

Jinny, to make me mad like Nicky, to give me the gift of indestructible illusion. Then, perhaps, I might know what it was to live."

She had seen him once, and only once, in this mood—the night he had dined with her in Kensington Square, six weeks before he married Rose.

"But you and I have been faithful to reality—true, as they say, to life. If the idiots who fling that phrase about only knew what it meant! You've been more faithful than I, you've taken such awful risks. You fling your heart down, Jinny, every time."

"Do you never take risks? Do you never fling your heart down?"

He looked at her. "Not your way. Not unless I *know* that I'll get what I want."

"And have n't you got it?"

"I've got most of it, but not all—yet."

His tone might or might not imply that getting it was only a question of time.

"I say, where are you going?"

She was heading rapidly for Augustus Road. She wanted to get away from George.

"Not there," he protested, perceiving her intention.

"I must."

He followed her down the long road where the trees drooped darkly, and he stood with her by the gate.

"How long will you be?" he said.

"I can't say. Half an hour, three quarters, ever so long."

He waited for an hour, walking up and down, up and down the long road under

the trees. She reappeared as he was turning at the far end of it. He had to run to overtake her.

Her face had on it the agony of unborn tears.

"What is it, Jinny?" he said.

"Mabel Brodrick."

She hardly saw his gesture of exasperation.

"Oh, George, she suffers! It's terrible. There's to be an operation—tomorrow. I can think of nothing else."

"Oh, Jinny, is there no one to take care of you? Is there no one to keep you from that woman?"

"Oh, don't! If you had seen her—"

"I don't want to see her. I don't want *you* to see her. You should never have anything to do with suffering. It hurts you. It kills you. You ought to be taken care of. You ought to be kept from the sight and sound of it." He gazed wildly round the Heath. "If Brodrick was any good, he'd take you out of this place."

"I would n't go. Poor darling, she can't bear me out of her sight. I believe I've worn a path going and coming."

They had left the beaten track. Their way lay in a line drawn straight across the Heath from Brodrick's house. It was almost as if her feet had made it.

"Jinny's path," he said.

They were silent, and he gathered up as it were the burden of their silence when he stopped and faced her with his question:

"How are you going on?"

(To be continued)

QUATRAINS

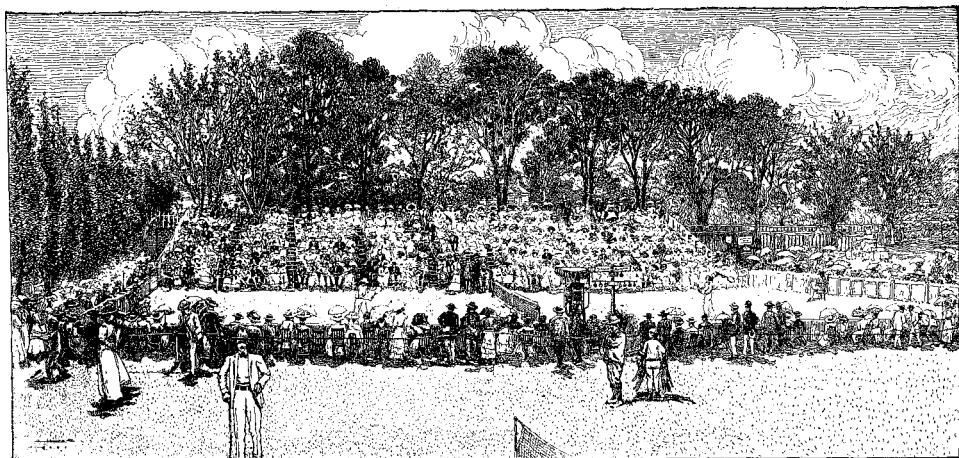
BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

IF GREAT LOVE DIES

IF great love dies, ask of thy years of earth
No other. Keep from lesser bondage free.
Let the great gift bequeath the next in worth—
Unto thyself thine own sufficiency.

A WARNING

NO chance can ravish from thy resolute grasp
One greatest good, no power can break thy clasp;
Only thyself, stooped to ignobler quest,
May cheat thee of the will to seek the best.



Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE CHAMPIONSHIP FINALS AT THE CASINO, NEWPORT

LAWN-TENNIS, THE QUEEN OF GAMES

BY WALTER CAMP

Author of "Book of College Sports," etc.

UNDER Queen Elizabeth's window, we are told, Somersetshire men "did hang up lines in a square of greensward, marking out the form of a tennis-court with a cross line in the middle, and there with handball, bord, and cord did play a game to the great liking of Her Highness." But historians are all agreed that lawn-tennis, as now known, had not then made its appearance. The nearest approach to it was probably *la longue paume*, an early kind of hand-ball.

In the middle ages, *la longue paume* was played in many of the parks of the châteaux, and Villaret tells us that, in 1316, Louis X came to his death through a chill caught while playing the game in the forest of Vincennes. There are authentic records that in 1399 it was played for the amusement of Charles VI in the château Creil-sur-Oise, and, further, that in fine weather Charles IX was always out of doors, either campaigning or playing *la longue paume*, of which he was extremely fond. So the Somersetshire men came legitimately by the game with which they entertained their good queen.

But interest, even in France, gradually waned, although as late as 1820 there was an arena for *la paume* in the Champs-Élysées, and it was still played in the Luxembourg Gardens as recently as the year 1867.

At that period, in England, however, croquet had become the popular lawn game, and had grown until its wickets usurped the lawns at most country houses. In 1869, the All-England Croquet Club decided to lease a plot of ground at Wimbledon, just off the Worple Road. Thus, for the purposes of croquet, they secured for a rental of £120 a year, plus certain percentages, the ground which was destined to become the scene of all England's tennis championships for the next forty years.

Never in the history of a sport has there been so rapid and overwhelming a growth as there has been in lawn-tennis. At a Christmas party in 1873, Major Wingfield introduced to a country-house party in Nantclwyd a game which he had patented and called Spharistiké, which, while it had characteristics of the older games,