fights with stone throwing and revolver shots.

There were 50,000 Slavs in Chicago, according to the *Herald*, and 500,000 of German birth or extraction. Another paper said there were 125,000 Poles, and that over 1,000,000 spoke some other language than English. What would happen if Germany came into the war? At one hotel alone forty Austrian and German waiters were subject to military service in Europe. Were they not typical of the rest? Could they stay quiet when their homes across the seas were aflame? Surely the Americans were lulling themselves into a false security. The torch that was to blaze in Europe would also flare upon the streets and fields of Illinois.

In spite of Madeline's reassurance that the foreigners in Chicago would remain indifferent, Charles was not persuaded. There might be truth in Joseph Chamberlain's dictum that "the naturalized alien is the most ardent patriot," but the immigration into the United States had come so fast that how many had time to ask for naturalization papers?

At a mass meeting in Pilsen Hall, Bohemians had climbed to the rafters and torn down a shield emblazoned with the double eagle while three thousand men and women stood

on their seats and cheered. "To Hell with Austria" was the motto on their banners, and they had passed a resolution of sympathy with the Servian nation. Servians at St. Louis were reported to be drilling, and all over the country immense rallies were announced.

Mike was busy on an important case, but Charles said he would get all the entertainment he desired if they would let him wander alone through the streets of Chicago and improve his knowledge of the United States. It was not in the clubs, on the golf-courses, at the dainty restaurants, at the matinée, he said to himself, that one felt the pulse of the people. There must be an underworld of workers to account for this uppercrust of spenders—an underworld to whom the only common language was the dollar paid as wage.

In the Loop, business seemed brisk as ever, though the hurrying passers-by snatched up the war-sheets advertised in flaming contents-bills and by their raucous vendors. The only noticeable crowd was in South Clark Street opposite the Post Office.

"Steamship Office," answered a policeman to Charles's question. "Poor suckers of Serbians trying to get berths to Europe. Guess they'd be wise to stay where they are."

Charles crossed the street to see them closer—fine looking fellows, most of them with clothes such as would be worn only on Sundays by a well-paid English mechanic. Chicago had treated them well. Most of them spoke a fair American English. They were talking hard too, discussing the scareheads that thundered their startling messages across the front pages of the war editions.

"They'll never get there," cynically remarked a bystander who, like Charles, had pressed forward to look at them.

"Why not?" asked Charles.

"War will be over. Austria will have gobbled up Servia in three weeks. This is a game put up by those steamship pirates."

The news was certainly disturbing. Russia was told by Germany that she must explain her mobilization within

twenty-four hours. The reserve officers of the Guards Army Corps at Berlin were ordered to mobilize, and preparatory orders for the mobilization of the whole German army issued. Every military preparation short of mobilization had been taken by France. Great Britain too was moving. She had called up her special army reservists—electricians, military engineers and minelayers, and had sent out her Fleet to an unknown destination under sealed orders. Prices in Wall Street were somersaulting, and in Chicago itself wheat shot up to a dollar, though dealings were said to be small.

The six hours difference in time between London and Chicago seemed to make the news more red hot.

Yet apart from these foreign wage-earners called back to the ranks, Chicago appeared almost indifferent. Feeling hungry, Charles stepped into the Kaiserhof for luncheon, a restaurant evidently as German as its name to judge by the menu and the conversation of its guests. Yet it showed no more excitement than the Gambrinus he remembered off Piccadilly Circus. Every one was talking loudly, but the Germans always did talk loudly. The table at the left was arguing about the price of a consignment of manicure sets. The man on his right was complaining to a suspiciously fair lady about the effect of weather on his appetite. Behind him two impresarios were debating the virtue of a well-known operatic star. The Kaiser was evidently as far away as Potsdam was.

Reading an editorial in the *Herald,* Charles found the solution.

"The United States to-day is in a better position than any of the great powers of the world . . . It comes from a constant adherence to the spirit and the letter of the weighty counsel of George Washington that we should have no 'entangling alliances' . . . The outstanding fact of the American situation to-day is that we don't want war and there is no probability of our having it . . . How different it would be if we had an offensive and defensive alliance with England or any other great nation or group of nations!

What anxiety all over the country! . . . We realize that a great principle has been handed down to us that is worth millions in men, billions in money."

That accounted for their complacency. German might be their language, but the ghost of George Washington was their breastplate. What had a European war to do with them?

That afternoon he spent in making further acquaintance with the intricate complexity of Chicago departmental stores, walking back for exercise the whole of the way to Evanston.

How far off seemed the war as he watched the children playing in Lincoln Park, and how far off again as he saw the thousands and tens of thousands of bathers flooding the streets that led to the beaches of Lake Michigan with a tide of various stages of *dishabille!* The surf which had lashed the shore for the last three days had abated, and from every dwelling and apartment house in this suburban warren, old and young, dark and fair, streamed out in inexhaustible humanity towards the enticing waters.

Hardly had he entered the Kelly's house when the telephone rang. It was Madeline.

"Charles, dear, what is the matter with you? You passed our house without looking to see if I was at the window. I was, and I waved to you, but you took no notice."

"I'm so sorry—I must have been absent-minded——"

"Well, if that isn't the limit! I suppose you'll forget you are coming with us to Ravinia Park to-morrow."

"Forget? When I have been looking forward to it all the week?——"

"All right, old boy. I was only joking. But don't pass the house again without looking up. Write us a line to-night. Till to-morrow!"

Write her a line?

He wrote her thirty pages, the contents of which any reader of the gentler sex who has been loved to distraction for ever so short a time by an impressionable youth with a reasonable command of the English language can

imagine, and probably find the duplicate tied round with blue ribbon and hid away in the little case which passes for a jewel box.

"For Chicago and vicinity" read Mike from his newspaper as Charles entered the breakfast-room next morning, "Unsettled weather to-day and to-morrow, probably with showers; somewhat higher temperature to-day; moderately variable winds."

"And what's the news from Europe?"

Mike turned back from the weather report to the front page.

"All Europe is arming. Serbs and Austrians in Battle. War steps are taken by Britain—gee whilikins!—the naval boom across Portsmouth was put down at eleven o'clock last night—that looks like business—Dover harbour cleared of all shipping——"

His mouth tightened as he read down the column.

"Here you are, Fitz," he said handing over the paper. "You can probably size it up better than I can. It looks nasty to me."

A cable from the *Times* said briefly that naval and military measures of a precautionary defensive character were being carried out quietly and calmly throughout the British Empire! The actual steps taken it would be unpatriotic to mention—it would be highly improper to do otherwise than maintain a discreet silence about the disposition of ships, the activity in the dockyards, the movement of coastguards and soldiers, or the work of replenishing the stores of munitions of war.

Viola read over his shoulder.

"Does this mean war for England?" she said, half gasping as she sank back into a chair. "How monstrous! How can Parliament allow the country to be dragged in? A Liberal Government too—but Grey and Asquith were always Tories at heart! Oh, if only the women had the vote, there would never be any war!"

"Let's forget it till it happens," said Mike, determined to be cheerful. "If any news comes out, I'll telephone from

the office and keep you posted. In the meanwhile don't let the eggs go cold."

In spite of Kelly's forced gaiety, it was a relief to Charles when they rose from the table and dispersed. Mike left the paper behind, and eagerly did Charles read every word pertaining to the European situation. Then, to pass the time, he commenced a letter to his father, when shortly after ten o'clock the telephone rang.

"Hello—hello—that you, Charles? Mike speaking. New York Stock Exchange closed; London set the example this morning."

"What! The London Stock Exchange!"

"Yes, old man—A. P. message. If you want to cable your father, give it to me over the phone. I can send it quicker from here."

"Just this," said Charles thickly. *"Shall I come home?*, and sign it *Charles*, giving the address."

"All right, old man," came Kelly's voice sympathetically. "That'll go this time."

Charles turned to find Viola listening.

"Oh, you mustn't go—you mustn't!" she said, and burst into tears.

"Why not?" he said, taking her arm and leading her to the sofa. "Father may want me. I've no right to stay here if he does—this probably means ruin to him."

"What is ruin compared to life," she exclaimed. "War like this one means that every man must fight. Oh, can't you see—how fortunate you are to be on this side—why go back into the lion's den?"

"Rubbish!" he said reassuringly, but at the same time was startled by the thought. "England has her navy—it is France and Russia that will have to fight on land."

But "poor Frank," was all she would say, "poor Frank!"

Just then a faint cry came from the nursery, and Charles was unfeignedly relieved when Viola left the room.

"She has been high-strung ever since baby was born," explained Mrs. Kelly, "and imagines things. She will be all right after a little."

"I think I'll go downtown," said Charles. "I'm too impatient to wait for the news here. If the answer to the cable comes before I get back, phone it to Mike's office."

Secretly he had resolved to go to Cook's, whose office he had noticed, and book, or at least reserve his passage, in case of accidents. Before leaving he hesitated whether he should speak first to Madeline and warn her of his possible change in plans, then decided he had better not disturb her. He did not want another scene like that with Viola. As he drove in his taxi past the Raymonds' house, he did not forget this time to look up at the window, but she was not there, and somehow he was glad. She might have stopped him and then he might have had to tell.

Cook's office was thronged with an agitated crowd anxious to get in touch with or send money to relatives in Europe. The clerks were polite but unhappy, and Charles saw little chance of so much as catching the eye of one of them. Fortunately, as he stood disconsolate and somewhat apart, he attracted the attention of the manager who happened to return just then from a conference in another office.

Beckoning to Charles, he led him into his private room and offered him a chair and a cigar. There was a pleasant friendly look, not without humour, in the eyes of this rather baldheaded fellow with the dark moustache.

"You are evidently an Englishman like myself," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"You can book me a passage back home," answered Charles, "that is, subject to my getting a cable which I expect to-day or to-morrow."

"Glad to hear of anything that is not a cancellation," remarked the other with a smile. "Here is something just vacated on the *Victorian*—upper promenade deck—outside cabin—leaves Quebec on Tuesday."

"Oh, a Canadian boat," objected Charles—"Haven't you anything out of New York?"

"Why yes, but from Chicago it is just as quick to go by way of the St. Lawrence, and it's a shorter sea-voyage."

"I'd rather not," said Charles. "Candidly I never was

keen on Canadians—at least English Canadians. They always seem so self-assertive."

"Over here," replied the other, "you have to be self-assertive if you wish to get anywhere. However, there are lots of British ships leaving New York next week, or there is a French line boat next Wednesday—all the German lines went out of business this morning."

"The deuce they did! Then it means——"

"Yes, it means——"

They looked at each other with an understanding which needed no words.

Ultimately, they fixed on the *Celtic*, subject to confirmation next morning.

"I've done it now," said Charles to himself as he stepped out of the office. "What will Madeline say when she hears!"

"Keep cool," said Mike as Charles entered the office, his face still flushed. "The weather report was wrong. It's going to be one hell of a hot day—eighty in the shade already. New York is not so badly hit as at first supposed. Only one assignment due to stocks, the other three were cotton. Guess they did the right thing to prevent a panic."

When Charles told him what he had done, Mike framed his lips into a whistle.

"You certainly haven't lost time," he said. "Does Miss Raymond know?"

"Not yet."

"My dear Charles, do you know that it is only one's wife that one may treat as if she did not count. Miss Raymond is your fiancée. Joking apart, don't you think you should have consulted her?"

Charles realized his remissness, and looked as miserable as he felt.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Trust to luck," replied Kelly. "If the cable says you need not come, you can own up to it some time in the moonlight when she feels good. But girls are queer ducks,

and it doesn't do to take too much for granted. If I were you, I should find out just as soon as possible how she would take it if you did have to go."

All that day, Charles was too excited to go anywhere or do anything except buy each edition of each newspaper as it came on the street, poring over the war news and the articles dealing with the situation both in Europe and the United States.

"Come and see Charlie Chaplin at a movie," urged Mike, "and forget the war for an hour."

But Charles could not be persuaded. Every moment the thought reverberated as a roaring undercurrent through all other thoughts. "What will happen to Father?—what will happen to Father?"—and he had before him the picture of the study at Richmond as on the night when Charles had told his plans.

As soon as they returned home, Mrs. Kelly suggested to Charles that he should ring up Madeline Raymond.

"She has telephoned about this evening at least three times to-day. I'm sure it was really you she wished to speak to."

Charles lost no time in following her advice.

"Hello, Charles," came the answer. "Wherever have you been all day? I have had such a narrow escape and was dying to tell you all about it."

"Not hurt, I hope," he asked anxiously.

"No, no—not an accident. But say, it'll have to wait now till this evening. We've sent the maids on ahead to Lake Geneva, and I'm cooking the dinner just now—but this morning I nearly went off my head with excitement. I never should have taken such a step without telling you about it first, or Father, or somebody. It will be a lesson to me for the future. Good-bye."

What could have been the matter? Charles's curiosity was properly aroused and even to some extent obscured his anxiety about his father. Just then the door-bell rang, and a messenger delivered the cable.

Mike and his mother hovered round to hear the message.

"Stay where you are credit still good all well father"

"What a relief!" exclaimed Charles.

"That father of yours is a real fellow," said Mike, "and no fool either, if he got out in time."

A very much more cheerful Charles partook of supper that evening and stepped into the car in which Mike was to drive them to Ravinia Park. Madeline was ravishingly beautiful and in equally high spirits, but elected to sit beside the driver, so that he was still denied the story of the escape. They drove in a regular procession of cars through Winnetka and Glencoe, through an area of woods and ravines into a branch road which led into the Park. Charmingly laid out with beds of flowers and green swards shaded with fine trees, this pleasaunce culminated in an open-air auditorium where the well-to-do suburban dwellers listened of a summer afternoon or evening to symphony concerts and grand opera. Sufficient roof was provided to ward off every disturbing element except the insidious mosquito, which by this time of year was fortunately less aggressive than earlier in July. The greenery of the surrounding trees, the dark blue of the set background, the gaiety of the Spanish costumes on the stage, the gleam of white shoulders and luxurious dresses in the audience—all made a rich setting to the music they had come to hear.

Madeline manœuvred Charles into the seat on her left, with Kelly and her mother on her right and her father with Mrs. Kelly on the extreme flank. As soon as the orchestra struck up, she began to whisper her story, and though the people in front kept turning round and looking daggers at her nothing could stop her.

"Charles," she said, "I was in a dreadful fix last night when I spoke to you over the phone, but somehow I had not the nerve to tell you about it. I don't know what possessed me to do what I did, but it seemed such a safe gamble that

I could not resist. You see all the papers said that the market had reached rockbottom, and stocks were ripe for recovery, so I went long on Reading——"

"You went—what?" exclaimed Charles in astonishment.

"Long on Reading—the railway stock—just a little flutter; and to be perfectly safe, on a twenty point margin—just a hundred shares, but it meant two thousand dollars, all I had to my account. Well, you know Thursday was blue ruin, and in the afternoon my broker——"

"Your broker?"

"Yes, my broker—why shouldn't I have a broker?—rang up to say that if I didn't put up my margin to forty by the first post this morning he would sell me out as soon as the New York Stock Exchange opened, and close my account. Think of that from a friend; he used to call himself my friend, give me flowers and candies and take me to the theatre—that was before I went to Europe and before he got married. I never had such a shock in my life. I could not raise the money myself on such short notice: I daren't tell father—he had forbidden me to buy stocks on margin——"

"Good for him!" interjected Charles.

"Mother couldn't help. Indeed she was in just as tight a corner as I was myself; anyway, she kept looking into her jewel box and slipped downtown late in the afternoon with the pearl necklace she is wearing to-night—she has just got it back again. Well, I never slept a wink all night, thinking the crash must come. I didn't even dare to come down to breakfast—nor did mother, we just sat and cried together—when just about ten-thirty the telephone rang with the lovely news—you saw it—didn't you?—that the New York Stock Exchange never opened at all, so he couldn't sell us out. My goodness, how happy I was! Mother and I danced round the room together and then I thought I would call you up and confess to you. But you had left the house, and I didn't like to ask where you had gone for fear Mrs. Kelly should think me inquisitive."

Amazed as Charles was at this story, told with a vivacity

that left him no eyes or ears for the opera itself, he was also secretly relieved at the thought that Madeline also had taken chances without first consulting him. It absolved him from any urgency in telling her about his visit to Cook's, although he thought it only right to show her the cable from his father. This resulted in further agitated whispers which continued right to the end of the first act.

During the interval, they all rose to walk about in the gardens. Mr. Raymond took his daughter's arm, while Charles entertained the mother. They followed Madeline and her father near enough to overhear the drift of conversation.

"Your conduct this evening," Mr. Raymond was saying, "has been outrageous. Couldn't you see the people turning round and looking at you? I wonder that some one did not ask you to be quiet. It was impossible for any one near you to enjoy the music while you kept whispering so. I can't understand how you, with your expensive musical education, could behave so inconsiderately. If the music had been Wagner, I shouldn't have minded so much, but it was Bizet—and *Carmen*."

CHAPTER XXVII

AT last the day broke on which Charles was once more to share the same roof as his charmer. The morning papers showed that war with France and Russia against Germany and Austria was inevitable, England being a possible and even probable fifth; but with his father's reassuring cable war meant less now than the disturbing element of love, which fired his heart and filled his whole being with a sweet unrest. Just about the time when Emperor William was signing his declaration of war on Russia, President Poincaré was proclaiming mobilization of the entire French army, Austrian monitors were bombarding Belgrade, and the first shots were being exchanged between German and Russian patrols, Charles was enjoying the luxury of an American face massage, and a superlative shave, taking these precautions in case an opportunity should present itself of kissing Madeline, and assuming that she would prefer to have her own very soft cheeks touched by a well-groomed face rather than a rough one.

At three thirty, the Raymonds called for him in a large touring car. Madeline herself was driving, superb in a motor-coat of chamois skin with sable collar and cuffs matched by a sable cap. Mrs. Raymond reclined in a more vivid blue. According to instructions Charles had sent his trunk ahead by train to Lake Geneva, so that there was ample room for himself and his smaller belongings. He was about to take the seat facing the elder Raymonds, when Madeline beckoned him beside her, and so off they went. She proved herself a skilful driver, and if he had not seen the speedometer he could hardly have imagined the thirty miles an hour at which they travelled.

"When did you learn to drive?" he asked.

"As soon as I made up my mind to go to Europe," she replied. "Father kicked at the expense of the trip, so I said he could fire the chauffeur and let me drive his car instead for a year. That saved him a thousand dollars and did me a lot of good. I came to think that if I failed as a singer, I could get a job acting for the movies—just watch me pass that car."

With his heart in his mouth, he saw her purr round a limousine at fifty. Fortunately for his peace of mind, they had only a few miles to go to Highland Park, but as they did an outside edge up to the portico of the hotel he wondered how many other accomplishments Madeline on more intimate acquaintance would reveal.

Mr. Raymond had secured for them a suite of rooms in the South Annex and Mrs. Raymond suggested tea in their private porch.

"Oh no!" protested Madeline. "It's much more fun in the regular tea-room."

So there they went.

"Certainly attractive," said Charles on being asked to admire.

Large sunny windows lit up the coffee-coloured lattice roof, while the woodwork and pillars were also painted coffee-colour with blue edges. Chairs with blue ladder-backs and basket lamps hanging from chains with old gold shades added their distinctive note.

A self-consciously smart crowd of earlier arrivals scrutinized them as they entered, but Madeline and Mrs. Raymond were too fresh from Paris to be disconcerted. Madeline indeed made most of them look dowdy.

As they were ordering tea, some friends of Mrs. Raymond came across the room to gush their welcome back to America, taking the opportunity to present two officers to Madeline. These at once endeavoured to secure her promise of dances that evening, but she was politely evasive. They had hitherto ignored the presence of the unknown Englishman and, now that they suspected his possible significance, Charles, who was master of the art of looking

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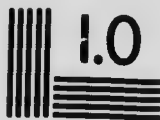

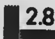

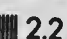

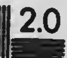

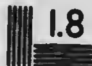

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through any one to whom he had not been introduced, was highly entertained.

Stepping out after tea on to the Terrace, Madeline and Charles left the elder Raymonds to watch the tennis while they themselves went to investigate the beach. This was reached by a path through the woods, and it required no lovers' eyes to discover admirable opportunities for quiet strolls through such shady ravines. In the meanwhile the allurements of the sandy beach proved irresistible, and before many minutes were over they were down under the bluff in the water with twenty or thirty others, swimming and splashing and luxuriating in the cool freshness of Lake Michigan's sunlit waters.

If Madeline could drive a car, Charles could swim, and the ease and grace with which he moved through the water showed Madeline that the man she had given her heart to was master of at least one sport.

"I wish you would teach me that stroke," she said, after she had proved his speed by challenging him to a race in which she was hopelessly defeated. The play of muscles in his arms, and the supple well-knit breast and shoulders fascinated her, and she made him go through the motions again and again, half for the pleasure of watching him. He in turn was not displeased at this chance of showing off, and the interval to dinner passed before they knew.

Almost at the last swim, her bathing cap fell off, and her dark coils of hair unfolded and floated on the surface. With a cry of dismay she stood up to retrieve it, waist high in water, but so long were the tresses that they must surely have otherwise fallen to her knees. Behind her was a fair-haired Scandinavian, and for the first time Charles realized how dark was Madeline's skin. The graceful curve of her arms as she caught up and tried to replace the tresses, and the profile of her firm deep bosom was a picture of enchanting beauty. As she turned her eyes to him half laughing, half distressful asking him for assistance, and he slipped his fingers through the soft silken glory, it took all

his self-control to keep from catching her in his arms and covering her face with kisses.

"You little witch!" he whispered. "You little witch!"

Only three weeks ago he would have shied at the mere thought of a dance. Now he grudged every moment of delay till the orchestra struck up in the ball-room. The remembrance of those delicious moments on the deck of the *St. Louis,* when he could place his arm around Madeline's waist, inhale the fragrance which pervaded her costume, feel the pressure and yielding of her body in the rhythm of poise and motion, thrill at the touch of her hair, at the upward glance of her eyes, at the low music of her voice, fired his blood with amorous intoxication. He left so much of dinner untouched that Mrs. Raymond grew concerned about his health, and Madeline, fearing too early a revelation, spoke quite sharply to cover his indiscretion.

Though Madeline spoke sharply, her time came later when Charles swung her out into the first dance. Whether it was that he had caught new inspiration from the experts at the College Inn, or whether the floor, the orchestra, the atmosphere tuned him to more delicate sympathy with his partner, these two glided as one being and the pause in the music came almost as a shock. Again it commenced, and again they were in dreams, too soon to be broken.

"Who has been teaching you?" she asked, as they returned to their table. "On the *St. Louis* you made a good beginning, at Newport you were possible, but now I never wish to have a better partner. Is this one of your friend Mike's surprises? Has he made you take lessons?"

"I may never be able to do it again," said Charles, "or I may have fallen into the knack of it."

Mrs. Raymond took him in hand for the next dance, and though less perfect, he acquitted himself to her satisfaction. Then again he was with Madeline, and again she found her perfect mate.

"It was heavenly," she sighed at the close. "Another turn round the room and I should have done something foolish."

"What would that have been?" he asked ingenuously, and then looking into her eyes wished they were in one of those shady ravines.

Others had noticed how well they danced, and both Madeline and Mrs. Raymond were effusively hailed by more or less remote acquaintances, working up to an introduction to this accomplished Englishman. One of these could not be evaded, and Charles found himself revolving with a slightly Hebraic beauty of German name, exchanging glances of commiseration with Madeline who was evidently toe-trodden by a stout but energetic brewer. Charles's partner at the rate of a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty words a minute poured out the story of her young life without leaving an interval for more than a monosyllabic return. Then came the pause, the clapping of hands, the gracious consent of the orchestra to go on. After that she broke new ground with the question:

"Aren't the bulletins exciting?"

"Which bulletins?" he asked.

"The war bulletins—pasted up in the hall—about the latest developments.. Well, I am surprised that an Englishman should take so little interest in the war."

"Let's go and see them," he said, grasping at the excuse.

"They can wait," she replied, loath to lose a single step.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were tempted to a game of bridge, and Madeline and Charles did not hesitate to excuse them.

"Next dance is mine," said Charles when they had gone, "and the next and all the rest to the end of the evening."

"Do you love me so much," she replied, "or is this the reaction from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?"

"It was you that introduced me," he murmured as they took the floor.

"Business before pleasure," replied this astonishing girl. "Her father gives my father twenty thousand dollar orders. If you want to see much more of me this evening,

we shall have to find a refuge outside this room. She has her eye on you, and the account is large."

"So are the woods," said Charles. "Now or never."

When they had found a natural secluded arbour, he asked:

"When shall I ever be able to fathom you? Every day you show a new side to your character."

"When shall I ever be able to fathom myself?" she replied. "You have seven hundred and thirty-two qualities against which I have a prejudice, and yet you sweep me off my feet, simply because you can dance. Yes," she continued, holding her hand up teasingly against her cheek to thwart an attempt to kiss her, "it isn't because you are an Oxford man that I love you, but because you have the makings of another Vernon Castle."

"Then you do admit you love me," he said, gently but firmly removing the protesting hand.

She struggled for a while, but he would not be denied, and at last her face lay unresistingly against his while he pressed her to his heart. So it was for a minute or so, when the flood-gates of her soul suddenly burst open. She flung her arms round his neck and her lips clung to his with passionate kisses.

"I believe I'm still a savage," she whispered, as she drew back panting for breath.

As for Charles, he said:

"I believe I would like you better as a savage than as a citified sophisticated Chicago girl. It is this raw primal nature that has bridged the ocean and the three hundred years between us. My God, how beautiful you are!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

FROM the Moraine to Lake Geneva the nominal distance was fifty miles, but Madeline somehow missed a turning and they were nearly three hours on the trip. The deviation, however, enabled Charles to see more of the country, and in that summer air the country was particularly beautiful. To his surprise, for he had expected to see wild uncultivated prairies, there was hardly a field which lacked its crop—oats, maize, potatoes, barley, wheat or timothy hay waving dark purple through his orange-tinted motor-glasses, though more like lilac to the naked eye. These fields of hay smelt wonderfully sweet—they knew they were coming to the timothy almost before it was in sight.

There seemed to be no limit to the motor cars they met upon the road. Many of these carried large families, and the further they were from Chicago, the larger the family.

Quite a number of lakes were passed, particularly as they approached the rolling country of Wisconsin. From one such lake they saw some small boys trail triumphantly with a string of fish. There were fishing rods, too, flaying the Fox River, and Mr. Raymond said something about "hatcheries," which at the rate they were going Charles found difficult to catch. Trumpet lilies were growing wild by the wayside, and they passed one clump of flaming red blossom which he was told was Indian Paintbrush, and remembered Viola's garden. One great tree with white blossom was pointed out as "catalpa" and they saw more than one cherry orchard ripe for the plucking.

The farmhouses were trim and tidy with barns painted mostly red. Over all was an atmosphere of easy prosperous comfort, which goes to market and gets a good price. If, as the newspaper articles said, most of these farmers came

originally from Europe, they had good reason to forget it.

The village of Lake Geneva, which itself appeared to be composed chiefly of ice-cream parlours and phonographs, swarmed this afternoon with week-enders, and the lake itself near the village was alive with boats and bathers. Afterwards came a quieter and more exclusive air, along a road between which and the lake pretentious houses domineered among the trees. These were the summer homes of fortunate Chicagoans.

"First of all," said Madeline, "come the Great. A little further on are the Near Great, and then come the Pretty Well Fixed. That's where we belong."

At last they slowed up beside a clump of pine trees at a rustic gate which opened into grounds guarded from the road by a thick cedar hedge. A shaggy spaniel dashed up the avenue towards them with wild yelps of delight, and climbing into the seat Charles had vacated to open the gate covered Madeline with doggy caresses.

"Dear old Melchizedek!" she exclaimed. "Did he think we were never coming?"

Fort Raymond was a glorified log-cabin, differing from its humbler kind in the portico of cedar trunks and cedar posts which propped the roof of its wide veranda. The entrance door led into a spacious living-room lined with cedar bark, and decorated with heads of moose, deer, bear and wolves. Bear-skins were strewn as rugs on the polished oak, and rough-hewn chairs and lounges covered with deerskin were furniture in keeping. Over an open hearth built of uncut stone two long-barrelled muskets were crossed above a mounted salmon. On each end of the hearth were racks of sporting rifles and rods. Facing the entrance under the timbered ceiling hung a birchbark canoe, under which again were skins of marten, lynx and beaver, while opposite the fireplace was a glass-doored case flanked by painted buffalo robes with shields, drums and baskets evidently of Indian craft and giving to the room a note of barbaric colour.

The bedroom to which Charles was shown was also lined

with cedarbark, the bed itself being a wooden box filled with cedar boughs closely set with top fronds uppermost, a couch deliciously soft and fragrant with forest incense. Home-made shelves and pegs added their woodman's note, though a half-open door revealed the more sophisticated private bath, and the hanging lantern carried electric light.

On the wall facing the window an old map showed the routes of exploration taken by the early pioneers and fur-traders, Nicolet, Marquette, Father Hennepin and La Salle. The window itself looked out over the lake, where Charles could see a boathouse and a landing stage through a clearing in the trees.

"Well, how do you find Fort Raymond?" asked his host as Charles re-entered the hall.

"It reads like a page out of Fenimore Cooper brought up to date. Where do you keep the scalps?"

"Mostly in Madeline's cupboard," replied Mr. Raymond, placing his arm affectionately round his daughter's waist. "She is quite a warrior. Coming down to animals, some of those heads are her trophies—for instance that buck over there and the bearskin at your feet—she's a dandy shot, and I can tell you I missed her in Europe when I had to go hunting all by my lonesome. How about you?"

"Never fired a shot, and have not fished since I was a boy," confessed Charles. Then to Madeline, "You never told me that you hunted."

"You never asked," she answered merrily. "I never met a man who took so much for granted."

"Well, we can soon mend that, can't we, Madeline?" said Mr. Raymond heartily. "I tell you, Mr. Fitzmorris, that girl of mine casts a prettier fly than half a dozen men. Give her a five-ounce rod, a sunny sky not too near noon, and a light breeze, and she will raise the devil."

"Go easy, Father," protested the lady, blushing. "You know it was you that taught me."

"Well, we'll have a competition, and Mr. Fitzmorris can choose his teacher from the two of us. I'll wager a hundred dollars he won't choose me."

The words though spoken blandly sent a thrill through Charles. Had Madeline broached their affair? Was this a hint?

Passing over this uncertain ice, he raised another question.

"You surely did not get these trophies here? Is not this country too closely settled for hunting?"

"Here!" Mr. Raymond smiled. "Not by a long chalk. Most of these were shot in Canada or Northern Wisconsin —except that grizzly from Wyoming—though fifty years ago we could get all the game we wanted twenty miles from this very spot, and a hundred years ago there were more wolves than humans between Geneva Lake and Chicago—this was Big Foot Lake then, an Indian camping ground. My great grandfather knew them well. He trapped here till he settled down to farm—a *voyageur*— there is his old birchbark canoe, and there in that case his wolfskin casque and blanket capot, buckskin shirt and leggings, ceinture, mocassins, snowshoes and axe. Over the fire-place are two of his guns, there in the corner is my grandmother's spinning wheel—she was half French, half Huron.

Charles rose from his chair to look more closely.

"And what is this, may I ask?" he said, pointing to a uniform of blue jacket with bright buttons, light blue shirt, loose red pantaloons, crimson cap and drab gaiters. "It looks almost Zouave."

"Zouave it was—Ellsworth's Zouaves—days of the Civil War—my father Henry Raymond fought in C Company. See that hole in the breast, there's where he was wounded— that made a wreck out of a strong man. Here is his badge, a gold star shield with a tiger's head in the centre. This daguerreotype shows how he looked—the moustache and goatee were worn by the Zouaves. You can't blame him for joining them, seeing his father was Canadian French. Yes, sir, I tell you he was a man, but war is a terrible thing, and the strong suffer as much as, perhaps more, than the weak."

Alongside the Zouave uniform was a red tunic which to Charles looked strangely British.

"British it is," said Mr. Raymond, "the first link our family had with your folk."

At the word "first" Charles thrilled again—was this another hint?

"My great grandfather," continued Mr. Raymond, "wore it in the war of 1814, just a hundred years ago, when Colonel M'Kay brought down his Volunteers and Fencibles from Mackinaw and captured old Fort Crawford close to Prairie du Chien—eighty miles west of here—where the Wisconsin River flows into the Mississippi. He was a fur-trader, the Colonel, a Nor'Wester from Montreal, and his force was made up mostly of traders and clerks and *voyageurs,* of whom Pierre Raymond was one. The Colonel put even his Indians into red coats, so as to make the Americans think he had a large body of regulars. Pierre knew the trail, for he had trapped and hunted here, and so too his father and grandfather before. Doggone it, I tell you we have some ancestors."

"Supper is ready," interrupted Madeline. "The rest of the family tree can wait."

The talk at supper centred largely round the hunting and fishing trips that Madeline had taken with her father. They were evidently used to roughing it, and were still children of the woods.

"After supper," said Madeline to her father, "come down to the lake shore and let's do a moose-call for Mr. Fitzmorris. Oh, how I wish that September were here so that we could get into the woods again. Charles dear, you and I——"

She stopped with a blush, realizing that she had betrayed herself. Mrs. Raymond lifted her brows with an air of surprise, but made no comment. Her husband looked at Madeline quizzically.

"Yes," he said, "we'll go down to the lake, and then Charles and I will have a heart to heart talk under the stars."

After such an intimation Charles found supper a trying ordeal. What would be the decision? Surely it was favourable. Twice Mr. Raymond had already thrown out hints, and Madeline was comfortingly self-possessed.

They had been late in starting, so it was dusk when supper ended and they stepped on the veranda. Mr. Raymond asked them to wait till he had found his birchbark horn, thus giving the young folk a minute alone.

"Don't worry," said Madeline quickly, catching Charles's hand. "I told him everything this morning—he is not peeved, but said he would not say yes or no till to-night. I did not tell Mother—that's why she was surprised—but it's Father that counts. Dear old boy! Look out, here he comes again!"

As they walked down the path towards the boat-house, Mr. Raymond whistled softly to himself. Then looking at the sky said,

"Old Bullmoose is still on the ridges. Shall we invite him down—eh, Madeline?"

She caught him eagerly by the arm.

"It's all up to you, Father," she said.

In a minute or so they were at the landing stage, and under Mr. Raymond's direction took their seats in the row-boat moored alongside.

"Now imagine yourself," he said, "hidden [illegible] the brush at the edge of the stream. It flows sluggish here, and the bank on the other side is the edge of a swamp. Imagine it is a cold, frosty morning—not a breath of [illegible] ruffle the water or carry our scent. Speak low, for [illegible]e has sharp ears. Listen, he is talking—it sounds li[illegible]ugh—he has a cow with him. Madeline, you give the call—I have the rifle."

Madeline took the horn, held it close to her mouth and with both hands, bent her head, gave out a deep breath almost like a sigh, then a sort of grunt, then a long guttural, hollow wooden sound like

"W—W—Wa—a—a—augh"

After a minute or two of silence,

"Hear the branches cracking," whispered Mr. Raymond, "that's the bull coming. He has heard and is travelling fast."

Then a little later,

"He is watching us out of the bush there. Don't move. He may come nearer. Say, there's the cow whining for him. We may lose him. Give him another call."

Again Madeline gave the call; then dipped the horn in the water, plopped an oar so as to imitate the sound of an animal stepping into the stream, poured water from the horn as if it were drinking—all so realistically that with his eyes shut Charles could have pictured it so.

Then after a few minutes more of tense silence, Mr. Raymond said:

"Nothing doing. He has gone back to his first love. Don't you hear him in the bush? And now, young fellow," turning round on Charles with exaggerated sternness, "what in blazes have you been doing with my daughter?"

Charles, however, was by this time warned.

"Rather say," he replied, "what has your daughter been doing with me? I noticed just now it was the cowmoose that made the call, not the bull."

Mr. Raymond looked at him sharply, then at his daughter who blushed, then laughed heartily.

"You win!" he said, holding out his hand. "Let's shake on that. She certainly knows how to call. Well, I can't expect to have her with me always—she is old enough to choose her own mate. You are an Englishman, but that cuts no ice with me. Lots of English have become good Americans, and that's what I'd like you to become if it is at all possible. This is the country where Madeline would be happiest—something of the city and not too far from the woods—room to breathe, room to sing. Eh, Madeline, what do you say?"

"We've talked it over, Charles and I," she answered, "but not very much. We've seen so little of each other since—since we came to an understanding. Charles would

have to get into some business here. I mean in Chicago——"

"Sure he would—I've been thinking of that ever since you broke the news this morning. What's more, I've got the dope—see what you think about it. Charles—let's drop the Mr. Fitzmorris—I've been sizing you up ever since we met at that concert agent's office. You're a likely young fellow and liable to make good whatever you put your hand to. As a newspaper-man, you know or ought to know something about printing. You take an interest in books, fine books. Why not go into the printing business—with the Raymond Printing Company?"

"Oh Father, how lovely of you!" cried Madeline, throwing her arms round her father's neck and kissing him.

"Hold on—don't upset the boat," he said, disentangling himself, "I've not finished yet. To continue, Charles, I can't make you a vice-president till I try you out—business is not like marriage where you only find out things when it is too late. But I'll give you a fair chance along lines to which you are suited. I propose to send you first to Harvard, where they now have a two-year course in printing—they turn out full-fledged executives If you pass through that course satisfactorily, you are worth ten thousand dollars a year to me with an interest in the firm besides. That's my offer."

"But Father," said Madeline hesitatingly, "does that mean that we may not marry for two years?"

"Marry any doggoned time you please," he said. "Let's go and tell Mother."

Mrs. Raymond was in excellent humour, and falsified any fears Madeline had of trouble.

"The only thing that worries me," she said, "is that Charles is going to make me his mother-in-law, whereas I hoped to be his friend for life. However if he is forgiving, and if I behave myself, we may get along."

That night as Charles thought over the latest phase, he realized the almost casual way in which his suit had been pursued and accepted. How little he had known of

Madeline when first he fell in love with her! How little he knew of her still!—it was only last night that he learned how much her heart was in the woods. Hitherto he had known her as a girl with a rare voice, figure and face, intelligent and good company, a city girl with rather expensive taste for a husband of uncertain future, ambitious and self-sufficiently American. It was the voice and the figure and the face which had captured him—the rest sometimes perturbed his insular prejudice. With how much relief he now discovered that only her surface was city, and that she preferred a camp-fire to an arm-chair. Love brings the most sophisticated back to nature, and now he found that she had been a child of nature all the time.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE days that followed were dream days for both Charles and Madeline. They were young, they were in love, and even if the country round had not been Wisconsin, most romantic and beautiful of States, with its two thousand lakes, its rolling hills, its snug farms and its abundant woods, in such a mood they must surely have found it beautiful. Although so popular a lake as Geneva might naturally have been fished out, it had been so well restocked that an hour or two in the morning usually filled the basket. The roads around led to innumerable other lakes, and Madeline loved nothing so much as to spin out in the car with Charles and a lunch-basket for a hundred miles or so.

Mr. Raymond went each week day by train to Chicago, while Mrs. Raymond seemed to think the house needed all her attention. The Raymonds had many friends among the neighbours, and with tennis and dancing the afternoons and evenings sped apace. On Sundays Mr. Raymond would take Charles for a game of golf at the Delavan Lake Club, half a dozen miles away. The more Charles saw of his future father-in-law, the more he felt attracted. The rugged strength of this American—strength of character and intellect—revealed itself in many ways. The burden of his father's family had been thrown early on Henry Raymond's shoulders, but by diligence and enterprise he had, as he said, "won out."

After the peace which handed over the country now known as Wisconsin to the United States, great-grandfather Raymond had settled down under the new flag at Prairie du Chien on the Eastern bank of the Mississippi. Grandfather Raymond found some neighbouring acres to farm, and as the village blossomed into a town sent half his

numerous family to earn their living at a trade. Henry Raymond's father earned his first wage as a messenger boy for the local *Courier*, burned to be a printer, ran off to Chicago where after learning to set type he borrowed capital enough to start his own shop and was in a fair way of business when North and South flew suddenly to arms and made him a Zouave. Wounded and somewhat disillusioned he had with difficulty maintained the printing office and the hungry progeny to which he came back in Chicago. Henry Raymond Junior when eighteen was already the virtual head of the family and of the firm. To steer these both successfully through trouble meant many sacrifices—meant, for instance, a tardy marriage and an only daughter instead of the quiverful he would have liked—but he had seen his father die contented, had educated his half-dozen brothers, had won a place in the printing world, and had found such interest in life that if he had to live it again, he would have done the same.

The nature of his calling had given him special interest in books, and he read as well as printed. The knowledge of his French descent had turned his mind to the adventurous pioneers who came to found a New France in this Western World, and on the fishing and hunting trips which were his favourite vacations he had covered the rivers and lakes and trails and portages from the far waters of the Ottawa to the "wide and rapid current" of the Mississippi. So far from being unlettered, he knew as much of Colbert and of the great Louis of France as Charles himself had ever read at Oxford.

They talked of history and focused unconsciously on links with Europe. La Salle and Nicolet and Joliet and the sweet-natured Jesuit Marquette all pointed with their dead fingers to the St. Lawrence and to the designs of Louis for world dominion. La Salle was the emissary of Count Frontenac and he in turn of Versailles.

"You can't cut yourself off from Europe," said Charles to Mr. Raymond. "The same thing is happening to-day that happened over two hundred years ago. Now however

it is the Hohenzollern who would replace the Bourbon, and dominate both the New World and the Old. You think it is the Old World he has in mind, but the five hundred thousand Germans in Chicago would come in very handy if he had designs upon the New, and perhaps, too, like the Bourbon he will come down on the Middle West by the way of the St. Lawrence. Remember that, in the days of Louis, half the French Canadians were exiles from France, yet they served his purpose very well."

Two days after the Raymonds arrived at Lake Geneva, Great Britain had broken off with Germany, and Charles, remembering his father, once more had drawn up a cable of inquiry. Then when Kitchener asked for an army of five hundred thousand, he tore the cable up.

"Only half a million," he thought. "It can't be so serious after all."

Then as the first wild rumours of British naval victories faded into the ominous advance of the Germans over Belgium into France, and the not too friendly comments of the Chicago papers reminded him that an Englishman was here an alien, his peace of mind diminished.

Softened, however, by the dalliance of love, Charles forgot by noon the pricks of the morning's conscience, and only in night's broken slumbers woke to the thought that there might yet be an imperative call from England. To one so intimate with European politics, the stakes at issue loomed larger than to the gay society of Lake Geneva. Most of these Americans thought of the war only as an inconvenience for friends caught travelling abroad. That Mrs. Peter Patterson had lost three saratogas at the frontier and had travelled from Carlsbad to Paris with nothing but her pet canary was of more interest than any Belgian horrors or the slaughter of ten thousand soldiers. Yet one note of reality was struck by a neighbour who told them as they smoked on the veranda what he had seen in the first days of August at Calgary, a Western Canadian prairie city.

"I tell you, boys," he said to Charles and Mr. Raymond,

"we've got to take our hats off to those fellows up north over the border. We sit here counting the dollars we mean to make out of this war, but every time I sell a car-load of flour I think of those strapping fellows I saw ride in from the prairies—men who without waiting for the call had locked the front door of the ranch or farm and were hoofing it for the recruiting office.

"I had been out inspecting a section of land and on the way back overtook one of these on his cayuse beating it along the trail to Calgary. 'That's Bill Matson,' said the real estate man who was driving me. 'He owns that section of wheat we saw ten miles back—ought to get thirty bushels to the acre. 'Hullo Bill,' he called as we passed by, 'how's the crops?' 'To hell with the crops,' said Bill. 'Why Bill, they looked pretty good to me,' said my friend. 'There ain't nothin' wrong with the crops,' said Bill, 'but I've quit farming. Got any parcels for Berlin?' Just think of that, and it was dollar wheat!

"When we got back to Calgary—it was the evening of Monday the third—we could see that something was in the wind. The streets were chock-a-block in front of a newspaper office where a fellow was megaphoning bulletins. 'Has England declared for war?' I asked of a policeman. 'Not yet,' he replied. 'When she does, I'm going.' 'What if England doesn't?' I said. 'Then, by God, I'm done with her,' he replied.

"We had a bit of something to eat at the hotel, and then went back to see the crowd. They were singing and cheering to beat the band—now it was the 'Boys of the Old Brigade' or 'Soldiers of the King,' and now 'Rule Britannia' and then some one struck up 'Nearer my God to Thee.' I guess they remembered the *Titanic*. Then some one called for the 'Marseillaise,' and though nobody knew the words they all sang the tune. I didn't see why Uncle Sam should be left out, so I sang out 'The Boys in Blue are Marching,' and would you believe it, they took it up like as if it were their own. The American boys there are in it with the Canadians and British. Some one threw slides of portraits

and cartoons and battleships on a screen, and fellows would get up to make speeches, everybody cheering till it was midnight, when they broke up and went home.

"Next day the whole of that dinky little city was plumb crazy with war fever. 'Why don't England declare?' they kept asking. The men were lined up waiting to be enrolled. We saw Bill Matson come out of the office, you never saw a man so happy. They say eight hundred men put down their names that day, or at the rate of a man a minute. They came rolling in like Bill on their cayuses, or in automobiles or from the depot—Old Countrymen, mostly, judging by the accents, and not all young by a long chalk. There were grey-haired fellows alongside of the young bucks, and I guess there were some fine homes broken up that day.

"At night the same old crowd collected, only worse. Every one knew then that Sir Edward Grey had toed the mark, and King George had sent the British Fleet after the Germans. The traffic was blocked, and the street cars sidetracked the newspaper office. There were people sitting on the roofs and on the window sills, listening to the bulletins. Gee, what a scene! Hats were flying, and the crowd was swaying this way and that, singing and cheering, till some one started 'God save the King.' That brought them up all together. So till midnight, when word went round that the first contingent of naval reservists was leaving for the Coast right away. Off they swept to the depot where they found the men waiting for the westbound transcontinental. Never in my life have I seen anything to beat that send off. They put the Jackies into baggage trucks and paraded them up and down the platforms to an orchestra of flutes, whistles, bugles, mouth-organs, drums, tin cans and bagpipes. If noise would do it, Britannia would rule the waves to the end of time after that night.

"What beats me is that these fellows were five thousand miles away from London, and this war need not mean anything to them. Are they right, and are we asleep?"

So this was the Canada that Charles had hitherto sneered

at! He flushed at the thought of his former attitude. These Canadians were rolling up to the flag without even waiting for the call. What was he doing? "Most of them were Old Countrymen." What was he but an Old Countryman? They were leaving the ranch and the farm—with wheat at a dollar the bushel. What would he leave?

His eyes turned on Medeline who at that moment joined them on the veranda, and his heart fell.

Next day during a *tête-à-tête* he confessed to her his misgivings.

"It is not as if I were of no particular use," he said. "I know the country where the fighting is, both in Alsace and on the northern front. I speak both French and German. I am young and strong and have no encumbrances——"

"None?" she interjected, putting her arm round his neck appealingly. "What about me? Do I not count? Don't think of it, Charles—you are well out of it—you have your father's word for it that you are not wanted. There must be hundreds of British officers who have studied the country far more carefully than you."

"You don't know the British officer," replied Charles grimly. "This is war, not cricket."

Nevertheless he yielded to her kisses, and said no more about it, though more and more insistent grew his doubts and the tribulation which disturbed his spirit. Whether or not Madeline realized the depth of the unrest that inflamed Charles's heart, she became more eager than ever to find new entertainment, to plan new trips, to keep his thoughts occupied with the new country in which he had come to live.

"We must take Charles on a hunting trip this Fall," she urged her father. "He must learn the way of the woods, how to put up a lean-to, and make a camp-fire, and toss a flapjack, and be happy on pork and beans. Write to Harry Allen and tell him to book three record heads for this little party."

"Harry would be tickled to death," replied Mr. Raymond, "but I have my eye this Fall on Nova Scotia rather than

New Brunswick. Harry has been with me these last three seasons, and will forgive me if I make a change. We'll get the tail end of the fishing if we go when the hunting season opens, and can take in Montreal on the way to show our friend where the family comes from."

"Don't you have any more hunting in your own United States?" asked Charles, "or why do you always seem to go to Canada?"

"Not much in the way of the big game here, except for deer," replied Mr. Raymond, "now that the country is so settled. We might go to Maine and shoot a guide or two, but I have a hatred for homicide, however accidental. No, give me the Canadian woods, where the frosty nights come early and your camp is twenty miles from any other, and the guides are out for game, not suckers. Gee whiz, Charles, I thought you would as a Britisher prefer to see something of your Canuck cousins."

"I know I should," replied Charles, "but somehow I never curried to relations. But this would certainly be a great experience, and I should love to go with you."

In the meanwhile, Madeline made her father take them for a week-end to Waukesha, where they spent a night at the Resthaven, most luxurious of Spas. Too late she realized her error when they found it overrun with Germans from Milwaukee and Jefferson loud in their declarations that Germany must win.

At Oconowoc whither they escaped, it was still more noisily Teutonic, and they were all glad to take the road again into a less guttural air. Even on the road it seemed impossible to get away from Europe. When they left Waukesha they had passed a Little Italy of concertina players, workers at the limestone quarries. Then Watertown, half way to Madison, might very well have dropped out of German clouds overrun, moreover, as it was with geese, just as the roads that Charles and Madeline had motored over in the neighbourhood of Strasburg.

After all, he was safest at Fort Raymond.

It may have been an instinct that she was in danger of

losing Charles which made Madeline declare for a short engagement.

"We can be married after Christmas," she said. "That will give me time to get ready my trousseau, and of course I must sing at the Thomas Concerts. We shall have a lovely time at Boston—it is almost as good for music as Chicago."

Mr. Raymond outlined his plans for the years that were to follow.

"By the time you have finished your two-year course, you should be prety well posted on the methods of running a printing office such as ours. I myself have to spend too much time on detail to keep up to date, and if all they say about this Harvard course is true you will be mighty valuable. But in Chicago itself half the business is done in the Club, so you must join the University Club and use it as your outside office just as I use the Chicago Athletic. You must cash in on your Oxford degree. That will carry you into circles beyond me, and should be worth five thousand dollars a year to a firm like ours. I will pay you this salary till you care to earn it in the orders you bring in. Madeline herself will have five thousand in her own right, so with that and your own English income, if you have any, you should be able to pay the rent."

Charles was startled at this material view of the Oxford hall-mark, but after all Mr. Raymond was a better judge than he was of American values. The main thing was that it was being made easy for him to marry the girl he loved.

"The sooner I get to know your office, the better," he said. "Don't you think I should start at once?"

Mr. Raymond was pleased at the suggestion, but Madeline said no.

"I know what it will be once Charles gets into your clutches," she declared. "Perhaps then I may see him once a week apart from breakfast, spending the rest of the time thinking up dinners which he won't have time to come home for. He will be just as bad as you, Father, if not worse. No, Charles is mine just now, and I can't spare

him. You can't have him till we are married and till he has done with Harvard."

Mr. Raymond laughed.

"Very well then. But you must give him a day off now and again, otherwise he will have too much of you. He hasn't even seen the office or the plant."

She compromised by letting him go with her father twice to Chicago. But each time he stepped into the train, she was filled with a nameless dread. When he came back, and they had a few minutes alone, she assured herself by the warmth of the kisses she could so easily entice that he was still safely hers. There was no spell, she found, more potent than her voice. When the elder folk went out on any pretext—and in this respect they were good-natured—she would sing to Charles, getting him to sit beside her, with his arm round her, his cheek upon her shoulder.

Each time, however, that he returned, he had brought back maps and the war books rushed out by so many publishers. The light burned late in his bedroom, and she knew that he was poring over the routes of the great armies overseas. From her own bay window she could see the shadow of his bent head silhouetted on his blind, and darker grew the shadow which threatened to blot out her new-found happiness.

CHAPTER XXX

THE last visit that he made to Chicago a few days before they left for the hunting trip seemed to have made some deep impression on Charles. He looked so unhappy that Madeline began to be alarmed.

"Let's go out for a stroll," she said, and as soon as she had him safely to herself, slipped her arm into his and asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing, except a letter that Viola read to me," he answered. "Frank has joined the army—as a private—Kitchener's Army. If what he says is true, the first army sent to France has been to all intents and purposes wiped out as a fighting force—they can only hold the lines till a new force comes along, and that new force must be on a European, not a British scale."

"What does that mean?"

"A million where we used to have a hundred thousand. It means, he thinks, conscription—the voluntary system is played out."

"He must be exaggerating," she exclaimed.

"He gives as his authority a man I know—a military writer of the first rank—now more or less attached to the Censor's office. If what Frank says is true, I have no right to be here."

"It is not true, it can't be true," she urged passionately. "You have only to read the papers to see the Germans are retreating—the worst is over now. Charles, don't be foolish. His letter must be at least a fortnight old—even I can see that things have changed since then."

"Things have changed, perhaps; but Chicago has not," he answered. "One could hardly tell there that the greatest war of the last hundred years is being waged. The same

luxurious life, careless and spendthrift, as before. More interest in baseball than in Belgium. I went into the Art Institute and saw what seemed to me the comment of Europe on America. On the main staircase there were two statues opposite each other. One was Chapu's Joan of Arc, her hands clasped in serene faith, as it were the spirit of France trusting in her cause and praying for victory. On the other was Houdin's statue of Voltaire, looking down the marble steps towards Michigan Avenue, a sardonic smile upon his face, as if he gauged the indifference of that crowd."

She felt he was in no mood to argue, and therefore used her woman's weapons—her beauty, her charm—not obtrusively but with effect, so that as they stood there after a while cheek to cheek and breast to breast, his senses swam with the magic of her love, and the clash of arms in Europe was again four thousand miles away.

Chicago, she could see now, was [illegible] dangerpoint, and with a lightening heart she saw the day approach on which they were to set out for Nova Scotia. The day before their departure was busy with preparation—picking out and arranging flies and tackle, cleaning rifles, packing and repacking kitbags. It had meant a new outfit for Charles, who came unprepared for such a venture, but under Madeline's hands everything went into wonderfully small space.

"We shall each have a guide," she said, "but we want to keep the guides our friends, and so have everything just right to carry."

That night a letter came to Charles from England, the first he had received. So terrified was Madeline lest this might mean his summons that she had almost hidden it away before he knew it had come. Downing the temptation, she gave it to him herself, slipping out on to the veranda in the hope that he would follow her and tell her quickly.

She had not long to wait. It was a letter from his father. With beating heart she read it:

"My dear Charles,

"You will have received my two cables—indeed you mention them—in answer to your inquiries. I would have written to you before this, but have been so busy on my new job. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has commandeered me, I am glad to say at a good salary, and I am spending valuable hours fighting the red tape which seems to strangle every Government office. The closing of the Stock Exchange has therefore left me untouched—indeed I foresaw and recommended the procedure. Soon after you left I found the secret of Berlin, and played my cards accordingly.

"This war has made an astonishing change in the Fitzmorris régime. Joyce is immersed in Ambulance lectures and a Red Cross manual, determined to be a nurse. Your mother has sold her Consols and bought a house in Surrey, which she means to make a convalescent home for officers—this, I fear, will be a long war. It was impetuous, I said to her, but, damn it, I honour her for doing it. Clara's husband, the little fellow whom you and I thought such a rat, has applied for, and through his influence will no doubt get a commission. To tell the truth, it was Clara who made him do it, partly no doubt from patriotism, but partly, between you and me and the gate-post, because she was tired of having a man about the house all day doing nothing. I have put up our Richmond house for sale. We shan't get much for it in these days, but better a little cash than a large white elephant.

"Well, I suppose you are a fixture now in Chicago. Your latest letter tells of the engagement—by Jove, I should have begun with congratulations, but you see the world is topsy turvy. Well, dear boy, I am glad you have found a nice girl and a congenial father-in-law. Of course I remember her concert—how could I forget so beautiful a voice, so sweet a figure? Kiss her from me, and kiss her warmly.

"I don't know whether you have got so far as to talk of settlements. I should prefer to wait, as this is no time to send money out of the country—England will need every

sovereign she can get—but if Mr. Raymond asks his bankers to write to mine, I think he will be satisfied.

"Love from your mother, who says she will write next week, and who asks why you did not send a photograph of the fair Madeline.

"Your loving

"FATHER."

"You see," she said triumphantly when she had finished, "he does not say a word about your going back. He expects you to stay. How glad I am—aren't you, Charles?"

"Why, yes," said Charles, and kissed her.

But all the while he felt the shadow falling, falling.

They left Chicago on the following evening, meaning to break the journey twenty-four hours later at Montreal. Mrs. Raymond stayed on at Lake Geneva. She said she had had enough of travel.

The observation car was somewhat crowded, so Charles and Mr. Raymond went back to the smoking room of their own car. Here it did not take long to fall into conversation with a fellow-traveller, evidently fascinated with the sound of his strident voice, "travelling" he said, "in caskets."

This cheerful occupation,—for caskets, as Charles discovered, was the American for coffins—entitled him, as an authority on funerals, to pose also as an authority on war.

"What you reading that paper for?" he remarked to Charles. "Papers is all lies."

"Is that so?" answered Charles with a smile.

"Sure thing," replied the other. "There's nothing to this war. Not till Uncle Sam gets in, and then we'll show 'em something."

Charles lifted his eyebrows.

"Any sign of Uncle Sam?" he said.

The other grunted. This was evidently an Englishman.

"I tell you, we're on the job," he continued. "But as for them correspondents, I ain't got no use for them. They

can't tell me anything I don't know. There's nothing in them noospapers. I don't read nothing now."

"Judging from your speech," thought Charles, "that is highly probable." But as there was nothing to be gained by argument, he let the other run on till the porter signalled that his berth was ready.

Next morning they woke up in Canada, and Charles with some curiosity kept looking out of the window as they sat at breakfast.

"What are you looking for?" asked Mr. Raymond.

"To see if there is anything distinctive about the British Empire," he replied.

"There's really very little difference from across the line," said Mr. Raymond. "This is Ontario, but for all the world it's just like Michigan, only perhaps a little slower. The people here don't seem to have such pep—take life more easily. We don't find any French-Canadians till we get to Montreal."

"Do they have pep?" asked Charles.

"Not as a rule till they become Americans. Not that pep is everything. They are much happier than we are. We Americans are not a happy people. We are merely successful."

Although the train itself seemed to be very much the same as it was when they left Chicago, the talk in the observation car was more subdued, their fellow travellers in Canada were more reserved, the atmosphere not English but less American. The traveller in caskets and his kind seemed to have disappeared. At the stations where they stopped to change engines, there was little evidence of war, this being as Charles found because the soldiers for the front had all gone forward to Valcartier. As soon, however, as any lady passenger got on, she opened her little bag and commenced to knit—socks, no doubt, for the Red Cross.

From the Toronto papers Charles could see the intense interest taken by these quieter people in the war. They quoted from American comments as well as English. There was evidently controversy as to the proportion of native-

born and English-born Canadians who had enlisted. The Government was being urged to prepare a Second Expeditionary Force—it was not clear whether the First had actually sailed.

The train passed along the shore of Lake Ontario, and as the first frosts had already touched the maple and the birch, they saw those shining and romantic waters through a fringe of green and scarlet and gold.

CHAPTER XXXI

AT Montreal neat porters in grey uniforms with red caps took their handbags, and from the long low-roofed train-sheds they passed into a light airy hall in which French seemed to be spoken almost as much as English. Dusk was gathering, so without further delay they drove off to the Windsor. It was only a short drive, but even that left a pleasant impression of great trees in a spacious square.

Madeline excused herself from dinner on the plea of a headache, so that the two men dined alone. Before joining Mr. Raymond in the hotel restaurant, Charles descended to the barber's for a shave, not having been very happy with his razor on the train. The rotunda and the passages of the hotel were thronged with men evidently under some excitement, and in the barber's shop itself there was a buzz of talk suggestive of something unusual. Every barber was busy, and there were half a dozen men waiting for their turn.

"Hello, Bill," said one of these to another, "where have you been hiding? I've a search-warrant for you."

"New York."

"Why the hell New York when we wanted you here? I had you booked for my team and you never showed up."

"Business——"

"Cut it out—your job was on this Campaign. These fellows going to the front did not think of business, and we've got to look after their wives and children. You're coming to the dinner to-night?"

"It's not too late?"

"Never too late—get into the game. Have you filled in your pledge? Well, do it now—here's a pen."

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars for you."

"Five hun——?"

"Yes, come across."

The other hesitated but signed his pledge as directed.

"What's the excitement?" asked Charles of the barber who at last took him in hand.

"Last night of the Patriotic Fund Campaign, Sir. They are out to raise a million dollars—we're all giving something. Dinner in the Rose Room, sir—all Montreal will be there."

Mr. Raymond had agreed to wait in the rotunda, but it was quite a problem to find him.

"Thought at first it was a Convention," he said as they met, "but it's a local stunt. Tickets for the dinner all sold, but they say we can get in to hear the speeches."

The general dining room was next to the Rose Room, and through the partition they could hear the hubbub—subdued at first, then an outburst of cheering as if to greet some speaker. The unrest which had taken hold of Charles increased with curiosity and he paid scant attention to the elaborate menu selected by Mr. Raymond. There were Malpecque oysters—salty of the sea and very delicious—slices of a huge local melon, pea-soup as the *habitants* made it, Gaspé salmon, and, by Jinks, moosesteak! But Charles could not enthuse. He wanted to see what was happening next door, learn what this Patriotic Fund was and why these Canadians should get so excited about it.

"I see you want to be with the crowd," said Mr. Raymond good-naturedly. "Well, let's cut out the coffee and see what we can see."

With some little difficulty, for several hundred others had the same idea as themselves, they squeezed into a large banqueting hall with rose coloured panels between which were white fluted pilasters and rose coloured window curtains. There must have been nearly a thousand there—some in evening dress, others in morning coat—all men except for a gallery of lady spectators—arranged in long tables marked with numbers. These designated the teams

of canvassers, and this was the winding-up dinner of the Campaign.

At the end of the room was a great sign with tabulated figures, showing the totals collected by each team day by day during the week.

A clergyman of sorts was concluding a speech which was evidently militant. Every word that he spoke sank home.

"The Kaiser," he was saying, "was informed that England dare not go to war because Canada was eagerly waiting an opportunity to haul down the Union Jack to declare herself a free Republic. To-night there are between thirty thousand and forty thousand Canadian soldiers at Valcartier, and here in this room are assembled the great representatives of our city to show the Kaiser whether we want to have done with Britain or not.

"Never in the long annals of history has a nation fought with a cleaner conscience or with a cleaner sword than the British Empire is doing to-day. We are not fighting to vent our hate upon any nation, or to extend our territories. We are fighting for a scrap of paper only, it is true, but when England's solemn word of honour was on that paper and when the neutrality of gallant and immortal little Belgium was violated, the path of honour for Britain led straight into the mouth of the enemies' cannon.

"The representatives of our race have followed and will follow to the bitter end, refusing to accept the infamous bribes of German diplomats, refusing to play traitor to gallant France and helpless but brave Belgium.

"We are fighting because there are still such things as chivalry and honour and national morality. We are fighting to defend the weaker nations of Europe from the armed brutality and the ruthless barbarism of the Potsdam war-lords. We are fighting for our lives, and let the issue be perfectly clear, for our liberties; for our homes and for our altars, for our very existence as a self-governing, liberty-loving people. We shall fight on, if it takes all our

treasure, all our ships, all our men. We shall fight as long as there is a gun left and a man to fire it."

A roar of cheering followed this peroration.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond. "These Canucks are taking the thing seriously!"

Then followed an auction. A big Canadian, with a voice as big as his body, jumped on a table and harangued the audience with a rollicking introduction. Then got down to business.

"First I have to offer you this handsome diamond ring—not an ordinary ring, nor even an ordinary diamond ring, but a ring with a history, a ring which sparkles with tender associations. When I read the letter that accompanies this ring, you will dig down deep into your pockets, yet all the money you could find there is small compared to the spirit which inspired this magnificent gift. The ring and the letter were sent by an unknown lady to one of the leading workers in this campaign, a railway president whom you all know. The letter reads:

Dear Mr. President,

I can contribute no sum of money to the Patriotic Fund at all commensurate with my sympathy for the cause, so I offer the enclosed, the gift of a dearly loved father to a daughter sixteen years old many years ago. I send this ring to you personally, Mr. President, because my father was a builder of railroads and as such met and conquered in earlier days obstacles that would have daunted a smaller soul. I trust and believe that your committees will find means to make my offering of some avail, at least their acceptance of it will honour the memory of a man who, amidst many demands upon him, was never heedless of the distress of a woman or of a child. May we not feel that in this hour of test an invincible Host is with us, the Host of those who having themselves overcome, point the way of courage and endurance and of mercy to those of us who go and those of us who stay. I am respectfully

A Daughter of Loyalists.

Montreal, September 14, 1914.

"Point the way of courage?" the words burned into Charles's very soul. What was he doing there? What sacrifices had he to offer? Must this unknown Canadian woman show him the way?

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "after an appeal so touching, can any of you refuse to bid five hundred dollars?—five fifty—six hundred—six fifty—seven hundred—eight—nine—one thousand dollars—thank you, you are a gentleman—one thousand dollars—my time is worth ten dollars a second—one thousand—going! going! Gone! Name please—Selim?—can't catch it—Salim Bousamra. Stand up Mr. Bousamra and show these gentlemen the handsomest man in Montreal.

"One of my Syrians!" called out a little man at the head of one of the tables.

"Three cheers for the Syrians—hip-hip-hooray!" called out the auctioneer and every one cheered and shouted "Speech—speech!"

Salim Bousamra shrugged his shoulders and gesticulated with oriental significance.

"Gentlemen," he said, "what can I say? I will just say this—I owe everything I have in the world to Montreal. Twenty years ago I came to Canada without a cent. Montreal has been good to me. I am proud to be able to give a thousand dollars for this ring to your Patriotic Fund."

A Syrian! thought Charles, and gives a thousand dollars. What had he to give?

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "we gave three cheers for the Syrians, but we forgot the 'tiger.'"

Such a "tiger" as followed shook the roof.

Fast and furious went the auction till the tensest of all excitement when bids were asked for a horse. The animal itself had been raffled and the number drawn by the auctioneer himself, who once more put it up for sale for the benefit of the Fund. But first he would auction the right of naming the horse. A roar of laughter passed round the room when the first bid came not from among the men themselves but from the ladies' gallery.

"That's my wife," called out a guest at the high table.

"That's my money," floated down the answer. "If you want to win bid higher."

Then came a contest between man and wife—three hundred dollars—three fifty—four hundred—four fifty—five hundred—five twenty-five—going—going—gone—the lady has it!

"Madame," said the auctioneer, "what name do you wish to give to the horse?"

"Colonel Sam Hughes," was the shrill answer, "because he's a good worker."

Loud cheers for Canada's Minister of Militia.

The auctioneer scratched his head.

"Can't be done," he said, "the horse is also a lady."

The audience rocked with laughter.

"What bids for the right of re-naming the horse?" continued the indefatigable auctioneer. A black-headed French Canadian ran this up to two hundred and fifty dollars.

"What name?"

"Victoire!"

Like a flash came the answer and like a flash the room rose and cheered.

Then followed detailed reports from the captains of the teams of canvassers—the black-bearded French Canadian was one—another was the persistent fellow in the barber's shop, another was the little man who claimed the Syrian, there must have been more than twenty—each telling tales of sacrifices, each working up to a climax, commencing with the small subscriptions—cents, dollars, hundred dollars, five hundred dollars, thousands, tens of thousands—there seemed to be more thousand dollars than cents—each captain more excited than the one before, all knowing that the million they had promised to raise would be nearer a million and a half, all stirred by the sound of the guns in the square which were booming out their record of the hundred thousands as they mounted up, all fired with the success that was crowning a week of strenuous campaigning. Then last of all up sprang a tall, clean shaven, clean

cut, fair haired captain, his face white with excitement.

"I want to tell you," he shouted, "about the meanest man in Montreal. He is one of the richest men in Montreal, but when I asked him for a subscription for the wives and soldiers of the men who are going to fight his battles, he turned me down. Now what do you think of that?—not one cent out of all his millions. Gentlemen, I want you to let me tell you his name. Will you give me permission?"

A sudden stillness passed over the room. Not one there but wished to know the name, but the sporting spirit, which seemed as strong here in Canada as in any other part of the British Empire prevailed. "Every man is entitled to his own opinion," was the thought, and "No—No—No!" was the answer.

"Very well," said this captain, "let us turn from the millionaire to the wage-earners."

"That's good," said a man at Charles's side, "he's a millionaire himself."

The fiery captain then explained that the total he could claim that night was due to the employés who had volunteered to give a day's pay to the Fund. With machine-gun rapidity he fired off names and figures, always working higher, always more dramatic till at his final total, by far the highest of the evening, the whole room rose once more and with handkerchiefs and napkins acclaimed the most spectacular record of a record night.

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond. "I wouldn't have missed this for a thousand dollars."

The auctioneer was at his elbow.

"Did I hear you say a thousand dollars?" he said. "Thank you—just sign here."

A somewhat sickly grin passed over the Chicago man's face, but only for a moment.

"Yes, damn it," he said, "you deserve it, and I'm glad to give. Count me as one of the boys."

So saying he took the pen offered him and signed his name and address.

Votes of thanks were now being passed and a movement

started towards the door. Charles and Mr. Raymond were turning when suddenly "God Save the King" was struck up. The almost riotous excitement sobered down, and with a sincerity that gave the familiar music a new meaning to Charles a thousand throats sang the National Anthem.

As he passed towards the door he picked up a card, evidently used by a canvasser in soliciting subscriptions. There were just three lines.

"SOME WOMEN ARE GIVING THEIR MEN
SOME MEN ARE GIVING THEIR LIVES
WHAT ARE YOU GIVING?"

"What am I giving? What can I give? What am I doing? What can I do?" These thoughts kept beating on his brain and would not be repelled. Every one seemed to shame him: the unknown "Daughter of Loyalists," Salim Bousamra the Syrian, the Montreal working man with his "day's pay," Mr. Raymond himself with his thousand American dollars, and Charles himself, an Englishman, with England at war in England's war, her first army defeated, glad to get the help of her colonies—what had he given, what was he doing?

The telegram sent by Winston Churchill from South Africa to the *Morning Post* early in the Boer War came to his mind.

"What are the gentlemen of England doing? Are they all fox-hunting?"

Fox-hunting—moose-hunting? where was the difference?

"Hello, Fitzmorris—well, of all the luck!"

A slap on the shoulder woke him from his reflections. It was Jeffers—good old bull-voiced Jeffers, who had coached the Third Togger to victory on the river that first year at Oxford.

"Jeffers! What are you doing here? Are you living in Montreal?"

"Just till to-morrow. Then——"

A sudden light seemed to break over his face and he slipped his arm through that of Charles.

"Come up to my room and have a pow-wow. Are you with anybody?"

"Yes, let me introduce you, Mr. Raymond of Chicago—Mr. Jeffers, an old college friend."

"Glad to know you," said Mr. Raymond. "Say, Charles, don't let me keep you. I guess I'll go to bed—I've had all the excitement I want to-night. See you in the morning."

With a cheery good-night he left them.

"Who's the old buck?" asked Jeffers.

"One of the very best," replied Charles, and told him of the thousand dollars.

"Gad, you're right!" exclaimed Jeffers. "There must be something human in a fellow who gets carried away like that. These Americans are white men and will be with us yet. But that's not what I have in mind."

By this time they had reached his room.

"Well," said Charles, sinking into a chair and lighting a cigarette, "what is on what you call your mind?"

"It's this," said Jeffers so solemnly that Charles regretted his flippancy, "those thirty to forty thousand Canadians referred to by that Methodist parson to-night are sailing on Sunday, day after to-morrow, from Quebec under convoy for England, and I'm going with them."

"As an officer?"

"No, not as an officer, nor even as a private, but as a ship's steward. It's the only way to make it. When war broke out, I thought of enlisting, but then, damn it! I wasn't a Canadian, and it didn't seem right to join a Canadian regiment—until it was too late and the lists were closed. But there's lots of room over there, and mark my words, Fitzmorris, we are needed, you and I. This is no war like the Boer War——"

"And yet," flashed through Charles's mind, "even in the Boer War there was a call for the gentlemen of England."

"This," continued Jeffers, "is a matter of life and death,

and so I'm going home. All the passenger boats have been commandeered for three weeks, but why pay passage money when you can work your way? I've got a pal in a steamship company who has promised to sign me on as a steward on the *Virginian*, there are thirty transports and lots of jobs vacant, as so many of their old stewards were reservists. My pal said, if I had any friends like myself,"—and he looked Charles full in the face,—"I might bring them along."

At last the moment had come, and now that it had come Charles was glad. All this uncertainty, this sleepless controversy with his conscience, this conflict between the call of Madeline and the call of duty was to end. What his decision must be was clear as noonday. The spirit of patriotism and sacrifice that he had seen in the meeting downstairs had purged his soul.

"So far," continued Jeffers, "I've collected seven—all Oxford men—all rowing men—they seem to have dropped in here mostly from the States—just now they are all out on an unholy jag—but I want an eighth. I'm going to stroke this crew myself this time, and not just holler from the bank. It'll be a mixed crew—two Magdalen men, two men from New College, one from Trinity, one from Univ, myself from the House—five different colleges you see, but then you get into a mixed crew if you row for Leander. By Jove, Fitzmorris, this will be better even than rowing for Leander, won't you be one of us?"

"Yes," said Charles, a lump in his throat, as he rose from his chair and grasped Jeffers's hand, "yes, I will."

"I knew you would—I knew you would."

The lump in his throat disappeared as suddenly as it came, and having thus lightened his soul on the summit of the Hill of Difficulty, Charles went joyfully on.

"What about the cox? Can't you rope in a ninth?"

Jeffers smiled.

"There is a man also of Oxford—a scholar First in Greats—*proxime accessit* for the Ireland—who has begged me on his knees to be allowed to come, but I hesitate—he

is a Balliol man. I don't know whether the other fellows would stand him. One has to be particular, even as a steward on a transport."

"Why not let him come as a sculleryman," suggested Charles. "I suppose even on a transport some one washes the dishes. Is he very Balliol?"

"Very. One of Lord Milner's young men. Talks 'Empire' with his chin in the air and thinks Canada is governed by England. Now that I come to think of it, the wisest thing would be to get him out of the country. What's more, one should not be too particular. This is a war for democracy. The cook's galley will suit him admirably. His name is Mountjoy—The Honourable Algernon Augustus Clarence—though he has dropped the Honourable since he came to Canada. That title is known here only in connection with wise and aged Senators. The Honourable Algernon looks eighteen."

"What is the programme?" asked Charles.

"At one o'clock we go on board. We don't pick up the soldiers till we reach Quebec but that will give the other fellows time to sober up and give us all time to learn something about our jobs. I've found the place where we can get clothes. We can take it on our way to the Docks."

At one o'clock! That left little time enough to break the news and say good-bye to Madeline. Well, so much the better. She would make a scene—Charles hated scenes—the sooner it was over the better. He loved her—God knows he loved her, but now he had no choice but go.

CHAPTER XXXII

IT was not till he woke up shivering at five o'clock next morning that Charles realized how much was involved in his promise. Madeline and Mr. Raymond had brought him in perfectly good faith to Montreal, had made arrangements for guides and outfit in Nova Scotia, and now at a moment's notice he was going to desert them. It was, moreover, poor courtesy to the girl to whom he was affianced that he should thus suddenly leave her in the lurch. It was all very heroic for him to go back to England to enlist, but it was damned hard on the girl.

Of course it was hard on him too to leave her so suddenly. He had anticipated a fortnight of sheer happiness, followed by the novelty of a return to study, with the prospect of an early marriage to the girl he loved, somewhere about Christmas, and then after the close of his course at Harvard a comfortable home with a good income in a business which promised to be congenial. Mr. Raymond had shown himself a prince, and this was Charles's return. No glamour of heroism could obscure the inconsiderateness of his treatment of both Madeline and her father, and he cursed Jeffers for having won his promise in that moment of impulse.

And yet Charles, knowing his own character and knowing the hold that this lovely girl could exercise upon him if she chose, knew that if he were to go at all, he must go now. He dared not wait.

Breakfast was a difficult meal. Madeline was full of spirits, looking forward to a morning's shopping. There were camp dainties which might not be easy to get at Annapolis. Then there was Montreal itself to see. Mr. Raymond for his part was still under the excitement of the

night before, and pictured for his daughter's benefit the scenes they had witnessed.

"I tell you, Madeline," he said, "it made me feel good to think I had Canadian blood in me. They may act foolish to get mixed up in this war, but there's no meanness about the way they do it—all except one millionaire."

And he chuckled as he told the story of the fiery captain.

Charles in the meanwhile was steeling himself for the declaration and unable to touch his food. He answered every question absent-mindedly; so much so that Mr. Raymond, remembering the similar indifference at last night's dinner, began to be concerned.

"What's the matter, Charles. Can't you be tempted?"

"The food's all right," answered Charles, resolved at last to have it out. "The trouble is not of the body but of the mind. I know you will think it rotten of me to spoil your plans, but I may as well say it now and have done with it—I can't go on this hunting trip. I am sailing for England to-morrow."

"Sailing—for—England—to-morrow?"

Madeline pushed her chair back from the table in amazement, and Mr. Raymond's jaw fell.

"Yes," continued Charles desperately, "I've made up my mind that it is my duty to enlist."

"To—enlist?—to go and fight?—Charles, how can you?"

Madeline turned deathly white and her father was afraid she was going to faint. The colour, however, gradually came back, and with it a squaring of the chin and a hard look in the eyes which Charles had never seen before.

"I guess this is no place to argue," said Mr. Raymond, his eyebrows knitted together. "Let's go upstairs and thrash it out. Waiter, give me the check."

They went in silence to the sitting-room which formed part of the suite the Raymonds had secured. Mr. Raymond was chewing the end of an unlighted cigar, and Madeline nervously put on and took off her right hand glove. As soon as the door closed behind them, she broke out.

"What do you mean, Charles? How can you explain

this? Why didn't you tell us before? How could you lead us to come on this trip, make all the arrangements for guides, and then drop out? What about father and his business, a fortnight of which he was giving up to please you? How about me and our engagement? Are you going to make a fool of me before all my friends? Do you think it honourable to leave me at a moment's notice? Am I of so little account? Do you imagine yourself already my lord and master and that I must put up with whatever you choose to do? That may be the English way, but I expect more consideration, and I mean to have it. When did you come to this decision? It all seems very sudden."

"It is sudden," said Charles, "although it should not have been. I know I am at fault, first in not making this decision before, and then in doing it in this way. But last night opened my eyes. You, Mr. Raymond, you said a few minutes ago that it made you feel good to know you had Canadian blood in you. Well, I—I feel ashamed that I have none. These Canadians have shamed me—thirty thousand sailing from Quebec to-morrow to fight my battles in an unknown country, and I young and strong staying behind when I know by heart the ground where the battles are being fought. The Canadian women shame me, I am shamed by the Canadian men who are generously giving to the wives and children of those who go. What am I doing? What am I giving? Absolutely nothing."

"If it is only a question of money—" began Mr. Raymond.

"No money can pay the price," said Charles bitterly. "Don't think me rude, but you cannot measure duty up in dollars and cents. My duty is to go and go quickly. I have delayed too long. I know it is not fair to you, Mr. Raymond, that I should spoil your plans—you have been more than good to me. And you, Madeline, it is brutal of me to treat you like this—go suddenly, without fair warning. But there is no other thing to do. To-morrow I have a chance of crossing with the Canadian contingent, but if so I must go on board ship in a few hours. I have given my word of honour to go."

"You forget," said Madeline sarcastically, "you once gave your word to me. An Englishman's word is his bond, I suppose, unless it is given to an American woman. And, by the way, it must be a funny kind of Canadian army that is willing to take you, untrained, without a day of drill. Is it because you are an Oxford man? Is it with brains that they hope to beat the Germans?"

"I'm not going in, but only with, the Canadian army. I've got the promise of a job on one of the transports as a steward——"

"A steward!" the other two exclaimed.

"Yes," said Charles, "it's the only way. Otherwise I might have to wait. There's not a berth to purchase, every ship is commandeered."

Madeline and her father looked at each other amazed. Then, feeling that perhaps he had better leave his daughter alone to settle this matter with Charles, Mr. Raymond said:

"I'm going for a little walk. You two can have a heart to heart talk for an hour, and let me know how you stand when I come back. This is certainly some mix-up, and fresh air may clear my brain."

When they were alone, Madeline stood for a while at the window, looking out with her back towards him, while Charles leaned against a bureau furiously smoking a cigarette.

"Madeline!" he said at last, huskily.

She turned, her eyes full of tears, her arms outstretched. "How could you!" she cried. "How could you!"

Sobbing bitterly, with her face on his shoulder and her arms round his neck, she stirred all the pity and remorse that any man in such circumstances could feel. His resolution began to melt—she was so beautiful—she loved him—he loved her so—he had been cruelly abrupt—surely he could delay—sail by another port on another boat—take this hunting trip first—the rifle practice would not be wasted—she would not find it then so hard to explain to her friends—these and a thousand other such alternatives ricochetted through his mind. But then how could he

stand another fortnight of this clinging, these embraces, this appeal to his softer nature—would she thus not gain time to break down his intention, to make him forget his duty?

He dared not take the risk. This must be farewell.

He led her to a sofa and, putting his arm round her, kissed her hair and gently stroked her cheek till she was calm enough to speak coherently. When she did speak, it was to express the very thoughts he dreaded.

"Why go so soon?" she urged. "And why from Canada? Why not New York, by one of the big steamers, such as the *Lusitania?* It would be much safer, and we would have time to talk things over. Can't you see how unfair it is to leave me like this? We were to have been married, to have been together for the rest of our lives, and then overnight you decide to rush away. Every one will say you have jilted me—they will say it serves me right for not choosing an American. And I—I thought you were going to become one of us. We had it all planned so nicely—father had promised to take you into the firm, and now, because of an imaginary duty, you throw us all overboard."

"Dearest, don't call it imaginary," said Charles. "I wish you had been there last night to hear. Your father himself was moved as I never saw him moved before. And you—you would have understood. There are things that a man must do if he wishes to be thought a man. Look at your own grandfather—in the Civil War—he did not hesitate when the call came."

"Let the dead past bury their dead," she answered. "This is another matter. Why can't you cable over first to see whether you are wanted? What if you go across to find that England has all the men she needs? If she were in such desperate straits, surely she would have sent out proclamations through the consuls or the Ambassador. We have seen so little of each other, Charles, and I might never see you again. Don't be more cruel to me than you can help. This convoy that you talk about may hang about for

days, and is sure to travel slowly. If you waited for a fast boat from New York, you might still arrive in England just as quick."

She nestled close to him and looked up into his eyes with the appeal that he seldom resisted. She felt that he was wavering, and eagerly pressed on the assault.

"This hunting trip would have been so glorious," she murmured as he kissed her. "I have looked forward to it so—we should have been so much together, and I wanted to teach you the way of the woods. Oh, there's nothing like it!—to steal along the lake in a canoe, to cook one's meals over the camp fire, to watch the squirrels and listen to the bird calls, to snuggle at night under a lean-to, and look out over the glowing embers through the trees at the stars. It's not so much the hunting and fishing, but it's the whole life. Oh, you would love it!"

"I know I should," he answered, "particularly with you, dear. But——"

"But?" She trembled lest he should yet escape her, and brought her last artillery to bear. "But, Charles—I had thought—it might have been—it might still be—more than a mere hunting trip. Suppose—I am sure now that under the circumstances father would not object—it has come so suddenly that we must do things quickly—suppose that we should make it not just a hunting, but a honeymoon trip."

Then buried her face in his breast.

"Why," said Charles, catching eagerly at the thought, "what do you mean?"

"Just this," she said. "I can do without the trousseau—I can do without the fashionable wedding—we can surely find a minister here—or even a registry—I can't do without you, dear."

Those lips so red!

T-r-r-r-ring! T-r-r-r-ring!

Startled, they broke apart—then laughed. It was only the telephone.

Madeline lifted the receiver.

"Some one calling you, Charles—the name sounds like Jeffers."

Jeffers it was.

"Hello, Fitzmorris. Excuse this interruption, but I thought you'd better have a reminder. Met the old buck, your friend, Mr. Raymond, downstairs, and went with him for a stroll. He asked me about you, and told me what you were here for. I can guess the situation. Now if you still mean to come, be at my room at twelve o'clock sharp. I have an appointment with my steamship pal at twelve-fifteen, and want you to meet him and get signed on. If you feel you have acted too hastily, I'll understand—don't blame me afterwards—it all rests with your own conscience. What I want to say is what I said last night. Fitzmorris, we are needed over there, you and I—it's a matter of life and death. If you come now, you'll just make up the eight. I'm going to stroke this crew myself—it'll be a mixed crew, but this will be better even than rowing for Leander. So long, old man."

"Who was that?" asked Madeline anxiously. Some instinct told her that there was danger.

"Jeffers, an old friend at Oxford, I met him last night——"

"Ah! he was the man——"

"Yes, the man I promised to go over with."

"But you won't—now?"

Charles dared not look at her. In his ears rang the words. "We are needed there—you and I—it's a matter of life and death——"

She caught him by the arm and clung to him.

"Say you won't—now—now that we are to be married—to-morrow—if possible to-day."

All the more he dared not look her in the face.

"Charles," the words came sharply now, "you surely can't refuse me—when I give up everything—sink my pride—make myself cheap—just to keep you for a little while."

That was it—keep him—for a little while, she said, but he knew it meant more. It meant that she would keep

him altogether, in silken chains of ease, when those other fellows over there were fighting. Once she had him in her arms, with her passionate kisses, how could he tear himself away? Now must be the break—now, or it would be too late.

Pulling himself together, he forced the words through his lips.

"Madeline, I must go—I'm sorry."

How lame it sounded!

Yet he had courage now to look at her, and saw that her face was dark. The jet-black eyes were never so black, and never so hard. He could not have believed so sudden a revulsion. She was more like a wild animal at bay than the Madeline he had known.

"You really mean it?" she whispered, clutching her throat as if her feelings choked her, and stepping away from him. "After all I have offered—almost the last that a woman can offer—and you surely would not ask for that—and you say you love me?"

"I do love you," he protested, "but

'I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more.'"

The words seemed to sting her into fury.

"Don't waste your quotations on me," she flung at him. "Keep them for your Oxford friends. Keep them also for your standard of honour—that breaks its word with a woman. Keep also your love—it is too light for me. If I give myself to a man, he must be mine alone. Go back to England and be a hero—that is to say, if a ship's steward can be a hero. If you do write to me, all I want to know is, how much do you get in tips."

"Madeline!"

She burst into tears.

"Oh, I know I shouldn't have said that—but you madden me so. Go! Go! don't let me hold you back—have it over and done with."

Some one knocked at the door.

"There's father," she cried, and let him in.

He looked at the two sadly and shook his head.

"Nothing doing?" he questioned. "Just as I feared. Well, Charles, it's rough on the girl. You have given her a raw deal, but I see now how it all happened. If we could only arrange things to suit our own convenience, this would be a wonderful world. I met your friend Mr. Jeffers. I guess he's sorry he butted in, but what's done can't be undone. It's all up to you now, Charles, and let me tell you, whether you go or whether you stay, you can bank on Henry Raymond."

Again the lump rose in Charles's throat.

"I daren't stay," he said, signifying Madeline with his hand. "If I did, I might forget, and if I forgot, I should be no man for any true woman. And so—forgive me—and good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my son—God bless you! Don't forget to write."

It was a handshake Charles could never forget.

"Madeline," he said falteringly, "won't you forgive me? Won't you say good-bye?"

She held out her hand—all cold and trembling—but did not look at him, or say a word. His heart full of pity, and shame, and yet of steadfast resolution, Charles lifted the fingers to his lips, and with this last salute tore himself away.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE Raymonds did not give up their hunting trip though Mr. Raymond suggested return. Madeline, however, was obstinate to show that she could live her own life in the old way, and after consideration her father thought she would more easily forget the shock of Charles's departure in that form of life which she loved the most. To the Liverpool chain of lakes they therefore went, and each got the treasured trophy of a moose head before September ended. Moosehunting—in September, however, is a sport where the thrills are of short duration. A windy day is an idle day, and on such a day all that the hunter usually does is to loaf around the camp and pray for a cold calm morning.

Madeline, though she spent such days in fishing, had ample time for reflection, and reflection made her only the more bitter. In her heart she knew she still loved Charles, and she would still be true to him, but she would teach him a lesson—would send him cold answers if any answer at all to his letters, would make him suffer in silence for his lack of consideration. At the end of the war, which surely could not last more than a year, she would graciously forgive him and take him back, contrite and handsomer than ever, into her favour.

He would come back—she knew he would, if only to make up for his unmannerly departure, if only she said the word. She realized now that it was his love for her of which he had been most afraid and which had made the parting so abrupt. His was a character which angered her and yet which she admired—strong in its very weakness, boyishly sincere. He would make a good officer, she felt sure, and a good husband. Therefore, although she meant to punish him, she did not mean to let him go.

As time went on, however, Madeline found the punishment was not all on one side. She won her heart's desire in singing at the Thomas Concerts, but the triumph tasted

only as ashes in her mouth. New York invited her to sing, and Boston, but she found again that she had less pleasure in the applause of these great critical and profitable audiences than when she had sung alone at Lake Geneva with Charles the only listener, his arm around her waist. These audiences clapped their hands and forgot. In Charles's heart her voice had found its home.

His letters came after the first month once a week, and though she acknowledged them only with a postcard, she knew them backward. The first one told her of the voyage with the Canadian Contingent.

"Dearest Madeline,

"I can't expect to get an answer to my letters, but I intend to write to you all the same. I want you always to know that you are the only girl for me, and though by my thoughtlessness I may have lost you let this be my penance and my purgatory—to tell you for ever of my love, and never to know whether my love will be again returned.

"I signed on as steward on the *Virginian*, and an interesting trip it was. That was because of Jeffers who by some mysterious influence had got six—no seven other Oxford men besides ourselves into the same kind of job on the same boat. You were right about the convoy hanging about. Although we were on the ship within three hours of the time I said good-bye to you, we had to hang about in harbour for a whole week before we even left for Quebec. Every day we expected to leave next morning, and when some of the ship's crew brought the rumour that the Expeditionary Force had already sailed for England we could do nothing but curse our luck and hope for the best.

"At last we lifted anchor and started down the St. Lawrence. The maple leaf had turned, and the woods on the banks of the river were one blaze of scarlet and russet and gold. Towards evening we reached Quebec—with its high rock-set citadel and great Chateau overlooking the waiting convoy—every ship painted grey—surely a sight to stir the heart.

"Some of the transports were already loaded. Our

consignment came on next day; a battalion from Vancouver—a curious mixture of men from the forests and the mines and the orchards and the cities—many of them evidently Englishmen and some who knew their officers by their first names.

"We hung about three more days waiting till all the troops had embarked before we set off again down stream. It was a perfect day, and the gleam of sunshine on the church spires and the little white French Canadian villages made a picture of strange charm. At Gaspé again we had another two days' wait, some said because of submarines. We were thirty-one transports in all, and only four light cruisers in sight to protect us. That, however, did not concern me. I was thinking all the time of you, knowing you were somewhere in Nova Scotia just to the south, and picturing you out on the edge of a lake calling moose as you did that first wonderful evening on Lake Geneva.

"Those days of waiting were as it happened our salvation. Jeffers from the very first took us in hand, and in his own language stroked the crew to victory. You see, we were a crew of eight, with one little Balliol man as cox. He had a manual of all the duties of a steward, and with that, and with some friendly advice from the old hands, and with common sense and our remembrance of what we ourselves expected when we were passengers we came out on top. It was indeed dramatic justice that we, the Oxford men who in our day had looked askance at all Canadians as uppish, were now their humble servants.

"I mimicked the manner of Silas, my old scout at Christ Church, admirable soul, and dropped my aitches like a true-born Cockney. But unlike that of Silas my service was beyond reproach. I anticipated every wish, brought grape fruit or a slice of melon and a cup of tea with thin bread and butter to each of my passengers at seven, never murmured when they asked for breakfast in bed, valeted them, polished their buttons, piled up William pears in the fruit-dishes at my table when the rest had only last year's apples, never kept any one waiting and made myself so

generally useful that none of them went off without giving me at least ten dollars—one gave fifty. Yes, my dear, your sarcasm hurt me when you talked of tips, but Jeffers taught us otherwise. He said that for the sake of his pal in Montreal we must earn our keep and play the game, and we did play it, every man Jack of us, down to the Balliol man who worked in the scullery.

"I used to sneer at Balliol men, but now I take off my hat to them—more especialy to one, the Honourable Algernon Augustus Clarence Mountjoy, who on this voyage washed the dishes. Poor devil, he was seasick on the river before the vessel started, but though he suffered agonies all the way across he stuck to his job like a man.

"One night we all started rotting him about Balliol, and at once out of a meek little dish-washer he became a regular spitfire. Afterwards I took him aside and calmed him down, and he poured out his whole diminutive soul to me. It was all tied up in Balliol. He quoted verses by Hilaire Belloc which I had never heard before but which seemed to me superb. This is one of them:

"Here is a House that armours a man
With the eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger
And a laughing way in the teeth of the world
And a holy hunger for thirst and danger;
Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again;
And the best of Balliol loved me and led me;
God be with you, Balliol men."

"Out of our nine Oxford men, three were rowing blues (two Magdalen, one New College), and all the rest had rowed for their College either in Eights or Torpids. On the river I should probably have been the weakest of the crew, but as a steward Jeffers said I gave them all points.

"We left the shores of Canada in three great lines. The *Virginian* was on the right in the centre of the line with the *Corinthian* just ahead. We went slow so as to keep together and prayed that it should not be rough. Nearly all our passage was calm, and the only one really unhappy was

the Honourable Algernon Augustus, etc. With us, though mostly out of sight, were at least four battleships, and on the second day out the Dreadnought *Glory* came to look us over. One fine day we saw the *Princess Royal*, a Super-dreadnought with a terrific speed which looked as if it could by itself stand up against the whole German fleet. Who would have thought that the little Canadian Army would get such attention from the Lords of the Admiralty? This was one Naval Review the Kaiser was sorry he could not attend.

"As we came nearer England, H. M. S. *Majestic*, another Dreadnought, hove in sight, and the approach to Plymouth swarmed with destroyers and torpedo-boats. The coming of our Armada evidently had made an impression, and Plymouth Hoe was black with people who had gathered to see us.

"After another day of waiting, the Canadians went off to Salisbury Plain. Jeffers worked the oracle for me and the rest of the eight so that we were paid off, and at last after one solid month on board ship arrived in London. Now I am a full-fledged private in the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and kicking myself because I never joined the O.T.C. (Officers' Training Corps) at Christ Church. Still I can see this is the highway to a commission, and the hard work does me good—have dropped three pounds already of too, too solid flesh.

"My dear, there are hateful rumours in the air. Kitchener, they say, is too old and has been too long in the East. There are too many Germans high up in the ranks of both Army and Navy. We need not half a million but five million men to win the war. I think if you were in England now, Madeline, and heard what I hear, you would see that I did right to come.

"Till we meet again,

"CHARLES."

His second letter must have contained some information that the censors did not wish to get abroad for it arrived in such mutilated form that little was legible except the terms of endearment.

The third was evidently considered harmless:

"My dearest Madeline,

"I had a day's leave yesterday and used it up at Oxford. What a change is there! Although it is full term, the lecture rooms are empty, hall is deserted, and the usual afternoon swarm of rowing men in shorts and sweaters and scarfs and blazers pouring down through Meadows to the barges swarms no more. Hardly an undergraduate, except some crocks and Indians and—Americans—well, their call has yet to come.

"The Dons are much perturbed at the possibility of Zeppelins attacking Magdalen Tower, the loveliest thing in England, but are busy in the meanwhile turning their colleges into convalescent homes. The Examination Schools, in which three thousand youths each year used to suffer agonies worse than most operations, are now transformed into a hospital with cases which I believe are sick, not wounded. I think of the hours I spent on the rack in that resplendent torture chamber, and rejoice that the scene of such mental anguish now is changed to the alleviation of physical distress.

"If ever I am wounded, let me come here to convalesce. Surely it were easy to get well again among these quiet buildings with their grey quadrangles and pinnacled square towers and swards and lovely gardens. Oxford as yet is only a name to you—you never saw this city of a thousand years. And yet I think, if only you had seen it for an hour, you would have fallen in love with its serenity. Serene it is, even though its streets be thronged with eager youth—how much more serene when youth has flown!

"I went to service at Christ Church Cathedral, and as it chanced one of the hymns they sang was 'O Come All Ye Faithful'—*Adeste Fideles*—just as we sang it together that Sunday only four months ago in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. I shut my eyes and fancied I could hear your voice beside me still.

"Some day we must stand together in that Cathedral and look up at the delicate tracery on the roof over the chancel and at the eight-petalled rose-window above the altar. Behind the altar are two Norman arches and the

Cathedral itself is mostly Norman, dating from the days when your ancestors and mine were very likely neighbours.

"I don't know whether the bells in the bell tower at Christ Church are Norman too, but they came from Osney Abbey which was Norman. The rhyme which names them runs: 'Hautclerc, Douce, Clement, Austin, Marie, Gabriel et John'—a musical company, is it not?—just right for wedding bells.

"But the sweetest of all to me is the sound of the great bell Tom, who gave to Tom Quad its name, Great Tom who rings every night at nine o'clock one hundred and ten notes in a deep B flat. His echoes will surely ring in the ears of most Oxford men until all echoes are lost in the sound of the Last Trump.

"There goes Réveillé—Good-bye.

"Ever your loving,

"Charles."

Another letter which reached Madeline early in December read as follows:—

"Dearest,

"How happy I was to get your postcard. I know now that you are not going to cut me off altogether.

"I saw the notice of your concert in a Chicago paper—your mother's dearly beloved *Daily News*. It has an office off Trafalgar Square with a sign that you can't miss, so last time I was on leave I dropped in to put my name down as a subscriber. Sing away, sweetheart—every time you sing in public I shall hear of it, for you evidently made a big hit with that wonderful deep voice of yours. I wish the fellow who wrote the criticism had said less about your soul and more about your dress—I could have pictured you better if he had given the colour and style.

"When we were at Lake Geneva, we used to tell each other all our inmost thoughts, and in these letters I shall keep on telling you mine. Just now of course I live on war, or rather on the preparations for war: drills, rifle practice, marching, fatigues, pickets, guards and bayonet exercise—that's what worries me most. Can I ever bring myself

to stab a real human German with that ghastly weapon? Do I hate the breed so much? With a rifle at five hundred yards it would be different—one wouldn't see the blood or hear the death-rattle, but this hand to hand butchery is another thing. What if I met my friend Karl Schmidt, the chemist son of dear old Frau Pastorin, with whom I spent such happy days at Göttingen? Could I ever deliberately spike him against a wall?

"I wonder how much war there would be if all the autocrats and bureaucrats were swept away and the decision rested with those who had actually to do the fighting. From what I read and hear, the French people had no voice in the matter. The avalanche swept upon them unawares. Even more so with the Belgians, who now are flooding England with their tales of horror. So, too, I believe it is with the vast proportion of the Germans themselves, who kill because they have been told to kill, not because they like it. They more than any other nation are in the hands of a military clique.

"And yet the feeling of race is above all logic or reason, and even though I knew that England was wrong to fight —and after all she was *not* wrong—I could never have forgiven myself if I had stayed out of the struggle. I should have been that wretchedest of creatures, the Man without a Country. I shall just have to steel myself to carry through—discipline, I suppose will do it—so I am shirking nothing that will make me a better soldier.

"The avalanche has started, and nothing can stop it now. All we can do is to divert it, so that our own great heritage should not be overwhelmed.

"Ever your faithful

"CHARLES."

In January she received a letter that caused her some disquiet:

"Dearest Madeline,

"Three postcards from you now—thrice happy I.

"The last arrived on New Year's Day. This is going to be a wonderful New Year for me.

"My father has quite a pull in Government circles and last week wangled a commission for me so that I am now Second Lieutenant Fitzmorris of the —th (deleted by Censor) Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment. While up at the War Office he met an Intelligence Johnnie who expressed a wish to meet me, so he arranged a lunch at the Junior Carlton. I thought this Johnnie rather inquisitive—asked me all about America, when I got back, and so forth. I told him everything quite frankly and was glad I did, for when I had finished my Arabian Night's Tale he remarked 'That agrees exactly with your German dossier.' I nearly fell off my chair. 'What do you mean?' I asked. Whereat he took a sheet of paper out of his pocket, saying, 'Here is the translation of a page from the archives of the German espionage headquarters:

" 'Fitzmorris, Charles—height 1.83 metres; hair blond, curly; eyes light blue; face square; finger-print attached. Speaks German fluently with more Hanoverian than English accent.

" 'September, 1911—found under suspicious circumstances studying roads and places of military importance between Krüt in Alsace and frontier during secret manœuvres. Carried military maps out of date but instructive. Claimed to be student of history at Oxford. Known to have sent numerous apparently innocuous postcards to American lady by name Madeline Raymond ostensibly studying music and residing formerly at same *pension* in Strasburg with whom and her alleged mother he had made extensive motor-trips. Identified by Rww and released with caution. Shortly after left Germany by unusual tourist route and spent day at Trier during important troop movements.

" 'December, 1911, to January, 1912—Reported by Cpp as having made careful study of military roads in Belgium and France (Nord) on pretext of studying campaigns of Marlborough. Speaks excellent French.

" 'April, 1912—Repeated visit to Belgium on same pretext.

" 'August, 1912—Passed Final Examinations in History at Oxford University with honours. Answers to examina-

tion papers secured by Lbb, and those dealing with campaigns on Rhine and in Alsace sent for report to Staff-General v. Clausewitz. Report (attached) states grasp of military topography shown by C.F. quite remarkable and recommends C. F. be kept under close observation, particularly if he enters British army or associates with suspects.

"'May, 1913—Reported as active director of illustrated weekly newspaper *Pen and Pencil,* responsible for sensational number on "The Coming War Between Slav and Teuton."

"'July, 1914—Sailed for New York as cabin passenger on s.s. *St. Louis.* On day of landing left for Boston with fellow passengers Raymond of Chicago (cf. item September, 1911). Same company to Newport, Rhode Island (naval station) with which he had been in wireless communication during voyage. Same company to Chicago where he resided with lawyer Michael Kelly, Irish-American but Anglophil. Cabled twice to father in London. Replies evidently in secret code.

"'August, 1914—Father of C.F. appointed to important post in British Treasury. C.F. resided with Raymonds at Lake Geneva, summer resort Wisconsin. Motored with Madeline Raymond alone frequently through foreign settlements (including German) of that State. Paid several visits to Chicago to purchase maps of war area.

"'September, 1914—Left with Madeline Raymond and father Henry Raymond ostensibly on hunting trip to Nova Scotia. Stopped off at Montreal and leaving Raymonds shipped disguised as steward on s.s. *Virginian* after visit to steamship official known to be in confidence of British Government. Probably spy in British service looking out for Kmm who however was warned in time. Tkk detailed to watch Raymonds (see file Raymond Madeline and Henry).

"'October, 1914—Immediately on arrival Plymouth left for London with eight other stewards, all of whom travelled first class on train. Joined Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers as private. Under close observation. Writes letters to Madeline Raymond and receives postcard, copy attached, probably in secret code. Gvv instructed to decipher.'

"This may give you some idea of the ramifications of the German spy system. Can you imagine anything more devilish, more ingenious and more perverted? The most innocent acts are twisted about—your postcards become mysterious documents. And yet there is a modicum of truth—you remember my telling you about my escapade at Krüt after you had left Strasburg. If all the German espionage reports are made with equal industry and equal lack of intelligence, no wonder that Berlin imagined Ireland would revolt, India would break adrift, and the British Colonies would stand aloof.

"The 'Rww' referred to was evidently Baron v. Gleyn, the Rhodes Scholar from Berlin at Christ Church whom we always nicknamed 'Kaiser Bill's Best Friend.'

"What does please me in this affair is that Staff-General v. Clausewitz should have thought so much of my examination papers. I wish he had had the giving of degrees. I might then have got a First Class instead of my Second, but then I might have become a Don, and never tried my luck in Fleet Street, and never heard of your concert, and never met you again! So after all, thank heaven I was judged by a mere Englishman!

"After I had got over the shock of perusing this document, I was relieved to think that our fellows also were not asleep—otherwise how could they have secured this remarkable document?

"The result of it all is that I have now a War Office appointment in prospect, and expect more intellectual employment. No time for more just now, but remember the note *'Tkk detailed to watch Raymonds.'* I hope this means no inconvenience to you. Better let your father know, as this German spy may do some burglaring to pass the time between postcards.

"I don't think I have said anything indiscreet in my letters to you, dear, but better burn my letters. I may have to write less in future. You won't be angry, will you, dear? You understand? This revelation makes me nervous.

"Ever your loving

"CHARLES."

This was followed ten days later by a letter from Paris.

"DEAREST MADELINE,

"Things are moving fast now.

"I have been in the front line trenches in Flanders, and also have seen the devastation wrought by the Germans on the Marne. If I had any doubts before as to the right to kill these fiends, they are all gone now. They are beyond the pale. If only the bare facts of the way they treated the women were printed in American newspapers, the United States surely could not stay neutral. Nothing so terrible has happened in Europe these ten centuries.

"I have written and send you a poem which I am also sending to *Life*—so far as we can see here, the most courageous of your American publications. If they print it, cut it out and paste it on one of your postcards. Here it is:—

IN THE GERMAN SCHOOL

B for the Blood that Stains all Flanders Red.
E for the Exile Brooding o'er Her Dead.
L for the Lash on the Unhappy Slave.
G for the Gallows at the Convent Door.
I for the Innocence No Girl Could Save.
U for the Unborn, Better No Wife Bore.
M for the Last Sad Mercy of the Grave.

"I had promised to write to you every week, but fate alas is forcing me once more to break my promise! I am attached now to the French army, and expect to go in a few days on a confidential mission, so confidential that it is better I should not write to any one at all. This letter therefore is to say Good-bye—you may not hear of me, or from me, till the end of the war. If you do, it will probably be that I am wounded, or——

"Dearest heart, I have your miniature with a lock of your hair, and the pin with the inscription

'Madeline Raymond to Charles Fitzmorris
Who did his little bit.'

"Well, I'm going to 'do my little bit,' so pray for me.

"Everything else must be left behind. I have sent the intimate things to my father whose address you know and who will be the first to hear in case of accident. He has your address and will cable you.

"Dearest, dearest heart, what can I say more except that I love you, and I love you, and I love you.

"CHARLES."

After a night of bitter tears Madeline brought the letter to her father.

"Read it," she said.

He took it in slowly, as if spelling it, letter by letter.

At last, with a sigh, he said:

"When do you want to go?"

"How did you know I meant to go?" she exclaimed.

"I know you had a heart," he answered with a grim smile.

"You lovely Father," she said, with a hug and a kiss. "Of course I couldn't stay. How could I have the patience to wait for any such cable? All this last month I have been thinking and thinking,——"

Then with a catch of her breath,

"Father, I can't keep on with this concert singing any more. Every time I see these rows of fat, contented faces, it makes me ill. I think of the torn, maimed, shattered peoples over in Europe and ask myself, 'What are we doing—we Americans who always claim to speak for humanity—are we dead to the rest of the world?' I at least have a voice, and if I sing any more it will be to the wounded, to the broken-hearted, to those poor fellows who are lying in hospital and to the refugees who have lost their homes."

"That's the girl," said Mr. Raymond heartily, "I'm with you. If you want me to go to England with you, say the word."

"No, no!—You have your business," she answered, "and Mother had better stay with you too. Don't worry about me. I can manage alone."

CHAPTER XXXIV

THUS it was that Madeline found herself a passenger in somewhat mixed company on the s.s. *New Amsterdam* and bound for England. Delightful though the ship itself was with its comfortable cabins and Japanese Tearoom panelled in lacquer and inlay and Delft, she felt all the time a mysterious oppression as if some one were watching her—particularly after she found the lock in her writing case had been tampered with. Anticipating something of the kind, Mr. Raymond had amused himself during the week before Madeline sailed in inventing and printing a bogus code, the endeavour to understand which would, he said, drive any one "bughouse" within a week.

The voyage across the Atlantic took eight days, and though diligent inquiry failed to discover any actual lunatic on board on the last day the distracted and careworn appearance of a passenger in the adjoining cabin, a lady from Chicago who claimed acquaintance with her father and who at first had been particularly ingratiating, but who became ruder and ruder as time flew by, gave Madeline a shrewd suspicion as to the identity of the unknown "Tkk."

There were numbers of German Americans on board, nominally bound for Holland, but openly boastful of intended visits to Berlin, and although all discussion of the war was taboo the passengers soon automatically divided into three groups, Pro-Ally, Neutral and Pro-German. The nucleus of the first of these was formed by Canadian mothers and wives and sisters going to England to be nearer their soldiers. Among these Madeline made good friends, all the more so when they found that she had Canadian ancestry and had a fiancé in the British Army. The Neutral Americans overheard disparaging remarks by indiscreet Pro-Allies, and showed their resentment by keeping aloof.

Arrived in London, Madeline at once called up Mr. Fitzmorris, and over a dainty luncheon in Jermyn Street fell in love with that amiable character. He was now, he said, a grass widower, as his wife had deserted him for her convalescent home in Surrey, while his unmarried daughter was now doing V. A. D. work in Devon.

She confessed to him that her heart's desire was to learn to nurse, for even before she left Chicago she had decided that mere singing to the wounded and the refugee was insufficient vocation, and that if Charles should ever come back maimed she must be the one to look after him.

Her Canadian steamer friends could not help her in this ambition, for only fully qualified nurses of at least three years' standing were accepted by the Canadian Red Cross. England, however, was getting ready to become a gigantic hospital, and the happy way of the St. John Ambulance and the V. A. D. was open to the less certificated.

From the experience of his daughter Mr. Fitzmorris was able to show Madeline all the back ways into a hitherto haughty profession, and for four months she worked hard at First Aid, Home Nursing, Hygiene and Sanitation. The work had to be done amid many distractions, for houses which she could otherwise have broken into only with a pole-axe, now took no "No" from this accomplished sympathizer from Chicago, so that she survived the surfeit of luncheons, teas, at homes, bazaars and dinners, on top of demands for a thousand and one performances for charity, only by dint of rude health and a nimble brain.

Then came the wave of horror that swept through England at the loss of the *Lusitania*. If she had felt sympathetic to the Allied Cause before, how much more so was she now at this slaughter of the innocents. A friend of hers, a mother of eighteen months, was drowned with her baby; another escaped, a human wreck, to sob the tale.

"How thankful I am," Madeline wrote to her father, "that I took up this work when I did—the help that I can give now is a real help, not idle words. Tell every woman you meet, not to delay, but train at once to be a nurse. There is so much to learn, and this war sweeps along so swiftly.

It is impossible for the United States to stand aloof for long. The Writing is on the Wall."

The hospital which her St. John Ambulance certificate enabled her to enter was in the somewhat depressing atmosphere of Bloomsbury, with trained nurses at the head eked out by V. A. D.'s. Rising at five she was permitted by a somewhat supercilious Sister during the day to arrange trays, wash faces and take temperatures. Two months later she was graciously permitted to bind simple dressings and was given more responsible work in the wards. The efficiency and willingness shown in the smallest things she did attracted the attention of the Matron, who at the end of six months advanced her to work that before the war would only have been entrusted to a fully certificated nurse. The charm of her voice made every one in the hospital her friend, so that her quick promotion raised but little jealousy.

Now she took up massage, photo- and hydrotherapy, and eight months later could hold her own at this with anybody. She was still, however, only a V. A. D. with veil tucked in behind her hair, not flying loose. When, therefore, at the Hospital a certain Royal Personage was publicly reduced to tears by her sympathetic rendering of "Ae Fond Kiss," and when the *Daily Mail* with eagle eye and inaccurate phrase re-discovered the heroine of the "Under No Patronage" Concert, and nicknamed her the Singing Sister, she was embarrassed lest the fully-fledged Sisters at the Hospital should think her presumptuous. The *Daily Mirror,* whose photographer she therefore avoided, cabled wildly to Chicago for her portrait, only to be forestalled by Jones, who in *Pen and Pencil* once more gave her a page. The *Daily Mirror* retorted with a pen-and-ink sketch of her at her next performance, describing her as "that unique event in musical history, a concert photographer who refuses to be photographed."

In due course Mr. Fitzmorris arranged a meeting with Colonel Belsize, the Intelligence Johnnie. This thin, aquiline ramrod six-footer, with his monocle, his long moustache and his military drawl, resembled so much a Colonel out

of *Punch* that Madeline found it difficult not to laugh whenever she met him. But he was kindness itself, and showed such genuine interest in her concern for Charles that she would have done anything for him short of falling in love.

"What I really do want you to do," she said one confidential day, "is to get my *dossier* from Berlin—the one marked *Raymond Madeline and Henry*, referred to in one about Charles."

"H'm, h'm," he answered a little stiffly, "the fellow who got that is now too cold to be even sorry. He lies in a prison underground, six feet by two, somewhere in Germany. But still—for a lady—one could at least try."

"Oh, not yourself!" she exclaimed.

"Why not?" he asked with elephantine tenderness.

"Why," she answered, "because then I would have no one to tell me about Charles."

"To be sure—to be sure——"

But the *dossier* was never produced.

Sunday evenings she always tried to reserve for Mr. Fitzmorris to whose room she came and sang the old-fashioned songs he loved: "By Dimpled Brook," "Cupid's Garden," "The Milking Pail," "Primroses Deck the Bank's Green Side." These were the songs that old Mr. Mainwaring also seemed to like, so she brought the two together, the artist and the stock broker, and very friendly they became—widely differing though their tastes and sympathies were in other directions.

The Mainwarings could not hear too much of the city where Viola lived, and Madeline felt sometimes as if the pleasure she seemed to give these elderly folk was itself reward for her trip across the Atlantic. Frank Mainwaring she did not meet. He was now in France but more or less safely employed in *camouflage*.

Jones, the editor of *Pen and Pencil*, was another of Charles's friends whom she sought out and found delightful. Unlike Charles, who had never pursued this much married man to his lair and to whom the little Joneses were intangible nightmares, she visited his overcrowded but contented suburb, played and sang herself into the hearts of

the little ones, brought them Fuller candies, persuaded the three youngest of them that Fairyland was merely another name for America.

Jones unearthed for her benefit, from the files of *Pen and Pencil,* some of Charles's two and a half inch poems, and these she now treasured with the care a mother keeps the first school exercises of her children. Some of the poems were immature, but some again seemed to her to express the feeling and colour and the atmosphere of the England she herself was beginning to love.

The desire to know and to make herself pleasant to Charles's friends had a softening and sweetening effect upon her character. The tenderness which had enveloped every thought of him made her more human than she might have been if he had still pursued and wooed her. Every day she seemed to become more womanly and less queenly; and, when her father paid a flying visit to England in October, he was secretly delighted at the change. For, though he had been impressed by her *bravura* when she first returned to Europe, this was a quality more to admire than to love.

The fever that infected all who worked with her in the hospital came over Madeline also—to get to France and see something nearer the front. The opportunity came through an actress who asked her to join a troup of entertainers visiting the Recreation Huts and Theatres behind the billets in a certain part of France.

The Hospital gave her a short leave, so for one thrilling fortnight she entered and helped to bring light into the Valley of the Shadow.

Hardly had she come back to England when the dread news arrived. Colonel Belsize sent her a note:

"Charles is wounded—seriously but not fatally. He has been brought back from a *poste de secours* to the *hôpital d'evacuation* at Creil. You must be patient and wait till he is well enough to be transferred to a base hospital before you can see him, as the French authorities are opposed to any one not engaged in military duty going into the war

zone. He is in good hands. Be patient, my dear Miss Raymond—it will not be long now.

"The wound is in the left arm, and there is shell shock which affects the lower part of the body. Brain perfectly sound. If there are no complications, he may be moved in a week."

The week passed into a month of growing anxiety, and still Charles was not transferred. Then Colonel Belsize himself went over with authority and promised to bring back better news.

The news was bitter mixed with sweet.

"The operation," he began, "was successful."

"What operation?" She suddenly felt faint.

"His arm—it had to go. But he will be here now definitely in three weeks. I myself brought him to Royaumont—it was just in time. There is so much to do at the hospitals in the war zone—everything has to be rough and ready. But these women doctors at Royaumont are wonders—they deserve to get the vote—they will pull him through. Before I left I was assured he was out of danger."

Madeline knew all about this Scottish Women's Hospital, established by former militant suffragettes, in the beautiful old French Abbey, and was consoled that he was in such hands, though shocked at his loss.

"Does he know I am here?" she asked.

"He was unconscious when I saw him," replied the Colonel. "I thought perhaps you might like to tell him yourself. But I secured more details of how he got his wound. He had been scouting by himself in particularly dangerous country and was bringing back some priceless information when a stray shell got him. His report was fortunately written down in that small clear script which you probably know, so that his mission was successful. He must have been wonderfully cool because in the same notebook, evidently written at the same time in the shell hole was a little poem which he must have composed while waiting. Here it is—I got it from a friend at French Headquarters, who knows English well and was deeply interested:

'From the grey sky
A little white snowflake
Came floating, and I
Laughingly sought to take
This for a kiss. So near
It came! But death
Lay in that warm breath
And touched my cheek with a tear.'

There was more than one cheek touched with a tear.

"Now," said the Colonel, "shall I get you permission to go to Royaumont? It is not very far from Paris."

Madeline did not answer for a while.

"No," she said at last. "Not now. I shall wait till he comes over."

Colonel Belsize was evidently astonished.

"You women are incomprehensible," he said. "For the last month you have been ready to move heaven and earth to go to Charles in the forbidden zone, and now when he is in the permissible Royaumont, you say 'No, I shall wait.' "

"It isn't that I don't long to go," she answered, "but since you went to France I have been thinking things over. You must remember that I have been in France myself and know conditions there. This is no time for joy-riding, and it is not fair to those who are so overwhelmed with work that any one not absolutely needed should come along. I was too selfish once before, and I have learned my lesson. Charles when he knows will understand. Now that you say he is out of danger, I have a better plan. I want you to use your influence so that when he is removed to England, he is brought to our hospital here, into a private ward. I can arrange the rest. But don't let him know that I am here or that he will be under my care. It must be all a surprise."

"If Charles was cool-headed," said the Intelligence Johnnie, "so are you. I wish I could be in the front row when the play is staged."

CHAPTER XXXV

THE night which shrouded London seemed all the darker for the shaded lamps which were all that the military authorities allowed in these days of Zeppelins. Even inside the station at Charing Cross there was barely enough light to distinguish the platform from the track. Those passengers who did arrive by any train hurried away as quickly as they could to home or hotel where behind the blinds one at least could see.

The Red Cross train was due from France, and Madeline, who had made all the necessary arrangements for Charles's reception at the hospital, arrangements in which for a time at least she would stay in the unseen background, had come to see this train come in.

Dark rings surrounded her dark eyes, for the strain of anxious waiting was beginning to tell and it seemed as if she could not smile—yet smile she did each time in the gloom she deciphered a large sign in three languages of which one read "Fahrkarten Ausgabe"—some of these English had apparently not yet, after two years, awakened to the fact that there was war with Germany.

Then at the west side of the station one of the arc lamps spluttered into a bright violet, then another, and so on till the platform shone with a strange brilliance. A crowd had gathered now and lined the road from the platform gates to the arched exit from the station—men in blue uniforms with white caps were moving in, and on the platform itself one could see motor cars and a row of covered vans on the side of which was painted the Red Cross.

Madeline joined the crowd and peered over to the high gates which kept the platform private. So quietly one hardly knew it entered, the Red Cross train moved in. She could see the carriage doors thrown open and the white caps of the ambulance men moving here and there. Some of the wounded were able to hobble out themselves, others were carried out on stretchers to the waiting vans.

A girl in the crowd sold flowers at a penny a piece as fast as she could hand them out.

Then the gates swung out for the first of the motor cars. Handkerchiefs were waved and the crowd cheered as these wounded officers passed out, covered with the roses that were showered upon them. It was small tribute to those who had gone out so bravely, but it was a beautiful tribute—this rain of fragrant red and white roses—and many that saw it for the first time, and for the second time, and for the twentieth time, could not hold back their tears.

Convalescent these wounded evidently were, for they were cheerful as the crowd itself—were they not back in Blighty?—waved their hands and laughed as they caught at the roses.

"Give me a dozen," Madeline said to the flower girl.

Making them into a posy she got ready to throw it into the next car. Too late, however, for it passed out quickly. There were, however, many still to follow.

"There's more room outside the station," said a policeman, "you can see better from there."

She followed his advice and found that it was good.

Edging herself into the front rank, she felt her heart lift as the cheers rose and another car of wounded came down the line. This held three officers, one of whom had a Sister beside him. He was looking the other way, but as the flowers that Madeline threw fell against his breast he turned with a wan smile to catch them.

She had not meant to reveal herself just yet, but at sight of him all her reserve broke down.

"Charles," she cried, "Charles!"

In the cheering her voice was lost, and he did not even notice who had thrown the flowers. Besides in her long navy blue V.A.D. coat and soft golf cap she looked so different from the Madeline he had known.

"Back again—he's back again—thank God!" she said to herself as she slipped out of the crowd to the waiting taxi.

"Quick!" to the driver. "Follow that car with the Sister in it—follow right to the hospital."

Scenting perhaps a mystery, perhaps a romance, the taxi

driver nodded cheerfully and starting with such speed that he had his number taken by the outraged policeman whom he had almost run over, he caught up with his quarry and followed it through the sombre lights of London. Up Charing Cross Road they went, past the green shades of Wyndham's Theatre and so along Shaftesbury Avenue and across Oxford Street into Russell Square—and so to the hospital.

"Don't stop—pass on," she called through the speaking tube, and allowed herself to be let down two hundred yards further down the street.

By the time she had walked back to the hospital, Charles and his fellow wounded had been carried in. She was glad now that he had not recognized her. Perhaps he did not wish to see her. It was eighteen months now since she had heard from him and eighteen months of hell in the trenches might well have killed the romance which until then in spite of everything still tied him to her. It might be now that his love was cold, and then again there were other girls in France.

She composed herself sufficiently to ask about the patient.

"The journey tired him out," said the Head Sister. "He is already sleeping."

With a heart full of pity, Madeline a little later stood beside the cot where Charles was lying. It was in one of the public wards, as the private room would not be vacant till next afternoon; and, as Colonel Belsize had anticipated, she had staged her play. Now that his cap was off, she could see the curly hair was grey, and the face, oh, so thin! Yet it was the same old Charles, and her soul went out to him.

"He will be an invalid for at least a year, Dr. Trevor says. One side is paralyzed—just the kind of case for you. Here is his record."

That night Madeline prayed for her wounded soldier as she had never prayed before. Never had he seemed so near to her, never so far away. So much had happened since they last had met—so much to them both. There had never in the old days been any real understanding of each other—merely the physical attraction between a young man and a maid. She had not fathomed the depths of

his soul any more than he had fathomed hers—what soul at all indeed did she have in these days except the soul of ambition and careless pleasure? When England's danger had called him so rudely away, he still carried with him the glamour of her presence, but had that glamour survived the terrible stress of these days of danger? And, even if it had, now that he had lost an arm and was half paralyzed, would he shrink from her from dread of becoming a burden. He was just the man to do that kind of thing—had he not sacrificed himself once already? She was young yet—he might say that he had no right to marry her and tie herself to a cripple.

Ah, but he did not know what science could do now—she had herself saved far worse cases from a living death. The arm, of course, could never be replaced, but the nerves, and the vigour of dead muscles and the joy of life, these she could resurrect—it was only a matter of time and care. Then he was surely hers—she would have a claim on him that no one else could make. This more than any charm of face or hair or voice or figure would, as he once said, "bridge the Atlantic and three hundred years."

So with more comfort in her heart and whispering to heaven her prayer that his old love should not be entirely lost, she sobbed herself to sleep.

Next afternoon Ward C was all a-flutter. This was the Ward's day for a concert, and, to the sick, music is surely the tenderest of healers. Some kind friend had sent a cart-load of flowers, and the air was sweet with the colour and fragrance of orchids and snapdragons, sweetpeas, honey-suckle and roses. What the programme was, no one exactly knew. These were days when famous pianists and violinists and singers from Grand Opera performed without pay and without advertisement—happy to bring a moment or two of joy to broken soldiers.

Towards the hour appointed extra pillows were brought in, and heads propped up so that the patients could be encouraged to look around them and be more sociable—easy step to feeling better. For each to-day there was a special nosegay.

"Who sent them?" was the question asked again and again by the older patients.

"No one knows but the Head Sister," was the answer.

The Head Sister was busy with the new arrivals who may have thought that nosegays were part of the regular hospital equipment. When at last she left them and came into the firing-zone of the more sophisticated.

"It's not for me to tell," she answered. "Better ask the Singing Sister."

"The Singing Sister? Is she to be here this afternoon? Hip-hip-hooray!" cried a youngster who was a captain at nineteen and a cripple at twenty.

"Who is the Singing Sister?" asked Charles of his father, who was sitting by his bedside.

Mr. Fitzmorris had been let into the secret and had promised not to tell Charles of her presence or identity.

"Wait till you have heard her," was therefore the evasive answer, "then you will never forget."

Forget? There was another singer whom he could never forget. He could still hear the lingering echoes of the first song he had heard her sing, one night at Strasburg—it must be five years ago. Then again in London at her concert—how could he forget that lovely figure with the note of jet-black hair, and the deep warm notes of her voice. At Henley again—*Marianne s'en va-t-au-moulin* and those other beautiful old French-Canadian songs—could they ever fade from his memory? In memory her voice blended with his—they were singing together—would it had been together always:—and then, on the *St. Louis* she had sung herself into his heart.

Ah, but the clouds came, and the rumble of war and the bugle call of duty, so that her softer sweeter music was no longer dominant. He had answered the *réveillé* and her voice had followed him in passionate reproach. Who could blame her? She was born of another race and another world.

But still as he lay there half dreaming, he could see her—a graceful figure exquisitely poised, with wealth of jet-black hair and eyes of jet-black lustre, and voice deep and warm and full, that sang and that sang and that sang——

Was it a dream? If so, how vivid! His nerves must still be highstrung. He must be careful not to let imagination run riot—that way was madness.

That was her favourite song—the negro lullaby of Eugene Field.

"Now you go balow, my little croodlin' doo
Now you go rock-a-bye ever so far—
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye up to the star
That's wingin' and blinkin' an' singin' to you
As you go balow, my wee, croodlin' doo."

Why, these fellows in the other cots were clapping! It couldn't be only a dream—they were not dreaming the same dreams—it was real, and the singer—over there—dressed as a V.A.D. in the blue and white striped uniform with the white apron and the jet-black hair and jet-black eyes—Madeline!

He tried to lift his hand, but the effort was too much and he sank back helpless.

She began another song—this time it was "Annie Laurie"—how still the room was! That fellow over there must be Scotch. Of course he was that Gordon Highlander, the ranker who had won his commission and the V.C. at the same time—the tears were running down his cheek. God! how beautiful her voice was—down it went to the depths of his heart—down and down and down.

"Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee."

His father had been sitting with his face turned the other way towards the singer. Charles managed at last to twitch his coat so that he turned round. It was just as on that night when they went to see *The Blue Bird* together—Mr. Fitzmorris was overcome with emotion.

"Isn't she wonderful?" he said at last, sniffing as he wiped his eyes. "She seems to tear the heart up by the roots."

"Father," said Charles, "is that the Singing Sister?—and is she Madeline?"

His father nodded.

It was she who had sent the flowers—to all the ward. Then perhaps she did not know he was here—it was to all the ward. He was one of so many wounded soldiers—ought he to send a message?

A twinge of pain reminded him that he was crippled!

Then some one else came forward—it was a violinist—there had been a violinist at Madeline's great concert.

And she? She came again forward to sing—she was so graceful and so beautiful.

This time it was that American song,

> "The sweetest flower that blows
> I give you as we part;
> For you it is a rose,
> For me it is my heart."

His nosegay was all of roses.

How often she had sung that to him in the days at Lake Geneva. Would he ever live through such days again?

A sigh went round the room when she had finished, and then a storm of clapping. Then the V.C. across the room from Charles called out in broad Aberdeen

"Sister, gi'e us anither Scotch."

"I've just one more song," she answered laughing, "and it is Scotch—*'Will ye no come back again?'*"

"Fine, it'll dae fine."

She sang it, but just three verses, leaving out the implication on the English and again the tears coursed down the cheek of the Gay Gordon.

To Charles the first verse had another message:

> "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'
> Safely o'er the friendly main;
> Mony a hairt will brak in twa
> Should he no come back again.
> Will ye no come back again?

Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"

She knew he was there—she was singing this to him—he felt it though she did not look at him—it could not be for any one else but him, and his heart grew light—she loved him still—this was her way of telling him—she loved him—*"Will ye no come back again?"*

He fell into a kind of dream. Then his father's voice awakened him.

"Well," Mr. Fitzmorris was saying, "was I right? Can you ever forget her?"

Charles saw that the eyes were laughing now.

"How much do you know?" he said.

"I know this," his father answered, "we are going to move you in a few minutes into a private ward, and you are to have a nurse all to yourself."

"Who is she?" he asked, with a sudden great hope.

"Who else but the Singing Sister?"

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed with a happy smile, "Thank God!"

Just then Dr. Trevor came and examined his chart.

"Well, Captain Fitzmorris," he said cheerfully, "we're going to put you on your feet again. It'll take some time, but with careful treatment and good nursing—yes" (this to the Head Sister) "he may as well be moved at once, the room is ready. Mr. Fitzmorris, you may see the patient again to-morrow afternoon."

Madeline was there waiting, but gave no sign of recognition as he was carried in.

After a sharp glance round the room to see that everything was in order, Dr. Trevor gave her brief instructions about the case and left to resume his rounds.

At last they were alone.

"Madeline!" said Charles all huskily, holding out the hand that remained.

At the sound of his voice her reserve broke down. She fell on her knees beside him, her salt tears raining, and kissed the hand again and again.

"Charles," she sobbed, "can you forgive me?"

"Forgive?" he said. "What is there to forgive? It is you that must forgive."

"No—I tried to keep you from your duty."

"That's all ancient history now," he said. "And even if there was a mistake, aren't you in uniform now? Haven't you made good?"

"Oh," she cried, her face suddenly clearing, "do you look at it like that? Do you really mean it?"

"What else can it mean?" he said. "I only wish I weren't such a crock. Just one arm now, old girl—only half my nerves—the rest are 'somewhere in France.'"

"Poor boy," she said tenderly. Then more cheerfully, "It's up to me to bring you back the other half. I think there must be some fate in this. Here have I been training all this year for just such a case as yours——"

"Don't be so professional," interrupted Charles with a smile. "Here have I been training all these years for just such a heart as yours—that is to say, if you will still have what is left of me."

"Will I!" she leaned over and kissed his eyes ever so softly for answer.

Ten minutes, or it may have been an hour later, Dr. Trevor came in unnoticed and found her seated on the bedside, Charles's hand in hers.

"Miss Raymond!" he exclaimed severely. "That is not the correct way to feel a pulse."

Madeline jumped up, blushing furiously and hung her head.

"All right, doctor," sang out Charles, and the doctor's professional ear was quick to catch the stronger note. "You don't understand. You are English. This is the American way—over there they call it 'holding hands.' We are old friends, don't you know—I and the Singing Sister for

"'Her voice is low and sweet
And she's all the world to me.'"

THE END

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