

MAGGIE A GIRL OF THE STREETS A COMPLETE NOVEL By STEPHEN CRANE

TWO WORLDS MONTHLY

*Devoted to the Increase
of the Gaiety of Nations*

Partial Contents of
VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR

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Devoted to the Increase of the Gaiety of Nations

EDITED BY SAMUEL ROTH

*This issue of TWO WORLDS MONTHLY
is dedicated to
BEN FINKLE
a distinguished if somewhat obscure con-
temporary*

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The short paragraphs scattered throughout this issue of TWO WORLDS MONTHLY are taken from the works of Charles Baudelaire

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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FOUR

LIFE AND LETTERS

HUNDREDS of letters reach me with the one plaintive appeal: why do I not dedicate a number of TWO WORLDS MONTHLY to an American writer? Being in complete sympathy with this sentiment I am offering the concluding number of the first volume to Ben Finkle, a group of whose poems, in a translation by your editor, appear here for the first time in English.

It is not at all strange that the greatest lyric poet produced by America in a very long time should happen to be a Jew. France has her Andre Spire, England her Siegfried Sassoon, why not Ben Finkle for America? There is a difference, however. Spire writes French, and Sassoon writes English, whereas Finkle—. It seems to me almost a misfortune, but Finkle writes his poems in Yiddish.

"Yiddish," said Mr. Finkle upon my mentioning the matter, "is one of the languages of America." To which there was little to object; and when he added that it does not matter what language a poet writes in, but that it does matter a bit *where* he writes it, I felt that the argument had come to a natural, abrupt, and final termination.

I have consulted Mr. Finkle closely in the matter of this first publication of his work in English, and although I found him delightfully agreeable in his approval of what I had done with the poems, I am not deceived into believing that I have really done him justice. The reader should remember two things: Yiddish is a difficult, an almost impossible language to translate, and I fear I am not really gifted as a translator.

As for those who might be inclined to think me a bit presumptuous in announcing a new poet, I beg to remind them that when my first note about the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson appeared in *The Bookman*, that learned journal spelled his first name *Edward*. As the worth of Mr. Robinson's poetry is undisputed today so will be the worth of Mr. Finkle's poetry in a not distant tomorrow.

I do not want to be misunderstood. Mr. Finkle is a great lyric poet. If there is any greater, writing in any language today I have not been fortunate enough to encounter his work. S. R.



THE BITCH

By S. ESENIN

At morning in the rye-barn
The bitch her puppies bore,
Her seven red-brown puppies
Upon the littered floor.

Till evening came she loved them,
And licked them with her tongue,
And her warm belly melted
The snow about her young.

Gloomily came the master
When hens to roost begin,
With a big bag came the master
And put the seven in.

The bitch ran through the snowdrifts
Keeping the master's pace.—
Long, long the ripples lasted
On the lake's unfrozen face.

Licking her sweating belly,
She dragged to the old home-ground.
The moon that shone over the cottage
She took for one of her drowned.

She looked at the vault of heaven,
She howled and howled so shrill.
The pale moon, gliding slowly,
Went out behind the hill.

Desperate, like one starving,
Mocked by the stones men throw,
The dog's eyes drained their golden
Stars upon the snow.

THE SHE-WOLF

By GIOVANNI VERGA

SHE was tall and lean; her breast alone revealed the firmness and vigor of the brunette type; and yet she was no longer a young woman. She was pallid, as though she always had the burden of malaria upon her; and in the midst of that pallor two such great eyes and lips so fresh and ruddy that they seemed to devour you alive.

In the village they called her the She-Wolf, because she was never satiated—never with anything. The women all made the sign of the cross when they saw her pass by, with the skulking, prowling tread of a starving wolf; for she made clean pickings of their sons and husbands with those rosy lips of hers, drawing them on behind her skirts merely with one glance of those eyes like the devil's own, even though they had been standing before the altar of St. Agrippina herself. Fortunately the She-Wolf never went herself to church, neither on Easter nor on Christmas, neither to hear mass nor to confess herself. Father Angiolino, of the Church of St. Mary of Jesus, a true servant of God, had lost his soul for her sake.

Maricchia—poor little thing!—a good and honest lass, wept in secret, because she was the daughter of the She-Wolf, and no one would take her to wife, even if she had had her

share of fine things in a chest and her bit of good land in the sunshine, like every other lass in the village.

Once on a time the She-Wolf fell in love with a handsome lad who had just come home from soldiering and was moving the hay beside her in the fields of the notary; fell in love in the full sense of the term—love that sets the flesh on fire beneath a fus-tian jacket and makes you feel, when glances meet, a thirst like that which comes to you during the hot hours of June in the middle of an open pasture. But the lad continued tranquilly to mow, with his nose close down to his task, and would say to her:

“What is the matter with you, Mistress Pina?”

In the silence of those vast fields, broken only by the whirring flight of the grasshoppers, when the sun beat down upon them like lead, the She-Wolf kept on steadily binding bundle after bundle, sheaf after sheaf, never wearing, never for a moment straightening up to relieve her back, never pausing to moisten her lips, but keeping ever close upon the heels of Nanni, who mowed and mowed, and time and again would ask her:

“What is it that you want, Mistress Pina?”

One evening she told him what, while the men were dozing on the

threshing floor, weary from a long day's labor, and the dogs were howling in the blackness of the vast open country. "It is you that I want! You who are splendid as the sun and as tempting as honey! It is you I want!"

"And I, on the contrary, want your daughter; the heifer, not the cow," retorted Nanni, with a laugh.

The She-Wolf left him like a hunted thing, with her hands in her hair, tearing at her temples without speaking a word, and roamed away to be seen no more at the threshing floor. But in October she saw Nanni again, because he was working alongside of her home, and the creaking of the oil press kept her awake all the night.

"Take the bag of olives," she said to her daughter, "and come with me."

Nanni was sending the olives by the shovelful into the machine and crying "Go 'long!" to the mule, to keep it from stopping.

"Do you still want my daughter Maricchia?" Mistress Pina demanded.

"What have you to give to your daughter Maricchia?" retorted Nanni.

"She has what her father left her, and besides that I will give her the house. It is enough for me if you leave me a corner in the kitchen and a little straw to sleep on."

"In that case we can talk of it at Christmas," said Nanni.

He was all greasy and foul with oil and with the olives that had begun to ferment, and Maricchia did not want him at any price. But her mother dragged her by the hair be-

fore the hearthstone and told her, between clenched teeth:

"If you don't take him, I will kill you!"

The She-Wolf was really ill, and people began to say that when the devil grows old he turns hermit. She no longer went prowling hither and thither; she no longer lurked in her doorway, staring out with her devil-haunted eyes. Her son-in-law, whenever he felt those eyes of hers fixed upon him, would try to laugh and would pull out his little scapular of the Madonna, to cross himself with it. Maricchia now stayed at home to nurse her babies, and her mother went forth into the fields to work beside the men, precisely like a man, weeding, spading, driving the cattle, pruning the vines, indifferent to the east winds of winter or the sirocco of August, the days when the mules droop their heads limply and the men sleep open-mouthed on the north side of the wall

*'Twixt noons and vespers, in the gloaming,
No honest woman goes a-roaming,*

and Mistress Pina was the solitary living soul to be seen wandering across the country along the heated stones of the narrow lanes or through the parched stubble of the immense fields that melted away in a shimmering haze, far, far away toward nebulous Etna, where the sky sank to sleep on the horizon.

"Wake up!" the She-Wolf commanded Nanni, who was sleeping in the ditch beside the dust-laden hedge, with his head between his arms. "Wake up, for I have

brought you a wine that will slake your thirst."

Nanni stared up with misty eyes, halfway between sleeping and waking; then finding her before him, erect and pallid, with swelling breast and eyes black like coals, he stretched out his arms uncertainly toward her. Then:

"No, no!

"Twixt nones and vespers, in the gloaming,
No honest woman goes a-roaming,"

sobbed Nanni, hiding his face against the dried grass of the ditch, as deep as he could, with his nails in his hair. "Take yourself off, take yourself off! Never come here again to the threshing floor!"

She took herself off, indeed, the She-Wolf, twisting up her superb tresses and looking down fixedly at her footsteps in the parched stubble, with her eyes black like coals.

But to the threshing floor she came back, time and time again; and Nanni ceased to tell her nay; and when she was late in coming 'twixt nones and vespers, in the hour of gloaming, he would go and wait for her, at the top of the little lane, white and deserted, with the sweat upon his brow—and afterward he would bury his hands in his hair, and repeat to her over and over:

"Take yourself off, take yourself off! Never come back again to the threshing floor!"

Maricchia was weeping night and day, but whenever she saw her mother coming back from the fields, always pallid and mute, she would insolently face her down, with eyes scorching with tears and jealousy, a

veritable she-wolf's whelp herself.

"You vile beast!" she would say.

"You vile beast of a mother!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"You thief! Oh, you thief!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"I'll bring the police; yes, I will!"

"Bring them then!"

And she really did go and bring them, with her children in her arms, fearless and dry-eyed, like a mad-woman, because now, at last, she too loved this husband whom they had given her by force, all foul and greasy with the olives that had been put to ferment.

They summoned Nanni to the police court and threatened him with the galleys and the scaffold. Nanni broke down and sobbed and tore out the hair of his head. He denied nothing, he attempted no sort of excuse.

"It is the temptation," he kept saying, "the temptation of hell itself!"

He cast himself at the feet of the official, begging to be sent to the galleys.

"Out of charity, Signor Officer, take me away from the hell I live in! Tell them to kill me or lock me up in prison; but don't let me see her again—never, never again!"

"No!" was the She-Wolf's decision, when the official argued with her. "I reserved a corner of the kitchen to sleep in, when I gave her my house as a dower. The house is mine. I won't get out of it!"

Not long after Nanni was kicked in the chest by a mule, and was like to die; but the parish priest refused to bring him the sacrament unless the She-Wolf left the house. The

She-Wolf did leave the house, so that her son-in-law could prepare to make an end, even he, in good Christian fashion. He made confession and received communion with such signs of repentance and contrition that all the neighbors and curious idlers began to weep around the bed of the dying man. And better would it have been for him to die at that time, before the devil returned to tempt him and take possession of him, body and soul, when he was well again.

"Leave me in peace!" he kept saying to the She-Wolf. "Out of charity, leave me in peace! I have looked death straight in the eyes! And there is poor Maricchia, half mad with despair. And now the whole land knows about it. The less I see of you, the better it is for you and for me."

And it would have been well for him to tear out his eyes, so as not to see those of the She-Wolf; for whenever her eyes looked into his they destroyed him, body and soul. He no longer knew what to do next, to free himself from the spell she cast. He paid mass after mass for

the souls in purgatory, and went to seek aid from the parish priest and from the police. At Easter he went to confession and publicly did penance on the holy paving-stones in front of the church. And then, when the She-Wolf returned to tempt him,

"Listen!" he said to her. "Never come again to the threshing floor, because if you come again to seek me, as truly as there is a God I will kill you like a beast!"

"Kill me like a beast," replied the She-Wolf, "for all I care. But without you I do not care to live."

And when he saw her coming, from far off, across the budding green of new-sown fields, he paused from pruning the vines and went to take down his scythe from where it hung upon the elm. The She-Wolf saw him come to meet her, pallid and staring-eyed, with his scythe that gleamed in the sun; yet she never shrank back a single step nor lowered her glance, but came steadily toward him, her hands full of great bunches of red poppies, her black eyes devouring him alive.

"May your soul go straight to hell!" said Nanni brokenly.



Nations have great men only in spite of themselves—like families. They direct all their efforts to not having them. And thus, the great man must have, in order to exist, a force of attack greater than the force of resistance developed by millions of individuals.



Apropos of sleep, sinister adventure of all nights, it can be said that men sleep every day with an audacity which would be unintelligible, did we not know that it is the result of the ignorance of danger.

THE LITTLE KANAKA

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

SHE was in a cellar, what, I believe, in a connection now lost, was called a Keller, at the Hotel Richmond. There were seven of them on the platform, six men and the girl, all from Hawaii. And, while the men talked together, or even smiled, she was silent and grave. The ceiling was low, the floor was laid in cement, and electric fans tore into impalpable streamers the dead penned air. They, the Kanakas, were there to play for the dancing, yet when they began the heavy and stupid beat of a piano drowned, practically, whatever delicacy the strings of their guitars might otherwise have held.

The piano, however, was necessary to mark the beat to which the shuffling couples danced; couples at once young and without the gaiety and freedom of youth, revolving, in hideous and constricting clothes, with blanched and empty faces. The Kanaka girl's face was still, but its immobility was stamped with an unfathomable brown primitive mystery. Yet it bore, as well, a perceptible degree of memory, utterly self-contained; a wondering, too deep even for thought, at the strangeness of fate. And the quality of that memory, in a cellar, on a narrow platform of boards, in the stirred exhausted air, created sud-

denly an illusion of the dazzling rush of water and sun over the South Seas.

I recalled how, in his memoir, Captain Whalley spoke of making—after the frozen unendurable waste of Cape Horn—the harbor of Papeete; where, in a tropical and heavenly calm of indigo and silver and green, the Kanaka girls swam out to the ship with hibiscus flowers in their hair. How tragically lost that moment was, not only for the girl isolated in the hard glare of an artificial incandescence, but for me as well! That phase of romance, of reward, was over; and the ruinous compromise about us, emphasized by the piano, only remained.

Then, out of the incongruous and mingled stridor, the men's voices carried the burden of a song; and somehow, it evaded the restrictions of the West, the measure necessary for the mechanical couples—its sustained minor key, like the murmur of a surf on the outer coral reef, was native and harmonious and unregenerate. It escaped, returned to the huts thatched with nipa palm, to the simplicity of brief clearings between the high-lifted fronds of the cocoanut palms and the sea. It went back to an idyllic time before commercial Christianity—or Christian commerce?—had extended its lanes

of trade and finally introduced, into far verdant islands, the doubtful advantages of the muskets, the diseases and distilled grains of civilization.

But of all this, certainly the Kanaka girl was ignorant, for her emotions would be formless, unreasoned. Perhaps she was already wholly destroyed by the forces, the admirable progressive forces, to which all primitive people were specially susceptible. Yet against that possibility, against any conceivable and debauched preferences, she was invested with the charming melancholy of what had been beautiful and had gone. Her intense black hair, as solid as poured ink, twining across her high cheek bones, her dwelling eyes, a mouth wide and vivid and innocently cruel, were immeasurably richer than the so much later pallor of the meagre faces—the dancing at a pause—gathered about the tables.

But success, victory, belonged to the latter: the figures on the platform, in white with soft red sashes, were the servants of pleasure to the industrious and the drained. The

army of mediocrity, sweeping from land to land, and crossing all the seas, was overwhelming with its envious hypocrisy whatever was natural and superior, happy and true. The conversion of the heathen, begun in Cuba with Spanish steel, through friendly islands in a bartering creed, was being bravely carried forward to its irrevocable end.

A waiter, stopping beside me, informed me that the girl—the little Kanaka—would dance at half-past ten and again at a quarter to twelve. And, paying for my coffee as hastily as possible, I left; I fled, really, from the accusing possibility of seeing her—in wreaths of dusty paper flowers where there had once been hybiscus—dance in a vulgar travesty of the natural perfection she had once possessed. I could not face her standing in alien and tinsel slippers on the cold floor of a cellar; an object of no more than indecent curiosity. For, unavoidably, I too had fetched her away from the perpetual cool harsh rustle of the palms, into a place, an existence, an hour, without safety or any escape.



The more one wants, the better one wants.

The more one works, the better one works and the more one wants to work.

The more one produces, the more productive one becomes.

After a debauch, one feels more alone, more abandoned.



They say I am thirty years old . . . but if I have lived three minutes in each year, am I not ninety years old?

A GROUP OF POEMS

By BEN FINKLE

I

I saw with my own eyes,
Trees by the wayside rise
With wind and song
To greet the dawn,
And went along.

What is there left to say?
From where I stood
In the wet wood,
I saw it come
Out of a misty night,
And I am dumb.

II

A thousand white nights have been mine to see,
But only one stirs in my memory.
The doorway of our house was open wide,
And the shadow of an aspen slept by my side.

And a wind wandered into our house, astray,
Searched for escape but could not find his way;
All night he moaned and scraped till morning, grim,
Rose up and sat on him and strangled him.

III

It's now a matter of two years,
Or maybe it is three
That May comes and even to fall
In love is not in me.
And I do marvellously well
Without it—as you see.
What can it be?
What can it be?

IV

I have known the glee
 Of running nakedly
 Over a wooded plain
 In a fierce rain,
 And I was as
 The wind and grass
 And the wild things that rest
 On the earth's breast.
 And O the joy I floundered through
 That minute or two.

V

The wind breathed quietly,
 The birds withheld their din,
 As I dug the grave
 My dog to bury in.
 And now the grave is covered,
 The debt is fully told,
 With sand for the faithful eyes
 And worms for the heart of gold.

VI

Never again will I dare walk
 Through cherry orchards on those nights
 When the snow of their first blossoming
 On them alights.
 There's such a thing as too much joy
 For one heart and for nine measures of talk.

VII

In the Princess' garden,
 At night, when the stars look,
 The trees stand about like lords
 Each in his powdered peruke.

In the Princess' garden,
 By night, when the wind is still,
 It would seem that the high lords
 Are going a quadrille.

LOVE

By IRMA GOERINGER

SHE wrote him:

Swear to me that you have never loved a woman as you love me; that your soul yearns for me as a prisoner yearns for freedom; that your being thirsts for me to the extreme of torment; that you will waste away in despair if I do not come to you; that everything in you for good or for evil is permeated with a desire for me; that you will be mine now and forever, in life and in death. If you can swear that, then call me: Come! I will obey, because I love you.

Weeks went by, she received no answer.

Then she wrote him:

Swear to me that you will be able to love no other woman as you love me, that I alone can give you supreme happiness, that from this moment you are willing to belong to me body and soul; that you are mine to-day, and have long been only mine. If you can swear that, then call me: Come! I will obey, because I love you much.

Weeks went by, she received no answer.

Thereupon she wrote him:

Swear to me that you have suffered on my account, that your soul and your senses long more for me than for all the possessions of life; that you are sad for me and joyful for me; that I can give you all that is most precious. If you can swear that, then call me: Come! I will obey, because I love you so much that I suffer torments for you.

Weeks went by, she received no answer.

Now she wrote him:

Tell me you are fond of me, that I can give you a little pleasure; that for a single day I can bring joy to your existence, and that you will not wholly forget me. If you can say that, then call me: Come! I will obey, because I love you more than life.

The following day he called her: "Come!"

And as she stepped into his room with trembling, submissive love, he sank before her on his knees, and kissed the hem of her garment.

"I love you as I have loved no woman before; my soul yearns for you as a prisoner yearns for freedom; my being thirsts for you to the extreme of torment; I have wasted away in despair because you did not come; everything in me for good or for evil is permeated with a desire for you. Yours I will be now and forever, in life and in death, yours, only yours.

"That I swear to you, my goddess, to-day, because you love me as I love you—Come!"



NEGRESS

By PAUL REBOUX

She is as an ornament detached from some treasure chest whose wood, polished each morning for four centuries, glistens with a metallic lustre.

Her hair clusters about her head like a nest of black moss, her eyes are two jewels of yellow agate and onyx rolling languidly between long lashes, her small, even-set teeth gleam in the parting of her brown, rose-bordered lips.

Her breasts, like two encaustic bowls, surge away from each other. Her shoulders and limbs are dappled orange in the lamplight. When the sun shines, she garbs herself in its azure rays so that by looking at her alone one might say the sky was blue.

The curve of her stomach and the arc of her thighs intersect at a point duskiest still, but when she dances, one can glimpse something like a fruit, which, even at nightfall, retains the full splendour of its purple bloom.



ON AN ISLAND

By JOHN SYNGE

You've plucked a curlew, drawn a hen,
 Washed the shirts of seven men,
 You've stuffed my pillow, stretched the sheet,
 And filled the pan to wash your feet,
 You've cooped the pullets, wound the clock,
 And rinsed the young men's drinking crock;
 And now we'll dance to jigs and reels,
 Nailed boots chasing girls' naked heels,
 Until your father'll start to snore,
 And Jude, now you're married, will stretch on the floor.

MR. HANDY'S WIFE

By T. F. POWYS

MR. JOHN HANDY had one real holiday a week. He always walked out on Saturday afternoons to visit his sister who lived at Maids Madder. Mr. Handy's sister was Mrs. Jane Pelly, and she was a widow. All the week Mr. Handy worked for Farmer Told in the Shelton fields, but on Saturdays, at one o'clock, Mr. Handy used to carry his fork, or his hook, home with him and hang up whichever he had used that morning upon its proper nail in his woodshed. Mr. Handy would then carefully clean his heavy work-day boots with a chip of wood, and once or twice in the winter he threw the little heap of mud, scraped from his boots, into the garden with his spade.

As soon as he had hung up his tools and scraped his boots if they were muddy, Mr. Handy would address himself to the cobwebs in the corner of his woodshed, and remark aloud as if it were the first time he had ever spoken to them—"I be going Madder way to visit sister."

After telling this to the cobwebs, Mr. Handy—a peaceful man of forty, with a look of trustfulness that matched his moustache—would give himself a shake, as though to shake off the serf and put on the freedman, step into his cottage parlour, and await his dinner. The dis-

tance from Mr. Handy's woodshed to his parlour was but two yards, but Mr. Handy would step these two yards in a slow and easy manner that showed the free-born Englishman, and inform his wife, as he had the cobwebs, that he was going to visit his sister.

During his dinner, Mr. Handy would look most admiringly at his wife, Winnie, and chew gratefully as though she were become a part of the cheese that he ate. Mrs. Handy knew, as every woman does, that she was being watched lovingly and her lips would look the redder, and the contour of her bosom, as his eyes followed her movements, became more and more rounded and womanly.

Winnie Handy used to lean over the table to take away the loaf of bread when he had cut what he wanted, so that he might have a nearer view of her comeliness, and Mr. Handy would take advantage of her nearness to look the more kindly at her. . . .

It was the first Saturday in May. Mr. Handy's wife looked more blooming than ever, and had just leant over the table very near to Mr. Handy to take the bread away.

"I do most days," said Mr. Handy, leaning back in his chair and watching his wife, "see Thomas

Pickup and Polly Dent when I walk to sister's." Mr. Handy gazed at his wife's apron and she blushed. "Thee's mother," said Mr. Handy, addressing his three children—all little girls, under ten, who had run into the room from the lane with their hands full of cowslips—"thee's mother be a woman. An' a woman that I do mind when I be out. Now look at she."

Winnie Handy was putting away the plates. Every movement that she made was a sure and evident indication that she knew how to enjoy and be enjoyed by a man.

"I do talk to Mr. Pickup about 'ee, Winnie," said Mr. Handy, "for, even when I be stepping on they little loose stones in road, I do mind 'ee."

"Thee don't tell too much about me, I do hope," said Winnie, laughing. "Thee don't tell none of they folk about . . ."

"No, no," replied Mr. Handy, "they be secrets that a walking man don't never tell."

"And when thee be gone to sister's," said Mr. Handy's wife, turning to look out of the window, "I do put the children to bed and clean the room we do sleep in."

"But we baint asleep," said Bessy, the youngest of the children, "when our Daddy do come in."

"Oh, yes, 'ee be," said Mrs. Handy, bidding the children eat up their dinner.

Mr. Handy now busied himself in preparing for his departure. First, he took off his coat and shaved himself before a tiny glass, placed upon the window sill. After that was over and he had carefully wiped and put

away his razor, he walked up the seven shaky steps to the bedroom and dressed himself in his Sunday clothes that his wife had laid ready for him.

Feeling himself so much the grander by the change, he stepped gently down the stairs, put on his Sunday boots, and took up his black, holiday walking-stick—a wedding present from his wife—and regarded it for a moment in silent pride. Having done all according to his Saturday custom, Mr. Handy said quietly, "I be going to sister's," and went by his wife who was washing the plates, and so out of the cottage door.

In the lane, beside the garden gate, Mr. Handy stopped. He had no need to hurry and he listened. The distant sound of a military band, from the camp that was about six miles away, came to him.

This sound gave no kind of information to Mr. Handy, other than that the wind was in the north, and so the afternoon was likely to be fine. It was only a habit of Mr. Handy's to wait for a moment beside his own gate before he ventured out into the lane. Perhaps he wished the little birds in the cottage hedge to admire the wonderful shine he had given to the boots—that he always cleaned before he set out to work on Monday mornings.

While Mr. Handy yet looked back, Bessy ran out of the house and fled, as fast as she could go, round the little garden with her mother after her.

"'Taint time to go to bed yet," Bessy called. "All t'other children

be out to play, and 'taint time to push we into bedroom."

Mr. Handy's wife now caught Bessy and stopped her from saying any more with a good shaking.

Mr. Handy smiled. He walked down the lanĕ in his Saturday manner, continuing his way through Shelton village until he reached the cottage where Mr. Pickup lived. Had Mr. Handy not seen Mr. Pickup in his garden he would have only passed by, remarking to himself that "some folk baint always where they be expected"—but this time Mr. Handy had no need to say so, for Mr. Pickup was where he expected him to be—beside his garden wall.

Though Mr. Pickup was there there was something unusual about him. Mr. Pickup had his right arm in a sling. Mr. Handy hit a poppy bud that grew under the wall with his walking-stick.

"What 'ave 'ee been a-doing 'o thee's arm?" he inquired, regarding Mr. Pickup with a grave, though a holiday, interest.

"'Twere done," replied Mr. Pickup, looking with extreme concern at his arm, "at Madder Inn when they soldiers were talking—and thee be going they Madder ways, too, by the look of 'ee."

Mr. Handy gazed up the road. Even with a bad arm, he supposed Mr. Pickup would speak as expected. Mr. Pickup softly drew nearer to the wall. Presently, he spoke.

"Thee've left something at home that be the best part of 'ee," said Mr. Pickup. "An' when thee two be together something do happen."

Mr. Handy opened his mouth widely, but he did not laugh.

"Winnie," he said, "be made different to I, and 'tis thik difference that do interest."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickup. "Thee can be merry when church clock do strike."

Mr. Handy expected that to come and looked pleased.

"Thee do pass here most Saturdays," observed Mr. Pickup after a silence of five minutes, during which Mr. Handy employed his eyes in gazing at his friend's wounded arm. Mr. Pickup looked at his arm, too, as if that member, through its injury, had become an alien part of him that he was obliged to nurse through necessity.

"They soldiers don't fancy being called liars," Mr. Pickup said, nodding at his arm apologetically. "But who be 'ee a-going to see at Madder? There be Polly Dent who do live by the pond. Don't Winnie mind thee a-going they ways?"

"She do know," replied Mr. Handy, "that Polly don't earn no shilling from I in Grange meadow, for 'tis to sister's I do walk on Saturdays."

Mr. Pickup raised his bandaged arm and groaned.

"Soldiers be fighters, as well as liars," he said, mournfully.

Mr. Handy moved his feet; he changed his walking-stick from one hand to the other and began to walk. Mr. Pickup entered his cottage. He was going to tell his wife all that Mr. Handy had said.

The afternoon sun shone kindly. Even the air was visible—hot and simmering—over the meadows. The delicious odour of clover blossoms scented the air. But Mr. Handy

cared for none of these things; he had only thoughts for his wife, Winnie. He had never spoken in a loving manner to any but she. When he was but a boy he had planted a willow twig in his father's garden upon the evening when, after an exciting chase, he had first kissed Winnie. He had watched the twig grow, and Winnie grew, too—and never in any Sunday walk with her had John Handy behaved unbecomingly.

"They naughty ways baint for we," he used to say, "for there be thee's wedding frock and the ring to talk of."

During the afternoon walk upon the wedding day Mr. Handy began to be a little freer in his manners, but Winnie resisted him.

"Oh, I baint Polly Dent," she said, "and thee had best wait till bedtime do come."

"I did only mistake the hour," replied Mr. Handy.

When the wedding night came, and afterwards, too, Mr. Handy could never admire his wife enough, and would bless himself that so many wonders that go to make a pretty woman were all his, and his alone, to do as he chose with.

"Ah!" he said, when he saw his first child nursed at the breast, "Thee's mother 'ave all that be proper to feed 'ee. . . ."

Mr. Handy walked along in the dust of the road. The sun shone upon him and a cuckoo flew lazily over him, perched in a tree, and began to call.

"'Tis a bird," said Mr. Handy.

Mr. Handy always liked to mark the difference between this holiday walk and those other journeys that,

in the way of his profession, he made to the fields. He would show himself this difference by stopping sometimes.

He stopped now beside a deep roadside pond, where a willow tree grew. A moorhen fed under the willow with its family of chicks.

"Birds!" said Mr. Handy.

But these birds were not all that Mr. Handy saw in the pond, for the surface of the water was clear in the May sunshine, and John Handy saw himself reflected in it. After gazing at himself for a few moments, Mr. Handy remarked:

"They waters do know I for a married man."

To show the waters, perhaps, that he was careless and idle, as well as married, Mr. Handy dipped his stick into the pond in order to see if he could feel the bottom. He felt nothing, but in reaching down he nearly overbalanced and fell into the pond. He recovered himself instantly, but at the same moment looked round to see if anyone had noticed his foolishness. Polly Dent was just behind him. She had slipped out of her cottage without being heard.

"He! he! he!" sniggered Polly, "thee's Winnie baint done what she shouldn't to make 'ee try drown theeself? If that be what 'ave happened, 'tis best thee do come a little way wi' I into meadow."

Mr. Handy regarded Polly critically.

"I baint used to no scarecrows," he said. "What I do keep at home be a woman."

Polly would have replied angrily, only the north wind brought again

the sound of the band from the camp.

"Ah!" she said, "'tis time I do go and clean meself, for no soldiers be rude to a happy maid. . . ."

The people of Madder had grown used to seeing Mr. Handy walk that way upon a Saturday to his sister's cottage, that was near to the church. And so Mrs. Squibb merely remarked to her cat:

"John Handy be a little late today. 'Tis most likely 'e did meet someone down road."

Mr. Handy's sister had two Gods upon earth—her best chair and her strawberry bed. She had set times to do her housework and a set time to weed her strawberries, and when she had done she would regard both her Gods—after dusting the one and weeding the other—with an angry eye, and watch their behaviour. Mr. Pelly was now in her garden, looking at the strawberries. She had found a snail in the bed and crushed it under her foot.

"They strawberries do grow," said Mr. Handy, "an' 'tis nice 'ee have 'em, sister, but all same I do know where a strawberry do bide that be always a ripe one."

"I suppose thee be come to Madder for a cup of tea," remarked Mrs. Pelly.

She wished her brother to stand there a little to be noticed in his Sunday clothes by any passer-by. She bent down and searched amongst the white flowers, and at last discovered another snail. Mr. Handy watched her with approval when she crushed the snail, and then followed her into the cottage, looking down at his boots.

Mr. Handy sat beside the table.

"Thee baint Winnie," he said.

"How be they children?" inquired

Mrs. Pelly.

"Winnie were just a-catching one," replied Mr. Handy innocently, "as I did step into lane."

"She don't never put they toads to bed in the afternoon, do she?" asked Mrs. Pelly, snappishly.

"Oh! yes, she do," replied Mr. Handy. "She do put they into the little bedroom and then she do clear the big one."

Mrs. Pelly looked at her brother in horror.

"No woman ever cleans a bedroom on Saturday," she said, decidedly. "'Twas on Friday that God created great whales, and 'tis on a Friday that all good people do scrub bedrooms."

"God's ways baint Winnie's," replied Mr. Handy, with a knowing look.

Mr. Handy fumbled in his pocket, searching for something that had got into the lining of his trousers. At last he found what he sought and drew out a new shilling and showed it to his sister.

"'Taint often that I do go home merry," he said, "and so I be going to spend thik at 'Soldier's Return'."

Mrs. Pelly looked surprised.

"Did Winnie give 'ee the shilling?" she asked.

"'Tis to send I back to she, happy," said Mr. Handy.

Mrs. Pelly looked, with sudden horror, at her best chair. Every Saturday she used to carry this plush-covered chair upstairs, for fear her brother might sit upon it—for even his Sunday clothes were some-

times a little dusty. She now noticed that she had forgotten to move the chair.

Mr. Handy had finished his tea. His sister had given him a wooden chair to sit upon but he now rose and looked at the grander one.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pelly, excitedly, "look out of window at they soldiers going by."

Mr. Handy took no notice and prepared to seat himself.

"The shilling," exclaimed Mrs. Pelly, "baint thee going to spend thik?" She took her brother's arm and drew him to the door.

"'Tis most likely they soldiers will treat 'ee, too. They be going to public," she said.

Mr. Handy paused for a moment beside the strawberries.

"'Tis a fruit," he said slowly, "that I do much admire."

As soon as he was safe out of her gate, Mrs. Pelly hurried into her cottage and knelt thankfully down beside her best chair.

Madder Hill now cast a shadow that covered a part of the road to the inn. In this shadow Mr. Squibb was standing, who informed Mr. Handy that he believed the weather would change.

"A cloud be come already," he said.

Mr. Handy entered the inn and asked for some drink. He sat near to the bar window, tasted his drink, and looked out into the lane. Mr. Squibb was still standing there, in the shadow of the hill, telling any who happened to pass him that the rain was coming.

Mr. Handy emptied his mug, ask-

ed to have it filled again, smiled, and said softly to himself:

"Sister didn't fancy I sitting on she's easy chair. 'Tis well Winnie baint so particular."

There were three soldiers drinking in the bar, but Mr. Handy did not heed them. Outside were the birds, foolish Mr. Squibb, and the pleasant fields of Madder. Mr. Handy felt the happiness of one who enjoys all that he needs. God who had made the great whales, as his sister had told him, on Friday, had also a little later made Winnie, whom Mr. Handy called in his heart not his wife alone but his home.

The beer warmed Mr. Handy. He already fancied himself going home to her. But he would purposely be a little later than usual in getting home, but, once there, he would take off his boots, open the stairway door and call out:

"There baint no woman in bed, be there? for someone be a-coming."

Mr. Handy finished his beer and now, for the first time since he had been at the inn, he looked at the soldiers and listened to what they were saying. There were three of them and they were talking about a woman.

One of the soldiers was a thick, sturdy man, with a broad back, who, being sat down, seemed to cover half a form. The other two were well-shaped men, strong and lusty, and they all had the same kind of boastful look and insolent manner. They were beginning to talk loudly, in the manner of soldiers, who like to shout and quarrel when they are drinking. The short one was the most angry

because the others didn't believe what he said, when he told them that he knew the woman that they were speaking of as well as they.

"I've been with her a hundred times," he shouted with an oath, "and I know well enough what she wants when she unties her apron strings."

"Damn you, no! You've never been to her," said one of the others, angrily. "It's a hard place to find and we two have always kept the knowledge of her to ourselves."

Mr. Handy turned from the window. He listened attentively to what the soldiers were saying. He believed their quarrel would make a nice

story to tell to Winnie when he reached home, for, though she was so well-behaved, she liked to hear a story now and again.

"We'll all go together," growled the angry soldier, "on next Saturday, for that's the only day she can have us. I've come from her now."

"Another b—— woman, but not her!" shouted the others.

"I tell you it's the same," the short one growled fiercely. "She has a birthmark—a ripe strawberry—upon her body."

Mr. Handy sprang up, he staggered, he uttered a great cry—"My wife. My wife!"—and fell in a heap upon the floor.



Why democrats do not like cats is easy to guess. The cat is beautiful; he reveals ideas of luxury, of cleanliness, of voluptuousness, etc.



Man, that is to say, every one, is *naturally* so depraved that he suffers less from the universal debasement than from the establishment of a hierarchy of reason.



Woman is the opposite from the dandy. Therefore she should be held in horror.

Woman is hungry and she desires to eat; thirsty, and she desires to drink. She is. . . .

How meritorious!

Woman is *natural*, that is, abominable.

And she is always vulgar.



Analysis of counter-religions: examples, sacred prostitution.

What is sacred prostitution?

Nervous excitement.

Mysticism of paganism. Mysticism, link between paganism and Christianity.

Superstition is the reservoir of all truths.

THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF MR. PERKINS AND MR. JOHNSON

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THERE were once two gentlemen called Mr. Perkins and Mr. Johnson who were great travellers. And they travelled so far and into lands so foreign and uncouth that they found themselves at last in a country full of devils and wizards and in an hotel without a bathroom. "And so," said they, "we must go to the public baths."

So they went to the public baths. And as they sat in the waiting-room, waiting until baths should be vacant for them, they fell into a dilemma as to how each should know when the other had finished bathing. And at length Mr. Perkins, being the more resourceful of the two, propounded the following scheme. "If," said he, "I do not find you in this waiting-room when I have finished my bath, I shall gather that you have not finished yours. But if, on the other hand, I find you sitting here already, I shall conclude that you have finished and that we can both go away without more ado."

"But what about me?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"That," answered Mr. Perkins, "is equally simple. For if you find me waiting, you may be sure that I have already finished and that we can go away forthwith: but if you do not find me here you will know that I am still in my bathroom and

you will sit down and wait for me patiently."

Mr. Johnson thought for a moment. "But what am I to think," said he, "if I find someone sitting here who is not you?"

"That," answered Mr. Perkins, "will have no bearing on the case."

No sooner had Mr. Perkins thus made all things plain, than the keeper of the baths came to say that two bathrooms were now ready, and Mr. Perkins and Mr. Johnson went into their allotted bathrooms and the doors were closed.

But in his bathroom Mr. Johnson was assailed by perplexing thoughts and ruminations, so that the delight of sliding into hot water was blunted for him and the delicious sense of emerging into cleanliness was benumbed, for he kept saying to himself: "Something may occur in this matter for which we have not made provision."

But after that space of time which is necessary for the achievement of perfect cleanliness, Mr. Johnson issued from his bathroom and proceeded down the passage to the waiting-room: and he could see in the waiting-room a pair of legs protruding from a chair. And he said to himself: "Those are the legs of Perkins, who has been sparing with the soap and so has finished first."

But when he had reached the waiting-room and looked into the chair he sprang back with a loud and fearful exclamation, for—horror of horrors—seated in that chair was not Perkins but his very self, to wit, Johnson. And he became cold all over.

But when he had collected himself a little, he approached that Other in the chair, which was himself, and, by way of clearing things up, asked it: "Are you by any chance waiting for me?"

"Do not ask foolish questions," replied the Other. "For how can a man wait for himself? I am waiting for Perkins, as we arranged three-quarters-of-an-hour ago before going to our baths."

"But I too arranged in a similar way to wait for Perkins," said Johnson.

"That," said the Other, "cannot be, because no third party was involved."

At these words Mr. Johnson shuddered, for it seemed that his identity was slipping away from him. Then he remembered that the number of his bathroom was 13, and the remembrance of that number came to him as a ray of hope, for if he could prove that he and he alone had occupied that bathroom during the last three-quarters of an hour, it would surely be some sort of a proof of his identity. So, trembling with eagerness, he asked the Other:

"Tell me, what was the number of your bathroom?"

"The number of my bathroom," said the Other, "was 13. I left it ten minutes ago."

Again Mr. Johnson shuddered

and the horror of madness came upon him, for now it seemed that his identity hung by the merest thread. "At least," he said finally, "when Perkins comes out we shall hear from his own lips which of us he is looking for."

Now as they talked, a third person had come from one of the bathrooms into the waiting-room. He was a tall person, with beard, moustaches, and eyebrows of an extreme fierceness, and he sat and watched the other two and listened to their conversation with a saturnine amusement.

But after a few minutes a bolt was shot, the door opened, and Perkins came out into the passage and so to the waiting-room.

Instantly Johnson and the Other arose and, speaking in perfect unison, they asked him: "Which of us, Perkins, are you looking for?"

But Perkins scowled at the two and replied: "I am looking for neither of you, but for Johnson here." And, taking the arm of the fierce-looking gentleman who had also risen, he disappeared with him into the street without further parley, leaving those two others with open mouths and staring eyes.

And after they had managed to pull themselves together, they discussed the situation at some length: and the results of their discussion were, firstly that, whichever of them was Johnson and whichever was not, at least it was certain that he with whom Perkins had departed was emphatically not Johnson: and secondly that both of themselves were obviously the real Johnson, unhappily split into two by some local devilry.

And they laid their heads together as to how to reduce themselves to unity again. And finally they decided to draw lots and that the one on whom the lot fell should return to number 13 bathroom and drown himself in the bath. So Johnson and the Other drew lots: and the lot fell to the Other. And they repaired to number 13 bathroom and, with the help of Johnson, the Other drowned himself in the bath as arranged. And as the bubbles ceased to rise, Johnson felt himself invaded by a

flood of energy and reassurance, and he smacked himself on the chest, saying: "Good! I feel that I am quite myself again." So saying, he drew out the plug of the bath and the Other passed out through the waste-pipe.

Then taking his hat and stick, Mr. Johnson hurried out to the rescue of Mr. Perkins who, bewitched by some local devilry, had so unfortunately gone out for a walk with a wizard disguised as a gentleman with fierce eyebrows.

◊

QUEENS

By JOHN SYNGE

Seven dog-days we let pass
 Naming Queens in Glenmacnass,
 All the rare and royal names
 Wormy sheepskins yet retains:
 Etain, Helen, Maeve, and Fand,
 Golden Deirdre's tender hand;
 Bert, the big-foot, sung by Villon,
 Cassandra, Ronsard found in Lyon.
 Queens of Sheba, Meath and Connaught,
 Coifed with crown, or gaudy bonnet;
 Queens whose finger once did stir men,
 Queens were eaten of fleas and vermin,
 Queens men drew like Mona Lisa,
 Or slew with drugs in Rome and Pisa.
 We named Lucrezia Crivelli,
 And Titian's lady with amber belly,
 Queens acquainted in learned sin,
 Jane of Jewry's slender shin:
 Queens who cut the bogs of Glanna,
 Judith of Scripture, and Gloriana,
 Queens who wasted the East by proxy,
 Or drove the ass-cart, a tinker's doxy.
 Yet these are rotten—I ask their pardon—
 And we've the sun on rock and garden;
 These are rotten, so you're the Queen
 Of all are living or have been.

THE HAND

By M. L. SKINNER

IT was winter, and bitter cold when the sun was hidden. Then there was little doing in the mining-town hospital back there in Western Australia. The evenings were long, the light from the old kerosene lamp dim to read by, and the Matron was good at telling a story.

She had been through the war, but it was not of her war-time experiences we persuaded her to talk, rather of her days in Australia, in peace. We would draw our slippery leather chairs to the fire, and ask her how she had come to be a matron so young, and how she had got herself appointed to those posts way back in the interior, where she had managed so well.

"I was trained young," she told us modestly. "And then my father was a doctor; he suggested my taking a course in dispensing. That was how I dropped into these positions. You see, there are no chemists out back there, and if there is a doctor, he has no time for dispensing. So I could do it."

"It was an awfully lonely life for a young nurse."

"I loved it."

"But weren't you ever frightened?"

"Of what?"

"Well—the loneliness! And bad white men, and bad blacks! Or pa-

tients in delirium! Or some awful maternity case you couldn't handle!"

"I didn't think about it. I did what I could. I *was* frightened once, though; and that, really, by a nurse screaming. A nurse shouldn't scream."

We agreed in silence.

"It was in that outpost hospital between Ashthorp and Boolong, out there on the far edge of the gold-fields, twenty miles from Ashthorp and thirty from Boolong—a rough half-way. We served both the mining camps—as well as the settlers. It's a great sheep country, and the station people used to call in and give us Coo-ee! when they were going down to the coast.

"It wasn't so longely. There were two nurses and a cook on the staff, as well as myself. Then the big well, with the water-supply for everybody, and the half-way house, and a blacksmith's, and the public-house, all lay in a jumble between the railway and the road. The publican had a wife and a boy, and the blacksmith's wife had three little girls. The trail came through, from up-country, and every buggy or wagon stopped at the blacksmith's, or at the public-house—or at the hospital. We weren't so lonely, at all.

"They were fine people, the peo-

ple from the sheep stations, as a rule: brought us eggs and poultry and mutton, and kangaroo and wild turkeys, going down; and coming back from the coast the newspapers, and books, and chocolates.

"Nurse Hammer—you remember her, don't you, Hammer?—she was a regular town girl, weak; while Nurse Smith was a staunch little thing. They were both in the men's ward this particular evening, playing cards. The hospital was a wooden, ramshackle L-shaped bungalow, without fence or anything, lying open to the bush on one side, the road on the other side, the railways going beyond the road, and somebody's boundary fence beyond the railway. The men's ward was at the bend of the L, and our bedrooms opened out on to the verandah on one wing, the kitchen and stores round at the other end.

"This night I am telling you about, I was sitting doing accounts in my room, and my mind kept wandering—I am like that—very practical, really—and then liable to feel things in the air, that other people aren't aware of. My father called it 'unwarranted inference,' and told me to taboo it. But it gets hold of me sometimes; and this evening I was uneasy and aware of 'something'; I could not get on with my work.

"It was hot, all the doors were open on to the verandah. The moon was up, a brilliant white night, white and black, and still. From where I sat I could see the bush, mysterious under the bright moon, drawing itself into itself, as if the blazing hot sun had been enough,

without the moon. It fascinated me, but I could understand why the blacks are so terrified after sundown. It is frightening.

"I wanted to get on with my work, and ignore the night, but I kept stopping and staring outside, just gazing. I could hear the nurses laughing and chatting with the patients: and an old mo'poke booing; a most reassuring sound. And I knew that cook was not far off, out on the wood heap perhaps, with her young man, a respectable sandalwood-getter who was 'in' from his camp with a load of trucking. The sounds I imagined could not come from them, because if there was any sound at all it was a creeping, held breathing, a stifled sound. I heard nothing, really, but I made myself get up and look along the verandah, and round the clearing. Shadowy emptiness was all there was, except that I saw the mo'poke who had been sitting on a stump fly away. So I went back to the table and tried to add up those figures. My little clock chimed ten, and I heard Nurse Hammer coming to bed. There came the sound of her match striking, and suddenly a blood-curdling scream. I jumped from my chair and down from the verandah to the ground, running till I came into the lamp-light that flooded out from the ward. I could not have gone along the shadowy verandah itself, after that terrible scream. But my instant thought was to reach the patients. One had just recovered from an attack of D. T.s, and I had him immediately in mind. But it wasn't Sam Jones. He met me with a sheepish grin—not even upset. The other men were all right,

rousing up from their pillows with inquiring glances. Sam had slipped into his dungarees, and both he and Nurse Smith looked at me with relief, as if my presence in the doorway would solve the mystery. But all relief vanished in the moment, for the scream was repeated. We all stood paralyzed, until Nurse Smith gasped: 'Hammer!' Then we all ran along the verandah together to her room. There was no light coming from her open door, though I had distinctly heard her strike a match; but terror seemed to sweep out of it like a blast of cold wind. 'Hammer!' cried Nurse Smith, and then in the gloaming we could see the figure of the girl, standing motionless by the bed. 'Wait a minute,' said Nurse Smith, and she ran back to get the hurricane lantern, while I went in and put my arms round Nurse Hammer. She began to sob: '*I can't move! I can't move! Something has got me by the foot.*' I felt the terror emanating from her, and I went cold.

"Hurry up with the lantern!" I called. "There's a snake in the room."

"Is it a snake?" panted Hammer. "It feels like something else."

"Hurry with the lantern!" I cried again.

"It has let go!" whispered Nurse Hammer, but she did not move, and I felt as if some dreadful thing would rise in the dark and envelop us both. Sam Jones remained like a ghost in the doorway, but when Nurse Smith brought the lantern he took it from her and lit it, then swung it round the room. There was nothing unusual to be seen, and I grew hot with shame that Nurse

Hammer had made such a fool of us all. The Government-issue of chest of drawers stood solidly under the window, the stark washstand by the door. The low bed was untouched. 'Under the bed!' gasped Nurse Hammer, still clinging to me. Dipping the lantern to look, it went out, and there we were in the dark again. In horrifying silence Sam lit it, then he lifted the hanging side of the quilt. The naked arm of a man and a pair of glowing, lowering eyes were disclosed. You cannot imagine how terrifying this sight was! Nurse Smith shuddered and gripped Nurse Hammer, and they moved slowly backward to the door. But Sam, intensely interested, stood by me. I knelt down and was going to put my hand on the bare white arm when it lifted, and the hand clasped mine. That handclasp! How can I describe it! It was not *consciously* friendly, yet it was confiding, like a child's hand seeking mine. At the same time it dismayed me, like the hand of a friendly, disembodied spirit that had reached from the gloom and touched me. I saw the eyes, and a face bluey brown with beard, sun-blistered, and exhausted, and I saw that the man was naked. And I *knew* that here was one who had been lost in the bush, and who had crept in here, perhaps too late to be saved.

"I said to Sam quietly enough: 'Give me some water in the tooth tumbler, and then tell nurse to get a bed ready and bring a sleeping-suit to put on him.'"

"But the poor creature under the bed was too exhausted or unconscious to take the water, so we drag-

ged him out. I put the glass to his lips, while Sam went to carry out my bidding. The man drank and realised he was drinking. Suddenly he sat up and went mad for more. I was kneeling, and he wrestled with me, for I dared not give him more. Fear smothered me for a moment. He was strong in demented spas-

modic desire for water. Then he suddenly fell back limp, with closed eyes, and I felt only sorry for him.

"'He's dying!' said Sam, in an awestruck voice, as he and the nurses returned, their terror and dismay gone. Here, now, were the women to attend him. . . ."



In morals as in physiology, I have always had the sensation of the abyss, not only of the abyss of sleep, but of the abyss of action, of dream, of remembrance, of desire, of regret, of remorse, of beauty, of number. . . . I have cultivated my hysteria with joy and terror. Now, I always have vertigo, and today, January 23, 1862, I have undergone a singular warning, I have felt the wind of the wing of imbecility pass over me. At each minute we are obliterated by the idea and the sensation of time. And there are only two ways of escape from this nightmare, of forgetting it: pleasure and work. Pleasure uses us. Work fortifies us. Let us choose.



George Sand is one of those old ingenues who wish never to leave the boards. Lately I read a preface . . . in which she maintains that a true Christian can not believe in Hell. She has good reasons for wishing to suppress Hell.



What is love?

The need to escape from oneself. Man is an adoring animal. To adore is to sacrifice and prostitute oneself. And all love is prostitution.



Wisdom is known only by contrasting it with folly; by shadow only we perceive that all visible objects are not flat. Yet Philanthropos would abolish evil!



Woman's courage is ignorance of danger; man's is hope of escape.

BOY AT A PRAYER-MEETING

By JOHN W. COULTER

ARTHUR McMASTER, clasping his mother's hand, turned out of the noise and glare of Mill Street and entered the school-room porch, where a single gas-jet glimmered on shabby paint and chipping plaster, and on the pile of Sankey's hymn-books by the inner door. Carefully they wiped their muddy feet on the mat, and paused then a moment to compose themselves before going on into the meeting.

As always, but particularly on prayer-meeting nights, Mrs. McMaster's manner was quiet and a little sad; but Arthur was lifted up with a secret excitement. This he had tried to conceal from his mother: but she had seen the furtive light in his eye, and his flushed cheek; had noticed how he would chatter a while and then suddenly fall silent. And in Arthur's hearing she had spoken of this to Mr. Williams, the minister, saying with a sort of pride that nothing pleased her boy half so much as the thought of going to the prayer-meeting. "Ah, indeed now!" the minister had replied. "Surely a goodly and gracious sign in one so young," saying it a little pompously, but at the same time patting Arthur's head kindly, and smiling down on him through gold-rimmed spectacles. So Arthur knew that although his mother had seen, she had

not understood: his secret had escaped even the minister's beaked gaze.

Now he followed his mother into the meeting and tip-toed across the bare floor to the benches ranked in front of reading-desk and harmonium. Most of the usual people were already in their usual places; but a swift shy glance showed Arthur that the instrument was still unopened. It fell bleakly upon him that Miss Mabel, who played the instrument, had not arrived, that to-night she might not come at all. He bowed his head to ask God's blessing on the meeting; but he was not praying, but only holding his eyes very tightly closed against the desolation shed by the closed instrument. He kept his head down thus as long as he dared, listening intently for the swift footfall out in the porch, but hearing only the slow tick, tack, of the clock, filling the room that in imagination had drawn him, all the long afternoon, as to a place strangely warm and bright and welcoming, but that now was chilling and gloomy as a cave.

He looked up at last, and there was the unopened instrument and the clock with the minute hand almost at eight.

Now it was eight.

One minute past.

Two minutes.

Three.

Yet the minister still sat with his legs crossed, polishing his glasses. With a sudden flurry Arthur understood that the minister had known Miss Mabel would be late to-night. Yet why had they not opened the instrument?

Four minutes past.

Five.

Arthur could not be still. He shifted his seat on the hard knotted bench and looked at the old people sitting around him, so patient, so quiet, withdrawn and hidden within themselves in some dark depth of which the mere thought vaguely troubled him. There was Mrs. Mawhinney in her jet-spangled bonnet and black beady cape. And Miss Cairns, her thin bristly chin, as it munched, munched at nothing, almost touching her nose, like calipers. But her old eyes were closed in their pouches and her knuckly red hands were folded over the Bible and hymn-book in her lap. And old Mr. Martin, with the ugly wadding stuck untidily in his ear . . .

Ah, but what was the sexton doing now, whispering to the minister?

Now he was opening the instrument, setting the music book on the rack. He had been watching for Miss Mabel, and now she was coming. Oh, it was her quick step in the porch!

Arthur felt his cheeks blazing and his heart pounding, and almost feared that the heedless old people would turn out of their dark dreams and stare at him and betray him to Miss Mabel. She was tripping across to her seat at the instrument,

flushed and smiling a little, and a little out of breath. She was bowing her head in prayer. She was drawing off her gloves and glancing at the list of hymns the minister had given her. To Arthur the huge dim cavern of the school-room was flooded with her bright presence: he was enfolded, safe.

The opening hymn was announced, and the old people rose, slowly, and, slowly, began singing "There is a fountain filled with blood." The image of the fountain of blood with the sinners plunging in had once flashed upon Arthur with such dreadful realism that night by night for weeks afterwards it had haunted his dreams and made him morbid and ill. But tonight the words had no terror for him: he was standing small and quiet among the dark menacing figures of the old people, watching Miss Mabel's white hands moving up and down the keys, and her fair head and narrow shoulders swaying as she pedaled the instrument; and intently, very secretly, he was listening, disentangling from the skein of sound Miss Mabel's sweet bright treble that lingered and trilled a little here, and there, as if capriciously, hurried on in advance of the slow, heavy drawl. It was as if an enchanted timid thing were peering from a thicket at the gambols of some bright creature in the sun.

The address began. Miss Mabel had come down from her music stool and was sitting on the front bench, and two benches behind her sat Arthur, gazing obliquely between the people in front at the white nape of her neck and the soft fair hair knotted upon it. Quiet as a mouse

he sat, and secretly, very secretly, watched her; and he wished that only himself and Miss Mabel were there, and that he could lay his cheek upon her cheek or upon her white neck and soft hair. Strangely, and frightening him a little, at that thought there surged within him an emotion that overwhelmed and elated his sense. He felt as if his body were floating gently up and up. . . . He was growing dizzy. He felt that he must cry out, or swoon, so gripped the bench and held to it desperately. His breathing quickened: his face was flushed: a faint sound of distress escaped him. And then his mother was drawing him towards her, whispering, "What is it, Arthur dear; what is it?"

He knew what she was thinking: the address was closing with a personal appeal, and she was thinking that he had been listening and was moved by it. He was at once abashed and relieved. He did not try to draw away from her, nor to release the hand she was holding so tightly; but tried to bend his thought away from Miss Mabel to the words of the address. The minister was saying that the Holy Ghost would not always strive with men. And that the unpardonable sin . . .

Vaguely through Arthur's mind the words flowed on like a stream. But detached and full of menace there recurred to him again and again the words "unpardonable sin" and "Holy Ghost." What, he wondered, was the unpardonable sin? Had he committed it? And what kind of awful being was the Holy Ghost? "Holy Ghost"—there was something queer, frightening, in

those two words. They brooded over Arthur's mind now, shadowing it with a sort of slow, cold terror. He trembled. Perspiration started on his brow and down his spine and in the hot palms of his hands. He could feel his mother holding him closer and hear her whispered prayer for him, "Jesus! Jesus!"

The address ended. Slowly, stiffly, the old men spread their handkerchiefs and knelt on the floor: the old women leaned forward, sighed, and covered their faces with their hands. Mr. Martin, at the minister's invitation, began to pray; a rambling, half-wailing prayer, self-pitying, self-abasing, but sometimes rising into a sort of exultation at the shining prospect of heaven at the journey's end and all earth's disappointments and defeats forgotten. Arthur had heard Mr. Martin pray almost the same prayer many times, could even anticipate some of the phrases, yet tonight it touched him strangely. And this his mother knew. He felt the warmth of her body as she bent over him; and now her warm moist breath was in his ear. "Oh, Arthur," she was whispering, "if the Holy Spirit is pleading with you—don't put Him away. Open your heart to Him, dear. He's so sweet and gentle!"

Arthur sobbed softly, and when his mother asked him had he taken the Saviour into his heart, he said that he had; and then he heard her strange deep cry: she was kissing his forehead; she was holding his head close against her bosom.

Mr. Martin finished at last; but someone else followed. Then another prayer. Yet another. A pause, the silence broken only by

sighs and little half-articulate, pious cries, and then, while the men still knelt and the women kept their heads bowed in their hands, someone began to sing, "I am coming, Lord, coming now to Thee." With a kind of feeble fervour the tuneless old voices joined and sang on, verse after verse. Then the minister prayed and pronounced the Benediction, and the meeting was over.

But for a time nobody moved from the attitude of prayer. The old people were as if entranced. Something had come to them, some power or presence that uplifted and soothed and sheltered them and made them one. For a brief moment they were together. Outside was the world; perplexing, chaotic, full of dark troubles.

It was Miss Mabel who first rose. Arthur heard her apologetic cough and the faint rustle of her skirts as she rose, and knowing that in a moment she would be smiling at him and perhaps patting his head, he was suddenly excited and shy, and would have postponed the ordeal by remaining on his knees at his mother's side. But everybody else was moving. Mrs. McMaster whispered, "Come now, Arthur, dear."

The people were standing in little groups, reluctant to separate. On the fringe Arthur hovered uneasily. He could see his mother talking a little excitedly to the minister, no doubt telling what had just happened to her boy. He felt somehow guilty and ashamed. Particularly he hoped Miss Mabel would not hear the story. But she was talking loudly and rapidly to someone else.

A moment later she had unexpect-

edly turned and come to Arthur, smiling and making her usual little joke, "Hullo, Master McMaster!"

He blushed and stammered something, and then she had thrust her hand under his arm and was sweeping him along toward the unlighted end of the school-room.

"I want to run upstairs for some music," she explained. "It's dark, you know; but I won't mind that if you're with me!"

He knew it was her fun; yet, oh, how he longed to do before her some daring valorous feat!

They passed out to the dark hall, up dark stairs together, groped their way into the church parlour. Cold moonlight lay in a pool beneath a window and streamed faintly up to the circle of chairs, to the piano with the pile of music dimly white upon it, to the dim rectangles of the lithographed texts upon the walls. While Miss Mabel searched, Arthur waited. He could see her shadowy form, could hear the rustle of her dress, and smell its camphor perfume. His brain swam with the sense of her proximity in that dim, quiet, enchanted place—alone. Once more, as in the meeting, his longing toward her overwhelmed him. He stretched out his hand, thrilled, to touch her.

But she had found her music: "Ah, here it is!"

"Oh, Miss Mabel!"

She turned, surprised and puzzled by his distress.

"Yes. What is it?"

He could not answer.

She took his face between her hands and stooped and laid her cheek on his forehead. She whis-

pered: "Tell me. You're my own, own boy, you know!"

He could not bear it longer. Wildly he flung his arms about her and buried his face in her bosom and sobbed without restraint.

For a moment she held him thus; then, disengaging herself gently, she asked again: "Now, Arthur dear. Aren't you going to tell me what it is?"

But his overcharged feeling was spent. And now, suddenly, he was bitterly ashamed. He turned away and muttered gruffly: "It's nothing."

"O-ho! My Arthur's not sulking now, is he?"

"I'm not your Arthur."

She touched him, but he would not respond.

"Arthur!"

But he stood stubborn.

"Oh, well, well!" she said, a little impatiently. "You *are* a funny little chap."

Then they went down the dark stairs again and back to the school-room.

Everybody had gone but Mrs. McMaster and the minister. Miss Mabel joined them and began to talk in a low, quick, anxious voice. Arthur knew that she was telling what had happened upstairs; and then that she was hearing from his mother what had happened during the meeting.

Mrs. McMaster was confiding it with a certain pride. She finished. She nodded her head, smiling. All turned smiling toward Arthur, and Miss Mabel ran to him, saying: "So *that's* what you wanted to tell me!"

He tried to avoid her caresses, and but half understood what she said or the minister's words about how good it was to have started upon the narrow way so early in life.

And while they talked kindly and tenderly to him, he wanted to run away: he was fighting hard to keep back tears of vexation and shame.

ELOI, ELOI.—"Yea, that His most dreadful cry, which at once moved all the powers of Heaven and earth, 'My God, my God,' was the voice of some mighty anguish where-with his soul was smitten; and that in other sort than with any material spear. For *derelinqui a Deo*—the body cannot feel it, or tell what it meaneth. It is the soul's complaint, and therefore without all doubt the soul within Him was pierced and suffered, though not that which—except charity be allowed to expound it—cannot be spoken without blasphemy. Not so much, God forbid! yet much, and very much, and much more than others seem to allow; or how much, it is dangerous to define." (*Lancelot Andrewes: Good Friday Sermon, 1597.*)



One may know oneself ugly, but there is no mirror for the understanding.



What theology is to religion and jurisprudence to justice, etiquette is to civility.

A FRAGMENT

By NORMAN DOUGLAS

THE Fish-Goddess Derceto slunk out of those divine precincts of hers like some frightened mortal, and wandered many days about the bleak earth, looking for consolation and finding none. At last she entered the Celestial Halls, determined to brave the mockery of her immortal companions and to seek the Great Father's advice.

On approaching those Gardens of Bliss, she observed her sister Menetha, Goddess of Wisdom, seated among the deathless flowers beside the young Moon. They seemed to be engaged in some friendly discourse. The Moon was the first to catch sight of Derceto, and promptly eclipsed himself. It was only after this that Menetha, glancing up, saw her sister near at hand. She began, with a smile:

"It is ever so long since we met. How goes it, my dear?"

"Ah, sister . . . But let me hear about yourself, to begin with; and about the Moon. Are they still teasing you two?"

"How kind of you to enquire! No, they have given up teasing us and are looking about, I should say, for some new source of laughter."

"They will soon find it," said Derceto sadly. "And tell me: what of his weakness?"

The young Moon, and he alone

of Immortals, was supposed to be sterile and subject to convulsions.

"I have almost cured him of those tiresome fits," replied Menetha. "And I am not without hopes," she added coyly, "of healing his other infirmity as well. The gentle Moon—little they know of his true Nature! They will soon discover whether he lacks what they possess. He is only shy—nothing else. Dear sister, I am happier than I ever yet was. I have almost forgotten to be wise."

"That would never do, Menetha. You are the only one of us who always keeps her head. And now look at poor impetuous me. Yes; you may well be surprised. I took him for an ordinary mortal stranger; he was only a little prettier and lustier than most of them. Such a handsome boy! And I was so polite to him, so charming!"

"I am sure you were."

"You see his work? You can feel the beat of its heart if you place your hand on this spot. What's to be done?"

"I see," said the Goddess of Wisdom. "That comes of being polite with strangers. For the rest, you are not the first goddess to get into this kind of scrape. How that Clatterer would laugh if he were here! Fortunately he is away just now,

jeering at his prisoner Deroudi in some black mountain; that is his latest amusement. But he may return at any moment. What will your priests be saying? Don't they take you for a maiden?"

Tears started to the eyes of the great Fish-Goddess as she replied:

"They did; and till now I had no difficulty in keeping up appearances. I know too well what they are saying. They are saying: Away with this horror! Help me, Menetha dear; put-me-to-rights. Do you think they would burn my temple? If they do, I am the unhappiest goddess that ever breathed. Why was I not born a mortal? They can at least kill themselves."

There was a pause. At last Menetha observed:

"Things sometimes look worse than they are. Why not consult the old Satyr, that half-bull Hea-bani? They say he is a splendid physician, and if you make it worth his while he may do what you want. Then none of us need know anything. But, judging by appearances, you will have to be quick about it."

"Dear, I have been there already. And oh, Menetha, you should see the horrible creature. All hairs and horns! He wore a ridiculous red cloak to cover his shaggy hide, and when I announced myself, asking for his advice, he only scowled and said he had a prejudice against female patients; they gave so much trouble and never told the truth. I promised him immortal life if he would assist me to expel this encumbrance. Can you guess what he said? He said immortality was the last thing he desired, seeing that it might bring

him into contact with our poisonous society up here. Those were his words."

"Satyrs will be Satyrs," remarked Menetha. "And you left him?"

"Indeed, no. I humiliated myself still further. I implored him to do all he could, and swore by the sacred beak of Hapso that he should come to no harm. Then he suddenly grunted, "How long has this trouble been going on?" When I told him, he began a most searching and conscientious examination. I thought: The dear old bull-face, he is going to help me after all! Can you guess what he said when it was over? Can you guess? He said in a horribly sententious fashion: "A girl, if I am not mistaken. As to doing what you wish, Goddess,—it is out of the question. No! Life is throbbing within you, and we healers are not there to destroy life. Much as I like to oblige Immortals, I never oblige them in cases of this kind. Bear the inevitable discomfort, and try to be more prudent in future." Those were his words, and I think he was laughing inwardly all the time; you know how he detests our whole divine race. But for my oath, I should have taken on some abomination to fragments, cloak and horns and all. What annoyed me was not so much his words as the insufferable way he said them."

"I can hear him. The rude old thing."

"Ah! And he also predicted a marvellous future for this burden of mine. Semiramis was to be her name. There he is wrong. I shall certainly kill it. Meanwhile I am in despair. Say, is it right that I

should be driven from Askalon and from my priests and darling Duri-fish and thymul trees and my black-and-vermilion sanctuary for a tiny slip like this, while all the rest of you have your shrines and the sweet adoration of worshippers? And they were just beginning to build me such a lovely new one, all of stone. Oh, why need anybody be a virgin? Why did I ever set eyes on the little wretch?"

"I think I can answer that last question," said the Goddess of Wisdom. "You set eyes on him because you happened to be looking in his direction."

"How wonderfully you explain everything! Would the Great Father help me?"

Menetha pondered a while.

"No doubt he could if he would," she replied at last. "But he seldom intervenes nowadays if he can avoid it; he hates being disturbed. He may not answer you at all. Or perhaps he will say, 'Call up the Sun,'—as if the dear simple Sun were of the slightest use to anybody save for shining and warming! That is our parent's latest method of solving problems and, between ourselves, rather an unsatisfactory one. Sulky, you know, about those decayed temples of his. How gay we used to be!—you remember? What an astonishing papa he was: something new every moment! But of late he never makes us laugh and never invents anything fresh; he has forgotten all his tricks and surprises. Sulky! No harm in approaching him, of course. He is alone at present. The others are still banqueting.

"Come with me, Menetha, and

explain my case to him. You are Goddess of Wisdom and one of his favourite children; I feel sure you can persuade him to help. He never has a kind word for me—I don't know why. Do your best, dear sister."

The Great Father seldom spoke nowadays, and when he did, it was only to put off the solution of some urgent problem; he had long since refused to preside at their boisterous banquets. Save during moments of angry or pleasurable excitement he remained in sour mood, forgetful of his mellow joviality and almost withdrawn from the assembly—shrouded, that is, in a starry mist which allowed nothing but the merest glimpse of his lineaments to appear; a mist that was pierced, ever and anon, by one stainless hand emerging to grasp a goblet full of Myût, the drink of the Gods which, as it percolated his essence, drove a roseate shudder through those exquisite outlines. The divine sulkiness had now lasted many thousand years. When would it end? Not until those temples, in several lands, ruined or neglected, should once more be repaired and thronged with worshippers. He was pining for the adoration paid in former days, and since withheld. Meanwhile he sat aloof, and laid aside all his old creative phantasies and those merry pranks that delighted both Gods and mortals, and bade the ages roll along as they pleased.

Menetha and her sister drew near that luminous region where the Great Father of the Gods reclined, and the firstnamed set forth with more than her customary eloquence

the sad predicament of Derceto, and ended by praying him to devise some expedient for her relief.

No answer was vouchsafed.

"I feared so," said Menetha.

At this moment the Great Mother appeared on the scene. She looked considerably flurried.

"My dears," she began, after they had greeted one another, "I can bear it no longer. The din at those banquets is not to be believed. It has positively driven me away. Some of the halfgods, especially—will they never learn how to behave in our company? But, Derceto," she continued, "what's the matter with you? In trouble?"

When all had been explained, she said:

"Naughty girl, I thought it would come to this. And now we are to have another half-god up here. This is dreadful, dreadful. You see what happens, Menetha? Were you not wise in choosing the Moon for a friend? Only think: a child of yours, if such should be your fate, will at least be wholly divine and fit for our society. Dreadful, dreadful. How very inconsiderate of you, Derceto darling! We shall soon be crowded out of our Celestial Halls with all these new creatures."

"My new creature," said the Fish Goddess savagely, "is never going to enter these Halls. I mean to kill it."

The Great Mother replied:

"I was tempted to say the same thing in the case of every one of you. And there you all are, my dears! No, Derceto. You will not kill it. Your heart will melt. But do try, darling, to keep it on earth, for it is sure to be something not very nice. That

lecherous fish-element in your nature—forgive my saying so—is indifferent stuff to breed from. It is not your fault, you poor thing. You were begotten in one of your father's bad moments; there was some strange discord, some vice, in his godly ichor just then. I told him to wait, but you know how impatient they are at such times; they never listen to reason. Meanwhile, what are you doing about it? And what are your priests doing? I fear you will be in disgrace at Askalon."

"I am in disgrace, Mother dear. They are sure to burn my temple and choose some horrid Man-protector in place of me. They have threatened to do so before now. Oh, please help me out of this scrape. Make Father invent something. Menetha tried, but never got a word out of him. When you talk, he always listens——"

"—and seldom answers," added the Great Mother.

None the less, she approached her Spouse and began to draw his attention to their presence. While she yet spoke, those divine lineaments grew clearer till they were half revealed—half, not more; and that wonderful Voice, which had seldom been heard during the last ten thousand years, became audible once again. It said grumpily:

"How many more times are we going to be disturbed? Are we never to have a moment's peace? Well, what is it?"

Before she had proceeded far in her explanation the Voice interrupted:

"Since you are making such a fuss about it, we shall require an authen-

tic report instead of all this vague and untrustworthy talk. Call up the Sun! Where may he now be wandering?"

"Over the frozen lands," said Menetha, who knew a great deal.

They can spare him a while. Up with him!"

The Sun was on the spot in a twinkling. He, too, seemed to be flustered and embarrassed, especially when the Great Mother told him the reason for which he had been summoned.

He began shyly:

"I cannot recall every detail of that encounter, but I fear it was nothing out of the common, so far as our Derceto is concerned. He looked like a mortal, a beardless child. No, no! I did not see the end of it, or even the middle; a stupid wander-cloud got in the way; but I fear, I greatly fear, it was nothing out of the common——"

"Why are you blushing?" the Voice inquired sternly.

"The things I see! My life, O Father, is one continuous blush."

"It is time you grew out of that habit."

At this rebuke the Sun was more abashed than ever. Then he pulled himself together with an effort and said in dignified tones:

"It is time, dear Parent, for several other things as well. Here is a point I should like to see settled: am I to give light to Mortals with due regularity? Yes, or no? If yes, then it is impossible for me to act simultaneously as Celestial tale-bearer up here. I am always being called from my work and asked to report about matters which happen down

below and which are no concern of mine. The things I see! Believe me, it is bad enough to be obliged to witness them, without having to describe them afterwards to a crowd of jesting Immortals. Now what must earth-crawlers think of these perpetual obfuscations on my part? They are already beginning to call me names: ask the wind! And through no fault of my own. Altogether, I am tired, utterly tired, of my hard and thankless task. Let me take this opportunity, Father, of once more begging to be relieved of my functions. Will you allow me to pour Ocean on myself and be done with it?"

No answer was vouchsafed.

The Sun persisted:

"This is my point. To carry up news is the Wind's business and not mine. Am I right, or am I wrong?"

No answer was vouchsafed.

The Sun went on sadly, as though speaking to himself:

"What a life! None of his children is more conscientious in the performance of his duties than I, his first-born; none works harder. And here we are again, dragged up from those poor white-faced people who enjoy a few days of our shining in the whole long year. How glad they are of that golden light which delivers them from the bondage of the Frost-Giant Ymir and his brood; how they dote on those tepid beams! Is it right that they should be left in icy darkness all their lives? O Father, let me give them a little more solace and cheer their spirits with my ruddy face. Let me go back to them! Nobody loves me as they do." Then he added mysteriously:

"If this unpunctuality goes on, the Hyperboreans will soon cease to worship me. And so will the rest of them. I wonder what men are saying at this moment? I think I know."

The Voice inquired:

"They are saying, my son?"

"They are saying: 'What can the Great Father be about, to allow his orderly child these erratic and inconvenient movements? Have they all taken leave of their senses, up there? We fear they have.' Which may explain why certain temples are in disrepair just now and unfrequented by mortals."

The Voice said:

"You have not told us much. But, regarding your duties, you spoke well. Return at once to those shivering folk and comfort their cold skins. We will hear you another day when you are among the Aethiopians, who may not be sorry to be relieved of your dazzle for a while. As to pouring Ocean on yourself—never let us hear such nonsense again. You were summoned because the Wind, as we all know, has grown to be a little chatterbox of late, whereas you, dear boy, can always be relied upon to tell the truth. So rest content! Be punctual in your habits as heretofore; shine to the utmost of your ability whatever those stupid wanderclouds may do, and try to overcome that trick of blushing. Our young Moon sees things as remarkable as you do, and has never been known to blush."

"Our young Moon, O Father, cannot blush because he is subject to fits and because he lacks——"

"Does he?" interposed Menetha.

"We shall soon see what he lacks. Have patience, you red-faced innocent; just a little more patience. I know more about him than any of you do."

"And so you ought, dear Sister," replied the Sun, with a bland smile.

"The rest of us can only judge by outward appearances. If he lacks nothing, you can perhaps explain why he is so anxious to hide away a certain region in which all other gods take pride and pleasure. Night after night he contrives to keep that quarter of himself in the dark, even from mortal eyes. Why?"

"Wait and see," said Menetha. "The poor boy is only shy."

"Shy!" echoed some of the others, laughing uproariously. "Only shy! What with?"

"You are right, Menetha dear," said the Great Mother. "But let them joke and laugh. I feel sure you can put-him-to-rights in time."

"I have already done so," whispered Menetha. "They shall soon learn the result. Then it will be my turn to joke and laugh."

The Voice pursued:

"And now, you three Goddesses, listen! You have had your answer to-day. If we are to be disturbed again about trifles of this kind, you shall taste the consequences." Thereupon the divine lineaments softly faded away.

"I feared so," said Menetha.

Her sister Derceto, while the Sun was already glinting downwards, pulled him back viciously by the longest of his yellow rays and asked:

"Tell me, prying mischief-maker—as you glanced over Askalon just now, did you see anything unusual?"

"You are keeping me from my work. Always on the loose with young mortals. I saw you! Leave me alone, you bawdy fish."

"Not until you answer."

"Well then, yes. I did. There was smoke and burning, a deal of it. Now please let go that beam of mine. What a life!"

Perplexed and furious, the great Fish-Goddess herself turned to depart—she knew not whither. Nor had she proceeded far before there arose at her back a vast shout of mirth and derision in the Celestial Halls. The news of her mis-adventure had spread and Immortals were

laughing heartily, none more so than the Clatterer, whose melodious voice she recognized and who had just returned from his latest pastime of plaguing the demon Deroudi, that wild one, in some black mountain. How he laughed! The young Moon was also audible, he laughed less boisterously, but more persistently; in fact, he seemed to be quite incapable of controlling his hilarious emotions. Would he never stop? Peal after peal of high squeaky notes rang out, each louder than the last; they ended, suddenly, in a piercing scream.

He had laughed himself into a fit.



He gets on best with women who best knows how to get on without them. A sweetheart is a bottle of wine; a wife is a wine-bottle.



Age, with his eyes in the back of his head, thinks it wisdom to see the bogs through which he has floundered.



Religions turn madly about sexual questions.



Dialogue.—GOD: Who has made you man? MAN: Who has made you God?

TWELVE GREAT PASSIONS

IV. NADIR SHAH AND SITARA, THE HINDU SLAVE-GIRL

By J. A. BRENDON

I

THE great Mogul Empire lay helpless at his feet. Victory had been overwhelming in its completeness. Nadir Shah lay back among the cushions in his tent and laughed a laugh of grim satisfaction. Soon he would find himself in the position of Alexander the Great, sighing for fresh worlds to conquer. Ah, but it was a pleasant thought; the consciousness of triumph—there is no sensation more exhilarating. For a moment, the warrior's stern, black-bearded face relaxed into an almost tender smile.

And surely, he had every reason to be satisfied. A Turkoman by birth; a soldier of fortune by inclination; by profession a freebooter, he had risen by the aid of his magnetic personality and military daring, until at last, in 1736, at the age of forty-nine, he became Shah of Persia.

Not even was the career of Napoleon more meteoric.

When Nadir ascended the throne he found Persia in a state of disruption. Enemies beset the kingdom on every hand, Turks, Russians, Afghans. Sedition and anarchy reigned everywhere supreme. But, out of disorder, the new ruler, by superhuman efforts, soon created order,

and, as the head of a united people, established himself the terror of a continent. And now he had invaded India, and crushed the Mogul Emperor.

That very day, in fact, his proud adversary had come in person to his camp to sue for peace; had come in person and been sent away humiliated, humbled to the dust; he, the mighty ruler who once had dared to hurl insults at the upstart Shah of Persia.

Yes—success, indeed, was very sweet; but revenge far sweeter. So Nadir drained another goblet of wine, nestled further back among his cushions, and proceeded to discuss plans for the future with Ali Akbar and Ahmed Khan, his two great Ministers.

No, he declared, nothing was further from his mind than the intention to appropriate the Emperor's dominion; to attempt that would be merely courting trouble. All he desired was to humiliate his rival, to humiliate him utterly. So soon, then, as the army had recovered of its fatigue, he would march on Delhi. For a while, as victor, he would occupy the city; then formally restore to the Emperor his regal dignity, and himself return northwards.

Aye—but he had another purpose also. Delhi was rich. War was expensive; and his own subjects already were groaning under the burden of taxation—he dared not oppress them further. Why, then, should not the vanquished pay the price of his ambition? Why not indeed? Besides, with the riches of Delhi in his coffers, he could see no limit to his future conquests.

And Nadir again laughed, grimly.

Suddenly he stopped. From without the tent came the sound of voices and tramping feet. The Shah sat up and listened; he had been waiting for that sound. A moment later the curtain was pulled aside, and a servant entered, stepping noiselessly across carpets on the floor.

"What is it?" Nadir asked.

The man made deep obeisance. The Mogul Emperor, he said, had just sent his promised tribute—an elephant, some horses, fifty slave-boys, and as many of India's fairest women.

Nadir rose to his feet immediately. The gift was already overdue; he had been eagerly awaiting its arrival. It was too dark now—besides, he was too tired—to inspect the horses. He would leave them until the morning.

But the women—he was anxious to see them, very anxious; he had heard much of Indian maidens. Had not Ahmed Khan told him of them: that they were as slender as cypress trees, as graceful as deer, and that their eyes shone as the very stars of night? And Ahmed Khan was a native of Kandahar, which is near to Hindustan. He then most surely ought to know.

So Nadir did not delay one minute. Forthwith he left his tent, and moved towards that in which the captive women were assembled. No sooner had he entered than he saw that they did not belie their reputation. Among them were many graceful forms and many lovely faces. But Nadir had eyes only for one of them; she stood in the middle of the line; a tall, slim girl whose complexion was almost European in its fairness.

But now a bright flush glowed in her cheeks, and she turned on the conqueror a look of proud defiance which compelled his gaze.

"Who is that girl?" he asked.

"My lord, a maiden of the Rajputs," replied an obsequious eunuch.

"Maiden indeed!" And the girl laughed contemptuously. "Maiden indeed!" she repeated, "I have been a wife!"

The eunuch, dismayed by the girl's audacity, moved forward as if to strike with his slipper the lips which had dared to utter this impertinence. Suddenly he drew back. Sitara—for such was her name—had drawn a dagger from her bosom, and held it menacingly. There was no mistaking the meaning of her attitude.

And Nadir laughed. The girl's action had pleased his present humour. Then he addressed her personally.

"Give me that knife," he said.

Sitara stood motionless.

"Give me that knife," he said again; this time more sternly.

The girl hesitated, but only for a moment. There was command in Nadir's voice. So she obeyed. And

Nadir took the weapon, thrust it in his girdle; then, without another word, passed slowly down the line of captive women.

II

Jack in his own tent again, the Shah sat for a long while wrapped in thought. He could not banish from his mind the incident with Sitara. And as he sat silent, toying with the dagger he had taken from her, a faint smile played upon his lips. The woman interested him.

He, who had known and loved many women, had never before met one like this. She possessed the courage of ten men, and her beauty—ah! he had never seen the like of it. A sudden fire leapt into the man's eyes, intense and passionate. He must see her again, he told himself; see her immediately—and alone. He rose to his feet, and called for a servant.

"Send the Agha Bashi to me," he commanded. And the servant, noticing the look on his royal master's face, hastened to do his bidding.

A moment later, the Agha Bashi, or chief official of the harem, entered the tent; he was a tall, sad-faced negro.

Peremptorily Nadir told him of his wishes. The man looked troubled. He was a loyal servant, devoted to his master, and he remembered only too well Sitara's reckless courage. Was it right that the Shah should be left with her alone? He thought not; and ventured to make a protest. But Nadir checked him.

"Send the girl to me," he said; "I want her—now."

Then the faithful eunuch bowed his head. "As the Shah wills," he muttered, and passed out.

Nadir watched him go; then he rose to his feet again, and for a few restless minutes paced his tent. The stillness of the night oppressed him. So he resumed his seat, and waited.

Presently the curtain was flung aside. The man's eyes rested on it, fascinated. And a moment later the slave-girl entered. She walked with timid, anxious steps, and her head was bowed; but there was dignity in her carriage, although her bosom heaved and her lips moved tremulously. Nadir gazed at her spellbound. She was more beautiful than she had seemed before, a thousandfold more beautiful. His eyes feasted upon her. And in the dim lamplight her flimsy draperies seemed only to accentuate her loveliness. In the middle of the tent she stopped, standing motionless. Then Nadir spoke to her.

"Come nearer, girl," he said. "Look at me! What is it? You are frightened?"

And Sitara shot him one quick, fearful glance. She *was* frightened; and well might she have been, for she was moving, so she thought, to punishment, to death.

And she did not want to die; an hour ago she would not have cared. But now! She wanted now to live, now that she had found a reason for it. Hitherto her lot had been thrown among effeminate puppets and sycophants, but now she stood before a man, a man such as she had often dreamed of, strong and masterful; and she longed, then and there, to throw herself before his

feet and swear to serve him always. For his love she dared not to ask. What right had she? To serve him—that alone would be enough; to die for him if need be.

Some instinct within him told Nadir that this was so, and he loved the girl the more for it. Women usually looked to him only for favours. But this one refused to plead with him even for her life.

And that, as Nadir was man enough to know, required real courage. So, with all the gentleness at his command, he sought to put her at her ease, assuring her of his forgiveness, talking to her. Then he made her tell him her life's history.

She, too, it seemed, had no affection for the Moguls. She had been born a Hindu, but, when still a child, had been captured and married to a Mogul warrior. From him she had escaped, and, after many adventures, had found refuge with a band of Marwari traders. They, in due course, had brought her to Delhi. There, one of the Emperor's wives, a woman of her own country, had taken pity on her, and in her service she had remained until that very day.

For a while, after the conclusion of this narrative, Nadir was silent. Then he spoke, and his voice quavered with emotion. Henceforth she could be a queen herself, he said, a queen before whom all the world should bow. Would she? Would she? Sitara's senses reeled. She who had come to him as a suppliant found the conqueror himself pleading before her, offering her honour, riches, power, when even the littlest word of tenderness would have

meant bliss sublime. Would she indeed? Impulsively she threw herself before his feet, showering them with kisses, hot, passionate kisses, of gratitude and love.

But Nadir raised her up. She was to be his Queen, he said, not his servant; all other women should be as the dust on which she walked; she must not humiliate herself.

Then he sent for the Agha Bashi and the Agha Bashi sent for the priest. And a few minutes later Sitara left the tent the honoured wife of the greatest soldier of the day, sparkling with jewels, diamonds and emeralds and pearls.

The news spread quickly through the camp, and idle tongues wagged maliciously. But Sitara heeded not these things; she was too happy, ah! much too happy. At this time the all-consuming love she bore for Nadir filled her life utterly; she could think of nothing else. Nor did she wish to. Lonely, it is true, she felt sometimes. That was inevitable. A stranger among a strange people, how could she be aught but lonely?

But she rejoiced in her solitude; she loved those long, hot days when she could lie in her tent alone, and think, and dream, and wait for the approach of evening. For at nightfall she knew that Nadir would come to her, and come not as a king, but as a man; and from then, till dawn once more called him forth to duty, he would be hers, hers absolutely, and she his.

And at nightfall he always came. Then again, she soon made friends among the other women in the camp. How could she help it?

Very simple, very lovable, it was not easy even for jealous rivals to begrudge her courtesy. Yet this, her very simplicity and charm, earned for her also at least one relentless enemy, Shirazái, a former favourite, whom she had deposed from the place of honour in the Shah's esteem.

Now Shirazái hated Sitara with all the fierce hatred of an Oriental, and swore to herself that she would never rest till she had worked some hideous vengeance on her rival. But of these intentions Sitara guessed nothing. Nor did Shirazái mean her to; she was much too cunning. Instead, she posed as the girl's friend, masking her true feelings behind soft speeches and kindly gestures, and so sought to gain her confidence.

The time would come, she thought, when that confidence might be of service to her. Till then she could afford to wait—and watch.

Now, Shirazái was a factor to be reckoned with, for she happened to be none other than a sister of Ali Akbar.

But Sitara little knew what grim troubles the future was storing up for her. And, had she known, would she have cared? "Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday"—was not the present sweet enough for her? Yes, yes; a thousand times, yes. She had found a love such as woman never before had known or even dreamed of. What else mattered? One moment of that love would amply compensate for years of torment.

Even Nadir's courtiers marvelled at their monarch's constancy, sagely nodding their heads, wondering what the end would be.

III

And so the victorious army rested, day following day in quick succession. But for Nadir the time passed all too quickly. His troops, he knew, already had remained inactive overlong; further delay might cause them to grow lazy and ill-disciplined. So he aroused himself.

On the morrow, he declared, he would set out for Delhi; preparations for the journey, therefore, must begin immediately. Forthwith they began. It was a busy day for everybody. And at nightfall, when he went as usual to Sitara's tent, Nadir was tired and fretful; he felt like a man just awakened from some happy dream, as, indeed, the call of duty had awakened him. A great wave of self-pity passed over him, flooding his heart with sadness. That sweet companionship with the woman whom he loved, he now saw could never be again what it had been; in future there would be other claims upon him—the claims of government and war.

Why then, he asked himself, had he not delayed just one more week? A woman's love—how much more precious he thought it then than all the sterling gifts of power. Idle dalliance, perchance, had softened the man's heart.

Nor did his sadness escape Sitara's notice. She wondered at it greatly; nor, try as she would, could she dispel it.

But then, she knew not what it was that made him sad; not until suddenly he took from his turban a superb and priceless diamond, which he had worn always there as a mas-

cot, and begged her to accept it as a gift.

"And," he said, "if you want to come to me at any time, but send this stone, and you shall always be received."

Then Sitara took the stone—but sorrowfully; until then it had not occurred to her that she might ever have need for such a charm.

Yet, even so, it seemed merely to be a passing cloud which for a moment had overhung her happiness—this sudden thought of fear. On the next day began the march to Delhi. And to Sitara that journey was a week of new and wonderful experiences; she enjoyed every moment of it, as she rode in triumph by her lover's side, and then, at the end, with him entered the city.

That was at once the proudest and the saddest moment in her life. She had left Delhi a captive; she returned a Queen, and found herself lodged in the "Palace of Joy" amid every luxury, as befitted the conqueror's most favoured consort.

Then, on the following day, the Mogul Queen—she, whose handmaiden Sitara once had been—besought an interview, and, on her bended knees, implored the girl to use her influence with the Shah to spare the city. And Sitara promised.

The world had dealt very kindly with her; she felt she could afford now to be indulgent. So, when Nadir came to her that night, she told him of her promise; and laughingly he conceded it. But she need not have asked, he said; already he had issued orders to the troops, forbidding violence and plunder. Nor,

he added, were they likely to ignore those orders. Whilst from the citizens of Delhi he feared nothing; defeat had cowed them utterly.

But not as utterly as Nadir thought. So it came about that, a few days later, Sitara suddenly was aroused by the sounds of shouts and tumult. What had happened? Had Nadir forgotten his promise to her? No; surely not that. Then what had happened? She questioned the Agha Bashi, and was told that the mob had risen in insurrection and were now being punished.

Punished—too well Sitara knew the meaning of that word. So she sent word to Nadir, begging him to stay his hand, and spare the hapless city. Then she waited for a reply. None came. In despair, at last she sent the diamond.

But still the awful carnage seemed to continue unabated. Never a word did she receive from Nadir. Was he angry with her? Had he ignored her prayer? Or, had she interfered where she had no right to interfere?

Poor girl! she felt sad and disappointed. Once, only once, had she asked a favour, and it had been refused. No wonder she was filled with sorrow.

But then, she did not know the truth. She did not know that all that day her prayer had throbbled in Nadir's pulses, and that the captains had wondered at his moderation. She did not know this till later, when Nadir told her so himself. But it was more even than this sure proof of his great love could do to dispel her sorrow, or make her to forget the hideous fate of the city which once had been her home, and which

she had given her solemn word to save from hurt.

She was glad, therefore, when at length the Persian army again moved northwards, its coffers filled with the wealth of Delhi. This, she felt, was the beginning of a new life indeed; and, every moment, the past and all its memories receded further, further in the distance.

The road before her led to a strange land, to new interests, new hopes, and, perhaps, new dangers also; but Sitara had no fears—no, although henceforth her lot would be cast among an alien people who, she knew, detested her. With Nadir at her side, nothing mattered; and by her side he rode, proud, dignified, every inch a soldier, whilst in his turban blazed the great Koh-i-nur diamond, the stone which now adorns the Imperial Crown of Britain. Sitara adored the man; and before long was able to prove to him the strength of her devotion.

After many weary miles of marching, the army at length reached the waters of the Indus, and there for a while, on the banks of the river, Nadir decided to let his forces rest. It was his intention to turn the defiles of the Khyber by the country of the Yusufzai, and so proceed northwards. With this aim in view, he had spent a busy day negotiating with the headmen of the tribe; and evening found him tired and irritable, until at last, just before midnight, he sank into a restless sleep.

The night was very hot. From without the tent not a sound came, not even the rustling of a leaf. All was as still as death. And the very weight of the atmosphere was op-

pressive. Sitara could not sleep. For a long while she lay on her couch, thinking.

Suddenly she sat up. Some one was moving. She was sure of it. Stealthily she rose, crept towards the door of the tent; then looked out. For a moment she could see nothing. But as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she was able to discern a form gliding along the ground, and then another, and another. Next, the flash of steel caught her eye. Suspicion became certainty. She slipped back into the tent, and gently roused Nadir; but only just in time. In another moment the assassins would have been upon him.

But, as it happened, hearing the sound of movements, they had fled precipitately. And the murdered bodies of the guards outside alone were left to prove that Sitara's fears had not deceived her. It was she who had given the alarm; she who had saved her lover's life. Nadir did not forget the service.

Perhaps this was well. Not yet had Shirazâi forgiven her rival for stealing the Shah's affections. Nor had she been plotting all this time in vain. And now her opportunity for vengeance was at hand.

IV

At Herat, glad news reached Nadir. Reza Khan, the Vali Ahd, or heir apparent—so messengers announced—was hastening with all speed to meet the home-coming army; and expected on the morning of the following day to be able to extend in person a welcome to his father.

Now Nadir had long been looking forward to this meeting; two years had passed since last he had seen his son, and during that time, if rumour spoke aright, the Prince had grown from boyhood into manhood, splendid manhood too. The Shah had heard nothing but good report concerning him; how that he had proved himself a truly able regent, worthy to be the heir to his soldier father.

But, alas! on the morrow, when the son and father met, a cloud marred the splendour and happiness of the occasion—that insidious cloud mistrust. Had not the Prince perhaps become too manly, too independent, too self-reliant? A great anxiety seized hold of Nadir. The boy, he feared, instead of being a help to him, might prove a menace; and he looked in vain to find loyalty or affection in his eyes. And of his son's popularity with the people, there could be no doubt. He had won their love and admiration; the Shah himself held only their respect and fear. Hence Nadir was jealous. Nor could he conceal his jealousy.

Now Reza Khan too had reason for resentment. The Shah's return would mean a diminution in his own authority; henceforth no longer could he be an autocrat, but must accept orders from another, and would be expected to obey them unquestioningly. Could he do this? he asked himself. Would he? That is what Nadir asked. And until the future should find an answer to these questions, there could be no bond between the two men either of trust or friendship.

Now Sitara, conscious of Nadir's

disappointment, and seeing how trivial really were the causes which estranged him from his son, tried hard to effect a reconciliation.

But this was an ill-judged policy on her part. In the first place, Nadir resented her interference, and her impartiality he resented even more. He had done much for Sitara, and in return, he felt, she owed him at least her whole-hearted sympathy, now that he needed it.

Then again, why should she seek to reconcile him to his son? A sudden fear flashed through his mind. Could it be that the Prince and his party had won or bought her to their side? Could it be? Was she being false to him—Sitara? No, no; this he could not, would not believe. Still, somewhere within his heart, the seed of suspicion had taken root, and suspicion, like ivy, grows apace, clinging where it grows.

And then it was that Shirazái, ever watchful, saw that at last her opportunity had come. She had waited patiently for this hour, timing the moment of her vengeance carefully; and her plans were laid with fiendish cunning. First, then, she sought to reinstate herself in Nadir's favour. This did not prove difficult. She had but to offer him the sympathy he asked for in his quarrel with his son; the fascination of her womanhood achieved the rest. Thus, inch by inch, she stole the Shah's affections from Sitara.

And the latter, ignorant of the plot, sorrowed at his changed regard for her. What had she done to offend him? That night, she decided, she would ask her lover and so dis-

pel the cloud which hung between them.

That night! Sitara, alas! already had delayed her question overlong; and now she had lost the opportunity of asking it. That night Nadir did not come to her; in vain she waited for him. The hour of his usual coming came and went, but still she was alone; yet still she waited, still she hoped. Nor did she despair until at length she heard the sound of laughter and of voices in Shirazái's tent. Then suddenly she realized the hideous truth; and, throwing herself upon her couch, she sobbed and sobbed till Sleep took pity on her.

Such is the common fate of Eastern women. Sitara knew it; hers were tears of disappointment, not of anger.

But for Shirazái, merely to rekindle the fickle flame of Nadir's passion, that alone was not enough; she must bring ruin also to her rival. This she had sworn long ago, and the purpose still was strong within her.

Cunningly, then, she dallied with the Vali Ahd, employing all her many wiles and fascinations to gain his confidence. This once gained, the rest was easy. She had but to adapt his secrets to her own requirements, and then betray them to the Shah. And in this way, by abominable double dealing, she gradually regained her lost prestige, and poisoned Nadir's mind against the girl whose love still and in spite of all was the most precious gift the world had offered him. No act was so mean that she would not commit

it; no lie so false that she would not make use of it.

Then came the climax. A few days later, yet another attempt was made on Nadir's life; an unseen hand fired on him while crossing a ravine. So soon as the first shot had been fired, Sitara, it is true, hastened to his side, and stood between him and danger, now, as on the former occasion, shielding him fearlessly from death.

But during the days which followed, Nadir forgot this. Lately he had heard much of seditious plots and murderous intentions. He was too angry to feel grateful or remember obligations. The culprit must be found, found at all cost, and held up to the world as an example. This was his determination.

And Shirazái, with all the cunning of her sex, undertook to help in the quest.

By the aid of false witnesses, well paid to serve her purpose, she contrived at last to bring the suspicion of guilt to rest on the shoulders of the Vali Ahd. The shot, she maintained, had been fired at his instigation, by one of his servants; he was responsible. And such was her evidence that it seemed utterly damning and conclusive.

But this was too terrible. That his own son should seek to murder him; Nadir could not believe it. Yet, reason as he would, he could find no flaw in the evidence brought forward by Shirazái. Every little detail pointed relentlessly to one conclusion. And motives for the crime were only too apparent; jealousy, ambition, pride; aye—there were also many others, and amongst them, the vague suspicion that Reza Khan

coveted his father's Queen, that he wanted Sitara, and Sitara him. To Nadir, this came as a crueller blow than even the knowledge of his son's treachery, as a baser act of treason. Yet nothing could shake the sworn testimony of the witnesses.

Fiercely, then, love and anger struggled for supremacy in Nadir's heart. But the result was inevitable. An offence had been committed against his royal person which no circumstance could justify. And one punishment only seemed adequate. But death—could he put to death the son he loved most dearly? No—even Nadir's iron determination flinched before passing such a sentence.

None the less, the Prince must be punished, punished heavily, and for the future be rendered powerless at any rate. His son's eyes, then, should be burnt from out his head. That surely was a punishment which would meet the crime; a punishment more horrible perhaps than death. Yet to the father it seemed kinder. Besides, he reflected bitterly, it might serve also as a constant warning to Sitara. A blind lover—could she find charm in him?

And so his royal decree went forth. And a great gladness filled Shirazá's heart. Her plot was working admirably. Forthwith, then, she hastened to the unhappy Prince's mother, with words of tender sympathy. Alas! she could offer nothing more, she said; her influence with the Shah had gone. Then she paused for a minute.

"But Sitara. . ."

And those words raised sudden hopes in the distracted woman's

heart. Sitara—yes, *she* might help. Forthwith the wretched mother sought her out and told the pathetic story of her grief. Nor did her mission prove in vain. Sitara listened sympathetically; and then, despite misgivings, promised to plead with Nadir. She knew that she was acting very foolishly; that her supplication must prove futile. Still she felt she had a duty to perform. Yes—and she would perform it.

Boldly, therefore, she craved an audience. Nadir granted it immediately, bidding her come to him. She went; and found the Shah sitting in his tent alone, his face hard and set. He had guessed the reason of Sitara's visit; nor wrongly; and, as the girl spoke, his expression grew yet still more stern and still more sad.

It had hurt him greatly to pass sentence on his son, but that she should plead against that sentence hurt him more. His worst fears he saw being realized, and Shirazá's dark insinuations taking certain shape within his mind. Sitara's action, he felt, one motive only could have prompted. She loved his son. Her very intercession proved her faithlessness and came to Nadir as the culmination of his sorrows. For a moment he was silent. Then he spoke.

"Go!" he said fiercely, "or I will have you blinded too!"

But still the girl pleaded, clinging to his arm. "My lord," she begged, "have pity; have pity; he is your son! Oh! spare the Prince, my lord, I pray you."

This was more than Nadir could endure. At last his sorrow found

relief in anger; a fierce wave of wrath passed over him. He rose to his feet and, convulsed with rage, struck at Sitara. The axe fell heavily; and, beneath its weight, the defenceless girl sank, with a thud, to the ground, and there lay motionless, while from her forehead welled a stream of blood, ominous and dark.

For a while the Shah gazed at her prostrate form in horror, stupefied. What had he done? Was she dead? Had he killed her? Fear soothed his savage wrath; and sinking down upon his cushions, great warrior though he was, he wept as though his heart would break.

V.

Meanwhile the faithful Agha Bashi took Sitara gently in his arms, and bore her to the doctor. She was not dead. But the negro, for he loved the girl and knew not the true circumstances of the quarrel, deemed it wise to keep this secret from the Shah. He acted on his own responsibility. For several days Sitara lay unconscious, hovering between life and death. Then slowly she regained her reason. But, when at last she could speak and move again, she was already many miles from Nadir.

The Agha Bashi had sent her to the house of an Armenian family who readily had invited her to share their home until it might be safe to tell the Shah that still she lived; and there she settled down to face the future.

But one month passed; then yet another; and still bad tidings only came from Court. To tell the Shah that Sitara was still alive, reports

maintained, would certainly spell ruin to all concerned. He had forbidden even her name to be mentioned in his presence, and his fury lately had been uncontrollable.

Now, the courtiers thought that anger caused this fury. So also did Sitara. Shirazái—she only knew the truth; that it was grief which made him mad, grief and disappointment. Nadir had loved Sitara, nay, he loved her still, and with a love such as Eastern men rarely feel for women. Besides, since that day on which foully he had murdered Love, nothing would go well with him. His mind, he felt, had lost its old precision, his brain its cunning. There seemed to be no one he could trust, and every day his enemies increased in strength and numbers. Superstitious fancies harassed him.

The truth is, Nemesis at last had overtaken the great warrior. And, although he grappled desperately with Fate—the fate which he had prepared for himself through long, fierce years of conquest—he fought in vain. The reins of empire, now too big for one man's hands, were slipping from his grasp. He knew it, but was powerless to restrain them. And his courtiers moved round him warily in very terror of their lives.

Thus months passed into years, and still Sitara received no word from him. Then despair entered her soul, strangling hope, and she walked like one for whom life held no more joys. But her great love for Nadir still burned as true as ever. She bore no malice towards the man who had struck her down. No, womanlike—his sudden cruelty

had only intensified her love; and she longed, longed with a longing which nothing could efface, for that day on which she and he again might be united.

Yet would that day ever come? The Shah's love for her, she asked—how could it still live? There were women in the world fairer than she, whose love he could enjoy. Besides, did he not think her dead; that he himself had murdered her?

Now, at length, it came about that Nadir, while campaigning, happened to pass near to the little Armenian village which for three long years had given shelter to Sitara. And to the girl the temptation now to go to the man she loved proved irresistible.

In vain, friends urged her to be cautious; in vain, they pleaded. Sitara was obdurate. Go to him she would, whatever might be the cost. Determination was strong within her; and death—she feared not death; to die by Nadir's hand would be happiness indeed, compared to still more years of purposeless existence.

Besides, in her inmost heart she felt that Nadir needed her, was calling to her, even as she needed him. And so she sought out a trusty emissary and sent him with a letter to the Persian camp, and, with it, that stone which Nadir had given her now many years ago. Then she waited.

And her woman's intuition had guided her aright. Nadir had not forgotten. Nadir did need her. Indeed, nothing could describe the joy he felt on learning that Sitara, his loved Sitara, had come to life again.

Forthwith he sent to her a royal escort, and begged her hasten to him with all speed. But this request was quite superfluous. Sitara did not delay one minute; and two days later entered the Persian camp in all her splendour as a Queen.

There Nadir met her. And in that rapturous moment of reunion the past and all its sufferings faded like the memory of some awful dream at dawn. Henceforth there was no more separation. The broken link soon mended, and made the chain of love, which bound her and the Shah together, stronger than it had ever been.

But the days of Nadir's greatness now were numbered—and with them his days of happiness. Destiny had proved too strong for him; he was struggling now for very life; and among his own followers were to be found his bitterest enemies. The end was inevitable; and very soon it came.

Suddenly, in the still darkness of a night, while she was sitting watching by the bedside of her wearied lord, Sitara heard suspicious movements outside the tent.

Immediately she rose to her feet. But this time the sounds had reached her ears too late. Before she could move, before even she could scream, the assassins were with her in the tent and had pinioned down the sleeping warrior.

And later, when the tardy guards arrived, they found their ruler lying dead upon the floor, and, stretched on his giant form, the young body of the woman he had loved, an evil-pointed dagger buried deep within her heart.

MAGGIE, A GIRL OF THE STREETS

By STEPHEN CRANE

A VERY little boy stood upon a heap of gravel for the honour of Rum Alley. He was throwing stones at howling urchins from Devil's Row, who were circling madly about the heap and pelting him.

His infantile countenance was livid with the fury of battle. His small body was writhing in the delivery of oaths.

"Run, Jimmie, run! Dey'll git yehs!" screamed a retreating Rum Alley child.

"Naw," responded Jimmie with a valiant roar, "dese mugs can't make me run."

Howls of renewed wrath went up from Devil's Row throats. Tattered gamins on the right made a furious assault on the gravel heap. On their small convulsed faces shone the grins of true assassins. As they charged, they threw stones and cursed in shrill chorus.

The little champion of Rum Alley stumbled precipitately down the other side. His coat had been torn to shreds in a scuffle and his hat was gone. He had bruises on twenty parts of his body, and blood was dripping from a cut in his head. His wan features looked like those of a tiny insane demon.

On the ground, children from

Devil's Row closed in on their antagonist. He crooked his left arm defensively about his head and fought with madness. The little boys ran to and fro, dodging, hurling stones, and swearing in barbaric trebles.

From a window of an apartment-house that uprose from amid squat ignorant stables there leaned a curious woman. Some labourers, unloading a scow at a dock at the river, paused for a moment and regarded the fight. The engineer of a passive tugboat hung lazily over a railing and watched. Over on the island a worm of yellow convicts came from the shadow of a grey ominous building and crawled slowly along the river's bank.

A stone had smashed in Jimmie's mouth. Blood was bubbling over his chin and down upon his ragged shirt. Tears made furrows on his dirt-stained cheeks. His thin legs had begun to tremble and turn weak, causing his small body to reel. His roaring curses of the first part of the fight had changed to a blasphemous chatter.

In the yells of the whirling mob of Devil's Row children there were notes of joy like songs of triumphant savagery. The little boys seemed to

leer gloatingly at the blood upon the other child's face.

Down the avenue came boastfully sauntering a lad of sixteen years, although the chronic sneer of an ideal manhood already sat upon his lips. His hat was tipped over his eye with an air of challenge. Between his teeth a cigar stump was tilted at the angle of defiance. He walked with a certain swing of the shoulders which appalled the timid. He glanced over into the vacant lot in which the little raving boys from Devil's Row seethed about the shrieking and tearful child from Rum Alley.

"Gee!" he murmured with interest, "a scrap. Gee!"

He strode over to the cursing circle, swinging his shoulders in a manner which denoted that he held victory in his fists. He approached at the back of one of the most deeply engaged of the Devil's Row children.

"Ah, what d' h—l," he said, and smote the deeply engaged one on the back of the head. The little boy fell to the ground and gave a tremendous howl. He scrambled to his feet, and perceiving, evidently, the size of his assailant, ran quickly off, shouting alarms. The entire Devil's Row party followed him. They came to a stand a short distance away and yelled taunting oaths at the boy with the chronic sneer. The latter, momentarily, paid no attention to them.

"What's wrong wi'che, Jimmie?" he asked of the small champion.

Jimmie wiped his blood-wet features with his sleeve.

"Well, it was dis way, Pete, see!

I was goin' teh lick dat Riley kid and dey all pitched on me."

Some Rum Alley children now came forward. The party stood for a moment exchanging vainglorious remarks with Devil's Row. A few stones were thrown at long distances, and words of challenge passed between small warriors. Then the Rum Alley contingent turned slowly in the direction of their home street. They began to give, each to each, distorted versions of the fight. Causes of retreat in particular cases were magnified. Blows dealt in the fight were enlarged to catapultian power, and stones thrown were alleged to have hurtled with infinite accuracy. Valour grew strong again, and the little boys began to brag with great spirit.

"Ah, we blokies kin lick d' hull d—n Row," said a child, swaggering.

Little Jimmie was trying to stanch the flow of blood from his cut lips. Scowling, he turned upon the speaker.

"Ah, where was yehs when I was doin' all deh fightin'?" he demanded. "Youse kids makes me tired."

"Ah, go ahn!" replied the other argumentatively.

Jimmie replied with heavy contempt. "Ah, youse can't fight, Blue Billie! I kin lick yeh wid one han'."

"Ah, go ahn!" replied Billie again.

"Ah!" said Jimmie threateningly.

"Ah!" said the other in the same tone.

They struck at each other, clinched, and rolled over on the cobblestones.

"Smash 'im, Jimmie, kick d' face off 'im!" yelled Pete, the lad with

the chronic sneer, in tones of delight.

The small combatants pounded and kicked, scratched and tore. They began to weep and their curses struggled in their throats with sobs. The other little boys clasped their hands and wriggled their legs in excitement. They formed a bobbing circle about the pair.

A tiny spectator was suddenly agitated.

"Cheese it, Jimmie, cheese it! Here comes yer fader," he yelled.

The circle of little boys instantly parted. They drew away and waited in ecstatic awe for that which was about to happen. The two little boys, fighting in the modes of four thousand years ago, did not hear the warning.

Up the avenue there plodded slowly a man with sullen eyes. He was carrying a dinner-pail and smoking an apple-wood pipe.

As he neared the spot where the little boys strove, he regarded them listlessly. But suddenly he roared an oath and advanced upon the rolling fighters.

"Here, you Jim, git up, now, while I belt yer life out, yeh disorderly brat."

He began to kick into the chaotic mass on the ground. The boy Billie felt a heavy boot strike his head. He made a furious effort and disentangled himself from Jimmie. He tottered away.

Jimmie arose painfully from the ground and confronting his father began to curse him. His parent kicked him. "Come home, now," he cried, "an' stop yer jawin', er I'll lam the everlasting head off yehs."

They departed. The man paced

placidly along with the apple-wood emblem of serenity between his teeth. The boy followed a dozen feet in the rear. He swore luridly, for he felt that it was degradation for one who aimed to be some vague kind of a soldier, or a man of blood with a sort of sublime licence, to be taken home by a father.

II.

EVENTUALLY they entered a dark region where, from a careening building, a dozen gruesome doorways gave up loads of babies to the street and the gutter. A wind of early autumn raised yellow dust from cobbles and swirled it against a hundred windows. Long streamers of garments fluttered from fire-escapes. In all unhandy places there were buckets, brooms, rags and bottles. In the street infants played or fought with other infants or sat stupidly in the way of vehicles. Formidable women, with uncombed hair and disordered dress, gossiped while leaning on railings, or screamed in frantic quarrels. Withered persons, in curious postures of submission to something, sat smoking pipes in obscure corners. A thousand odours of cooking food came forth to the street. The building quivered and creaked from the weight of humanity stamping about in its bowels.

A small ragged girl dragged a red, bawling infant along the crowded ways. He was hanging back, baby-like, bracing his wrinkled, bare legs.

The little girl cried out: "Ah, Tommie, come ahn. Dere's Jimmie

and fader. Don't be a-pullin' me back."

She jerked the baby's arm impatiently. He fell on his face, roaring. With a second jerk she pulled him to his feet, and they went on. With the obstinacy of his order, he protested against being dragged in a chosen direction. He made heroic endeavours to keep on his legs, denounced his sister, and consumed a bit of orange-peeling which he chewed between the times of his infantile orations.

As the sullen-eyed man, followed by the blood-covered boy, drew near the little girl burst into reproachful cries. "Ah, Jimmie, youse bin fightin' agin."

The urchin swelled disdainfully.

"Ah, what d' h—l, Mag. See?"

The little girl upbraided him. "You'se allus fightin', Jimmie, an' yeh knows it puts mudder out when yehs come home half dead, an' it's like we'll all get a poundin'."

She began to weep. The babe threw back his head and roared at his prospects.

"Ah," cried Jimmie, "shut up er I'll smack yer mout'. See?"

As his sister continued her lamentations, he suddenly struck her. The little girl reeled, and, recovering herself, burst into tears and quaveringly cursed him. As she slowly retreated, her brother advanced, dealing her cuffs. The father heard, and turned about.

"Stop that, Jim, d'yeh hear? Leave yer sister alone on the street. It's like I can never beat any sense into yer wooden head."

The urchin raised his voice in defiance to his parent, and continued

his attacks. The babe bawled tremendously, protesting with great violence. During his sister's hasty manœuvres he was dragged by the arm.

Finally the procession plunged into one of the gruesome doorways. They crawled up dark stairways and along cold, gloomy halls. At last the father pushed open a door, and they entered a lighted room in which a large woman was rampant.

She stopped in a career from a seething stove to a pan-covered table. As the father and children filed in she peered at them.

"Eh, what? Been fightin' agin!" She threw herself upon Jimmie. The urchin tried to dart behind the others, and in the scuffle the babe, Tommie, was knocked down. He protested with his usual vehemence because they had bruised his tender shins against a table leg.

The mother's massive shoulders heaved with anger. Grasping the urchin by the neck and shoulder she shook him until he rattled. She dragged him to an unholy sink, and, soaking a rag in water, began to scrub his lacerated face with it. Jimmie screamed in pain, and tried to twist his shoulders out of the clasp of the huge arms.

The babe sat on the floor watching the scene, his face in contortions like that of a woman at a tragedy. The father, with a newly laden pipe in his mouth, sat in a backless chair near the stove. Jimmie's cries annoyed him. He turned about and bellowed at his wife:

"Let the kid alone for a minute, will yeh, Mary? Yer allus poundin'

"im. When I come nights I can't get no rest 'cause yer allus poundin' a kid. Let up, d'yeh hear? Don't be allus poundin' a kid."

The woman's operations on the urchin instantly increased in violence. At last she tossed him to a corner, where he limply lay weeping.

The wife put her immense hands on her hips, and with a chieftainlike stride approached her husband.

"Ho!" she said, with a great grunt of contempt. "An' what in the devil are you stickin' your nose for?"

The babe crawled under the table, and, turning, peered out cautiously. The ragged girl retreated, and the urchin in the corner drew his legs carefully beneath him.

The man puffed his pipe calmly and put his great muddied boots on the back part of the stove.

"Go t' h—l," he said tranquilly.

The woman screamed, and shook her fists before her husband's eyes. The rough yellow of her face and neck flared suddenly crimson. She began to howl.

He puffed imperturbably at his pipe for a time, but finally arose and went to look out of the window into the darkening chaos of back yards.

"You've been drinkin', Mary," he said. "You'd better let up on the bot', ol' woman, or you'll git done."

"You're a liar. I ain't had a drop," she roared in reply. They had a lurid altercation.

The babe was staring out from under the table, his small face working in his excitement. The ragged girl went stealthily over to the corner where the urchin lay.

"Are yehs hurted much, Jimmie?" she whispered timidly.

"Not a little bit. See!" growled the little boy.

"Will I wash d' blood?"

"Naw!"

"Will I——"

"When I catch dat Riley kid I'll break 'is face! Dat's right! See?"

He turned his face to the wall as if resolved grimly to bide his time.

In the quarrel between husband and wife the woman was victor. The man seized his hat and rushed from the room, apparently determined upon a vengeful drunk. She followed to the door and thundered at him as he made his way downstairs.

She returned and stirred up the room until her children were bobbing about like bubbles.

"Git outa d' way," she bawled persistently, waving feet with their dishevelled shoes near the heads of her children. She shrouded herself, puffing and snorting, in a cloud of steam at the stove, and eventually extracted a frying-pan full of potatoes that hissed.

She flourished it. "Come t' yer suppers, now," she cried with sudden exasperation. "Hurry up, now, er I'll help yeh!"

The children scrambled hastily. With prodigious clatter they arranged themselves at table. The babe sat with his feet dangling high from a precarious infant's chair and gorged his small stomach. Jimmie forced, with feverish rapidity, the grease-enveloped pieces between his wounded lips. Maggie, with side glances of fear of interruption, ate like a small pursued tigress.

The mother sat blinking at them.

She delivered reproaches, swallowed potatoes, and drank from a yellow-brown bottle. After a time her mood changed, and she wept as she carried little Tommie into another room and laid him to sleep, with his fists doubled, in an old quilt of faded red and green grandeur. Then she came and moaned by the stove. She rocked to and fro upon a chair, shedding tears and crooning miserably to the two children about their "poor mother" and "yer fader, d—n 'is soul."

The little girl plodded between the table and the chair with a dish pan on it. She tottered on her small legs beneath burdens of dishes.

Jimmie sat nursing his various wounds. He cast furtive glances at his mother. His practised eye perceived her gradually emerge from a mist of muddled sentiment until her brain burned in drunken heat. He sat breathless.

Maggie broke a plate.

The mother started to her feet as if propelled.

"Good Gawd!" she howled. Her glittering eyes fastened on her child with sudden hatred. The fervent red of her face turned almost to purple. The little boy ran to the halls, shrieking like a monk in an earthquake.

He floundered about in darkness until he found the stairs. He stumbled, panic-stricken, to the next floor. An old woman opened a door. A light behind her threw a flare on the urchin's face.

"Eh, child, what is it dis time? Is yer fader beatin' yer mudder, or yer mudder beatin' yer fader?"

III.

JIMMIE and the old woman listened long in the hall. Above the muffled roar of conversation, the dismal wailings of babies at night, the thumping of feet in unseen corridors and rooms, and the sound of varied hoarse shoutings in the street and the rattling of wheels over cobbles, they heard the screams of the child and the roars of the mother die away to a feeble moaning and a subdued bass muttering.

The old woman was a gnarled and leathery personage who could don at will an expression of great virtue. She possessed a small music-box capable of one tune, and a collection of "God bless yehs" pitched in assorted keys of fervency. Each day she took a position upon the stones of Fifth Avenue, where she crooked her legs under her and crouched, immovable and hideous, like an idol. She received daily a small sum in pennies. It was contributed, for the most part, by persons who did not make their homes in that vicinity.

Once, when a lady had dropped her purse on the sidewalk, the gnarled woman had grabbed it and smuggled it with great dexterity beneath her cloak. When she was arrested she had cursed the lady into a partial swoon, and with her aged limbs, twisted from rheumatism, had kicked the breath out of a huge policeman whose conduct upon that occasion she referred to when she said, "The police, d—n 'em!"

"Eh, Jimmie, it's a shame," she said. "Go, now, like a dear, an' buy me a can, an' if yer mudder

raises 'ell all night yehs can sleep here."

Jimmie took a tendered tin pail and seven pennies and departed. He passed into the side door of a saloon and went to the bar. Straining up on his toes he raised the pail and pennies as high as his arms would let him. He saw two hands thrust down to take them. Directly the same hands let down the filled pail, and he left.

In front of the gruesome doorway he met a lurching figure. It was his father, swaying about on uncertain legs.

"Give me deh can. See?" said the man.

"Ah, come off! I got dis can fer dat ol' woman, an' it 'ud be dirt teh swipe it. See?" cried Jimmie.

The father wrenched the pail from the urchin. He grasped it in both hands and lifted it to his mouth. He glued his lips to the under edge and tilted his head. His throat swelled until it seemed to grow near his chin. There was a tremendous gulping movement and the beer was gone.

The man caught his breath and laughed. He hit his son on the head with the empty pail. As it rolled clanging into the street, Jimmie began to scream, and kicked repeatedly at his father's shins.

"Look at deh dirt what yeh done me," he yelled. "Deh ol' woman 'ill be trowin' fits."

He retreated to the middle of the street, but the old man did not pursue. He staggered towards the door.

"I'll paste yeh when I ketch yeh!" he shouted, and disappeared.

During the evening he had been

standing against a bar drinking whiskies, and declaring to all comers confidentially: "My home reg'lar livin' h—! Why do I come an' drin' whisk' here thish way? 'Cause home reg'lar livin' h—!"

Jimmie waited a long time in the street and then crept warily up through the building. He passed with great caution the door of the gnarled woman, and finally stopped outside his home and listened.

He could hear his mother moving heavily about among the furniture of the room. She was chanting in a mournful voice, occasionally interjecting bursts of volcanic wrath at the father, who, Jimmie judged, had sunk down on the floor or in a corner.

"Why deh blazes don' chere try teh keep Jim from fightin'? I'll break yer jaw!" she suddenly belated.

The man mumbled with drunken indifference. "Ah, w'ats bitin' yeh? W'a's odds? Wha' makes kick?"

"Because he tears 'is clothes, yeh fool!" cried the woman in supreme wrath.

The husband seemed to become aroused. "Go chase yerself!" he thundered fiercely in reply. There was a crash against the door and something broke into clattering fragments. Jimmie partially suppressed a yell and darted down the stairway. Below he paused and listened. He heard howls and curses, groans and shrieks—a confused chorus as if a battle were raging. With it all there was the crash of splintering furniture. The eyes of the urchin glared in his fear that one of them would discover him.

Curious faces appeared in doorways, and whispered comments passed to and fro. "Ol' Johnson's playin' horse agin."

Jimmie stood until the noises ceased and the other inhabitants of the tenement had all yawned and shut their doors. Then he crawled upstairs with the caution of an invader of a panther's den. Sounds of laboured breathing came through the broken door panels. He pushed the door open and entered, quaking.

A glow from the fire threw red hues over the bare floor, the cracked and soiled plastering, and the overturned and broken furniture.

In the middle of the floor lay his mother asleep. In one corner of the room his father's limp body hung across the seat of a chair.

The urchin stole forward. He began to shiver in dread of awakening his parents. His mother's great chest was heaving painfully. Jimmie paused and looked down at her. Her face was inflamed and swollen from drinking. Her yellow brows shaded eyelids that had grown blue. Her tangled hair tossed in waves over her forehead. Her mouth was set in the same lines of vindictive hatred that it had, perhaps, borne during the fight. Her bare, red arms were thrown out above her head in an attitude of exhaustion, something, mayhap, like that of a sated villain.

The urchin bent over his mother. He was fearful lest she should open her eyes, and the dread within him was so strong that he could not forbear to stare, but hung as if fascinated over the woman's grim face. Suddenly her eyes opened. The

urchin found himself looking straight into an expression, which, it would seem, had the power to change his blood to salt. He howled piercingly and fell backward.

The woman floundered for a moment, tossed her arms about her head as if in combat, and again began to snore.

Jimmie crawled back into the shadows and waited. A noise in the next room had followed his cry at the discovery that his mother was awake. He grovelled in the gloom, his eyes riveted upon the intervening door.

He heard it creak, and then the sound of a small voice came to him. "Jimmie! Jimmie! Are yehs dere?" it whispered. The urchin started. The thin, white face of his sister looked at him from the doorway of the other room. She crept to him across the floor.

The father had not moved, but lay in the same death-like sleep. The mother writhed in an uneasy slumber, her chest wheezing as if she were in the agonies of strangulation. Out at the window a florid moon was peering over dark roofs, and in the distance the waters of a river glimmered pallidly.

The small frame of the ragged girl was quivering. Her features were haggard from weeping, and her eyes gleamed with fear. She grasped the urchin's arm in her little trembling hands and they huddled in a corner. The eyes of both were drawn, by some force, to stare at the woman's face, for they thought she need only to awake and all the fiends would come from below.

They crouched until the ghost

mists of dawn appeared at the window, drawing close to the panes, and looking in at the prostrate, heaving body of the mother.

IV.

THE babe, Tommie, died. He went away in an insignificant coffin, his small waxen hand clutching a flower that the girl, Maggie, had stolen from an Italian.

She and Jimmie lived.

The inexperienced fibres of the boy's eyes were hardened at an early age. He became a young man of leather. He lived some red years without labouring. During that time his sneer became chronic. He studied human nature in the gutter, and found it no worse than he thought he had reason to believe it. He never conceived a respect from the world, because he had begun with no idols that it had smashed.

He clad his soul in armour by means of happening hilariously in at a mission church where a man composed his sermons of "yous." Once a philosopher asked this man why he did not say "we" instead of "you." The man replied, "What?"

While they got warm at the stove he told his hearers just where he calculated they stood with the Lord. Many of the sinners were impatient over the pictured depths of their degradation. They were waiting for soup-tickets.

A reader of the words of wind 'demons might have been able to see the portions of a dialogue pass to and fro between the exhorter and his hearers.

"You are 'damned," said the

preacher. And the reader of sounds might have seen the reply go forth from the ragged people: "Where's our soup?"

Jimmie and a companion sat in a rear seat and commented upon the things that didn't concern them, with all the freedom of English tourists. When they grew thirsty and went out, their minds confused the speaker with Christ.

Momentarily, Jimmie was sullen with thoughts of a hopeless altitude where grew fruit. His companion said that if he should ever go to heaven he would ask for a million dollars and a bottle of beer.

Jimmie's occupation for a long time was to stand at street corners and watch the world go by, dreaming blood-red dreams at the passing of pretty women. He menaced mankind at the intersections of streets.

At the corners he was in life and of life. The world was going on and he was there to perceive it.

He maintained a belligerent attitude towards all well-dressed men. To him fine raiment was allied to weakness, and all good coats covered faint hearts. He and his orders were kings, to a certain extent, over the men of untarnished clothes, because these latter dreaded, perhaps, to be either killed or laughed at.

Above all things he despised obvious Christians and ciphers with the chrysanthemums of aristocracy in their button-holes. He considered himself above both of these classes. He was afraid of nothing.

When he had a dollar in his pocket his satisfaction with existence was the greatest thing in the world. So, eventually, he felt obliged to

work. His father died and his mother's years were divided up into periods of thirty days.

He became a truck-driver. There was given to him the charge of a painstaking pair of horses and a large rattling truck. He invaded the turmoil and tumble of the downtown streets, and learned to breathe the maledictory defiance at the police, who occasionally used to climb up, drag him from his perch, and punch him.

In the lower part of the city he daily involved himself in hideous tangles. If he and his team chanced to be in the rear he preserved a demeanour of serenity, crossing his legs and bursting forth into yells when foot passengers took dangerous dives beneath the noses of his champing horses. He smoked his pipe calmly, for he knew that his pay was marching on.

If his charge was in the front, and if it became the key-truck of chaos, he entered terrifically into the quarrel that was raging to and fro among the drivers on their high seats, and sometimes roared oaths and violently got himself arrested.

After a time his sneer grew so that it turned its glare upon all things. He became so sharp that he believed in nothing. To him the police were always actuated by malignant impulses, and the rest of the world was composed, for the most part, of despicable creatures who were all trying to take advantage of him, and with whom, in defence, he was obliged to quarrel on all possible occasions. He himself occupied a down-trodden position, which had a

private but distinct element of grandeur in its isolation.

The greatest cases of aggravated idiocy were, to his mind, rampant upon the front platforms of all of the street cars. At first his tongue strove with these beings, but he eventually became superior. In him grew a majestic contempt for those strings of street cars that followed him like intent bugs.

He fell into the habit, when starting on a long journey, of fixing his eye on a high and distant object, commanding his horses to start and then going into a trance of observation. Multitudes of drivers might howl in his rear, and passengers might load him with opprobrium, but he would not awaken until some blue policeman turned red and began frenziedly to seize bridles and beat the soft noses of the responsible horses.

When he paused to contemplate the attitude of the police towards himself and his fellows, he believed that they were the only men in the city who had no rights. When driving about he felt that he was held liable by the police for anything that might occur in the streets, and that he was the common prey of all energetic officials. In revenge, he resolved never to move out of the way of anything, until formidable circumstances or a much larger man than himself forced him to it.

Foot passengers were mere pestering flies with an insane disregard for their legs and his convenience. He could not comprehend their desire to cross the streets. Their madness smote him with eternal amazement. He was continually storming at them

from his throne. He sat aloft and denounced their frantic leaps, plunges, dives, and straddles.

When they would thrust at, or parry, the noses of his champing horses, making them swing their heads and move their feet, and thus disturbing a stolid, dreamy repose, he swore at the men as fools, for he himself could perceive that Providence had caused it clearly to be written that he and his team had the unalienable right to stand in the proper path of the sun chariot, and if they so minded, to obstruct its mission or take a wheel off.

And if the god driver had had a desire to step down, put up his flame-coloured fists, and manfully dispute the right of way, he would have probably been immediately opposed by a scowling mortal with two sets of hard knuckles.

It is possible, perhaps, that this young man would have derided, in an axle-wide alley, the approach of a flying ferry-boat. Yet he achieved a respect for a fire-engine. As one charged towards his truck, he would drive fearfully upon a side-walk, threatening untold people with annihilation. When an engine struck a mass of blocked trucks, splitting it into fragments, as a blow annihilates a cake of ice, Jimmie's team could usually be observed high and safe, with whole wheels, on the side-walk. The fearful coming of the engine could break up the most intricate muddle of heavy vehicles at which the police had been storming for half-an-hour.

A fire-engine was enshrined in his heart as an appalling thing that he loved with a distant, dog-like devo-

tion. It had been known to overturn a street car. Those leaping horses, striking sparks from the cobbles in their forward lunge, were creatures to be ineffably admired. The clang of the gong pierced his breast like a noise of remembered war.

When Jimmie was a little boy he began to be arrested. Before he reached a great age, he had a fair record.

He developed too great a tendency to climb down from his truck and fight with other drivers. He had been in quite a number of miscellaneous fights, and in some general bar-room rows that had become known to the police. Once he had been arrested for assaulting a Chinaman. Two women in different parts of the city, and entirely unknown to each other, caused him considerable annoyance by breaking forth simultaneously, at fateful intervals, into wailings about marriage and support and infants.

Nevertheless, he had, on a certain star-lit evening, said wonderingly and quite reverently "Deh moon looks like h—I, don't it?"

V.

THE girl, Maggie, blossomed in a mud puddle. She grew to be a most rare and wonderful production of a tenement district, a pretty girl.

None of the dirt of Rum Alley seemed to be in her veins. The philosophers upstairs, downstairs, and on the same floor, puzzled over it.

When a child, playing and fighting

with gamins in the street, dirt disgusted her. Attired in tatters and grime, she went unseen.

There came a time, however, when the young men of the vicinity said, "Dat Johnson goil is a puty good looker." About this period her brother remarked to her: "Mag, I'll tell yeh dis! See? Yeh've edder got t' go on d' toif er go t' work!" Whereupon she went to work, having the feminine aversion to the alternative.

By a chance, she got a position in an establishment where they made collars and cuffs. She received a stool and a machine in a room where sat twenty girls of various shades of yellow discontent. She perched on the stool and treadled at her machine all day, turning out collars with a name which might have been noted for its irrelevancy to anything connected with collars. At night she returned home to her mother.

Jimmie grew large enough to take the vague position of head of the family. As incumbent of that office, he stumbled upstairs late at night, as his father had done before him. He reeled about the room, swearing at his relations, or went to sleep on the floor.

The mother had gradually arisen to such a degree of fame that she could bandy words with her acquaintances among the police justices. Court officials called her by her first name. When she appeared they pursued a course which had been theirs for months. They invariably grinned, and cried out, "Hello, Mary, you here again?" Her grey head wagged in many courts. She always

besieged the bench with voluble excuses, explanations, apologies, and prayers. Her flaming face and rolling eyes were a familiar sight on the island. She measured time by means of sprees, and was swollen and dishevelled.

One day the young man Pete, who as a lad had smitten the Devil's Row urchin in the back of the head and put to flight the antagonists of his friend Jimmie, strutted upon the scene. He met Jimmie one day on the street, promised to take him to a boxing match in Williamsburg, and called for him in the evening.

Maggie observed Pete.

He sat on a table in the Johnson home, and dangled his checked legs with an enticing nonchalance. His hair was curled down over his forehead in an oiled bang. His pugged nose seemed to revolt from contact with a bristling moustache of short, wire-like hairs. His blue, double-breasted coat, edged with black braid, was buttoned close to a red puff tie, and his patent leather shoes looked like weapons.

His mannerisms stamped him as a man who had a correct sense of his personal superiority. There were valour and contempt for circumstances in the glance of his eye. He waved his hands like a man of the world who dismisses religion and philosophy, and says "Rats!" He had certainly seen everything, and with each curl of his lip he declared that it amounted to nothing. Maggie thought he must be a very "elegant" bar-tender.

He was telling tales to Jimmie. Maggie watched him furtively,

with half-closed eyes, lit with a vague interest.

"Hully gee! Dey makes me tired," he said. "Mos' e'ry day some farmer comes in an' tries t' run d' shop. See? But d' gits t'rowed right out. I jolt dem right out in d' street before dey knows where dey is. See?"

"Sure," said Jimmie.

"Dere was a mug come in d' place d' odder day wid an idear he wus goin' t' own d' place. Hully gee! he wus goin' t' own d' place. I see he had a still on, an' I didn' wanna giv 'im no stuff, so I says, 'Git outa here an' don' make no trouble,' I says like dat. See? 'Git outa here an' don' make no trouble;' like dat. 'Git outa here,' I says. See?"

Jimmie nodded understandingly. Over his features played an eager desire to state the amount of his valour in a similar crisis, but the narrator proceeded.

"Well, deh blokik he says: 'T' blazes wid it! I ain' lookin' for no scrap,' he says—see? 'but,' he says, 'I'm 'spectable cit'zen an' I wanna drink, an' quick, too.' See? 'Aw, goahn!' I says, like dat. 'Aw, goahn,' I says. See? 'Don' make no trouble,' I says, like dat. 'Don' make no trouble.' See? Den d' mug he squared off an' said he was fine as silk wid his dukes—see? an' he wanted a drink—quick. Dat's what he said. See?"

"Sure," repeated Jimmie.

Pete continued. "Say, I jes' jumped d' bar, an' d' way I plunked dat blokik was outa sight. See? Dat's right! In d' jaw! See? Hully gee! he t'rowed a spittoon true d' front windee. Say, I taut I'd drop

dead. But d' boss, he comes in after, an' he says: 'Pete, yehs done jes' right! Yeh've gota keep order. an' it's all right.' See? 'It's all right,' he says. Dat's what he said."

The two held a technical discussion.

"Dat bloke was a dandy," said Pete, in conclusion, "but he hadn' oughta made no trouble. Dat's what I says t' dem: 'Don' come in here an' make no trouble,' I says, like dat. 'Don' make no trouble.' See?"

As Jimmie and his friend exchanged tales descriptive of their prowess, Maggie leaned back in the shadow. Her eyes dwelt wonderingly and rather wistfully upon Pete's face. The broken furniture, grimy walls, and general disorder and dirt of her home of a sudden appeared before her and began to take a potential aspect. Pete's aristocratic person looked as if it might soil. She looked keenly at him, occasionally wondering if he was feeling contempt. But Pete seemed to be enveloped in reminiscence.

"Hully gee!" said he, "dose mugs can't phase me. Dey knows I kin wipe up d' street wid any tree of dem."

When he said, "Ah, what d' h—!" his voice was burdened with disdain for the inevitable and contempt for anything that fate might compel him to endure.

Maggie perceived that here was the ideal man. Her dim thoughts were often searching for far-away lands where the little hills sing together in the morning. Under the trees of her dream-gardens there had always walked a lover.

VI.

PETE took note of Maggie. "Say, Mag, I'm stuck on yer shape. It's outa sight," he said parenthetically, with an affable grin.

As he became aware that she was listening closely, he grew still more eloquent in his description of various happenings in his career. It appeared that he was invincible in fights.

"Why," he said, referring to a man with whom he had had a misunderstanding, "dat mug scrapped like a dago. Dat's right. He was dead easy. See? He taut he was a scrapper. But he foun' out diff'ent. Hully gee!"

He walked to and fro in the small room, which seemed then to grow even smaller and unfit to hold his dignity, the attribute of a supreme warrior. That swing of the shoulders which had frozen the timid when he was but a lad had increased with his growth and education in the ratio of ten to one. It, combined with the sneer upon his mouth, told mankind that there was nothing in space which could appal him. Maggie marvelled at him and surrounded him with greatness. She vaguely tried to calculate the altitude of the pinnacle from which he must have looked down upon her.

"I met a chump deh odder day way up in deh city," he said. "I was goin' teh see a frien' of mine. When I was a-crossing deh street deh chump runned plump inteh me, an' den he turns aroun' an' says, 'Yer insolent ruffin!' he says, like dat. 'Oh, gee!' I says, 'oh, gee! git off d' eart!' I says, like dat. See? 'Git off

d' eart!' like dat. Den deh blokie he got wild. He says I was a contempt'ble scoun'el, er somethin' like dat, an' he says I was doom' teh everlastin' pe'dition, er somethin' like dat. 'Gee!' I says, 'gee! Yer joshin' me,' I says. 'Yer joshin' me.' An' den I slugged 'im. See?"

With Jimmie in his company, Pete departed in a sort of blaze of glory from the Johnson home. Maggie, leaning from the window, watched him as he walked down the street.

Here was a formidable man who disdained the strength of a world full of fists. Here was one who had contempt for brass-clothed power; one whose knuckles could ring defiantly against the granite of law. He was a knight.

The two men went from under the glimmering street lamp and passed into shadows.

Turning, Maggie contemplated the dark, dust-stained walls, and the scant and crude furniture of her home. A clock, in a splintered and battered oblong box of varnished wood, she suddenly regarded as an abomination. She noted that it ticked raspingly. The almost vanished flowers in the carpet pattern, she conceived to be newly hideous. Some faint attempts which she had made with blue ribbon to freshen the appearance of a dingy curtain, she now saw to be piteous.

She wondered what Pete dined on. She reflected upon the collar-and-cuff factory. It began to appear to her mind as a dreary place of endless grinding. Pete's elegant occupation brought him, no doubt, into contact with people who had money and manners. It was probable that

he had a large acquaintance with pretty girls. He must have great sums of money to spend.

To her the earth was composed of hardships and insults. She felt instant admiration for a man who openly defied it. She thought that if the grim angel of death should clutch his heart, Pete would shrug his shoulders and say, "Oh, ev'y-t'ing goes."

She anticipated that he would come again shortly. She spent some of her week's pay in the purchase of flowered cretonne for a lambrequin. She made it with infinite care, and hung it to the slightly careening mantel over the stove in the kitchen. She studied it with painful anxiety from different points in the room. She wanted it to look well on Sunday night when, perhaps, Jimmie's friend would come. On Sunday night, however, Pete did not appear.

Afterwards the girl looked at it with a sense of humiliation. She was now convinced that Pete was superior to admiration for lambrequins.

A few evenings later Pete entered with fascinating innovations in his apparel. As she had seen him twice and he wore a different suit each time, Maggie had a dim impression that his wardrobe was prodigious.

"Say, Mag," he said, "put on yer bes' duds Friday night an' I'll take yehs t' d' show. See?"

He spent a few moments in flourishing his clothes, and then vanished without having glanced at the lambrequin.

Over the eternal collars and cuffs in the factory Maggie spent the most of three days in making imaginary

sketches of Pete and his daily environment. She imagined some half-dozen women in love with him, and thought he must lean dangerously towards an indefinite one, whom she pictured as endowed with great charms of person, but with an altogether contemptible disposition.

She thought he must live in a glare of pleasure. He had friends and people who were afraid of him.

She saw the golden glitter of the place where Pete was to take her. It would be an entertainment of many hues and many melodies, where she was afraid she might appear small and mouse-coloured.

Her mother drank whisky all Friday morning. With lurid face and tossing hair she cursed and destroyed furniture all Friday afternoon. When Maggie came home at half-past six her mother lay asleep amid the wreck of chairs and a table. Fragments of various household utensils were scattered about the floor. She had vented some phase of drunken fury upon the lambrequin. It lay in a bedraggled heap in the corner.

"Hah!" she snorted, sitting up suddenly, "where yeh been? Why don' yeh come home earlier? Been loafin' 'round d' streets. Yer gettin' t' be a reg'lar devil."

When Pete arrived, Maggie, in a worn black dress, was waiting for him in the midst of a floor strewn with wreckage. The curtain at the window had been pulled by a heavy hand and hung by one tack, dangling to and fro in the draught through the cracks at the sash. The knots of blue ribbons appeared like violated flowers. The fire in the stove had

gone out. The displaced lids and open doors showed heaps of sullen grey ashes. The remnants of a meal, ghastly, lay in a corner. Maggie's mother, stretched on the floor, blasphemed, and gave her daughter a bad name.

VII.

AN orchestra of yellow silk women and bald-headed men, on an elevated stage near the centre of a great green-hued ball, played a popular waltz. The place was crowded with people grouped about little tables. A battalion of waiters slid among the throng, carrying trays of beer-glasses, and making change from the inexhaustible vaults of their trousers pockets. Little boys, in the costumes of French chefs, paraded up and down the irregular aisles vending fancy cakes. There was a low rumble of conversation and a subdued clinking of glasses. Clouds of tobacco smoke rolled and wavered high in air above the dull gilt of the chandeliers.

The vast crowd had an air throughout of having just quitted labour. Men with calloused hands, and attired in garments that showed the wear of an endless drudging for a living, smoked their pipes contentedly and spent five, ten, or perhaps fifteen cents for beer. There was a mere sprinkling of men who smoked cigars purchased elsewhere. The great body of the crowd was composed of people who showed that all day they strove with their hands. Quiet Germans, with maybe their wives and two or three children, sat listening to the music, with the ex-

pressions of happy cows. An occasional party of sailors from a warship, their faces pictures of sturdy health, spent the earlier hours of the evening at the small round tables. Very infrequent tipsy men, swollen with the value of their opinions, engaged their companions in earnest and confidential conversation. In the balcony, and here and there below, shone the impassive faces of women. The nationalities of the Bowery beamed upon the stage from all directions.

Pete walked aggressively up a side aisle and took seats with Maggie at a table beneath the balcony.

"Two beehs!"

Leaning back, he regarded with eyes of superiority the scene before them. This attitude affected Maggie strongly. A man who could regard such a sight with indifference must be accustomed to very great things.

It was obvious that Pete had visited this place many times before, and was very familiar with it. A knowledge of this fact made Maggie feel little and new.

He was extremely gracious and attentive. He displayed the consideration of a cultured gentleman who knew what was due.

"Say, what's eatin' yeh? Bring d' lady a big glass! What use is dat pony?"

"Don't be fresh, now," said the waiter, with some warmth, as he departed.

"Ah, git off d' eart'!" said Pete, after the other's retreating form.

Maggie perceived that Pete brought forth all his elegance and all his knowledge of high-class customs for her benefit. Her heart

warmed as she reflected upon his condescension.

The orchestra of yellow silk women and bald-headed men gave vent to a few bars of anticipatory music, and a girl, in a pink dress with short skirts, galloped upon the stage. She smiled upon the throng as if in acknowledgment of a warm welcome, and began to walk to and fro, making profuse gesticulations, and singing, in brazen soprano tones, a song the words of which were inaudible. When she broke into the swift rattling measures of a chorus some half-tipsy men near the stage joined in the rollicking refrain, and glasses were pounded rhythmically upon the tables. People leaned forward to watch her and to try to catch the words of the song. When she vanished there were long rollings of applause.

Obedient to more anticipatory bars, she reappeared among the half-suppressed cheering of the tipsy men. The orchestra plunged into dance music, and the laces of the dancer fluttered and flew in the glare of gas-jets. She divulged the fact that she was attired in some half-dozen skirts. It was patent that any one of them would have proved adequate for the purpose for which skirts are intended. An occasional man bent forward, intent upon the pink stockings. Maggie wondered at the splendour of the costume and lost herself in calculations of the cost of the silks and laces.

The dancer's smile of enthusiasm was turned for ten minutes upon the faces of her audience. In the finale she fell into some of those grotesque attitudes which were at the time pop-

ular among the dancers in the theatres up-town giving to the Bowery public the diversions of the aristocratic theatre-going public at reduced rates.

"Say, Pete," said Maggie, leaning forward, "dis is great."

"Sure!" said Pete, with proper complacency.

A ventriloquist followed the dancer. He held two fantastic dolls on his knees. He made them sing mournful ditties and say funny things about geography and Ireland.

"Do dose little men talk?" asked Maggie.

"Naw," said Pete, "it's some big jolly. See?"

Two girls, set down on the bills as sisters, came forth and sang a duet which is heard occasionally at concerts given under church auspices. They supplemented it with a dance, which, of course, can never be seen at concerts given under church auspices.

After they had retired, a woman of debatable age sang a negro melody. The chorus necessitated some grotesque waddlings supposed to be an imitation of a plantation darky, under the influence, probably, of music and the moon. The audience was just enthusiastic enough over it to make her return and sing a sorrowful lay, whose lines told of a mother's love, and a sweetheart who waited, and a young man who was lost at sea under harrowing circumstances. From the faces of a score or so in the crowd the self-contained look faded. Many heads were bent forward with eagerness and sympathy. As the last distressing sentiment of the piece was brought forth,

it was greeted by the kind of applause which rings as sincere.

As a final effort, the singer rendered some verses which described a vision of Britain annihilated by America, and Ireland bursting her bonds. A carefully prepared climax was reached in the last line of the last verse, when the singer threw out her arms and cried, "The star-spangled banner." Instantly a great cheer swelled from the throats of this assemblage of the masses, most of them of foreign birth. There was a heavy rumble of booted feet thumping the floor. Eyes gleamed with sudden fire, and calloused hands waved frantically in the air.

After a few moments' rest, the orchestra played noisily, and a small, fat man burst out upon the stage. He began to roar a song and to stamp back and forth before the footlights, wildly waving a silk hat and throwing leers broadcast. He made his face into fantastic grimaces until he looked like a devil on a Japanese kite. The crowd laughed gleefully. His short, fat legs were never still a moment. He shouted and roared and bobbed his shock of red wig until the audience broke out in excited applause.

Pete did not pay much attention to the progress of events upon the stage. He was drinking beer and watching Maggie.

Her cheeks were blushing with excitement and her eyes were glistening. She drew deep breaths of pleasure. No thoughts of the atmosphere of the collar-and-cuff factory came to her.

With the final crash of the orchestra they jostled their way to the

sidewalk in the crowd. Pete took Maggie's arm and pushed a way for her, offering to fight with a man or two. They reached Maggie's home at a late hour and stood for a moment in front of the gruesome doorway.

"Say, Mag," said Pete, "give us a kiss for takin' yeh t' d' show, will yer?"

Maggie laughed, as if startled, and drew away from him.

"Naw, Pete," she said, "dat wasn't in it."

"Ah, why wasn't it?" urged Pete. The girl retreated nervously.

"Ah, go ahn!" repeated he.

Maggie darted into the hall, and up the stairs. She turned and smiled at him, then disappeared.

Pete walked slowly down the street. He had something of an astonished expression upon his features. He paused under a lamppost and breathed a low breath of surprise.

"Gee!" he said, "I wonner if I've been played fer a duffer."

VIII

AS thoughts of Pete came to Maggie's mind, she began to have an intense dislike for all of her dresses.

"What ails yeh? What makes ye be allus fixin' and fussin'?" her mother would frequently roar at her.

She began to note with more interest the well-dressed women she met on the avenues. She envied elegance and soft palms. She craved those adornments of person which she saw every day on the street, conceiving them to be allies of vast importance to women.

Studying faces, she thought many of the women and girls she chanced to meet smiled with serenity as though for ever cherished and watched over by those they loved.

The air in the collar-and-cuff establishment strangled her. She knew she was gradually and surely shrivelling in the hot, stuffy room. The begrimed windows rattled incessantly from the passing of elevated trains. The place was filled with a whirl of noises and odours.

She became lost in thought as she looked at some of the grizzled women in the room, mere mechanical contrivances sewing seams and grinding out, with heads bent over their work, tales of imagined or real girlhood happiness, or of past drunks, or the baby at home, and unpaid wages. She wondered how long her youth would endure. She began to see the bloom upon her cheeks as something of value.

She imagined herself, in an exasperating future, as a scrawny woman with an eternal grievance. She thought Pete to be a very fastidious person concerning the appearance of women.

She felt that she should love to see somebody entangle their fingers in the oily beard of the fat foreigner who owned the establishment. He was a detestable creature. He wore white socks with low shoes. He sat all day delivering orations in the depths of a cushioned chair. His pocket-book deprived them of the power of retort.

"What do you sink I pie fife dolla a week for? Play? No, py damn!"

Maggie was anxious for a friend to whom she could talk about Pete.

She would have liked to discuss his admirable mannerisms with a reliable mutual friend. At home, she found her mother often drunk and always raving. It seemed that the world had treated this woman very badly, and she took a deep revenge upon such portions of it as came within her reach. She broke furniture as if she were at last getting her rights. She swelled with virtuous indignation as she carried the lighter articles of household use, one by one, under the shadows of the three gilt balls, where Hebrews chained them with chains of interest.

Jimmie came when he was obliged to by circumstances over which he had no control. His well-trained legs brought him staggering home, and put him to bed some nights when he would rather have gone elsewhere.

Swaggering Pete loomed like a golden sun to Maggie. He took her to a dime museum, where rows of meek freaks astonished her. She contemplated their deformities with awe, and thought them a sort of chosen tribe.

Pete, racking his brains for amusement, discovered the Central Park Menagerie and the Museum of Arts. Sunday afternoons would sometimes find them at these places. Pete did not appear to be particularly interested in what he saw. He stood around looking heavy, while Maggie giggled in glee.

Once at the menagerie he went into a trance of admiration before the spectacle of a very small monkey threatening to thrash a cageful because one of them had pulled his tail and he had not wheeled about quickly enough to discover who did it.

Ever after Pete knew that monkey by sight, and winked at him, trying to induce him to fight with other and larger monkeys.

At the museum, Maggie said, "Dis is outa sight!"

"Aw, rats!" said Pete; "wait till next summer an' I'll take yehs to a picnic."

While the girl wandered in the vaulted rooms, Pete occupied himself in returning stony stare for stony stare, the appalling scrutiny of the watch-dogs of the treasures. Occasionally he would remark in loud tones, "Dat jay has got glass eyes," and sentences of the sort. When he tired of this amusement he would go to the mummies and moralise over them.

Usually he submitted with silent dignity to all that he had to go through, but at times he was goaded into comment.

"Aw!" he demanded once. "Look at all dese little jugs! Hundred jugs in a row! Then rows in a case, an' 'bout a t'ousand cases! What d' blazes use is dem?"

In the evenings of week days he often took her to see plays in which the dazzling heroine was rescued from the palatial home of her treacherous guardian by the hero with the beautiful sentiments. The latter spent most of his time out at soak in pale-green snowstorms, busy with a nickel-plated revolver rescuing aged strangers from villains.

Maggie lost herself in sympathy with the wanderers swooning in snow-storms beneath happy-hued church windows, while a choir within sang "Joy to the World." To Maggie and the rest of the audience

this was transcendental realism. Joy always within, and they, like the actor, inevitably without. Viewing it, they hugged themselves in ecstatic pity of their imagined or real condition.

The girl thought the arrogance and granite-heartedness of the magnate of the play were very accurately drawn. She echoed the maledictions that the occupants of the gallery showered on this individual when his lines compelled him to expose his extreme selfishness.

Shady persons in the audience revolted from the pictured villainy of the drama. With untiring zeal they hissed vice and applauded virtue. Unmistakably bad men evinced an apparently sincere admiration for virtue. The loud gallery was overwhelmingly with the unfortunate and the oppressed. They encouraged the struggling hero with cries, and jeered the villain, hooting and calling attention to his whiskers. When anybody died in the pale-green snowstorms, the gallery mourned. They sought out the painted misery and hugged it as akin.

In the hero's erratic march from poverty in the first act, to wealth and triumph in the final one, in which he forgives all the enemies that he has left, he was assisted by the gallery, which applauded his generous and noble sentiments and confounded the speeches of his opponents by making irrelevant but very sharp remarks. Those actors who were cursed with the parts of villains were confronted at every turn by the gallery. If one of them rendered lines containing the most subtle distinctions between right and wrong, the

gallery was immediately aware that the actor meant wickedness, and denounced him accordingly.

The last act was a triumph for the hero, poor and of the masses, the representative of the audience, over the villain and the rich man, his pockets stuffed with bonds, his heart packed with tyrannical purposes, imperturbable amid suffering.

Maggie always departed with raised spirits from these melodramas. She rejoiced at the way in which the poor and virtuous eventually overcame the wealthy and wicked. The theatre made her think. She wondered if the culture and refinement she had seen imitated, perhaps grotesquely, by the heroine on the stage, could be acquired by a girl who lived in a tenement house and worked in a shirt factory.

IX.

A GROUP of urchins were intent upon the side door of a saloon. Expectancy gleamed from their eyes. They were twisting their fingers in excitement.

"Here she comes!" yelled one of them suddenly.

The group of urchins burst instantly asunder and its individual fragments were spread in a wide, respectable half circle about the point of interest. The saloon door opened with a crash, and the figure of a woman appeared upon the threshold. Her grey hair fell in knotted masses about her shoulders. Her face was crimsoned and wet with perspiration. Her eyes had a rolling glare.

"Not a cent more of me money

will yehs ever get—not a red! I spent me money here fer t'ree years, an' now yehs tells me yeh'll sell me no more stuff! Go fall on yerself, Johnnie Murckre! 'Disturbance?' Disturbance be blowed! Go fall on yerself, Johnnie——"

The door received a kick of exasperation from within, and the woman lurched heavily out on the sidewalk.

The gamins in the half circle became violently agitated. They began to dance about and hoot and yell and jeer. A wide dirty grin spread over each face.

The woman made a furious dash at a particularly outrageous cluster of little boys. They laughed delightedly, and scampered off a short distance, calling out to her over their shoulders. She stood tottering on the curbstone and thundered at them.

"Yeh devil's kids!" she howled, shaking her fists. The little boys whooped in glee. As she started up the street they fell in behind and marched uproariously. Occasionally she wheeled about and made charges on them. They ran nimbly out of reach and taunted her.

In the frame of a gruesome doorway she stood for a moment cursing them. Her hair straggled, giving her red features a look of insanity. Her great fists quivered as she shook them madly in the air.

The urchins made terrific noises until she turned and disappeared. Then they filed off quietly in the way they had come.

The woman floundered about in the lower hall of the tenement house, and finally stumbled up the stairs.

On an upper hall a door was opened and a collection of heads peered curiously out, watching her. With a wrathful snort the woman confronted the door, but it was slammed hastily in her face and the key was turned.

She stood for a few minutes, delivering a frenzied challenge at the panels.

"Come out in deh hall, Mary Murphy, if yehs want a scrap! Come ahn! yeh overgrown terrier, come ahn!"

She began to kick the door. She shrilly defied the universe to appear and do battle. Her cursing trebles brought heads from all doors save the one she threatened. Her eyes glared in every direction. The air was full of her tossing fists.

"Come ahn! deh hull gang of yehs, come ahn!" she roared at the spectators. An oath or two, cat-calls, jeers, and bits of facetious advice were given in reply. Missiles clattered about her feet.

"What's wrong wi' che?" said a voice in the gathered gloom, and Jimmie came forward. He carried a tin dinner-pail in his hand and under his arm a truckman's brown apron done in a bundle. "What's wrong?" he demanded.

"Come out! all of yehs, come out," his mother was howling. "Come ahn an' I'll stamp yer faces true d' floor."

"Shet yer face, an' come home, yeh old fool!" roared Jimmie at her. She strode up to him and twirled her fingers in his face. Her eyes were darting flames of unreasoning rage and her frame trembled with eagerness for a fight.

"An' who are youse? I ain't givin' a snap of me fingers fer youse!" she bawled at him. She turned her huge back in tremendous disdain and climbed the stairs to the next floor.

Jimmie followed, and at the top of the flight he seized his mother's arm and started to drag her towards the door of their room.

"Come home!" he gritted between his teeth.

"Take yer hands off me! Take yer hands off me!" shrieked his mother.

She raised her arm and whirled her great fist at her son's face. Jimmie dodged his head and the blow struck him in the back of the neck. "Come home!" he gritted again. He threw out his left hand and writhed his fingers about her middle arm. The mother and the son began to sway and struggle like gladiators.

"Whoop!" said the Rum Alley tenement house. The hall filled with interested spectators.

"Hi, ol' lady, dat was a dandy!"

"T'ree t' one on d' red!"

"Ah, quit yer scrappin'!"

The door of the Johnson home opened and Maggie looked out. Jimmie made a supreme cursing effort and hurled his mother into the room. He quickly followed and closed the door. The Rum Alley tenement swore disappointedly and retired.

The mother slowly gathered herself up from the floor. Her eyes glittered menacingly upon her children.

"Here now," said Jimmie, "we've had enough of dis. Sit down, an' don' make no trouble."

He grasped her arm, and twisting it, forced her into a creaking chair.

"Keep yer hands off me!" roared his mother again.

"Say, yeh ol' bat! Quit dat!" yelled Jimmie, madly. Maggie shrieked and ran into the other room. To her there came the sound of a storm of crashes and curses. There was a great final thump and Jimmie's voice cried: "Dere now! Stay still."

Maggie opened the door now, and went warily out. "Oh, Jimmie!"

He was leaning against the wall and swearing. Blood stood upon bruises on his knotty forearms where they had scraped against the floor or the walls in the scuffle. The mother lay screeching on the floor, the tears running down her furrowed face.

Maggie, standing in the middle of the room, gazed about her. The usual upheaval of the tables and chairs had taken place. Crockery was strewn broadcast in fragments. The stove had been disturbed on its legs, and now leaned idiotically to one side. A pail had been upset and water spread in all directions.

The door opened and Pete appeared. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, gee!" he observed.

He walked over to Maggie and whispered in her ear: "Ah, what d' h—l, Mag? Come ahn and we'll have a outa sight time."

The mother in the corner up-reared her head and shook her tangled locks.

"Aw yer bote no good, needer of yehs," she said, glowering at her daughter in the gloom. Her eyes seemed to burn balefully. "Yeh've gone t' d' devil, Mag Johnson, yehs knows yehs have gone t' d' devil. Yer a disgrace t' yer people. An'

now, git out an' go ahn wid dat doefaced jude of yours. Go wid him, curse yeh, an' a good riddance. Go, an' see how yeh likes it."

Maggie gazed long at her mother.

"Go now, an' see how yeh likes it. Git out. I won't have sech as youse in me house! Git out, d' yeh hear! D—n yeh, git out!"

The girl began to tremble.

At this instant Pete came forward. "Oh, what d' h—l, Mag, see," whispered he softly in her ear. "Dis all blows over. See? D' ol' woman 'ill be all right in d' mornin'. Come ahn out wid me! We'll have a outa sight time."

The woman on the floor cursed. Jimmie was intent upon his bruised fore-arms. The girl cast a glance about the room filled with a chaotic mass of *débris*, and at the writhing body of her mother.

"Git th' devil outa here."

Maggie went.

X.

JIMMIE had an idea it wasn't common courtesy for a friend to come to one's home and ruin one's sister. But he was not sure how much Pete knew about the rules of politeness.

The following night he returned home from work at a rather late hour in the evening. In passing through the halls he came upon the gnarled and leathery old woman who possessed the music-box. She was grinning in the dim light that drifted through dust-stained panes. She beckoned to him with a smudged forefinger.

"Ah, Jimmie, what do yehs t'ink

I tumbled to, las' night! It was deh funnies' t'ing I ever saw," she cried, coming close to him and leering. She was trembling with eagerness to tell her tale. "I was by me door las' night when yer sister and her jude feller came in late, oh, very late. An' she, the dear, she was a-cryin' as if her heart would break, she was. It was deh funnies' t'ing I ever saw. An' right out here by me door she asked him did he love her, did he. An' she was a-crying as if her heart would break, poor t'ing. An' him, I could see be deh way what he said it dat she had been askin' orften; he says, 'Oh, gee, yes,' he says, says he, 'Oh, gee, yes.'"

Storm clouds swept over Jimmie's face, but he turned from the leathery old woman and plodded on upstairs.

"Oh, gee, yes," she called after him. She laughed a laugh that was like a prophetic croak.

There was no one in at home. The rooms showed that attempts had been made at tidying them. Parts of the wreckage of the day before had been repaired by an unskilled hand. A chair or two and the table stood uncertainly upon legs. The floor had been newly swept. The blue ribbons had been restored to the curtains, and the lambrequin, with its immense sheaves of yellow wheat and red roses of equal size, had been returned, in a worn and sorry state, to its place at the mantel. Maggie's jacket and hat were gone from the nail behind the door.

Jimmie walked to the window and began to look through the blurred glass. It occurred to him to wonder vaguely, for an instant, if some of

the women of his acquaintance had brothers.

Suddenly, however, he began to swear.

"But he was me frien'! I brought 'im here! Dat's d' devil of it!"

He fumed about the room, his anger gradually rising to the furious pitch.

"I'll kill deh jay! Dat's what I'll do! I'll kill deh jay!"

He clutched his hat and sprang towards the door. But it opened and his mother's great form blocked the passage.

"What's d' matter wid yeh?" exclaimed she, coming into the rooms.

Jimmie gave vent to a sardonic curse and then laughed heavily.

"Well, Maggie's gone teh d' devil! Are yehs deaf?" roared Jimmie, impatiently.

"Aw, git out!" murmured the mother, astounded.

Jimmie grunted, and then began to stare out of the window. His mother sat down in a chair, but a moment later sprang erect and delivered a maddened whirl of oaths. Her son turned to look at her as she reeled and swayed in the middle of the room, her fierce face convulsed with passion, her blotched arms raised high in imprecation.

"May she be cursed for ever!" she shrieked. "May she eat nothin' but stones and deh dirt in deh street. May she sleep in deh gutter an' never see deh sun shine again. D' bloomin'——"

"Here now," said her son. "Go fall on yerself, an' quit dat."

The mother raised lamenting eyes to the ceiling.

"She's d' devil's own chil', Jim-

mie," she whispered. "Ah, who would tink such a bad girl could grow up in our fambly, Jimmie, me son. Many d' hour I've spent in talk wid dat girl an' tol' her if she ever went on d' streets I'd see her d—d. An' after all her bringin' up an' what I tol' her and talked wid her, she goes teh d' bad, like a duck teh water."

The tears rolled down her furrowed face. Her hands trembled.

"An' den when dat Sadie Mac-Mallister next door to us was sent teh d' devil by dat feller what worked in d' soap factory, didn't I tell our Mag dat if she——"

"Ah, dat's anudder story," interrupted the brother. "Of course, dat Sadie was nice an' all dat—but—see—it ain't dessame as if—well, Maggie was diff'ent—see—she was diff'ent."

He was trying to formulate a theory that he had always unconsciously held, that all sisters, excepting his own, could, advisedly, be ruined.

He suddenly broke out again. "I'll go t'ump d' mug what done her d' harm. I'll kill 'im! He tinks he kin scrap, but when he gits me a-chasin' 'im he'll fin' out where he's wrong, d' big stuff! I'll wipe up d' street wid 'im."

In a fury he plunged out of the doorway. As he vanished the mother raised her head and lifted both hands, entreating.

"May she be cursed for ever!" she cried.

In the darkness of the hall-way Jimmie discerned a knot of women talking volubly. When he strode by they paid no attention to him.

"She allus was a bold thing," he

heard one of them cry in an eager voice. "Dere wasn't a feller come teh deh house but she'd try teh mash 'im. My Annie says deh shameless t'ing tried teh ketch her feller, her own feller, what we useter know his fader."

"I could a' tol' yehs dis two years ago," said a woman, in a key of triumph. "Yes, sir, it was over two years ago dat I says teh my ol' man, I says, 'Dat Johnson girl ain't straight,' I says. 'Oh, rats!' he says. 'Oh, h—l!' 'Dat's all right,' I says, 'but I know what I knows,' I says, an' it'll come out later. You wait 'an' it'll come out later. You wait

"Anybody what had eyes could see dat dere was somethin' wrong wid dat girl. I didn't like her actions."

On the street Jimmie met a friend. "What's wrong?" asked the latter.

Jimmie explained. "An' I'll t'ump 'im till he can't stand."

"Oh, go ahn!" said the friend. "What's deh use! Yeh'll git pulled in! Everybody 'll be onto it! An' ten plunks! Gee!"

Jimmie was determined. "He t'inks he kin scrap, but he'll fin' out diff'ent."

"Gee!" remonstrated the friend, "what's d' use?"

XI.

ON a corner a glass-fronted building shed a yellow glare upon the pavements. The open mouth of a saloon called seductively to passengers to enter and annihilate sorrow or create rage.

The interior of the place was papered in olive and bronze tints of

imitation leather. A shining bar of counterfeit massiveness extended down the side of the room. Behind it a great mahogany-imitation sideboard reached the ceiling. Upon its shelves rested pyramids of shimmering glasses that were never disturbed. Mirrors set in the face of the sideboard multiplied them. Lemons, oranges, and paper napkins, arranged with mathematical precision, sat among the glasses. Many-hued decanters of liquor perched at regular intervals on the lower shelves. A nickel-plated cash register occupied a place in the exact centre of the general effect. The elementary senses of it all seemed to be opulence and geometrical accuracy.

Across from the bar a smaller counter held a collection of plates upon which swarmed frayed fragments of crackers, slices of boiled ham, dishevelled bits of cheese, and pickles swimming in vinegar. An odour of grasping, begrimed hands and munching mouths pervaded all.

Pete, in a white jacket, was behind the bar bending expectantly toward a quiet stranger. "A beeh," said the man. Pete drew a foam-topped glassful, and set it dripping upon the bar.

At this moment the light bamboo doors at the entrance swung open and crashed against the wall. Jimmie and a companion entered. They swaggered unsteadily but belligerently toward the bar, and looked at Pete with bleared and blinking eyes.

"Gin," said Jimmie.

"Gin," said the companion.

Pete slid a bottle and two glasses along the bar. He bent his head sideways as he assiduously polished away with a napkin at the gleaming

wood. He wore a look of watchfulness.

Jimmie and his companion kept their eyes upon the bar-tender and conversed loudly in tones of contempt.

"He's a dandy masher, ain't he?" laughed Jimmie.

"Well, ain't he!" said the companion, sneering. "He's great, he is. Git onto deh mug on deh blok. Dat's enough to make a feller turn handsprings in 'is sleep."

The quiet stranger moved himself and his glass a trifle farther away and maintained an attitude of obliviousness.

"Gee! ain't he hot stuff?"

"Git onto his shape!"

"Hey!" cried Jimmie, in tones of command. Pete came along slowly, with a sullen dropping of the under lip.

"Well," he growled, "what's eatin' yehs?"

"Gin," said the companion.

As Pete confronted them with the bottle and the glasses they laughed in his face. Jimmie's companion, evidently overcome with merriment, pointed a grimy forefinger in Pete's direction.

"Say, Jimmie," demanded he, "what's dat behind d' bar?"

"Looks like some chump," replied Jimmie. They laughed loudly. Pete put down a bottle with a bang and turned a formidable face toward them. He disclosed his teeth and his shoulders heaved restlessly.

"You fellers can't guy me," he said. "Drink yer stuff an' git out an' don' make no trouble."

Instantly the laughter faded from the faces of the two men, and ex-

pressions of offended dignity immediately came.

"Aw, who has said anyting t' you?" cried they in the same breath.

The quiet stranger looked at the door calculatingly.

"Ah, come off," said Pete to the two men. "Don't pick me up for no jay. Drink yer rum an' git out an' don' make no trouble."

"Aw, go ahn!" airily cried Jimmie.

"Aw, go ahn!" airily repeated his companion.

"We goes when we git ready! See?" continued Jimmie.

"Well," said Pete in a threatening voice, "don' make no trouble."

Jimmie suddenly leaned forward with his head on one side. He snarled like a wild animal.

"Well, what if we does? See?" said he.

Hot blood flushed into Pete's face, and he shot a lurid glance at Jimmie.

"Well, den we'll see who's d' bes' man, you or me," he said.

The quiet stranger moved modestly toward the door.

Jimmie began to swell with valour.

"Don' pick me up fer no tenderfoot. When yeh tackles me yeh tackles one of d' bes' men in d' city. See? I'm a scrapper, I am. Ain't dat right, Billie?"

"Sure, Mike," responded his companion in tones of conviction.

"Aw!" said Pete, easily. "Go fall on yerself."

The two men again began to laugh.

"What is dat talking?" cried the companion.

"Don' ast me," replied Jimmie with exaggerated contempt.

Pete made a furious gesture. "Git outa here now, an' don' make no trouble. See? Youse fellers er lookin' fer a scrap, an' it's like yeh'll fin' one if yeh keeps on shootin' off yer mout's. I know yehs! See? I kin lick better men dan yehs ever saw in yer lifes. Dat's right! See? Don' pick me up fer no stuff, er yeh might be jolted out in d' street before yeh knows where yeh is. When I comes from behind dis bar, I t'rows yehs boat inteh d' street. See?"

"Ah, go ahn!" cried the two men in chorus.

The glare of a panther came into Pete's eyes. "Dat's what I said! Unnerstan'?"

He came through a passage at the end of the bar and swelled down upon the two men. They stepped promptly forward and crowded close to him.

They bristled like three roosters. They moved their heads pugnaciously and kept their shoulders braced. The nervous muscles about each mouth twitched with a forced smile of mockery.

"Well, what yer goin' t' do?" gritted Jimmie.

Pete stepped warily back, waving his hands before him to keep the men from coming too near.

"Well, what yer goin' t' do?" repeated Jimmie's ally. They kept close to him, taunting and leering. They strove to make him attempt the initial blow.

"Keep back now! Don' crowd me," said Pete ominously.

Again they chorused in contempt. "Aw, go ahn!"

In a small, tossing group, the three men edged for positions like frigates contemplating battle.

"Well, why don' yeh try t' t'row us out?" cried Jimmie and his ally with copious sneers.

The bravery of bulldogs sat upon the faces of the men. Their clinched fists moved like eager weapons.

The allied two jostled the bartender's elbows, glaring at him with feverish eyes and forcing him toward the wall.

Suddenly Pete swore furiously. The flash of action gleamed from his eyes. He threw back his arm and aimed a tremendous, lightning-like blow at Jimmie's face. His foot swung a step forward and the weight of his body was behind his fist. Jimmie ducked his head, Bowery-like, with the quickness of a cat. The fierce, answering blows of Jimmie and his ally crushed on Pete's bowed head.

The quiet stranger vanished.

The arms of the combatants whirled in the air like flails. The faces of the men, at first flushed to flame-coloured anger, now began to fade to the pallor of warriors in the blood and heat of a battle. Their lips curled back and stretched tightly over the gums in ghoulish grins. Through their white, gripped teeth struggled hoarse whisperings of oaths. Their eyes glittered with murderous fire.

Each head was huddled between its owner's shoulders, and arms were swinging with marvellous rapidity. Feet scraped to and fro with a loud scratching sound upon the sanded

floor. Blows left crimson blotches upon the pale skin. The curses of the first quarter-minute of the fight died away. The breaths of the fighters came wheezing from their lips and the three chests were straining and heaving. Pete at intervals gave vent to low, laboured hisses, that sounded like a desire to kill. Jimmie's ally gibbered at times like a wounded maniac. Jimmie was silent, fighting with the face of a sacrificial priest. The rage of fear shone in all their eyes and their blood-coloured fists whirled.

At a critical moment a blow from Pete's hand struck the ally and he crashed to the floor. He wriggled instantly to his feet, and grasping the quiet stranger's beer glass from the bar, hurled it at Pete's head.

High on the wall it burst like a bomb, shivering fragments flying in all directions. Then missiles came to every man's hand. The place had heretofore appeared free of things to throw, but suddenly glasses and bottles went singing through the air. They were thrown point-blank at bobbing heads. The pyramids of shimmering glasses, that had never been disturbed, changed to cascades as heavy bottles were flung into them. Mirrors splintered to nothing.

The three frothing creatures on the floor buried themselves in a frenzy for blood. There followed in the wake of missiles and fists some unknown prayers, perhaps for death.

The quiet stranger had sprawled very pyro-technically out on the sidewalk. A laugh ran up and down the avenue for the half of a block.

"Dey've t'rowed a bloke inteh deh street."

People heard the sound of breaking glass and shuffling feet within the saloon and came running. A small group, bending down to look under the bamboo doors, and watching the fall of glass and three pairs of violent legs, changed in a moment to a crowd.

A policeman came charging down the sidewalk and bounced through the doors into the saloon. The crowd bent and surged in absorbing anxiety to see.

Jimmie caught the first sight of the oncoming interruption. On his feet he had the same regard for a policeman that, when on his truck, he had for a fire-engine. He howled and ran for the side door.

The officer made a terrific advance, club in hand. One comprehensive sweep of the long night stick threw the ally to the floor and forced Pete to a corner. With his disengaged hand he made a furious effort at Jimmie's coattails. Then he regained his balance and paused.

"Well, well, you are a pair of pictures. What have ye been up to?"

Jimmie, with his face drenched in blood, escaped up a side street, pursued a short distance by some of the more law-loving or excited individuals of the crowd.

Later, from a safe dark corner, he saw the policeman, the ally, and the bar-tender emerge from the saloon. Pete locked the doors and then followed up the avenue in the rear of the crowd-encompassed policeman and his charge.

At first Jimmie, with his heart throbbing at battle heat, started to

go desperately to the rescue of his friend, but he halted.

"Ah, what's d' use?" he demanded of himself.

XII.

IN a hall of irregular shape sat Pete and Maggie drinking beer. A submissive orchestra, dictated to by a spectacled man with frowsy hair and in soiled evening dress, industriously followed the bobs of his head and the waves of his baton. A ballad singer, in a gown of flaming scarlet sang in the inevitable voice of brass. When she vanished, men seated at the tables near the front applauded loudly, pounding the polished wood with their beer glasses. She returned attired in less gown, and sang again. She received another enthusiastic encore. She reappeared in still less gown and danced. The deafening rumble of glasses and clapping of hands that followed her exit indicated an overwhelming desire to have her come on for the fourth time, but the curiosity of the audience was not gratified.

Maggie was pale. From her eyes had been plucked all look of self-reliance. She leaned with a dependent air toward her companion. She was timid, as if fearing his anger or displeasure. She seemed to beseech tenderness of him.

Pete's air of distinguished valour had grown upon him until it threatened to reach stupendous dimensions. He was infinitely gracious to the girl. It was apparent to her that his condescension was a marvel.

He could appear to strut even while sitting still, and he showed that

he was a lion of lordly characteristics by the air with which he spat.

With Maggie gazing at him wonderingly, he took pride in commanding the waiters, who were, however, indifferent, or deaf.

"Hi, you, git a russle on yehs! What yehs lookin' at? Two more beehs, d' yeh hear?"

He leaned back and critically regarded the person of a girl with a straw-coloured wig who was flinging her heels about up on the stage in somewhat awkward imitation of a well-known *danseuse*.

At times Maggie told Pete long confidential tales of her former home life, dwelling upon the escapades of the other members of the family and the difficulties she had had to combat in order to obtain a degree of comfort. He responded in the accents of philanthropy. He pressed her arm with an air of reassuring proprietorship.

"Dey was cursed jays," he said, denouncing the mother and brother.

The sound of the music which, through the efforts of the frowny-headed leader, drifted to her ears in the smoke-filled atmosphere, made the girl dream. She thought of her former Rum Alley environment and turned to regard Pete's strong protecting fists. She thought of a collar-and-cuff manufactory and the eternal moan of the proprietor: "What cen hale do you sink I pie fife dolla a week for? Play? No, py tamn!" She contemplated Pete's man-subduing eyes and noted that wealth and prosperity were indicated by his clothes. She imagined a future, rose-tinted, because of its dis-

tance from all that she had experienced before.

As to the present she perceived only vague reasons to be miserable. Her life was Pete's, and she considered him worthy of the charge. She would be disturbed by no particular apprehensions so long as Pete adored her as he now said he did. She did not feel like a bad woman. To her knowledge she had never seen any better.

At times men at other tables re-aware of it, nodded to her and grinned. He felt proud.

"Mag, yer a bloomin' good-looker," he remarked, studying her face through the haze. The men made Maggie fear, but she blushed at Pete's words as it became apparent to her that she was the apple of his eye.

Grey-headed men, wonderfully pathetic in their dissipation, stared at her through clouds. Smooth-cheeked boys, some of them with faces of stone and mouths of sin, not nearly so pathetic as the grey heads, tried to find the girl's eyes in the smoke wreaths. Maggie considered she was not what they thought her. She confined her glances to Pete and the stage.

The orchestra played negro melodies, and a versatile drummer pounded, whacked, clattered, and scratched on a dozen machines to make noise.

Those glances of the men shot at Maggie from under half-closed lids made her tremble. She thought them all to be worse men than Pete.

"Come, let's go," she said.

As they went out Maggie perceived two women seated at a table with some men. They were painted,

and their cheeks had lost their roundness. As she passed them the girl, with a shrinking movement, drew back her skirts.

XIII

JIMMIE did not return home for a number of days after the fight with Pete in the saloon. When he did, he approached with extreme caution.

He found his mother raving. Maggie had not returned home. The parent continually wondered how her daughter could come to such a pass. She had never considered Maggie as a pearl dropped unstained into Rum Alley from Heaven, but she could not conceive how it was possible for her daughter to fall so low as to bring disgrace upon her family. She was terrific in denunciation of the girl's wickedness.

The fact that the neighbours talked of it maddened her. When women came in, and in the course of their conversation casually asked, "Where's Maggie dese days?" the mother shook her fuzzy head at them and appalled them with curses. Cunning hints inviting confidence she rebuffed with violence.

"An' wid all d' bringing up she had, how could she?" moaningly she asked of her son. "Wid all d' talkin' wid her I did an' d' t'ings I tol' her to remember. When a girl is bringed up d' way I bringed up Maggie, how kin she go teh d' devil?"

Jimmie was transfixed by these questions. He could not conceive how, under the circumstances, his

mother's daughter and his sister could have been so wicked.

His mother took a drink from a bottle that sat on the table. She continued her lament.

"She had a bad heart dat girl did, Jimmie. She was wicked t' d' heart an' we never knowed it."

Jimmie nodded, admitting the fact.

"We lived in d' same house wid her an' I brought her up, an' we never knowed how bad she was."

Jimmie nodded again.

"Wid a home like dis an' a mudder like me, she went teh d' bad," cried the mother, raising her eyes.

One day Jimmie came home, sat down in a chair, and began to wriggle about with a new and strange nervousness. At last he spoke shamefacedly.

"Well, look-a-here, dis t'ing queers us! See? We're queered! An' maybe it 'ud be better if I—well, I t'ink I kin look 'er up an'—maybe it 'ud be better if I fetched her home an'—"

The mother started from her chair and broke forth into a storm of passionate anger.

"What! Let 'er come an' sleep under deh same roof wid her mudder agin! Oh, yes, I will, won't I! Sure? Shame on yehs, Jimmie Johnson, fer sayin' such a t'ing teh yer own mudder! Little did I t'ink when yehs was a babby playin' about me feet dat ye'd grow up teh say sech a t'ing teh yer mudder—yer own mudder. I never taut—"

Sobs choked her and interrupted her reproaches.

"Dere ain't nottin' teh make sech trouble about," said Jimmie. "I

on'y says it 'ud be better if we keep dis t'ing dark, see? It queers us! See?"

His mother laughed a laugh that seemed to ring through the city and be echoed and re-echoed by countless other laughs. "Oh, yes, I will, won't I! Sure!"

"Well, yeh must take me fer a d—n fool," said Jimmie, indignant at his mother for mocking him. "I didn't say we'd make 'er inteh a little tin angel, ner nottin', but deh way it is now she can queer us! Don'che see?"

"Aye, she'll git tired of deh life atter a while an' den she'll wanna be a-comin' home, won' she, deh beast! I'll let 'er in den, won' I?"

"Well, I didn't mean none of dis prod'gal bus'ness anyway," explained Jimmie.

"It wa'n't no prod'gal dauter, yeh fool," said the mother. "It was prod'gal son, anyhow."

"I know dat," said Jimmie.

For a time they sat in silence. The mother's eyes gloated on the scene which her imagination called before her. Her lips were set in a vindictive smile.

"Aye, she'll cry, won' she, an' carry on, an' tell how Pete, or some odder feller, beats 'er, an' she'll say she's sorry an' all dat, an' she ain't happy, she ain't, and she wants to come home agin, she does."

With grim humour the mother imitated the possible wailing notes of the daughter's voice.

"Den I'll take 'er in, won't I? She kin cry 'er two eyes out on deh stones of deh street before I'll dirty d' place wid her. She abused an' ill-treated her own mudder—her

own mudder what loved her, and she'll never git anodder chance."

Jimmie thought he had a great idea of women's frailty, but he could not understand why any of his kin should be victims.

"Curse her!" he said fervidly.

Again he wondered vaguely if some of the women of his acquaintance had brothers. Nevertheless, his mind did not for an instant confuse himself with those brothers nor his sister with theirs. After the mother had, with great difficulty, suppressed the neighbours, she went among them and proclaimed her grief. "May Heaven forgive dat girl," was her continual cry. To attentive ears she recited the whole length and breadth of her woes.

"I bringed 'er up deh way a dauter oughta be bringed up, an' dis is how she served me! She went teh deh devil deh first chance she got! May Heaven forgive her."

When arrested for drunkenness she used the story of her daughter's downfall with telling effect upon the police justices. Finally one of them said to her, peering down over his spectacles: "Mary, the records of this and other courts show that you are the mother of forty-two daughters who have been ruined. The case is unparalleled in the annals of this court, and this court thinks—"

The mother went through life shedding large tears of sorrow. Her red face was a picture of agony.

Of course Jimmie publicly damned his sister that he might appear on a higher social plane. But, arguing with himself, stumbling about in ways that he knew not, he, once, almost came to a conclusion that his

sister would have been more firmly good had she better known why. However, he felt that he could not hold such a view. He threw it hastily aside.

XIV

IN a hilarious hall there were twenty-eight tables and twenty-eight women and a crowd of smoking men. Valiant noise was made on a stage at the end of the hall by an orchestra composed of men who looked as if they had just happened in. Soiled waiters ran to and fro, swooping down like hawks on the unwary in the throng; clattering along the aisles with trays covered with glasses; stumbling over women's skirts and charging two prices for everything but beer, all with a swiftness that blurred the view of the cocoanut palms and dusty monstrosities painted upon the walls of the room. A "bouncer," with an immense load of business upon his hands, plunged about in the crowd, dragging bashful strangers to prominent chairs, ordering waiters here and there, and quarrelling furiously with men who wanted to sing with the orchestra.

The usual smoke cloud was present, but so dense that heads and arms seemed entangled in it. The rumble of conversation was replaced by a roar. Plenteous oaths heaved through the air. The room rang with the shrill voices of women bubbling over with drink laughter. The chief element in the music of the orchestra was speed. The musicians played in intent fury. A woman was singing and smiling upon the stage,

but no one took notice of her. The rate at which the piano, cornet, and violins were going, seemed to impart wildness to the half-drunken crowd. Beer glasses were emptied at a gulp and conversation became a rapid chatter. The smoke eddied and swirled like a shadowy river hurrying toward some unseen falls. Pete and Maggie entered the hall and took chairs at a table near the door. The woman who was seated there made an attempt to occupy Pete's attention, and, failing, went away.

Three weeks had passed since the girl had left home. The air of spaniel-like dependence had been magnified and showed its direct effect in the peculiar off-handness and ease of Pete's ways toward her.

She followed Pete's eyes with hers, anticipating with smiles gracious looks from him.

A woman of brilliance and audacity, accompanied by a mere boy, came into the place and took a seat near them.

At once Pete sprang to his feet, his face beaming with glad surprise.

"Hully gee, dere's Nellie!" he cried.

He went over to the table and held out an eager hand to the woman.

"Why, hello, Pete, me boy, how are you?" said she, giving him her fingers.

Maggie took instant note of the woman. She perceived that her black dress fitted her to perfection. Her linen collar and cuffs were spotless. Tan gloves were stretched over her well-shaped hands. A hat of a prevailing fashion perched jauntily upon her dark hair. She

wore no jewelry and was painted with no apparent paint. She looked clear-eyed through the stares of the men.

"Sit down, and call your lady friend over," she said to Pete. At his beckoning Maggie came and sat between Pete and the mere boy.

"I thought yeh were gone away fer good," began Pete, at once. "When did yeh git back? How did dat Buff'lo bus'ness turn out?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "Well, he didn't have as many stamps as he tried to make out, so I shook him, that's all."

"Well, I'm glad teh see yehs back in deh city," said Pete, with gallantry.

He and the woman entered into a long conversation, exchanging reminiscences of days together. Maggie sat still, unable to formulate an intelligent sentence as her addition to the conversation and painfully aware of it.

She saw Pete's eyes sparkle as he gazed upon the handsome stranger. He listened smilingly to all she said. The woman was familiar with all his affairs, asked him about mutual friends, and knew the amount of his salary.

She paid no attention to Maggie, looking toward her once or twice and apparently seeing the wall beyond.

The mere boy was sulky. In the beginning he had welcomed the additions with acclamations.

"Let's all have a drink! What'll you take, Nell? And you, Miss What's-your-name. Have a drink, Mr.—you, I mean."

He had shown a sprightly desire

to do the talking for the company and tell all about his family. In a loud voice he declaimed on various topics. He assumed a patronising air toward Pete. As Maggie was silent, he paid no attention to her. He made a great show of lavishing wealth upon the woman of brilliance and audacity.

"Do keep still, Freddie! You talk like a clock," said the woman to him. She turned away and devoted her attention to Pete.

"We'll have many a good time together again, eh?"

"Sure, Mike," said Pete, enthusiastic at once.

"Say," whispered she, leaning forward, "let's go over to Billie's and have a time."

"Well, it's dis way! See?" said Pete. "I got dis lady frien' here."

"Oh, g'way with her," argued the woman. Pete appeared disturbed.

"All right," said she, nodding her head at him. "All right for you! We'll see the next time you ask me to go anywheres with you."

Pete squirmed.

"Say," he said, beseechingly, "come wid me a minit an' I'll tell yer why."

The woman waved her hand.

"Oh, that's all right, you needn't explain, you know. You wouldn't come merely because you wouldn't come, that's all."

To Pete's visible distress she turned to the mere boy, bringing him speedily out of a terrific rage. He had been debating whether it would be the part of a man to pick a quarrel with Pete, or would he be justified in striking him savagely with his beer glass without warning. But

he recovered himself when the woman turned to renew her smiles. He beamed upon her with an expression that was somewhat tipsy and inexpressibly tender.

"Say, shake that Bowery jay," requested he, in a loud whisper.

"Freddie, you are so funny," she replied.

Pete reached forward and touched the woman on the arm.

"Come out a minit while I tells yeh why I can't go wid yer. Yer doin' me dirt, Nell! I never taut ye'd do me dirt, Nell. Come on, will yer?" He spoke in tones of injury.

"Why, I don't see why I should be interested in your explanations," said the woman, with a coldness that seemed to reduce Pete to a pulp.

His eyes pleaded with her. "Come out a minit while I tells yeh. On d' level, now."

The woman nodded slightly at Maggie and the mere boy, saying, "Scuse me."

The mere boy interrupted his loving smile and turned a shrivelling glare upon Pete. His boyish countenance flushed and he spoke in a whine to the woman:

"Oh, I say, Nellie, this ain't a square deal, you know. You aren't goin' to leave me and go off with that duffer, are you? I should think——"

"Why, you dear boy, of course I'm not," cried the woman, affectionately. She bent over and whispered in his ear. He smiled again and settled in his chair as if resolved to wait patiently.

As the woman walked down between the rows of tables, Pete was

at her shoulder talking earnestly, apparently in explanation. The woman waved her hands with studied airs of indifference. The doors swung behind them, leaving Maggie and the mere boy seated at the table.

Maggie was dazed. She could dimly perceive that something stupendous had happened. She wondered why Pete saw fit to remonstrate with the woman, pleading forgiveness with his eyes. She thought she noted an air of submission about her leonine Pete. She was astounded.

The mere boy occupied himself with cocktails and a cigar. He was tranquilly silent for half-an-hour. Then he bestirred himself and spoke.

"Well," he said, sighing, "I knew this was the way it would be. They got cold feet." There was another stillness. The mere boy seemed to be musing.

"She was pulling m' leg. That's the whole amount of it," he said suddenly. "It's a bloomin' shame the way that girl does. Why, I've spent over two dollars in drinks tonight. And she goes off with that plug-ugly, who looks as if he had been hit in the face with a coin die. I call it rocky treatment for a fellah like me. Here, waiter, bring me a cocktail, and make it strong."

Maggie made no reply. She was watching the doors. "It's a mean piece of business," complained the mere boy. He explained to her how amazing it was that anybody should treat him in such a manner. "But I'll get square with her, you bet. She won't get far ahead of yours truly, you know," he added, winking. "I'll tell her plainly that it was

bloomin' mean business. And she won't come it over me with any of her 'now-Freddie-dears.' She thinks my name is Freddie, you know, but of course it ain't. I always tell these people some name like that, because if they got onto your right name they might use it some time. Understand? Oh, they don't fool me much."

Maggie was paying no attention, being intent upon the doors. The mere boy relapsed into a period of gloom, during which he exterminated a number of cocktails with a determined air, as if replying defiantly to fate. He occasionally broke forth into sentences composed of invectives joined together in a long chain.

The girl was still staring at the doors. After a time the mere boy began to see cobwebs just in front of his nose. He spurred himself into being agreeable and insisted upon her having a charlotte russe and a glass of beer.

"They's gone," he remarked, "they's gone." He looked at her through the smoke wreaths. "Shay, lil' girl, we mightish well make bes' of it. You ain't such bad-lookin' girl, y'know. Not half bad. Can't come up to Nell, though. No, can't do it! Well, I should shay not! Nell fine-lookin' girl! F—i—n—ine. You look bad longsider her, but by y'self ain't so bad. Have to do anyhow. Nell gone. O'ny you left. Not half bad though."

Maggie stood up.

"I'm going home," she said.

The mere boy started.

"Eh? What? Home," he cried, struck with amazement. "I beg pardon, did hear say home?"

"I'm going home," she repeated.

"Great heavens! what hav'a struck?" demanded the mere boy of himself, stupefied.

In a semi-comatose state he conducted her on board an up-town car, ostentatiously paid her fare, leered kindly at her through the rear window, and fell off the steps.

XV

A FORLORN woman went along a lighted avenue. The street was filled with people desperately bound on missions. An endless crowd darted at the elevated station stairs, and the horse cars were thronged with owners of bundles.

The pace of the forlorn woman was slow. She was apparently searching for some one. She loitered near the doors of saloons and watched men emerge from them. She furtively scanned the faces in the rushing stream of pedestrians. Hurrying men, bent on catching some boat or train, jostled her elbows, failing to notice her, their thoughts fixed on distant dinners.

The forlorn woman had a peculiar face. Her smile was no smile. But when in repose her features had a shadowy look that was like a sardonic grin, as if some one had sketched with cruel forefinger indelible lines about her mouth.

Jimmie came strolling up the avenue. The woman encountered him with an aggrieved air.

"Oh, Jimmie, I've been lookin' all over for yehs——" she began.

Jimmie made an impatient gesture and quickened his pace.

"Ah, don't bodder me!" he said,

with the savageness of a man whose life is pestered.

The woman followed him along the sidewalk in somewhat the manner of a supplicant.

"But, Jimmie," she said, "yehs told me yehs——"

Jimmie turned upon her fiercely, as if resolved to make a last stand for comfort and peace.

"Say, Hattie, don' foller me from one end of deh city teh de odder. Let up, will yehs! Give me a minute's res', can't yehs? Yehs makes me tired, allus taggin' me. See? Ain' yehs got no sense? Do yehs want people teh get onto me? Go chase yerself."

The woman stepped closer and laid her fingers on his arm. "But, look-a-her——"

Jimmie snarled. "Oh, go teh blazes!"

He darted into the front door of a convenient saloon and a moment later came out into the shadows that surrounded the side door. On the brilliantly lighted avenue he perceived the forlorn woman dodging about like a scout. Jimmie laughed with an air of relief and went away.

When he arrived home he found his mother clamouring. Maggie had returned. She stood shivering beneath the torrent of her mother's wrath.

"Well, I'm d—d!" said Jimmie in greeting.

His mother, tottering about the room, pointed a quivering forefinger.

"Look ut her, Jimmie, look ut her. Dere's yer sister, boy. Dere's yer sister. Look ut her! Look ut her!"

She screamed at Maggie with scoffing laughter.

The girl stood in the middle of the room. She edged about as if unable to find a place on the floor to put her feet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" bellowed the mother. "Dere she stands! Ain't she purty? Look ut her! Ain' she sweet, deh beast? Look ut her! Ha, ha! look ut her!"

She lurched forward and put her red and seamed hands upon her daughter's face. She bent down and peered keenly up into the eyes of the girl.

"Oh, she's jes' dessame as she ever was, ain' she? She's her mudder's putty darlin' yit, ain' she? Look ut her, Jimmie. Come here and look ut her."

The loud, tremendous railing of the mother brought the denizens of the Rum Alley tenement to their doors. Women came in the hallways. Children scurried to and fro.

"What's up? Dat Johnson party on anudder tear?"

"Naw! Young Mag's come home!"

"Git out!"

Through the open doors curious eyes stared in at Maggie. Children ventured into the room and ogled her as if they formed the front row at a theatre. Women, without, bent toward each other and whispered, nodding their heads with airs of profound philosophy.

A baby, overcome with curiosity concerning this object at which all were looking, sidled forward and touched her dress, cautiously, as if investigating a red-hot stove. Its mother's voice rang out like a warn-

ing trumpet. She rushed forward and grabbed her child, casting a terrible look of indignation at the girl.

Maggie's mother paced to and fro, addressing the doorful of eyes, expounding like a glib showman. Her voice rang through the building.

"Dere she stands," she cried, wheeling suddenly and pointing with dramatic finger. "Dere she stands! Look ut her! Ain' she a dindy? An' she was so good as to come home teh her mudder, she was! Ain' she a beaut'? Ain' she a dindy?"

The jeering cries ended in another burst of shrill laughter.

The girl seemed to awaken. "Jimmie——"

He drew hastily back from her.

"Well, now, yer a t'ing, ain' yeh?" he said, his lips curling in scorn. Radiant virtue sat upon his brow and his repelling hands expressed horror of contamination.

Maggie turned and went.

The crowd at the door fell back precipitately.

A baby falling down in front of the door wrenched a scream like that of a wounded animal from its mother. Another woman sprang forward and picked it up with a chivalrous air, as if rescuing a human being from an oncoming express train.

As the girl passed down through the hall, she went before open doors framing more eyes strangely microscopic, and sending broad beams of inquisitive light into the darkness of her path. On the second floor she met the gnarled old woman who possessed the music-box.

"So," she cried, "'ere yehs are back again, are yehs? An' dey've kicked yehs out? Well, come in an'

stay wid me t'-night. I ain' got no moral standin'."

From above came an unceasing babble of tongues, over all of which rang the mother's derisive laughter.

XVI.

PETE did not consider that he had ruined Maggie. If he had thought that her soul could never smile again, he would have believed the mother and brother, who were pyrotechnic over the affair, to be responsible for it.

Besides, in his world, souls did not insist upon being able to smile. "What d' h—l?"

He felt a trifle entangled. It distressed him. Revelations and scenes might bring upon him the wrath of the owner of the saloon, who insisted upon respectability of an advanced type.

"What do dey wanna' raise such a smoke about it fer?" demanded he of himself, disgusted with the attitude of the family. He saw no necessity that people should lose their equilibrium merely because their sister or their daughter had stayed away from home.

Searching about in his mind for possible reasons for their conduct, he came upon the conclusion that Maggie's motives were correct, but that the two others wished to snare him. He felt pursued.

The woman whom he had met in the hilarious hall showed a disposition to ridicule him.

"A little pale thing with no spirit," she said. "Did you note the expression of her eyes? There was something in them about pumpkin-

pie and virtue. That is a peculiar way the left corner of her mouth has of twitching, isn't it? Dear, dear, Pete, what are you coming to?"

Pete asserted at once that he never was very much interested in the girl. The woman interrupted him, laughing.

"Oh, it's not of the slightest consequence to me, my dear young man. You needn't draw maps for my benefit. Why should I be concerned about it?"

But Pete continued with his explanations. If he was laughed at for his tastes in women, he felt obliged to say that they were only temporary or indifferent ones.

The morning after Maggie had departed from home Pete stood behind the bar. He was immaculate in white jacket and apron and his hair was plastered over his brow with infinite correctness. No customers were in the place. Pete was twisting his napkined fist slowly in a beer glass, softly whistling to himself, and occasionally holding the object of his attention between his eyes and a few weak beams of sunlight that found their way over the thick screens and into the shaded rooms.

With lingering thoughts of the woman of brilliance and audacity, the bar-tender raised his head and stared through the varying cracks between the swaying bamboo doors. Suddenly the whistling pucker faded from his lips. He saw Maggie walking slowly past. He gave a great start, fearing for the previously mentioned eminent respectability of the place.

He threw a swift, nervous glance

about him, all at once feeling guilty. No one was in the room.

He went hastily over to the side door. Opening it and looking out, he perceived Maggie standing, as if undecided, at the corner. She was searching the place with her eyes.

As she turned her face toward him, Pete beckoned to her hurriedly, intent upon returning with speed to a position behind the bar, and to the atmosphere of respectability upon which the proprietor insisted.

Maggie came to him, the anxious look disappearing from her face and a smile wreathing her lips.

"Oh, Pete——" she began brightly.

The bar-tender made a violent gesture of impatience.

"Oh, say," cried he vehemently. "What d' yeh wanna hang aroun' here fer? Do yer wanna git me inteh trouble?" he demanded with an air of injury.

Astonishment swept over the girl's features. "Why, Pete! yehs tol' me——"

Pete's glance expressed profound irritation. His countenance reddened with the anger of a man whose respectability is being threatened.

"Say, yehs makes me tired! See? What d' yeh wanna tag aroun' after me fer? Yeh'll do me dirt wid d' ol' man and dey'll be trouble! If he sees a woman roun' here he'll go crazy an' I'll lose me job! See? Ain' yehs got no sense? Don' be allus bodderin' me. See? Yer brudder came in here an' made trouble an' d' ol' man hada put up fer it! An' now I'm done! See? I'm done."

The girl's eyes stared into his face. "Pete, don' yeh remem——"

"Oh, go ahn!" interrupted Pete, anticipating.

The girl seemed to have a struggle with herself. She was apparently bewildered and could not find speech. Finally she asked in a low voice, "But where kin I go?"

The question exasperated Pete beyond the powers of endurance. It was a direct attempt to give him some responsibility in a matter that did not concern him. In his indignation he volunteered information.

"Oh, go to h—l!" cried he. He slammed the door furiously and returned, with an air of relief, to his respectability.

Maggie went away.

She wandered aimlessly for several blocks. She stopped once and asked aloud a question of herself: "Who?"

A man who was passing near her shoulder humorously took the questioning word as intended for him.

"Eh? What? Who? Nobody! I didn't say anything," he laughingly said, and continued his way.

Soon the girl discovered that if she walked with such apparent aimlessness, some men looked at her with calculating eyes. She quickened her steps, frightened. As a protection, she adopted a demeanour of intentness as if going somewhere.

After a time she left rattling avenues and passed between rows of houses with sternness and stolidity stamped upon their features. She hung her head, for she felt their eyes grimly upon her.

Suddenly she came upon a stout gentleman in a silk hat and a chaste black coat, whose decorous row of buttons reached from his chin to his

knees. The girl had heard of the grace of God and she decided to approach this man.

His beaming, chubby face was a picture of benevolence and kind-heartedness. His eyes shone goodwill.

But as the girl timidly accosted him, he made a convulsive movement and saved his respectability by a vigorous side step. He did not risk it to save a soul. For how was he to know that there was a soul before him that needed saving?

XVII.

UPON a wet evening, several months after the last chapter, two interminable rows of cars, pulled by slipping horses, jangled along a prominent side street. A dozen cabs, with coat-enshrouded drivers, clattered to and fro. Electric lights, whirring softly, shed a blurred radiance. A flower-dealer, his feet tapping impatiently, his nose and his wares glistening with raindrops, stood behind an array of roses and chrysanthemums. Two or three theatres emptied a crowd upon the storm-swept pavements. Men pulled their hats over their eyebrows and raised their collars to their ears. Women shrugged impatient shoulders in their warm cloaks and stopped to arrange their skirts for a walk through the storm. People who had been constrained to comparative silence for two hours burst into a roar of conversation, their hearts still kindling from the glowings of the stage.

The pavements became tossing seas of umbrellas. Men stepped

forth to hail cabs or cars, raising their fingers in varied forms of polite request or imperative demand. And endless procession wended towards elevated stations. An atmosphere of pleasure and prosperity seemed to hang over the throng, born, perhaps, of good clothes and of two hours in a place of forgetfulness.

In the mingled light and gloom of an adjacent park, a handful of wet wanderers, in attitudes of chronic dejection, were scattered among the benches.

A girl of the painted cohorts of the city went along the street. She threw changing glances at men who passed her, giving smiling invitations to those of rural or untaught pattern and usually seeming sedately unconscious of the men with a metropolitan seal upon their faces.

Crossing glittering avenues, she went into the throng emerging from the places of forgetfulness. She hurried forward through the crowd as if intent upon reaching a distant home, bending forward in her handsome cloak, daintily lifting her skirts, and picking for her well-shod feet the dryer spots upon the pavements.

The restless doors of saloons, clashing to and fro, disclosed animated rows of men before bars and hurrying bar-keepers.

A concert-hall gave to the street faint sounds of swift, machine-like music, as if a group of phantom musicians were hastening.

A tall young man, smoking a cigarette with a sublime air, strolled near the girl. He had on evening dress, a moustache, a chrysanthemum, and a look of *ennui*, all of

which he kept carefully under his eye. Seeing the girl walk on as if such a young man as he was not in existence, he looked back transfixed with interest. He stared glassily for a moment, but gave a slight convulsive start when he discerned that she was neither new, Parisian, nor theatrical. He wheeled about hastily and turned his stare into the air, like a sailor with a searchlight.

A stout gentleman, with pompous and philanthropic whiskers, went stolidly by, the broad of his back sneering at the girl.

A belated man in business clothes, and in haste to catch a car, bounced against her shoulder. "Hi, there, Mary, I beg your pardon! Brace up, old girl." He grasped her arm to steady her, and then was away running down the middle of the street.

The girl walked on out of the realm of restaurants and saloons. She passed more glittering avenues and went into darker blocks than those where the crowd travelled.

A young man in light overcoat and Derby hat received a glance shot keenly from the eyes of the girl. He stopped and looked at her, thrusting his hands in his pockets and making a mocking smile curl his lips. "Come, now, old lady," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that you sized me up for a farmer?"

A labouring man marched along with bundles under his arms. To her remarks, he replied, "It's a fine evenin', ain't it?"

She smiled squarely into the face of a boy who was hurrying by with his hands buried in his overcoat pocket, his blonde locks bobbing on

his youthful temples, and a cheery smile of unconcern upon his lips. He turned his head and smiled back at her, waving his hands.

"Not this eve—some other eve."

A drunken man, reeling in her pathway, began to roar at her. "I ain' ga no money!" he shouted, in a dismal voice. He lurched on up the street, wailing to himself: "I ain' ga no money. Ba' luck. Ain' ga no more money."

The girl went into gloomy districts near the river, where the tall black factories shut in the street and only occasional broad beams of light fell across the pavements from saloons. In front of one of these places, whence came the sound of a violin vigorously scraped, the patter of feet on boards and the ring of loud laughter, there stood a man with blotched features.

Further on in the darkness she met a ragged being with shifting, bloodshot eyes and grimy hands.

She went into the blackness of the final block. The shutters of the tall buildings were closed like grim lips. The structures seemed to have eyes that looked over them, beyond them, at other things. Afar off the lights of the avenues glittered as if from an impossible distance. Street-car bells jingled with a sound of merriment.

At the feet of the tall buildings appeared the deathly black hue of the river. Some hidden factory sent up a yellow glare, that lit for a moment the waters lapping oilily against timbers. The varied sounds of life, made joyous by distance and seeming unapproachableness, came faintly and died away to a silence.

XVIII.

IN a partitioned-off section of a saloon sat a man with a half-dozen women, gleefully laughing, hovering about him. The man had arrived at that stage of drunkenness where affection is felt for the universe.

"I'm good f'ler, girls," he said, convincingly. "I'm good f'ler. An'body treats me right, I allus trea's zem right! See?"

The women nodded their heads approvingly. "To be sure," they cried in hearty chorus. "You're the kind of a man we like, Pete. You're outa sight! What yeh goin' to buy this time, dear?"

"An't'ing yehs wants!" said the man in an abandonment of goodwill. His countenance shone with the true spirit of benevolence. He was in the proper mood of missionaries. He would have fraternised with obscure Hottentots. And above all, he was overwhelmed in tenderness for his friends, who were all illustrious.

"An't'ing yehs wants!" repeated he, waving his hands with beneficent recklessness. "I'm good f'ler, girls, an' if an'body treats me right I—Here," called he through an open door to a waiter, "bring girls drinks. What 'ill yehs have, girls? An't'ing yehs want."

The waiter glanced in with the disgusted look of the man who serves intoxicants for the man who takes too much of them. He nodded his head shortly at the order from each individual, and went.

"W're havin' great time," said the man. "I like you girls! Yer right sort! See?"

He spoke at length and with feeling concerning the excellences of his assembled friends.

"Don' try pull man's leg, but have a good time! Das right! Das way teh do! Now, if I sawght yehs tryin' work me fer drinks, wouldn' buy not'ing! But yer right sort! Yehs know how ter treat a f'ler, an' I stays by yehs 'til spen' las' cent! Das right! I'm good f'ler an' I knows when an'budy treats me right!"

Between the times of the arrival and departure of the waiter, the man discoursed to the women on the tender regard he felt for all living things. He laid stress upon the purity of his motives in all dealings with men in the world, and spoke of the fervour of his friendship for those who were amiable. Tears welled slowly from his eyes. His voice quavered when he spoke to his companions.

Once when the waiter was about to depart with an empty tray, the man drew a coin from his pocket and held it forth.

"Here," said he, quite magnificently, "here's quar'."

The waiter kept his hands on his tray.

"I don't want yer money," he said.

The other put forth the coin with tearful insistence.

"Here's quar'!" cried he, "tak't! Yer goo' f'ler an' I wan' yehs tak't!"

"Come, come, now," said the waiter, with the sullen air of a man who is forced into giving advice. "Put yer mon in yer pocket! Yer loaded an' yehs on'y makes a fool of yerself."

As the latter passed out of the

door the man turned pathetically to the women.

"He don' know I'm goo' f'ler," cried he, dismally.

"Never you mind, Pete, dear," said the woman of brilliance and audacity, laying her hand with great affection upon his arm. "Never you mind, old boy! We'll stay by you, dear!"

"Das ri'!" cried the man, his face lighting up at the soothing tones of the woman's voice. "Das ri'; I'm goo' f'ler, an' w'en any one trea's me ri', I trea's zem ri'! See?"

"Sure!" cried the women. "And we're not goin' back on you, old man."

The man turned appealing eyes to the woman. He felt that if he could be convicted of a contemptible action he would die.

"Shay, Nell, I allus trea's yehs shquare, didn' I? I allus been goo' f'ler wi' yehs, ain't I, Nell?"

"Sure you have, Pete," assented the woman. She delivered an oration to her companions. "Yessir, that's a fact. Pete's a square fellah, he is. He never goes back on a friend. He's the right kind an' we stay by him, don't we, girls?"

"Sure!" they exclaimed. Looking lovingly at him they raised their glasses and drank his health.

"Girlsh," said the man, beseechingly, "I allus trea's yehs ri', didn' I? I'm goo' f'ler, ain' I, girlsh?"

"Sure!" again they chorused.

"Well," said he finally, "le's have nozzer drink, zen."

"That's right," hailed a woman, "that's right. Yer no bloomin' jay! Yer spends yer money like a man. Dat's right."

The man pounded the table with his quivering fists.

"Yessir," he cried, with deep earnestness, as if some one disputed him. "I'm goo' f'ler, an' w'en any one trea's me ri', I allus trea's—le's have nozzer drink."

He began to beat the wood with his glass.

"Shay!" howled he, growing suddenly impatient. As the waiter did not then come, the man swelled with wrath.

"Shay!" howled he again.

The waiter appeared at the door.

"Bringsh drinksh," said the man.

The waiter disappeared with the orders.

"Zat f'ler fool!" cried the man. "He insul' me! I'm ge'man! Can stan' be insul'! I'm goin' lickim when comes!"

"No, no!" cried the women, crowding about and trying to subdue him. "He's all right! He didn't mean anything! Let it go! He's a good fellah!"

"Din' he insul' me?" asked the man earnestly.

"No," said they. "Of course he didn't! He's all right!"

"Sure he didn' insul' me?" demanded the man, with deep anxiety in his voice.

"No, no! We know him! He's a good fellah. He didn't mean anything."

"Well, zen," said the man resolutely, "I'm go' 'pol'gize!"

When the waiter came, the man struggled to the middle of the floor.

"Girlsh shed you insul' me! I shay—lie! I 'pol'gize!"

"All right," said the waiter.

The man sat down. He felt a

sleepy but strong desire to straighten things out and have a perfect understanding with everybody.

"Nell, I allus trea's yeh shquare, din' I? Yeh likes me, don' yehs, Nell? I'm goo' f'ler?"

"Sure!" said the woman.

"Yeh knows I'm stuck on yehs, don' yehs, Nell?"

"Sure!" she repeated carelessly.

Overwhelmed by a spasm of drunken adoration, he drew two or three bills from his pocket, and with the trembling fingers of an offering priest, laid them on the table before the woman.

"Yehs knows yehs kin have all I got, 'cause I'm stuck on yehs, Nell, I—I'm stuck on yehs, Nell—buy drinksh—we're havin' great time—w'en any one trea's me ri'—I—Nell—we're havin' heluva—time."

Presently he went to sleep with his swollen face fallen forward on his chest.

The women drank and laughed, not heeding the slumbering man in the corner. Finally he lurched forward and fell groaning to the floor.

The women screamed in disgust and drew back their skirts.

"Come ahn!" cried one, starting up angrily, "let's get out of here."

The woman of brilliance and audacity stayed behind, taking up the bills and stuffing them into a deep, irregularly shaped pocket. A guttural snore from the recumbent man caused her to turn and look down at him.

She laughed. "What a fool!" she said, and went.

The smoke from the lamps settled heavily down in the little compartment, obscuring the way out. The

smell of oil, stifling in its intensity, pervaded the air. The wine from an overturned glass dripped softly down upon the blotches on the man's neck.

XIX.

IN a room a woman sat at a table eating like a fat monk in a picture.

A soiled, unshaven man pushed open the door and entered.

"Well," said he, "Mag's dead."

"What?" said the woman, her mouth filled with bread.

"Mag's dead," repeated the man.

"Deh blazes she is!" said the woman. She continued her meal. When she finished her coffee she began to weep.

"I kin remember when her two feet was no bigger dan yer thumb, and she weared worsted boots," moaned she.

"Well, whata dat?" said the man.

"I kin remember when she weared worsted boots," she cried.

The neighbours began to gather in the hall, staring in at the weeping woman as if watching the contortions of a dying dog. A dozen women entered and lamented with her. Under their busy hands the room took on that appealing appearance of neatness and order with which death is greeted.

Suddenly the door opened and a woman in a black gown rushed in with outstretched arms. "Ah, poor Mary!" she cried, and tenderly embraced the moaning one.

"Ah, what ter'ble affliction is dis!" continued she. Her vocabulary was derived from mission churches. "Me

poor Mary, how I feel fer yehs! Ah, what a ter'ble affliction is a dis-obed'ent chile."

Her good, motherly face was wet with tears. She trembled in eagerness to express her sympathy. The mourner sat with bowed head, rocking her body heavily to and fro, and crying out in a high, strained voice that sounded like a dirge on some forlorn pipe.

"I kin remember when she weared worsted boots an' her two feets was no bigger dan yer tumb an' she weared worsted boots, Miss Smith," she cried, raising her streaming eyes.

"Ah, me poor Mary!" sobbed the woman in black. With low, coddling cries, she sank on her knees by the mourner's chair, and put her arms about her. The other women began to groan in different keys.

"Yer poor misguided chil' is gone now, Mary, an' let us hope it's fer deh bes'. Yeh'll fergive her now, Mary, won't yehs, dear, all her dis-obed'ence? All her t'ankless behaviour to her mudder an' all her badness? She's gone where her ter'ble sins will be judged."

The woman in black raised her face and paused. The inevitable sunlight came streaming in at the window and shed a ghastly cheerfulness upon the faded hues of the room. Two or three of the spectators were sniffing, and one was weeping loudly. The mourner arose and staggered into the other room. In a moment she emerged with a pair of faded baby shoes held in the hollow of her hand.

"I kin remember when she used to wear dem!" cried she. The women burst anew into cries as if they

had all been stabbed. The mourner turned to the soiled and unshaven man.

"Jimmie, boy, go git yer sister! Go git yer sister an' we'll put deh boots on her feets!"

"Dey won't fit her now, yeh fool," said the man.

"Go git yer sister, Jimmie!" shrieked the woman, confronting him fiercely.

The man swore sullenly. He went over to a corner and slowly began to put on his coat. He took his hat and went out, with a dragging, reluctant step.

The woman in black came forward and again besought the mourner.

"Yeh'll fergive her, Mary! Yeh'll fergive yer bad, bad chil'! Her life was a curse an' her days were black,

an' yeh'll fergive yer bad girl? She's gone where her sins will be judged."

"She's gone where her sins will be judged!" cried the other women, like a choir at a funeral.

"Deh Lord gives and deh Lord takes away," said the woman in black, raising her eyes to the sunbeams.

"Deh Lord gives and deh Lord takes away," responded the others.

"Yeh'll fergive her, Mary?" pleaded the woman in black. The mourner essayed to speak but her voice gave way. She shook her great shoulders frantically, in an agony of grief. The tears seemed to scald her face. Finally her voice came and arose in a scream of pain.

"Oh, yes, I'll fergive her! I'll fergive her!"

THE END



THAT DAY SHE SEIZED

By W. H. DAVIES

That day she seized me like a bee,
 To make me her weak blossom,
 I felt her arms so strong that I
 Lay helpless on her bosom.
 But cunning I, by artful moves,
 Soon had her in my power:
 "Ah, Molly, who's the strong bee now—
 And who's the poor weak flower!"

That time she thought I was a fly,
 And she a great big spider,
 She held me fast, my breath was gone,
 As I lay down beside her,
 By cunning I, by artful moves,
 Could laugh at last, and cry:
 "Ah, Molly, who's the spider now—
 And who's the poor weak fly!"

ULYSSES

By JAMES JOYCE

PART THREE (*Continued*)

V.

PINEAPPLE rock, lemon platt, butter scotch. A sugarsticky girl shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother. Some school treat. Bad for their tummies. Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His Majesty the King. God. Save. Our. Sitting on his throne, sucking red jujubes white.

A sombre Y. M. C. A. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr. Bloom.

Heart to heart talks.

Bloo. . . . Me? No.

Blood of the Lamb.

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. Are you saved? All are washed in the blood of the lamb. God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney burnt-offering, druids' altars. Elijah is coming. Dr. John Alexander Dowie, restorer of the church in Zion, is coming.

*Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!!
All heartily welcome.*

Paying game. Torry and Alexander last year. Polygamy. His

wife will put the stopper on that. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix? Our Saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. Pepper's ghost idea. Iron nails ran in.

Phosphorus it must be done with. If you leave a bit of codfish for instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen. Don't like all the smells in it waiting to rush out. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Thinking of Spain. Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain.

From Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk. Dedalus' daughter there still outside Dillon's auctionrooms. Must be selling off some old furniture. Knew her eyes at once from the father. Lobbing about waiting for him. Home always breaks up when the mother goes. Fifteen children he had. Birth every year almost. That's in their theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? Eat you out of house and

home. No families themselves to feed. Living on the fat of the land. Their butteries and larders. I'd like to see them do the black fast Yom Kippur. Crossbuns. One meal and a collation for fear he'd collapse on the altar. A housekeeper of one of those fellows if you could pick it out of her. Never pick it out of her. Like getting L. s. d. out of him. Does himself well. No guests. All for number one. Watching his water. Bring your own bread and butter. His reverence. Mum's the word.

Good Lord, that poor child's dress is in flitters. Underfed she looks too. Potatoes and marge, marge and potatoes. It's after they feel it. Proof of the pudding. Undermines the constitution.

As he set foot on O'Connell bridge a puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet. Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it, I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery. Regular world in itself. Vats of porter, wonderful. Rats get in too. Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on the porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking that Rats: vats. Well of course if we knew all the things.

Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quay walls, gulls. Rough weather outside. If I threw myself down? Reuben J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage. One and eightpence too much. Hhhhm. It's the droll way he comes out with

the things. Knows how to tell a story too.

They wheeled lower. Looking for grub. Wait.

He threw down among them a crumpled paper ball. Elijah thirty-two feet per sec is com. Not a bit. The ball bobbed unheeded on the wake of swells, floated under by the bridge piers. Not such damn fools. Also the day I threw that stale cake out of the Erin's King picked it up in the wake fifty yards astern. Live by their wits. They wheeled, flapping.

*The hungry famished gull
Flaps o'er the waters dull.*

That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn.

*Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain time to walk
the earth.*

—Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

His gaze passed over the glazed apples serried on her stand. Australians they must be this time of year. Shiny peels: polishes them up with a rag or a handkerchief.

Wait. Those poor birds.

He halted again and bought from the old applemoan two Banbury cakes for a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down into the Liffey. See that? The gulls swooped silently two, then all, from their heights, pouncing on prey. Gone. Every morsel.

Aware of their greed and cunning he shook the powdery crumb from his hands. They never expected that. Manna. Live on on fishy flesh they have to, all sea birds, gulls, seegoose. Swans from Anna Liffey swim down here sometimes to preen themselves. No accounting for tastes. Wonder what kind is swanmeat. Robinson Crusoe had to live on them.

They wheeled, flapping weakly. I'm not going to throw any more. Penny quite enough. Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw. They spread foot and mouth disease too. If you cram a turkey, say, on chestnut meal it tastes like that. Eat pig like pig. But they why is it that saltwater fish are not salty? How is that?

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor on the treachy swells lazily its plastered board.

Kino's.

11/—.

Trousers.

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream, never the same, which in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kinds of places are good for ads. That quack doctor used to be stuck up in all the greenhouses. Never see it now. Strictly confidential. Dr. Hy Franks. Didn't cost him a red like Maginni in the dancing master self advertisement. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for that matter on the q. t. running in to loosen a button. Fly by night. Just the place too.

POST NO BILLS. POST 110 PILLS.
Some chap burning.

If he . . .

O!

Eh?

No . . . No.

No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?

No, no.

Mr. Bloom moved forward raising his troubled eyes. Think no more about that. After one. Time-ball on the ballast office is down. Dunsink time. Fascinating little book that is of Sir Robert Ball's Parallax. I never exactly understood. There's a priest. Could ask him. Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pikehoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks!

Mr. Bloom smiled O rocks at two windows of the ballast office. She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound. She's not exactly witty. Can be rude too. Blurt out what I was thinking. Still I don't know. She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit? They used to call him big Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. Appetite like an albatross. Get outside of a baron of beef. Powerful man he was at storing away number one Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.

A procession of whitesmoked men marched slowly towards him along the gutter, scarlet across their boards. Bargains. Like that priest they are this morning: we have sinned: we have suffered. He read the

scarlet letters on their five tall white hats: H. E. L. Y. S. Wisdom Hely's. Y lagging behind drew a chunk of bread from under his fore-board, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked. Our staple food. Three bob a day, walking along the gutters, street after street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly. They are not Boyl: no M. Glade's men. Doesn't bring in any business either. I suggested to him about a transparent show cart with two smart girls sitting inside writing letters, copybooks, envelopes, blotting paper. I bet that would have caught on. Smart girls writing something catch the eye at once. Everyone dying to know what she's writing. Get twenty of them round you if you stare at nothing. Have a finger in the pie. Women too. Curiosity. Pillar of salt. Wouldn't have it of course because he didn't think of it himself first. Or the inkbottle I suggested with a false stain of black celluloid. His ideas for ads like plumbtree's potted under the obituaries, cold meat department. You can't lick 'em. What? Our envelopes. Hello! Jones, where are you going? Can't stop, Robinson, I am hastening to purchase the only reliable inkeraser *Kansell*, sold by Hely's Ltd., 85 Dame Street. Well out of that ruck I am. Devil of a job it was collecting accounts of those convents. Tranquilla convent. That was a nice nun there, really sweet face. Wimple suited her small head. Sister? Sister? I am sure she was crossed in love by her eyes. Very hard to bargain with that sort of woman. I disturbed her at her de-

votions that morning. But glad to communicate with the outside world. Our great day, she said. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Sweet name too: caramel. She knew, I think she knew by the way she. If she had married she would have changed. I suppose they really were short of money. Fried everything in the best butter all the same. No lard for them. My heart's broke eating dripping. They like buttering themselves in and out. Molly tasting it, her veil up. Sister? Pat Claffey, the pawnbroker's daughter. It was a nun they say invented barbed wire.

He crossed Westmoreland street when apostrophe S had plodded by. Rover cycleshop. Those races are on today. How long ago is that? Year Phil Gilligan died. We were in Lombard street west. Wait, was in Thom's. Got the job in Wisdom Hely's year we married. Six years. Ten years ago: ninetyfour he did, yes that's right, the big fire at Arnott's. Val Dillon was lord mayor. The Glencree dinner. Alterman Robert O'Reilly emptying the port into his his soup before the flag fell. Bobbob lapping it for the inner alderman. Couldn't hear what the band played. For what we have already received may the Lord make us. Milly was a kiddy then. Molly had that elephantgrey dress with the braided frogs. Mantailored with selfcovered buttons. She didn't like it because I sprained my ankle first day she wore choir picnic at the Sugarloaf. As if that. Old Goodwin's tall hat done up with some sticky stuff. Flies' picnic too. Never put a dress on her back like it. Fitted her like a glove, shoulder and hips. Just

beginning to plump it out well. Rabbit pie we had that day. People looking after her.

Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper, Dockrell's, one and ninepence a dozen. Milly's tubbing night. American soap I bought: elderflower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she looked soaped all over. Shapely, too. Now photography. Poor papa's daguerreotype atelier he told me of. Hereditary taste.

He walked along the curbstone. Stream of life. What was the name of that priestly-looking chap was always squinting in when he passed? Weak eyes, woman. Stopped in Citron's saint Kevin's parade. Pen something. Pendennis? My memory is getting. Pen . . . ? of course it's years ago. Noise of the trams probably. Well, if he couldn't remember the dayfather's name that he sees every day.

Bartell d'Arcy was the tenor, just coming out then. Seeing her home after practice. Conceited fellow with his waxedup mustache. Gave her that song *Winds that blow from the south*.

Windy night that was I went to fetch her there was that lodge meeting on about those lottery tickets after Goodwin's concert in the supper room or oakroom of the mansion house. He and I behind. Sheet of her music blew out of my hand against the high school railings. Lucky it didn't. Thing like that spoils the effect of a night for her. Professor Goodwin linking her in front. Shaky on his pins, poor old sot. His farewell concerts. Posi-

tively last appearance on any stage. May be for months and may be for never. Remember her laughing at the wind, her blizzard collar up. Corner of Harcourt road remember that gust? Brrfoo! Blew up all her skirts and her boa nearly smothered old Goodwin. She did get flushed in the wind. Remember when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton for her supper with the Chutney sauce she liked. And the mulled rum. Could see her in the bedroom from the hearth unclamping the busk of her stays. White.

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let herself out. Sitting there after till near two, taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy. That was the night . . .

—O, Mr. Bloom, how do you do?

—O, how do you do, Mrs. Breen?

—No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages.

—In the pink, Mr. Bloom said gaily, Milly has a position down in Mullingar, you know.

—Go away! Isn't that grand for her?

—Yes, in a photographer's there. Getting on like a house on fire. How are all your charges?

—All on the baker's list, Mrs. Breen said.

How many has she? No other in sight.

—You're in black I see. You have no . . .

—No, Mr. Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral.

Going to crop up all day, I foresee. Who's dead, when and what did he die of? Turn up like a bad penny.

—O dear me, Mrs. Breen said, I hope it wasn't any near relation.

May as well get her sympathy.

—Dignam, Mr. Bloom said. An old friend of mine. He died quite suddenly, poor fellow. Heart trouble, I believe. Funeral was this morning.

*Your funeral's tomorrow
While you're coming through the
rye.*

*Diddlediddle dumdum
Diddlediddle . . .*

—Sad to lose the old friends, Mrs. Breen's womaneyes said melancholily.

Now that's quite enough about that. Just quietly: husband.

—And your lord and master?

Mrs. Breen turned up her two large eyes. Hasn't lost them anyhow.

—O, don't be talking, she said. He's a caution to rattlesnakes. He's in there now with his lawbooks finding out the law of libel. He has me heartscalded. Wait till I show you.

Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jumpuffs rolypoly poured out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreck tickled the top of Mr. Bloom's gullet. Want to make good pastry, butter, best flour, Demerara sugar, or they'd taste it with the hot tea. Or is it from her? A barefoot arab stood over the grating, breathing in the fumes. Deaden

the gnaw of hunger that way. Pleasure or pain is it? Penny dinner. Knife and fork chained to the table.

Opening her handbag, chipped leather, hatpin; ought to have a guard on those things. Stick it in a chap's eye in the tram. Rummaging. Open. Money. Please take one. Devils if they lose sixpence. Raise Cain. Husband barging. Where's the ten shillings I gave you on Monday? Are you feeding your little brother's family? Soiled handkerchief: medicinebottle. Pastille that was fell. What is she? . . .

—There must be a new moon out, she said. He's always bad then. Do you know what he did last night?

Her hand ceased to rummage. Her eyes fixed themselves on him, wide in alarm, yet smiling.

—What? Mr. Bloom asked.

Let her speak. Look straight in her eyes. I believe you. Trust me.

Woke me up in the night, she said. Dream he had, a nightmare.

Indiges.

—Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs.

—The ace of spades! Mr. Bloom said.

She took a folded postcard from her handbag.

Read that, she said. He got it this morning.

—What is it? Mr. Bloom asked, taking the card U. P.?

—U. P.: up, she said. Someone taking a rise out of him. It's a great shame for them whoever he is.

—Indeed it is, Mr. Bloom said.

She took back the card, sighing.

—And now he's going round to Mr. Menton's office. He's going to

take an action for ten thousand pounds, he says.

She folded the card into her untidy bag and snapped the catch.

Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its best days. Wispish hair over her ears. And that dowdy toque, three old grapes to take the harm out of it. Shabby genteel. She used to be a tasty dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than Molly.

See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel. The unfair sex.

He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent. Pungent mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny. I'm hungry too. Flakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek. Rhubarb tart with liberal fillings, rich fruit interior. Josie Powell that was. In Luke Doyle's long ago, Dolphin's Barn, the charades. U. P.: up.

Change the subject.

—Do you ever see anything of Mrs. Beaufoy, Mr. Bloom asked.

—Mina Purefoy? she said.

Philip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers' club. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke. Did I pull the chain? Yes. The last act.

—Yes.

—I just called to ask on the way in is she over it. She's is the lying-in hospital in Holles street. Doctor Horne got her in. She's three days bad now.

—O, Mr. Bloom said. I'm sorry to hear that.

—Yes, Mrs. Breen said. And a houseful of kids at home. It's a very stiff birth, the nurse told me.

—O, Mr. Bloom said.

His heavy pitying gaze absorbed her news. His tongue clacked in compassion. Dth! Dth!

—I'm sorry to hear that, he said. Poor thing! Three days! That's terrible for her.

Mrs. Breen nodded.

—She was taken bad on the Tuesday . . .

Mr. Bloom touched her funny-bone gently, warning her.

—Mind! Let this man pass.

A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river, staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavy stringed glass. Tight as a skullpiece a tiny hat gripped his head. From his arm a folded dustcoat, a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride.

—Watch him, Mr. Bloom said. He always walks outside the lamp-posts. Watch!

—Who is he if it's a fair question? Mrs. Breen asked. Is he dotty?

—His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, Mr. Bloom said, smiling. Watch!

—He has enough of them, she said. Denis will be like that one of these days.

She broke off suddenly.

—There he is, she said. I must go after him. Good bye. Remember me to Molly, won't you?

—I will, Mr. Bloom said.

He watched her dodge through passers toward the shopfronts. Denis Breen in skimpy frockcoat and blue canvas shoes shuffled out of Harrison's, hugging two heavy tomes to his ribs. Blown in from

the bay. Like old times. He suffered her to overtake him without surprise and thrust his dull grey beard toward her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke earnestly.

Meshuggah. Off his chump.

Mr. Bloom walked on again easily, seeing ahead of him in sunlight the tight skullpiece, the dangling stick, umbrella, dustcoat. Going the two days. Watch him! Out he goes again. One way of getting on in the world. And that other old mosey lunatic in those duds. Hard time she must have with him.

U. P.: up. I'll take my oath that's Alf Bergan or Richie Goulding. Wrote it for a lark in the Scotch house, I bet anything. Round to Menton's office. His oyster eyes staring at the postcard. Be a feast for the gods.

He passed the *Irish Times*. There might be other answers lying there. Like to answer them all. Good system for criminals. Code. At their lunch now. Clerk with the glasses there doesn't know me. O, leave them there to simmer. Enough bother wading through forty-four of them. Wanted smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work. I called you naughty darling because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the meaning. Please tell me what perfume does your wife. Tell me who made the world. The way they spring those questions on you. And the other one Lizzie Twigg. My literary efforts have had the good fortune to meet with the approval of the eminent poet A. E. (Mr. Geo. Russell). No time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry.

Best paper by long chalks for a small ad. Got the provinces now. Cook and general, exc cuisine, housemaid kept. Wanted live man for spirit counter. Resp. girl (R. C.) wishes to hear of post in fruit or pork shop. James Carlisle made that. Six and a half percent dividend. Made a big deal on Coates's shares. Ca' canny. Cunning old Scotch hunks. All the toady news. Our gracious and popular vicereine. Bought the *Irish Field* now. Lady Mountcashel has quite recovered after her confinement and rode out with the Ward Union staghounds at the enlargement yesterday at Rathoath. Uneatable fox. Pothunters too. Fear injects juices make it tender enough for them. Riding astride. Sit her horse like a man. Weight-carrying huntress. No sidesaddle or pillion for her, not for Joe. First to the meet and in at the death. Strong as a brood mare some of those horsey women. Swagger around livery stables. Toss off a glass of brandy neat while you'd say knife. That one at the Grosvenor this morning. Up with her on the car: wishswish. Stonewall or fivebarred gate put her mount to it. Think that pugnosed driver did it out of spite. Who is this she was like? O yes! Mrs. Miriam Dandrade that sold me her old wraps and black underclothes in the Shelbourne hotel. Divorced Spanish American. Didn't take a feather out of her my handling them. As if I was her clothes-horse. Saw her in the viceregal party when Stubbs the park ranger got me in with Whelan of the *Express*. Scavenging what the quality left. High tea. Mayonnaise I poured on

the plums thinking it was custard. Her ears ought to have tingled for a few weeks after. Want to be a bull for her. Born courtesan. No nursery work for her, thanks.

Poor Mrs. Purefoy! Methodist husband. Method in his madness. Saffron bun and milk and soda lunch in the educational dairy. Eating with a stopwatch, thirty-two chews to the minute. Still his muttonchop whiskers grew. Supposed to be well connected. Theodore's cousin in Dublin Castle. One tony relative in every family. Hardy annuals he presents her with. Saw him out at the Three Jolly Topers marching along bareheaded and his eldest boy carrying one in a marketnet. The squallers. Poor thing! Then having to give the breast year after year all hours of the night. Selfish those t.t.'s are. Dog in the manger. Only one lump of sugar in my tea, if you please.

He stood at Fleet street crossing. Luncheon interval a sixpenny at Rowe's? Must look up that ad in the national library. An eightpenny in the Burton. Better. On my way.

He walked on past Bolton's Westmoreland house. Tea. Tea. Tea. I forgot to tap Tom Kernan.

Sss. Dth, dth, dth! Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a vinegared handkerchief round her forehead! Phew! Dreadful simply! Kill me that would. Lucky Molly got over hers lightly. They ought to invent something to stop that. Life with hard labour. Twilight-sleep idea: queen Victoria was given that. Nine she had. Old woman that lived in a shoe she had so many children. Suppose he was consump-

tive. Time someone thought about it instead of gassing about the what was it the pensive bosom of the silver effulgence. Flapdoodle to feed fools on. They could easily have big establishments. Whole thing quite painless out of all the taxes give every child born five quid at compound interest up to twentyone, five per cent is a hundred shillings and five tiresome pounds, multiply by twenty decimal system, encourage people to put by money save hundred and ten and a bit twentyone years want to work it out on paper come to a tidy sum, more than you think.

Not stillborn of course. They are not even registered. Trouble for nothing.

Funny sight two of them together. Molly and Mrs. Moisel. Mothers' meeting. Phthisis retires for the time being, then returns. How flat they look after all of a sudden! Peaceful eyes. Weight off their minds. Old Mrs. Thornton was a jolly old soul. All my babies, she said. The spoon of pap in her mouth before she fed them. O, that's nyumyum. Got her hand crushed by old Tom Wall's son. His first bow to the public. Head like a prize pumpkin. Snuffy Dr. Murren. People knocking them up at all hours. For God's sake, doctor. Wife in her throes. Then keep them waiting months for their fee. To attendance on your wife. No gratitude in people. Humane doctors, most of them.

Before the huge high door of the Irish house of parliament a flock of pigeons flew. Their little frolic after meals. Who will we do it on?

I pick the fellow in black. Here goes. Here's good luck. Must be thrilling from the air. Apjohn, myself and Owen Goldberg up in the trees near Goose green playing the monkeys. Mackerel they called me.

A squad of constables debouched from College street, marching in Indian file. Goose step. Foodheated faces, sweating helmets, patting their truncheons. After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their belts. Policeman's lot is oft a happy one. They split up into groups and scattered, saluting toward their beats. Let out to graze. Best moment to attack one in pudding time. A punch in his dinner. A squad of others, marching, irregularly, rounded Trinity railings, making for the station. Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive cavalry. Prepare to receive soup.

He crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger. They did right to put him up over a urinal: meeting of the waters. Ought to be places for women. Running into cakeshops. Settle my hat straight. *There is not in this wide world a vallee.* Great song of Julia Morkan's. Kept her voice up to the very last. Pupil of Michael Balfe's, wasn't she?

He gazed after the last broad tunic. Nasty customers to tackle. Jack Power could a tale unfold: father a G man. If a fellow gave them trouble being lagged they let him have it hot and heavy in the bride-well. Can't blame them after all with the job they have especially the young hornies. That horse policeman the day Joe Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity he got a

run for his money. My word he did! His horse's hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street. Luck I had the presence of mind to dive into Manning's or I was souped. He did come a wallop, by George. Must have cracked his skull on the cobblestones. I oughtn't to have got myself swept along with those medicals. And the Trinity jibs in their mortarboards. Looking for trouble. Still I got to know that young Dixon who dressed that sting for me in the Mater and now he's in Holles street where Mrs. Purefoy. Wheels within wheels. Police whistle in my ears still. All skedaddled. Why he fixed on me. Give me in charge. Right here it began.

—Up the Boers!

—Three cheers for De Wet!

—We'll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree.

Silly billies: mob of young cubs yelling their guts out. Vinegar hill. The Butter exchange band. Few years time half of them magistrates and civil servants. War comes on: into the army helterskelter: same fellows used to whether on the scaffold high.

Never know who you're talking to. Corny Kelleher he has Harvey Duff in his eye. Like that Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on the invincibles. Member of the corporation, too. Egging raw youths on to get in the know. All the time drawing secret service pay from the castle. Drop him like a hot potato. Why those plainclothesmen are always courting slaveys. Easily twig a man used to uniform. Squarepushing up against a back-door. Maul her a bit. Then the

next thing on the menu. And who is the gentleman does be visiting there? Was the young master saying anything? Peeping Tom through the keyhole. Decoy duck. Hot-blooded young student fooling round her fat arms ironing.

—Are those yours, Mary?

—I don't wear such things. . . . Stop or I'll tell the missus on you. Out half the night.

—There are great times coming, Mary, Wait till you see.

—Ah, get along with your great times coming.

Barmails, too. Tobacco shop-girls.

James Stephens' idea was the best. He knew them. Circles of ten so that a fellow couldn't round on more than his own ring. Sinn Fein. Back out you get the knife. Hidden hand. Stay in. The firing squad. Turkney's daughter got him out of Richmond, off from Lusk. Putting up in the Buckingham Palace hotel under their very noses. Garibaldi.

You must have a certain fascination: Parnell. Arthur Griffith is a square-headed fellow but he has no go in him for the mob. Want to gas about our lovely land. Gammon and spinach. Dublin Bakery Company's tearoom. Debating societies. That republicanism is the best form of government. That the language question should take precedence of the economic question. Have your daughters inveigling them to your house. Stuff them up with meat and drink. Michaelmas goose. Here's a good lump of thyme seasoning under the apron for you. Have another quart of goosegrease before it gets too cold. Halffed en-

thusiasts. Penny roll and a walk with the band. No grace for the carver. The thought that the other chap pays best sauce in the world. Make themselves thoroughly at home. Shove us over those apricots, meaning peaches. The not far distant day. Home Rule sun rising up in the northwest.

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing Trinity's surly front. Trams passed one another, ingoing, outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on same; day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy on a bed groaning. One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three hundred born, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaaaa.

Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away, too: other coming on, passing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piledup bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up in cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Built on bread and onions. Slaves Chinese wall. Babylon. Big stones left. Round towers. Rest rubble, sprawling suburbs, jerrybuilt, Kerwan's mushroom houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the night.

No one is anything.

This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.

Provost's house. The reverend Dr. Salmon: tinned salmon. Well tinned in there. Wouldn't live in it if they paid me. Hope they have liver and bacon today. Nature abhors a vacuum.

The sun freed itself slowly and lit glints of light among the silver ware in Walter Sexton's window opposite by which John Howard Parnell passed, unseeing.

There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face. Now that's a coincidence. Course hundreds of times you think of a person and don't meet him. Like a man walking in his sleep. No-one knows him. Must be a corporation meeting today. They say he never put on the city marshal's uniform since he got the job. Charley Boulger used to come out on his high horse, cocked hat, puffed, powdered and shaved. Look at the woebegone walk of him. Eaten a bad egg. Poached eyes on ghost. I have a pain. Great man's brother; his brother's brother. He'd look nice on the city charger. Drop into the D. B. C. probably for his coffee, play chess there. His brother used men as pawns. Let them all go to pot. Afraid to pass a remark on him. Freeze them up with that eye of his. That's the fascination: the name. All a bit touched. Mad Fanny and his other sister Mrs. Dickinson driving about with scarlet harness. Bolt upright like surgeon M'Ardle. Still David Sheehy beat him for south Meath. Apply for the Chil-

tern Hundreds and retire into public life. The patriot's banquet. Eating orangepeels in the park. Simon Dedalus said when they put him in parliament that Parnell would come back from the grave and lead him out of the House of Commons by the arm.

—Of the twoheaded octopus, one of whose heads is the head upon which the ends of the world have forgotten to come while the other speaks with a Scotch accent. The tentacles . . .

They passed from behind Mr. Bloom along the curbstone. Beard and bicycle. Young woman.

And there he is too. Now that's really a coincidence: second time. Coming events cast their shadows before. With the approval of the eminent poet Mr. Geo. Russell. That might be Lizzie Twigg with him. A. E.: What does that mean? Initials perhaps. Albert Edward, Arthur Edmund, Alphonsus Eb Ed El Esquire. What was he saying? The ends of the world with a Scotch accent. Tentacles: octopus. Something occult: symbolism. Holding forth. She's taking it all in. Not saying a word. To aid gentleman in literary work.

His eyes followed the high figure in homespun, beard and bicycle, a listening woman at his side. Coming from the vegetarian. Only weggebobbles and fruit. Don't eat a beefsteak. If you do the eyes of that cow will pursue you through all eternity. They say it's healthier. Wind and wavery though. Tried it. Keep you on the run all day. Bad as a bloater. Dreams all night. Why do they call that thing they

gave me nutsteak? Nutarians. Fruitarians. To give you the idea you are eating rumpsteak. Absurd. Salty, too. They cook in soda. Keep you sitting by the tap all night.

Her stockings are loose over her ankles. I detest that: so tasteless. Those literary etherial people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic. Esthetes they are. I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical. For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts; you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even. Must be in a certain mood.

*The dreamy cloudy gull
Waves o'er the waters dull.*

He crossed at Nassau street corner and stood before the window of Yeates and Son, prizing the field glasses. Or will I drop into old Harris's and have a chat with Young Sinclair? Wellmannered fellow. Probably at his lunch. Must get those old glasses of mine set right. Gærz lenses, six guineas. Germans making their way everywhere. Sell on easy terms to capture trade. Undercutting. Might chance on a pair in the railway lost property office. Astonishing the things people leave behind them in trains and cloak rooms. What do they be thinking about? Women, too. Incredible. Last year traveling to Ennis had to pick up that farmer's daughter's bag and hand it to her at Limerick junction. Unclaimed money, too. There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test those glasses by.

His lids came down on the lower rims of his irides. Can't see it. If you imagine it's there you can almost see it. Can't see it.

He faced about and, standing between the awnings, held out his right hand at arm's length toward the sun. Wanted to try that often. Yes: completely. The tip of his little finger blotted out the sun's disk. Must be the focus where the rays cross. If I had black glasses. Interesting. There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we were in Lombard street west. Terrific explosions they are. There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time.

Now that I come to think of it, that ball falls at Greenwich time. It's the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink. Must go out there some first Saturday of the month. If I could get an introduction to professor Joly or learn up something about his family. That would do to: man always feels complimented. Flattery where least expected. Nobleman proud to be descended from some king's mistress. His foremother. Lay it on with a trowel. Cap in hand goes through the land. Not go in and blurt out what you know you're not to: what's parallax? Show this gentleman the door.

Ah.

His hand fell again to his side.

Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about, crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdong always. Gas, then solid, then world, then cold, then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock.

The moon. Must be a new moon out, she said. I believe there is.

He went on by la Maison Claire.

Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon. Walking down by the Tolka. Not bad for a Fairview moon. She was humming: The young May moon she's beaming, love. He other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm's lamp is gleaming love. Touch. Eingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.

Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must.

Mr. Bloom, quick breathing, slower walking, passed Adam court.

With a keep quiet relief his eyes took note: this is street here middle of the day Bob Doran's bottle shoulders. On his annual bend, M'Coy said. They drink in order to say or do something or *cherchez la femme*. Up in the Coombe with chummies and streetwalkers and then the rest of the year as sober as a judge.

Yes. Thought so. Sloping into the Empire. Gone. Plain soda would do him good. Where Pat Kinsella had his Harp theatre before Whitbred ran the Queen's Broth of a boy. Dion Boucicault business with his harvestmoon face in a poky bonnet. Three Purty Maids from School. How time flies eh? Showing long red pantaloons under his skirts. Drinkers, drinking, laughed spluttering, their drink against their breath. More power, Pat. Coarse red: fun for drunkards: guffaw and smoke. Take off that white hat. His parboiled eyes. Where is he now? Beggar somewhere. The harp that once did starve us all.

I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? Twenty eight I was. She twenty three when we left Lombard street west something changed. Could never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand. Would you go back to then? Just beginning then. Would you? Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy? Wants to sew on buttons for me. I must answer. Write it in the library.

Grafton street gay with housed awnings lured his senses. Muslin prints, silk, dames and dowagers, jingle of harnesses, hoofthuds lowringing in the baking causeway. Thick feet that woman has in the white stockings. Hope the rain mucks them up on her. Country bred chawbacon. All the beef to the heels were in. Always gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of plumb.

He passed, dallying the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. Cascades of ribbons. Flimsy China silks. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that here. *La causa è santa!* Tara tara. Great chorus that. Tara. Must be washed in rainwater. Meyerbeer. Tara: bom bom bom.

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. Stick them all over the place. Needles in window curtains.

He bared slightly his left forearm. Scrape: nearly gone. Not today anyhow. Must go back for that lotion. For her birthday perhaps. Junejuly augsseptember eighth. Nearly three months off. Then she

mightn't like it. Women won't pick up pins. Say it cuts lo.

Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk stockings.

Useless to go back. Had to be. Tell me all.

High voices. Sunwarm silk. Jangling harnesses. All for a woman, home and houses, silk webs, silver, rich fruits, spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth of the world.

A warm human plumpness settled down in his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore.

Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then.

He turned Combridge's corner, still pursued. Jangling hoofhuds. Perfumed bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas, creaking beds.

—Jack, love!

—Darling!

—Kiss me, Reggy!

—My boy!

—Love!

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slop of greens. See the animals feed.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted mustaches. A pallid suetfaced young man polished his tumbler knife fork and spoon with his napkin. New set

of microbes. A man with an infant's saucedstained napkin tucked round him shovelled gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: halfmasticated gristle: no teeth to chewchewchew it. Chump chop from the grill. Bolting to get it over. Sad booser's eyes. Bitten off more than he can chew. Am I like that? See ourselves as others see us. Hungry man is an angry man. Working tooth and jaw. Don't! O! A bone! That last pagan king of Ireland Cormac in the schoolpoem choked himself at Sletty southward of the Boyne. Wonder what he was eating. Something galoptious. Saint Patrick converted him to Christian- it. Couldn't swallow it all however.

—Roast beef and cabbage.

—One stew.

Smells of men. His gorge rose. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men's beery piss, the stale of ferment.

Couldn't eat a morsel here. Fello sharpening knife and fork, to eat all before him, old chap picking his tootles. Slight spasm, full, chewing the cud. Before and after. Grace after meals. Look on this picture then on that. Scoffing up stewgravy with sopping sippets of bread. Lick it off the plate, man! Get out of this.

He gazed round the stooled and tabled eaters, tightening the wings of his nose.

—Two stouts here.

—One corned and cabbage.

That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down as if his life depended on it. Good stroke. Give me the fidgets to look. Safer to eat

from his three hands. Tear it limb from limb. Second nature to him. Born with a silver knife in his mouth. That's witty, I think. Or no. Silver means born rich. Born with a knife. But then the allusion is lost.

An illgirt server gathered sticky clattering plates. Rock, the bailiff, standing at the bar blew the foamy crown from his tankard. Well up: it splashed yellow near his boot. A diner, knife and fork upright, elbows on table, ready for a second helping stared toward the foodlift across his stained square of newspaper. Other chap telling him something with his mouth full. Sympathetic listener. Table talk. I munched hum un thu Unchster Bunck un Munchday. Ha? Did you, faith?

Mr. Bloom raised two fingers doubtfully to his lips. His eyes said:

—Not here. Don't see him.

Out. I hate dirty eaters.

He backed toward the door. Get a light snack in Davy Byrne's. Stop-gap. Keep me going. Had a good breakfast.

—Roast and mashed here.

—Pint of stout.

Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gulp. Gob-stuff.

He came out into clearer air and turned back toward Grafton street. Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down with porringers and tommycans to be filled. Devour contents in the street. John Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every mother's son don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity wo-

men and children, cabmen, priests, parsons, fieldmarshals, archbishops. From Ailesbury road, Clyde road, artisans' dwellings, north Dublin union, lord mayor in his gingerbread coach, old queen in a bathchair. My plate's empty. After you with our incorporated drinkingcup. Like sir Philip Crampton's fountain. Rub off the microbes with your handkerchief. Next chap rubs on a new batch with his. Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all. Have rows all the same. All for number one. Children fighting for the scrapings of the pot. Want a soup pot as big as the Phœnix Park. Harpooning flitches and hindquarters out of it. Hate people all round you. City Arms hotel *table d'hôte* she called it. Soup, joint and sweet. Never know whose thoughts you're chewing. Then who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids that time. Teeth getting worse and worse.

After all there's a lot in that vegetarian fine flavour of things from the earth garlic, of course, it stinks Italian organgrinders crisp of onions, mushrooms truffles. Pain to the animal too. Pluck and draw fowl. Wretched brutes there at the cattlemarket waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. Meh. Stag-gering bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers' buckets wobble lights. Give us that brisket off the hook. Plup. Rawhead and bloody bones. Flayed glasseyed sheep hung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust. Top and lashers going out. Don't maul them pieces, young one.

Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Blood always needed. Insidious. Lick it up, smoking hot, thick sugary. Famished ghosts.

Ah, I'm hunnry.

He entered Davy Byrne's. Moral pub. He doesn't chat. Stands a drink now and then. But in leap-year once in four. Cashed a cheque for me once.

What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now. Shandy-gaff?

—Hello, Bloom! Nosey Flynn said from his nook.

—Hello, Flynn.

—How's things?

—Tiptop. . . . Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and . . . let me see.

Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there. Potted meats. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat. Cannibals would with lemon and rice. White missionary too salty. Like pickled pork. Expect the chief consumes the parts of honour. Ought to be tough from exercise. His wives in a row to watch the effect. *There was a right royal old nigger. Who ate or something the somethings of the reverend Mr. Mac Trigger.* With it an abode of bliss. Lord knows what concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes wind-pipes faked and minced up. Puzzle find the meat. Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom kip-pur fast spring cleaning of inside.

Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat, drink and be merry. Then casual wards full after. Heads bandaged. Cheese digests all but itself. Mighty cheese.

—Have you a cheese sandwich?

—Yes, sir.

Like a few olives too if they had them. Italian I prefer. Good glass of burgundy; take away that. Lubricate. A nice salad, cool as a cucumber. Tom Kernan can dress. Puts gusto into it. Pure olive oil. Milly served me that cutlet with a sprig of parsley. Take one Spanish onion. God made food, the devil the cooks. Devilled crab.

—Wife well?

—Quite well, thanks. . . . A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?

—Yes, sir.

Nosey Flynn sipped his grog.

—Doing any singing those times?

Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear. Flap ears to match. Music. Knows as much about it as my coachman. Still better tell him. Does no harm. Free ad.

—She's engaged for a big tour end of this month. You may have heard perhaps.

—No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up?

The curate served.

—How much is that?

—Seven d., sir. . . . Thank you, sir.

Mr. Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips. *Mr. Mac Trigger.* Easier than the dreamy creamy stuff. *His five hundred wives. Had the time of their lives.*

—Mustard, sir?

—Thank you.

He studded under each lifted strip yellow blobs. *Their lives.* I have it. *It grew bigger and bigger and bigger.*

—Getting it up? he said. Well, it's like a company idea, you see. Part shares and part profits.

—Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me? Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

A warm shock of air heat of mustard haunched on Mr. Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet.

His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly.

Wine.

He smellsipped the cordial juice and, bidding his throat strongly to speed it, set his wineglass delicately down.

—Yes, he said. He's the organiser in point of fact.

No fear. No brains.

Nosey Flynn snuffled and scratched. Flea having a good square meal.

—He had a good slice of luck, Jack Mooney was telling me, over that boxing match Myler Keogh won again that soldier in the Portobello barracks. By God, he had the little kipper down in the county Carlow he was telling me . . .

Hope that dewdrop doesn't come down into his glass. No, snuffled it up.

—For near a month, man, before

it came off. Sucking duck eggs by God till further orders. Keep him off the boose, see? O, by God, Blazes is a hairy chap.

Davy Byrne came forward from the hindbar in tuckstiched shirt sleeves, cleaning his lips with two wipes of his napkin. Herring's blush. Whose smile upon each feature plays with such and such replete. Too much fat on the parsnips.

—And here's himself and pepper on him, Nosey Flynn said. Can you give us a good one for the Gold cup?

—I'm off that, Mr. Flynn, Davy Byrne answered. I never put anything on a horse.

—You're right there, Nosey Flynn said.

Mr. Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with relish of disgust, pungent mustard, the feety savour of green cheese. Sips of his wine soothed his palate. Not logwood that. Tastes fuller this weather with the chill off.

Nice quiet bar. Nice piece of wood in that counter. Nicely planed. Like the way it curves there.

—I wouldn't do anything at all in that line, Davy Byrne said. It ruined many a man the same horses.

Vinters' sweepstake. Licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises. Heads I win tails you lose.

—True for you, Nosey Flynn said. Unless you're in the know. There's no straight sport going now. Lenehan gets some good ones. He's giving Sceptre today. Zinfandel's the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won at Epsom. Morny Cannon is riding him. I could have got

seven to one against Saint Amant a fortnight before.

—That so? Davy Byrne said. . . .

He went towards the window and, taking up the petty cash book, scanned its pages.

—I could, faith, Nosey Flynn said snuffling. That was a rare bit of horseflesh. Saint Frusquin was her sire. She won in a thunderstorm, Rothschild's filly, with wadding in her ears. Blue Jacket and yellow cap. Bad luck to big Ben Dollard and his John O'Gaunt. He put me off it. Ay.

He drank resignedly from his tumbler, running his fingers down the flutes.

—Ay, he said, sighing.

Mr. Bloom, champing, standing, looked upon his sigh. Nosey numskull. Will I tell him that horse Lenehan? He knows already. Better let him forget. Go and lose more. Fool and his money. Dewdrop coming down again. Cold nose he'd have kissing a woman. Still they might like. Prickly beards they like. Dogs' cold noses. Old Mrs. Riordan with the rumbling stomach's Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. Molly fondling him in her lap. O the big doggybowwowsywowsy!

Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath of course does that. Just a bite or two. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then. She. . . .

Mild fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so off colour. His eyes un hungrily saw shelves of tins, sardines, gaudy lob-

sters' claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing in a thousand years. If you didn't know risky putting anything into your mouth. Poisonous berries. Johnny Magories. Roundness you think good. Gaudy colour warns you off. One fellow told another and so on. Try it on the dog first. Led on by the smell or the look. Tempting fruit. Ice cones. Cream. Instinct. Orangegroves for instance. Need artificial irrigation. Bleibtreustrasse. Yes, but what about oysters. Un-sightly like a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. Devil to open them too. Who found them out? Garbage, sewage they feed on. Fizz and Red bank oysters. Effect on the sexual. Aphrodis. He was in the Red bank this morning. Was he oyster old fish at table. Perhaps he young flesh in bed. No. June has no ar no oysters. But there are people like tainted game. Jugged hare. First catch your hare. Chinese eating eggs fifty years old, blue and green again. Dinner of thirty courses. Each dish harmless might mix inside. Idea for a poison mystery. That archduke Leopold was it. No. Yes, or was it Otto one of those Habsburgs? Or who was it used to eat the scruff off his own head? Cheapest lunch in town. Of course, aristocrats. Then the others copy to be in the fashion. Milly too rock oil and flour. Raw pastry I like myself. Half the catch of oysters they throw back in the sea to keep up the price. Cheap. No one would buy. Caviare. Do the

grand. Hock in green glasses. Swell blowout. Lady this. Powdered bosom pearls. The *élite*. *Crème de la crème*. They want special dishes to pretend they're. Hermit with a platter of pulse keep down the stings of the flesh. Know me come eat with me. Royal sturgeon. High sheriff, Coffey, the butcher, right to venisons of the forest from his ex. Send him back the half of a cow. Spread I saw down in the Master of the Rolls' kitchen area. Whitehatted *chef* like a rabbi. Combustible duck. Curly cabbage *à la duchesse de Parme*. Just as well to write it on the bill of fare so you can know what you've eaten too many drugs spoil the broth. I know it myself. Dosing it with Edwards' desiccated soup. Geese stuffed silly for them. Lobsters boiled alive. Do ptake some parmigan. Wouldn't mind being a waiter in a swell hotel. Tips, evening dress, halfnaked ladies. May I tempt you to a little more filleted lemon sole, miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And she did bedad. Huguenot name I expect that. A miss Dubedat lived in Killiney I remember. *Du, de, la*, French. Still it's the same fish, perhaps old Micky Hanlon of Moore ripped the guts out of making money, hand over first, finger in fishes' gills, can't write his name on a cheque, think he was painting the landscape with his mouth twisted. Mooöikill A Aitcha Ha. Ignorant as a kish of brogues, worth fifty thousand pounds.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's

heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth. Below us bay sleeping sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines faint brown in grass, buried cities. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all. O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her; eyes, her lips, her stretched neck, beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.

Stuck, the flies buzzed.

His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty: it curves: curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires. Can see

them library museum standing in the round hall, naked goddesses. Aids to digestion. They don't care what man looks. All to see. Never speaking. I mean to say to fellows like Flynn. Suppose she did Pygmalion and Galatea what would she say first? Mortal! Put you in your proper place. Quaffing nectar at mess with gods, golden dishes, all ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton, carrots and turnips, bottle of Allsop. Nectar, imagine it drinking electricity: gods' food. Lovely forms of woman sculpted Junonian. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole: food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food: have to feed it like stoking an engine. They have no. Never looked. I'll look today. Keeper won't see. Bend down let something fall see if she.

Dribbling a quiet message came to go to do not to do there to do. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked, to men too they gave themselves, manly conscious, lay with men lovers, a youth enjoyed her, to the yard.

When the sound of his boots had ceased Davy Byrne said from his book:

—What is this he is? Isn't he in the insurance line?

—He's out of that long ago, Nosey Flynn said. He does canvassing for the *Freeman*.

—I know him well to see, Davy Byrne said. Is he in trouble?

—Trouble? Nosey Flynn said. Not that I heard of. Why?

—I noticed he was in mourning.

—Was he? Nosey Flynn said. So he was, faith. I asked him how was

ail at home. You're right, by God. So he was.

—I never broach the subject, Davy Byrne said humanely, if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their minds.

—It's not the wife anyhow, Nosey Flynn said. I met him the day before yesterday and he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's wife has in Henry street with a jar of cream in his hand taking it home to his better half. She's well nourished, I tell you. Plovers on toast.

—And is he doing for the *Freeman*? Davy Byrne said.

Nosey Flynn pursed his lips.

—He doesn't buy cream on the ads he picks up. You can make bacon of that.

—How so? Davy Byrne asked, coming from his book.

Nosey Flynn made swift passes in the air with juggling fingers. He winked.

—He's in the craft, he said.

—Do you tell me so? Davy Byrne said.

—Very much so, Nosey Flynn said. Ancient free and accepted order. Light, life and love, by God. They give him a leg up. I was told that by a, well, I won't say who.

—Is that a fact?

—O, it's a fine order, Nosey Flynn said. They stick to you when you're down. I know a fellow was trying to get into it, but they're as close as damn it. By God they did right to keep the women out of it.

Davy Byrne smiledyawnednodded all in one:

—Iiiiiichaaaaaach!

—There was one woman, Nosey Flynn said, hid herself in a clock to find out what they do be doing. But be damned but they smelt her out and swore her in on the spot a master mason. That was one of the Saint Legers of Doneraile.

Davy Byrne, sated after his yawn, said with tearwashed eyes:

—And is that a fact? Decent quiet man he is. I often saw him in here and I never once saw him, you know, over the line.

—God Almighty couldn't make him drunk, Nosey Flynn said firmly. Slips off when the fun gets too hot. Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah, you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he does.

—There are some like that, Davy Byrne said. He's a safe man, I'd say.

—He's not too bad, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling it up. He has been known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom had his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do.

His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.

—I know, Davy Byrne said.

—Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said.

Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed, a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat.

—Day, Mr. Byrne.

—Day, gentlemen.

They paused at the counter.

—Who's standing? Paddy Leonard asked.

—I'm sitting anyhow, Nosey Flynn answered.

—Well, what'll it be? Paddy Leonard asked.

—I'll take some ginger, Bantam Lyons said.

—How much? Paddy Leonard cried. Since when, for God' sake? What's yours, Tom?

—How is the main drainage? Nosey Flynn asked, sipping.

For answer Tom Rochford pressed his hand to his breastbone and hic-cunped.

—Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water, Mr. Byrne? he said.

—Certainly, sir.

Paddy Leonard eyed his alemates.

—Lord love a duck, he said, look at what I'm standing drinks to! Cold water and gingerpop! Two fellows that would suck whisky off a sore leg. He has some bloody horse up his sleeve for the Gold cup. A dead snip.

—Zinfandel is it? Nosey Flynn asked.

Tom Rochford spilt powder from a twisted paper into the water set before him.

—That cursed dyspepsia, he said before drinking.

—Breadsoda is very good, Davy Byrne said.

Tom Rochford nodded and drank.

—Is it Zinfandel?

—Say nothing, Bantam Lyons winked. I'm going to plunge five bob on my own.

—Tell us if you're worth your salt and be damned to you, Paddy Leonard said. Who gave it to you?

Mr. Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting.

—So long, Nosey Flynn said.

The others turned.

—That's the man now that gave it to me, Bantam Lyons whispered.

—Prrwh! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. Mr. Byrne, sir, we'll take two of your small Jamesons after that and a . . .

—Stone ginger, Davy Byrne added civilly.

—Ay, Paddy Leonard said. A suckingbottle for the baby.

Mr. Bloom walked towards Dawson street, his tongue brushing his teeth smooth. Something green it would have to be: spinach say. Then with those Röntgen rays searchlight you could.

At Duke lane a ravenous terrier choked up a sick knuckly cud on the cobble stones and lapped it with new zest. Surfeit. Returned with thanks having fully digested the contents. First sweet then savoury. Mr. Bloom coasted warily. Ruminants. His second course. Their upper jaw they move. Wonder if Tom Rochford will do anything with that invention of his. Wasting time explaining it to Flynn's mouth. Lean people long mouths. Ought to be a hall or a place where inventors could go in and invent free. Course then you'd have all the cranks pestering.

He hummed, prolonging in solemn echo, the closes of the bars:

*Don Giovanni, a cenar teco
M'invitasti.*

Feel better. Burgundy. Good pick me up. Who distilled first? Some chap in the blues. Dutch courage. That *Kilkenny People* in the national library now I must.

Bare clean closetools, waiting, in the window of William Miller, plumber, turned back his thoughts. They could: and watch it all the way down, swallow a pin sometimes come out of the ribs years after, tour round the body, changing biliary duct, spleen squirting liver, gastric juice coils of intestines like pipes. But the poor buffer would have to stand all the time with his insides entrails on show. Science.

—*A cenar teco.*

What does that *teco* mean? Tonight perhaps.

*Don Giovanni, thou hast me
invited*

*To come to supper tonight,
The rum the rumdum.*

Doesn't go properly.

Keys: two months if I get Nannetti to. That'll be two pounds ten, about two pounds eight. Three Hynes owes me. Two eleven. Presscott's ad. Two fifteen. Five guineas about. On the pig's back.

Could buy one of those silk petticoats for Molly, colour of her new garters.

Today. Today. Not think.

Tour the south then. What about English watering places? Brighton, Margate. Piers by moonlight. Her voice floating out. Those lovely seaside girls. Against John Long's a drowsing loafer lounged in heavy thought, gnawing a crusted knuckle. Handy man wants job. Small wages. Will eat anything.

Mr. Bloom turned at Gray's confectioner's window of unbought tarts and passed the Reverend Thomas Connellan's bookstore. *Why I left*

the church of Rome? Bird's Nest.
 Women hun him. They say they used to give pauper children soup to change to protestants in the time of the potato blight. Society over the way papa went to for the conversion of poor jews. Same bait. Why we left the church of Rome?

A blind stripling stood tapping the curbstone with his slender cane. No tram in sight. Wants to cross.

—Do you want to cross? Mr. Bloom asked.

The blind stripling did not answer. His wall face frowned weakly. He moved his head uncertainly.

—You're in Dawson street, Mr. Bloom said. Molesworth street is opposite. Do you want to cross? There's nothing in the way.

The cane moved out trembling to the left. Mr. Bloom's eye followed its line and saw again the dyeworks' van drawn up before Drago's. Where I saw his brilliantined hair just when I was. Horse drooping. Driver in John Long's. Slaking his drouth.

—There's a van there, Mr Bloom said, but it's not moving. I'll see you across. Do you want to go to Molesworth street?

—Yes, the stripling answered. South Frederick street.

—Come, Mr. Bloom said.

He touched the thin elbow gently: then took the limp seeing hand to guide it forward.

Say something to him. Better not do the condescendinng. They mistrust what you tell them. Pass a common remark.

—The rain kept off.

No answer.

Stains on his coat. Slobbers his

food, I suppose. Tastes all different for him. Have to be spoonfed first. Like a child's hand his hand. Like Milly's was. Sensitive. Sizing me up I daresay from my hand. Wonder if he has a name. Van. Keep his cane clear of the horse's legs tired drudge get his doze. That's right Clear. Behind a bull: in front of a horse.

—Thanks, sir.

Knows I'm a man. Voice.

—Right now? First turn to the left.

The blind stripling tapped the curbstone and went on his way, drawing his cane back, feeling again.

Mr. Bloom walked behind the eyeless feet, flatcut suit of herringbone tweed. Poor young fellow! How on earth did he know that van was there? Must have felt it. See things in their foreheads perhaps. Kind of sense of volume. Weight would he feel it if something was removed. Feel a gap. Queer idea of Dublin he must have, tapping his way round by the stones. Could he walk in a beeline if he hadn't that cane? Bloodless pious face like a fellow going in to be a priest.

Penrose! That was that chap's name.

Look at all the things they can learn to do. Read with their fingers. Tune pianos. Or we are surprised they have any brains. Why we think a deformed person or a hunchback clever if he says something we might say. Of course the other senses are more. Embroider. Plait baskets. People ought to help. Work basket I could buy Molly's birthday. Hates sewing. Might take an objection. Dark men they call them.

Sense of smell must be stronger too. Smells on all sides bunched together. Each person too. Then the spring, the summer: smells. Tastes. They say you can't taste wines with your eyes shut or a cold in the head. Also smoke in the dark they say get no pleasure.

And with a woman, for instance. More shameless not seeing. That girl passing the Stewart institution, head in the air. Look at me. I have them all on. Must be strange not to see her. Kind of a form in his mind's eye. The voice, temperature when he touches her with his fingers must almost see the lines, the curves. His hands on her hair, for instance. Say it was black for instance. Good. We call it black. Then passing over her white skin. Different feel perhaps. Feeling of white.

Postoffice. Must answer. Fag today. Send her a postal order two shillings, half a crown. Accept my little present. Stationer's just here too. Wait. Think over it.

With a gentle finger he felt ever so slowly the hair combed back above his ears. Again. Fibres of fine fine straw. Then gently his finger felt the skin of his right cheek. Downy hair there too. Not smooth enough. The belly is the smoothest. No-one about. There he goes into Frederick street. Perhaps to Levenston's dancing academy piano. Might be settling my braces.

Walking by Doran's public house he slid his hand between his waistcoat and trousers and, pulling aside his shirt gently, felt a slack fold of his belly. But I know it's whiteyellow. Want to try in the dark to see.

He withdrew his hand and pulled his dress to.

Poor fellow! Quite a boy. Terrible. Really terrible. What dreams would he have, not seeing. Life a dream for him. Where is the justice being born that way. All those women and children excursion beanfeast burned and drowned in New York. Holocaust. Karma they call that transmigration for sins you did in a past life the reincarnation met him pikehoses. Dear, dear, dear. Pity of course: but somehow you can't cotton on to them someway.

Sir Frederick Falkiner going into the freemason's hall. Solemn as Troy. After his good lunch in Earlsfort terrace. Old legal cronies cracking a magnum. Tales of the bench and assizes and annals of the bluecoat school. I sentenced him to ten years. I suppose he'd turn up his nose at that stuff I drank. Vintage wine for them, the year marked on a dusty bottle. Has his own ideas of justice in the recorder's court. Well-meaning old man. Police charge-sheets crammed with cases get their percentage manufacturing crime. Sends them to the rightabout. The devil on moneylenders. Gave Reuben J. a great strawcalling. Now he's really what what they call a dirty jew. Power those judges have. Crusty old toppers in wigs. Bear with a sore paw. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Hello, placard. Mirus bazaar. His excellency the lord lieutenant. Sixteenth today it is. In aid of funds for Mercer's hospital. *The Messiah* was first given for that. Yes. Handel. What about going out there. Ballsbridge. Drop in on Keyes. No

use sticking to him like a leech. Wear out my welcome. Sure to know someone on the gate.

Mr. Bloom came to Kildare street. First I must. Library.

Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is.

His heart quopped softly. To the right. Museum. Goddesses. He swerved to the right.

Is it? Almost certain. Won't look. Wine in my face. Why did I? Too heady. Yes, it is. The walk. Not see. Not see. Get on.

Making for the museum gate with long windy strides he lifted his eyes. Handsome building. Sir Thomas designed. Not following me?

Didn't see me perhaps. Light in his eyes.

The flutter of his breath came forth in short sighs. Quick. Cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.

No, didn't see me. After two. Just at the gate.

My heart!

His eyes beating looked steadfastly at cream curves of stone. Sir Thomas Deane was the Greek architecture.

Look for something I?

His hasty hand went quick into a pocket, took out, read unfolded Agendath Netaim. Where did I?

Busy looking for.

He thrust back quickly Agendath. Afternoon she said.

I am looking for that. Yes, that. Try all pockets. Handker. *Freeman*. Where did I? Ah, yes. Trousers. Purse. Potato. Where did I?

Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.

His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap lotion to call tepid paper stuck. Ah, soap there! Yes. Gate.

Safe!

ULYSSES began in Number One of TWO WORLDS MONTHLY.
The Fifth instalment will appear in the next number.)



KADDISH

By SAMUEL ROTH

(Dedicated to Ben Finkle)

I'll die a poor man on a poor man's bed,
And yellow lights will glow behind my head;
No one will lift the sheet to touch my hair
But they will know that it is mouldering there.

And some dark son of mine will rise up there
In broken *Ivri* to repeat the prayer
And unseen stirrings will convulse the dead,
And something will go spinning through his head.

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