

TRADITION

BY W. L. GEORGE

THE more we use a word the more we distort it; it needs a wise man to explain what his fellow-creatures mean by words such as honor, faith, or love. We travesty these words; we find particularly brilliant honor in a duelist, faith in any clerical tub-thumper, and discern love in the lowing of any pair of moon-calves. Tradition is another of those words; literature and conversation serve it up with fanciful sauces, just like our fathers, who were overwhelmed by Darwin and thought they elucidated a phenomenon by saying, "Evolution." Notably in regard to the aristocracy, the novel and the play have educated us into believing that it acts, not according to its freewill, but according to the obscure instincts of its race. To such an extreme has this been brought that in a celebrated film called "Tarzan of the Apes" we are asked to believe that the boy Tarzan, brought up among the monkeys, and ultimately confronted with emotional circumstances, yet "always preserves unsullied the instincts of an English gentleman." This may be, though I venture to suggest that the instincts of an English gentleman, when tested by emotional circumstances, do not always conform to the high ideals of the film-producers.

This does not mean that the English gentleman (equally with lots of other people who are neither English nor gentlemen) does not labor under the mental burden which we call tradition. It is worth while asking ourselves what we mean when we say that So-and-so's conduct has been influenced by So-and-so's tradition. In many cases we are wrong. So-and-so has not been influenced by his tradition. He hasn't got a tradition.

So-and-so was influenced by convention, or he was influenced by his habits. Just as Mr. Winston Churchill once made himself famous by describing an untruth as a terminological inexactitude, so does the ordinary man, who hates to be called conventional or to think himself the victim of his habits, put down his conduct, especially when it is unreasonable, to the weight of his tradition.

In fact, tradition does not operate so vigorously as all that. In many cases convention is at work; by convention I mean certain ways of living, of behaving in a crisis, which have been deliberately assumed, or have been instilled by one's elders and one's friends. Convention is practically the totem of a class. Very often it is conscious. Mr. Fifty-Dollars-a-Week behaves differently from Mr. Millionaire, because he does not want the other Mr. Fifty-Dollars-a-Weeks to think him peculiar. Habit, on the other hand, is always unconscious. It becomes automatic. One does a thing because one has done it before. The difference between habit and convention is that habit plagues the individual, while convention generally plagues a class. Thus, convention compels a man to buy a suit of furniture similar to that of his neighbor, but it is habit induces him to lunch every day at the same place, at the same time.

Tradition is a subtler and more mysterious thing. It is generally unconscious. The people who are influenced by tradition seldom say that "The Browns don't do that sort of thing." They may say it when some one urges them to do the sort of thing the Browns don't do, but, in general, without knowing why, they act in a Brownish way; their tradition is an inheritance. Of course one may

exaggerate tradition; many men become actors by trying to live up to the tradition of their family, but in general the mental impulse which we call tradition can come down to a man from his family as well as the shape of his fingernails. Moreover, tradition can affect a human being in various ways, because it may be a class tradition, a family tradition, or a national tradition.

Among the class traditions, that of the aristocracy is the most interesting. When I say aristocracy I don't necessarily mean persons of title, though until the reign of Edward VII, who opened the titled ranks to any stock-jobber or grocer he happened to fancy, persons of title generally did have an aristocratic tradition. The aristocratic class is broader than that. In England it numbers many titled families, who trace their descent generations back, who have always lived in a particular spot, in a particular way. Sitting still for five hundred years is one way of becoming an aristocrat.

The aristocrat, all the world over, is seldom known by his deeds. The Victorians used to say, "Handsome is that handsome does." That is nonsense. A man may be generous, honest, public-spirited, and yet not be an aristocrat; another may be drunken, lying, brutal, and remain an aristocrat. Aristocracy is a breed. A bulldog is a bulldog, whatever tricks you teach it, and nothing will turn it into a greyhound. But if you cross your bulldog with a greyhound, its progeny with another greyhound, that progeny with a third greyhound, and so on (aristocracy has time), in the course of a century the bulldog strain will vanish. If you bring up your bulldog in greyhound ways the process is hastened. It takes time—like the Oxford lawn, three or four hundred years. Whether it is worth while is of course another question.

If we take our aristocrat as we find him, we discover, as a rule, that he does inherit certain traditions. For instance, there is the tradition of fair play,

which means that you may resort to any trick, however vile, providing it has been played before, providing it is sanctioned by time. Thus, the young aristocrat who takes a partner in an enterprise will seldom let him down, but at college he will make enough debts to wreck his father's small fortune. One is not done, and the other is. Likewise, in the case of women, the aristocratic tradition is that a man must be ready to lie, to perjure himself, to risk his career, to kill, if necessary, in the defense of a woman's reputation—provided that the woman belongs to his own class. If she belongs to a lower social class, then the aristocrat's rule is different; all he has to do is to let the girl down and pay for the damage. Again, as regards work, the aristocrat may earn money, but until very recently (I mean fifty years or so) he lost caste unless he earned this money either in the service of the state (army, navy, diplomacy, civil service) or in that of the church. The legal profession is not quite aristocratic; it requires brains.

It follows from all this that there can be no aristocrats without money, for the state pays its servants badly. It does this for two reasons—one, that the state is as mean to its servants as it is lavish to its favorites; the other, that if the state were to pay its soldiers and sailors properly, then it would make the profession of officer attractive to non-aristocrats. We have evidence of it in England, where babies from Sandhurst are given commissions while young officers with four years of fighting are being told to go back to the office or the shop where they belong.

Money is the essence of aristocracy. I repeat it because it is an overlooked fact. One can be a poor gentleman, as was Colonel Newcome, but one can be a poor gentleman only if one's fathers were rich gentlemen. Without money aristocracy cannot endure, because human beings must live, must choose between bread and tradition; in this case only the Japanese commit *hara-kiri*. The

poor aristocrat cannot afford to send his son to the school where he himself learned to maintain his aristocratic attitude. The boy makes different friends, acquires different ways, and in due course falls below the lofty gospel of Tarzan of the Apes; he ceases to act as an English gentleman.

That is the main question. We are told that blood will tell; the truth is that money will tell. Thanks to the rapid industrial development of England and America, I have observed many instances of this; within my acquaintance I see the first generation of money, the second and the third. Some of the second have been to Eton and to Oxford; they are "all right" until they get excited. But the third generation, so far as their voice, their clothes, their physical habits go, are quite good enough for the House of Lords, which, of course, as standards go, is no longer exactly—But never mind. Obviously it must be so, for men must do something. When they have enough money they turn to sport, the arts, politics, some form of leadership. Being rich, they need not grab; as Anatole France puts it, the rich are obviously more moral than the poor, since they never steal bread. They can afford to do the decent thing, the handsome thing; they get praise for that. They like it. They go on doing it. Then everybody cries out, "Behold the tradition!"

An evidence of this is the condition of the born aristocrat whose family is poor. I can think of one who, lacking money, has twice served a term in jail; of another who lives in a state of suburban decay and whose sons will go into the offices of merchants or auctioneers; of a third who, rebelling against family poverty, has gone on the stock exchange; of a fourth who runs a motor garage. What is interesting about the stock-broker and the garage-keeper is that, by degrees, they have lost the aristocratic tradition; they dress, talk, shove, lark, like any young hustler whose father can afford to buy him a

blue suit and a spotted tie. One of them is practically a bounder. All that because they have no money. When people have money they evolve at extraordinary speed. Women, notably, level up very quickly. The British peerage has absorbed girls from the chorus, from the shop, and sometimes from the street, who have become the real thing; their only danger is that they may overdo it. Likewise the American peeresses, infinitely more refined and more intelligent than the English bourgeois type. I will name nobody, but say only that it is extraordinary to see the American peeress among her English sisters. She acquires the English accent, the English reticence; her sons, as a rule, revert to the English aristocratic type. Presumably because they have money.

The reader should not conclude that in trying to disentangle the origins of the aristocratic tradition I am despising another tradition—that of the middle class. It is very strong; it is found all over the world, almost identical. Leaving out national influences, one may say that the ironmaster in Pittsburg, the ironmaster in Sheffield, and the ironmaster in Essen is much the same kind of man. His family is much the same kind of family. His class likes much the same kind of meals, morals, and mats. That is a strange fact when we consider how young is the middle class. It will be urged that there always was a middle class; that in the Middle Ages the master workman, member of a guild, was a middle-class man. That is not true. In the first place, however rich he might be, he was socially below the meanest squire in whose veins ran an attenuated drop of noble blood. In the second place, there was little social difference between the master and his workman. Very often the workman married his master's daughter and took on his father-in-law's trade. The real middle class of America and Europe arose solely from steam. Steam made industry; electricity is the daughter of

steam. It is steam which made high production, therefore created the class of managers, agents, small merchants, wholesalers of all sorts—middlemen, small lawyers, etc., the people who to-day are well educated enough to earn anything between fifteen hundred and fifteen thousand dollars a year.

The middle-class tradition is one that many people laugh at. It amuses the rebel mind because it is so sober. The middle class has never gone about in a feathered hat, with a sword by its side, and so it tends to exaggerate sobriety. The successful lawyer in a country town reacts against the feathered hat; he tends to go about boasting of his broadcloth. He is so modest that he becomes arrogant. The middle class irritates by that trick which resembles the bragging of the millionaire who tells everybody that he arrived in New York without shoes, and with only a quarter in his pocket.

The tradition of the middle class indeed exhibits certain peculiarities which arouse unjust merriment. For instance, I am told that in certain American circles, and I am sure in remote English circles, the use of the word "leg" is not favored, and that it is better to say "limb"; there really are people who do not go to bed, but who prefer to "retire." It sounds just like *Cranford*; those ways are nearly dead, but their spirit is not. That spirit will die only when classes are dead. The middle class had to adopt peculiar purity of speech, and hypocritical purity of life, because the middle class is a *parvenu* caste. It has only lately risen from the poor; it still has relatives among the poor, fortunately distant, and so it can't afford to be mistaken for the class from which it sprang. Now the poor, having little to live for, live as hard as they can; drink is their good companion (though it is no longer so in America), and their morals are as good as they can be. Well, the middle class drinks (or drank) quite as much as the poorer class; it swears quite as loudly when ladies are not pres-

ent; its morals are as good as they can be, when nobody's looking. But it tries. It tries very hard to be well-spoken and well-behaved, because that distinguishes it from the poorer classes, who do exactly the same things, but make no effort fairly to speak or to behave.

So we obtain a middle-class tradition—to work hard, to save, to go to church, to paint the woodwork in colors that don't show the dirt (that's a summary, isn't it?), to have a piano and make the young ladies sing, to avoid strong drink, to send undesirable relatives abroad, to talk about the weather because it's safe. This sounds very dull, but the middle class is really good stuff; its tradition of decency, of generosity within bounds, and of justice to all classes, even to its own, all that is the pig-iron of the world out of which the spirit of the future will probably forge a finer steel.

As for the poor, they are here easily dismissed, for the poor have no tradition. They have a certain kind of morals, conventions, and habits, but tradition they have no time for, because they are poor. The poor man is much too busy earning food, shelter, and clothing for himself and his family to develop highfalutin impulses to behave in a way which would please his great-grandfather. Most of the time the poor man doesn't know who his great-grandfather was; as regards his father, he seldom knows where he was born. He has no family portraits, no records. His goods too often get burned, or lost, or pawned. So his sole guide is found in convention, which among the poor is more powerful than among the rich. The poor man has definite ideas about food; he will eat nothing unaccustomed; caviar, *marrons glacés*, *foie gras*, would make him suspicious. He is only now (in England) getting used to electric light. He doesn't like radiators; they might explode. He connects certain rites with births, weddings, and funerals. The poor man probably had traditions affecting clothes, games, etc., up to the beginning of last century, but steam took traditions from

him while giving them to the middle class. As knives, forks, tramways, and baths were produced by the million, the poor began to live better. Thus they lost such traditions as they had. The rich had always lived fairly well, so greater comforts affected them little. Hence they have preserved certain class traditions while the poor have become more and more individual in the growing struggle for life.

Family tradition is quite another thing, and tends, if it exists at all, to impose itself in an extreme way. I mean that a man cares either nothing at all for the family past or he is oppressed by it. Family tradition is more powerful in the old countries than in the new countries—the Chinaman has more traditions than the Australian. Indeed the novelty of a country may be the test; whereas the Englishman tends to say that what was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him, the American, for instance, tends to look to his grandfather for what he should avoid.

The tradition of the family is particularly strong in regard to occupation, and this operates almost as strongly in America as it does in England. If a man has spent forty years selling blacking, if he has thus kept a family in comfort and adequately satisfied his own soul, he must think it abnormal that his son should want to do anything but sell blacking. Likewise the son, who all his life has heard blacking exalted at meals, who has seen all good things—presents, pocket-money, visits to the seaside—flow from blacking, tells himself that the best thing he can do is to sell blacking. The fact that his father may also leave him a profitable business must influence any sober young man. I think it is in this way that the great legal families of England have arisen; the political families fall into the same class. In the case of a judge, for instance, it is natural that his son should go to the bar, because, in the days when the judge was only a barrister, he came to know many attorneys

who can put business into his son's way. Thus, in England, many of our barristers are the third generation in the law; some of them find lawyers in their families for two or three hundred years. As for politics, we seem to have had political Cecils (the family of the Marquesses of Salisbury) ever since the seventeenth century. Lord Harcourt, politician, is the son of a great Whig politician; Lord Gladstone is the son of William Ewart Gladstone; Mr. Balfour is a political Cecil; the Marlboroughs have figured for a long time. This is the case also in finance, which is the new aristocracy, however much its appearance may belie it. The Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Astors, are financial aristocrats; the Astors are well over a hundred years old and remain financial. You find this among the rich, and to a great extent you find it among the middle class. In a family allied to me the third generation of warehousemen is conducting the business; in another family, which makes scientific appliances, I know the fourth generation. We are all like Mr. H. G. Wells's manufacturer in *The New Machiavelli*, who wanted his nephew to make basins because he made basins, and thought the boy should leave school at sixteen because he had left school at sixteen.

We accept it readily enough, many of us. Sometimes family tradition becomes burlesque, and imposes upon us automatic deeds. I can think of the case of an old lady who every week of her life read *The Spectator*. When she died her daughter, who had never opened the paper, went on ordering it all the same. It still comes; it is never read; in due course it goes down to the servants. Perhaps they read it; one never knows. But family tradition exhibits other sides, which are not burlesque. Say that for a long time a family has been proud of its name. One doesn't quite know why; when a name is fanciful, one can put that down to human vanity. One can be pleased to be called Ogden St. John Fitzjames, but it is difficult to under-

stand the family pride of, say, the Johnsons of Suffolk, except, perhaps, that generations of Johnsons have been decent folk, so that the last generation of Johnsons does not like to think that the nephew who bears his name may go to jail or become a bankrupt. In that sense family tradition is a nuisance, and makes people do many silly things. The Scotch and Irish are in that way the most irritating. Birth is generally the thing of which they are most proud, presumably because it cost them no labor.

It must, of course, be admitted that class tradition and family tradition are, to a certain extent, modified by the country in which the individual lives. I have suggested that traditions are stronger in old countries than in new countries, but even in the new as well as the old we find differences between the traditions. In a way, new countries, lacking long tradition, tend to exaggerate that tradition. Because they haven't got one, they want one; they sometimes try to make one, their practical minds probably considering that traditions have to be made like everything else. They either despise or worship; I feel sure that undergraduates of Topeka University (if there is one) either look down upon Harvard and Yale as fungus-grown institutions or are hard at work creating a Topekan tradition that shall make the old universities sorry for themselves.

But, all the same, try as we may to react against or promote tradition, we are influenced by the place in which we live. I don't want to generalize, and to say, like the Englishman at Boulogne, that all Frenchwomen have red hair; it is not true that all Germans are fat, that all Americans begin their sentences by, "Look here." What is true is that certain characteristics, such as vivacity or brevity, are more common in one country than in another. I have met excitable Scotchmen; that should prove my argument. So we must accept that there are national traditions, because

the greater frequency of a certain habit or temperament is bound to weigh on the ordinary course of life in that country. Thus one may say that the British tradition is one of accurate but slow justice, of hatred of general ideas. The average Englishman nowadays tends to enjoy the sight of novelty in a rather hysterical way, but detests the application of novelty in his own life. Go slowly and go carefully is the mainspring of his actions. He tends to be sentimental and cold, by which I mean that he easily conceives affection for unworthy objects and comic causes, and that these affections wear off when they conflict with the things that really matter—money, political vanity, or games.

One sees the importance of national tradition when one considers how different is that of the Frenchman. His tradition amounts to this: Make money, save money, get money. Enjoy ideas, but don't let them worry you; respect women, if you must; never be unready for the war that earns glory; be sceptical, be assured that nothing is quite true or untrue; never leave France, for it is the best country in the world. One can go on for a long time with these comparisons; one can say that the German tends to be sentimental, somewhat hysterical, devoted to pure ideas, and ruthless only when inflamed by a theory. One might even generalize about the American, though that is extremely difficult, because, at least so I am told, there are a dozen Americas, because the American type varies so much from rigid Maine to soft California. An American type has certainly sprung up, energetic, cultured, tending to excessive ambition, and inclined to toy with humanitarian ideas; but I doubt whether it has yet imposed itself, and whether the immigrants have been molded into a consistent shape. That, in a sense, is the hope of America, for she has not yet set hard; she may escape the thrall of heavy national tradition.

The reader will conclude that I am not very fond of national tradition.

Indeed I am not, for I think that national traditions, when they are strong, tend to conflict with other national traditions, and therefore to create wars. The French tradition, from the ninth century right up to the ridiculous expedition of Napoleon III to Mexico, was the tradition of glory (disgusting word), and the source of endless wars. The Prussian tradition—likewise its ridiculous mechanism—landed the wretched Prussians into four wars in fifty years. The English tradition has, in that sense, proved less damaging, because England has seldom attacked powerful antagonists; she selected savages easy to overawe. She has avoided considerable foes, and preferred to subsidize the states which did the actual fighting.

It may be fairly said before closing this side of the subject that national tradition seems to be a new phenomenon. There was hardly such a thing as a truly national tradition before the end of the eighteenth century. Until then wars were conducted mainly by armies of brigands paid by loot; the regulars were mercenaries, and one often found Scotchmen under one flag gaily fighting other Scotchmen under another flag. National tradition was practically consolidated by Napoleon, who substituted for the semi-illegal press-gang legal conscription. National feeling has developed to its maximum only during the last century. It is now at its crisis, thanks to the excitement of the war. A man is nowadays judged according to whether he is, say, a Dutchman, and a detestable neutral, an Italian, and an ex-ally, or a German, only more detestable than the neutral. The war has immensely strengthened national tradition. It made a nationality the main characteristic of a man; for four and a half years all one wanted to know was: (1) What is your nationality? (2) Are you of military age? That hysteria will, of course, subside, for there are no patriots in peace-time. Also, the differences which have sprung up all over the world between the nations engaged in the conflict may be summarized

in this: War may not have taught us to love our enemies, but it has certainly taught us to hate our allies.

I believe that the forces which before the war were working against the national tradition will once more operate. Travel, commercial links, international combines, aircraft—all this, by mingling men, reduces the national sense to the sense of the pocket. The growing international relations of labor work in the same direction, so that, in one way, at least, capitalist and labor man are united in a common task. How long this will take I do not know, but I am assured that the growth of international relations will reduce the potency of the national impulse. Immigration will also have its effect. It is all very well for Mr. Zangwill to call America the Melting-pot, but it would be an illusion to think that the pot is not affected by the stuff one melts in it.

The effects of tradition are neither wholly good nor bad. To begin with, nothing that is human can be summed up like that; in this world there are neither black demons nor stainless saints—ours is a piebald population. At bottom I should like to speak evil of tradition, because I am a modern; if I wanted to open a shop, I should not paint upon its front, "Founded in 1776," but, rather, "Reorganized in 1920." I see tradition rather as a black spirit that hovers behind us, prompting us to do things because our forefathers did them, preventing us from examining these things in the light of our common sense. I dislike the past. I feel that the railway improves on the stage-coach, that we wash more thoroughly than our grandparents, and that we write better novels than ever did Thackeray. Only, when these aversions have been set down, I am forced to acknowledge that when I do meet a man who does not too loudly proclaim his traditional impulses, and yet is following them out—well, I rather like him. I detest the insolence of the aristocratic young officer, but I like his clothes

and the way he has his hair cut. I dislike the grand lady who talks about the "lower classes," but she is a rather charming woman to meet. It's very awkward. Why can't people exemplify three centuries of culture and be modern all the same?

I suppose that tradition is a good thing, like whisky, if one does not have too much of it. (I do not want to open in an American magazine such a painful question as this; I suppose that my readers, while reserving their views on spirits, are modern enough to consider that on tradition we might go dry.) I must admire the tradition of the English middle class, which raised Cromwell and humbled the tyrant Stuart, that burned Bristol Town Hall to get a voice in the election of Parliament. Though its tradition does lead us to the worst pictures, the worst novels, and the greatest void of ideas, it does represent something which mankind cannot do without. America has had its share of that fine tradition, its sense of duty, its sense of justice, its courage, through the Pilgrim Fathers, through the hardy English stock which hunted savages out of the rich lands between the coasts of two oceans. Likewise we cannot do without the American tradition of openness to every idea and to every device. It is a significant thing that the bulk of scientific inventions in America originates from men with English, Scottish, and Irish names—men who were not listened to in their own country, but were listened to in America. The world needs the harsh Scottish tradition, its leaning toward education for its own sake; it needs the tradition of Japanese courage, of German thoroughness, of French lucidity. Our traditions may become old men of the sea that we bear on aching shoulders; the soldier's pack is heavy, but yet it contains things that the soldier must have.

It may be that everything in the world is more or less traditional. We are sure of this when we consider the formation of European states. It does not matter

which one you select, whether France, Germany, Italy, or Spain. First an agricultural people harried by barbarian invaders. Then come the local lords, maintaining a restricted peace over small areas. Then greater lords who impose overlordship on the minor lords. Then the kings, overlords of the minor lords, increasing the area of peace and ultimately of prosperity. Simultaneously with the overlords you see the common people rising, creating guilds or powerful cities such as Venice. The power of the common people increases. The power of the kings increases. The overlords rise against the king-autocrat and impose upon him some sort of Magna Charta. Then the common people rise and impose upon him a people's Parliament. Ultimately the kings tend to fall, the Parliament to grow supreme; the struggle extends on economic lines between the new aristocrats (the rich) and the new common people (the poor).

That is the harmonious course of nearly all history; America shares in it, starting at a different stage. American history merely starts a little later. The beheading of Charles I mattered to the United States nearly as much as it did to Britain. The English tradition of popular government crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*; it was the spirit of the Cromwellians that caused the historical tea-chests to be thrown into Boston Harbor. As history develops, tradition will weaken, because tradition binds individuals less and less strongly as they grow more individual. Education is the enemy of tradition, just as personal examination is the enemy of faith. As soon as a man begins to think he begins to doubt. In his childhood he tries to say "Shibboleth" in the way he is told to—but the grown man replies: "Why should I say 'Shibboleth' as you do? It doesn't matter how I pronounce it." Authority then gasps, "But, my dear fellow, your father could pronounce 'Shibboleth.'" And the untraditional man retorts: "Maybe. But I won't. I'll say it in my own way."

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

II.—THE VANISHING PRINCE

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

THIS tale begins among a tangle of tales round a name that is at once recent and legendary. The name is that of Michael O'Neill, popularly called Prince Michael, partly because he claimed descent from ancient Fenian princes, and partly because he was credited with a plan to make himself prince president of Ireland, as the last Napoleon did of France. He was undoubtedly a gentleman of honorable pedigree and of many accomplishments, but two of his accomplishments emerged from all the rest. He had a talent for appearing when he was not wanted and a talent for disappearing when he was wanted, especially when he was wanted by the police. It may be added that his disappearances were more dangerous than his appearances. In the latter he seldom went beyond the sensational—pasting up seditious placards, tearing down official placards, making flamboyant speeches, or unfurling forbidden flags. But in order to effect the former he would sometimes fight for his freedom with startling energy, from which men were sometimes lucky to escape with a broken head instead of a broken neck. His most famous feats of escape, however, were due to dexterity and not to violence. On a cloudless summer morning he had come down a country road white with dust, and, pausing outside a farm-house, had told the farmer's daughter, with elegant indifference, that the local police were in pursuit of him. The girl's name was Bridget Royce, a somber and even sullen type of beauty, and she looked at him darkly, as if in doubt, and said, "Do you want me to hide

you?" Upon which he only laughed, leaped lightly over the stone wall, and strode toward the farm, merely throwing over his shoulder the remark, "Thank you, I have generally been quite capable of hiding myself." In which proceeding he acted with a tragic ignorance of the nature of women; and there fell on his path in that sunshine a shadow of doom.

While he disappeared through the farm-house the girl remained for a few moments looking up the road, and two perspiring policemen came plowing up to the door where she stood. Though still angry, she was still silent, and a quarter of an hour later the officers had searched the house and were already inspecting the kitchen garden and corn-field behind it. In the ugly reaction of her mood she might have been tempted even to point out the fugitive, but for a small difficulty—that she had no more notion than the policemen had of where he could possibly have gone. The kitchen garden was inclosed by a very low wall, and the corn-field beyond lay aslant like a square patch on a great green hill on which he could still have been seen even as a dot in the distance. Everything stood solid in its familiar place; the apple-tree was too small to support or hide a climber; the only shed stood open and obviously empty; there was no sound save the droning of summer flies and the occasional flutter of a bird unfamiliar enough to be surprised by the scarecrow in the field; there was scarcely a shadow save a few blue lines that fell from the thin tree; every detail was picked out by the brilliant daylight