

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

THE LOVE OF DEATH

PROFESSOR JOAD has defined decadence as 'dropping the object' and has complained that today psychologists will never allow us to ask 'What is true?' but always insist in asking instead, 'Why does he say that?' He is to a degree justified in his complaint. A world which has lost the sense that there is such a thing as truth is certainly a world adrift. We should be the stronger if we could recapture some of the Victorian simplicity of Arthur Hugh Clough, and be able to say again

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I falter, truth is so.

Yet there is a problem of error, even though it be only a secondary problem. If reason is infallible, as, strictly speaking, it must be in a rational universe—*la raison a toujours raison*—and if men have reason, then we are entitled to ask how it is that men come to err. Error is an oddity, and of every error there must be a particular explanation, and the psychologist, though he may have little valuable to tell us when he is dealing with a patient who is right, can properly be cited in evidence when he is dealing with a patient who is wrong.

It was here, rather than in the realm of economics, that Marx made his truly original contribution. The nineteenth century was all too ready to rest content in its naïve Gilbertian faith that

Every boy and every gal
That's born into this world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative,

and did not ask why some were Liberals and why some were Conservatives. Marx showed his to be a deeper mind than that of his contemporaries in so far as he was not content merely to record that people did have different opinions but went on to ask why they had such different opinions. It is true that Marx's psychological explanation was almost unbearably crude. No one who for a moment contemplates the almost infinite varieties of

English snobbery, the bewildering confusion of human motives, of actions and interactions, can seriously believe that the economic motive is the sole motive which sways human opinion and human conduct. How was it, for instance, to the economic advantage of St. Peter to be crucified head downwards? Yet, if Marx did not give the full psychological explanation, he is at least to be praised in so far as he tried to give a psychological explanation at all. Deeper minds—Dostoevski in literature, Adler and Jung on the more technical plane—coming after him, have since made mature what he left adolescent.

Nothing is more commonly oversimplified, and more in need of subtle elucidation, than the attitude of man towards death. There are many who think that all has been said that needs to be said when it is recorded that the strongest of all human instincts is the instinct of self-preservation. This is far from so. The truism is indeed, as far as it goes, true enough. It is true enough that at any given moment with but the rarest exceptions any man or woman, if offered the choice between life and death, would choose life. A simple statistical test is sufficient to demonstrate that. We all of us spend many more moments in our life not committing suicide than committing it.

Yet we cannot dismiss this problem as a mere problem of choice between black and white, between life and death. For it is obvious that of those who choose life, to many of them life is only tolerable so long as they are continually risking it. They do not indeed wish to die, any more than the gambler wishes to back a loser. But, just as the gambler deliberately chooses a life in which he knows that he is certain sooner or later to lose, so many men—those Nietzscheans, who like to 'live dangerously'—deliberately chose a life in which they know that it is at any rate highly probable that, sooner or later, and far sooner than would be naturally inevitable, they will meet with death. Put one way, put in terms of the choice of a particular moment, the maxim about the instinct of self-preservation is certainly true. Put in another way, it is certainly false. It is certain that, if the most authoritative statistics could be produced showing the actuarial expectation of every form of life, by no means the whole of the human race would choose those forms which promised to be most long-lived.

There is another psychological problem which the crude maxim ignores. Few people want positively and immediately to die.

Some like to risk life by facing 'objective physical risks. Many more like to toy with the idea of death. They are, as Keats most accurately put it, 'half in love with easeful death'. It may be that, if death took them at their word and answered to their challenge, they would draw back at the moment of crisis. But their general habit is to prefer death to life, half-unconsciously to welcome events in the world around or in their own lives which are likely to make death, even their own death, more probable, so long as they are still left merely to toy with the notion and not quite taken at their word.

In its extreme form this yearning for death is a well-known state of pathological disease. In the world of capital punishment, for instance, the demand for hanging greatly outruns the supply. It is notorious that in every murder case many people quite unconnected with the crime make confessions of the murder, hoping to obtain for themselves the publicity of a trial. I tried to get the precise figures of this curious habit out of Mr. Chuter Ede, but they were not available. He admitted that instances of it had come to his notice in cases which he had had to review as Home Secretary. Obviously no one suggests of these mongers of ersatz confessions that they would not be more than a little surprised and more than a little shocked if the authorities were to take them at their word and they were to find themselves being hanged for crimes with which they were quite unconnected except in imagination. But they like to toy with the idea of being hanged. In the same way many a real murderer is probably—certainly, Dr. Jung would say—encouraged to commit his murder by the thought of hanging. It is not that he likes being hanged, when and if it comes to the hanging. But he likes to think about being hanged, to stimulate himself with the idea of being hanged at a time when he does not think that he really will be hanged.

It is very much with the murderer as with the schoolboy. Few schoolboys are so eccentric as to enjoy being beaten. Few schoolboys would defy a rule, where detection was certain and where punishment was the certain consequence of detection. There would be then, as they would say, no fun in it. In that purely formal sense corporal punishment is a deterrent. But there are many schoolboys who enjoy the thought of being beaten, who enjoy the thrill of being in a state where detection would lead to a beating. It is not that they enjoy the beating, but it is

precisely because they dislike the beating that they enjoy the thrill of risking it. Again we cannot judge the balance of deterrence and encouragement in corporal punishment by looking solely at the victim. We have to allow for the general interest aroused by it in the whole schoolboy society. We have to recognize that, for better or for worse, it makes rule-breaking at school more interesting.

So, too, with capital punishment. It is naïve to think that we can solve the problem of murder simply by punishing the murderer. As Dr. Jung has written, 'The sensation which every crime arouses, the passionate interest shown in tracking down the criminal, the eagerness with which the trial in court is followed, all go to prove that crime has a peculiarly exciting effect on practically everybody who is not abnormally dull and apathetic. People seem to move with it, to feel themselves into it, they try to grasp it and explain it. Something has been set alight in them and this something is a part of the great fire of evil which has flared up in the crime. Was not Plato aware, all those centuries ago, that the sight of something ugly produces something ugly in the psyche? Indignation leaps up, angry cries of "Justice!" pursue the murderer, and they are louder, more passionate, more charged with hate, the more fiercely the spark of evil glows in one's soul. It is a fact which cannot be denied: the wickedness of others instantly becomes our own wickedness, because it kindles evil in our own soul. The murder has been partly suffered by everyone, and everyone has also partly committed it. Drawn by the irresistible fascination of evil, we have helped to make this partial collective psychic murder possible; and the closer we stood to it and the better our view, the greater our share. In this way, we are unavoidably drawn into the uncleanness of evil, no matter what line our consciousness may take. Our very moral indignation is a sign that evil has lit a fire in our heart, and the more fiercely this fire burns the more poisonous and revengeful we shall be. No one need hope to escape this fact, for everyone of us is a human being and part of the human community; so much so that no single crime can fail to call forth a secret satisfaction in some corner of our many-sided and iridescent psyche. It is true that, in the case of a person endowed with strong moral faculties, this reaction brings about a contrary one in the neighbouring compartments of the psyche. Unfortunately, a strong

feeling for morality is relatively rare, so that when crime is on the increase, indignation may easily allow itself to be overruled and evil then becomes the order of the day. For everybody harbours his "statistical" criminal in himself, just as he has a corresponding madman or saint. Owing to this general human predisposition a corresponding suggestibility, or susceptibility to infection, exists everywhere. It is our time—the last half-century—that is particularly responsible for having paved the way for crime. Has it never occurred to anybody, for instance, that the general vogue of the detective story has a rather questionable side?’

It follows from this argument—and the conclusion is a logical one—that the true way to stop murder is to make it dull. The battle will be won not by alteration or by retention of particular penalties, imposed merely on the murderer, but by discovering means to turn public opinion at large from its morbid obsession with murder. But the battle is a difficult one at the present day because of the widespread lurking, subconscious envy in the public mind both of the victim and of the murderer. This envy is, it is true, combined in schizophrenic fashion with other and directly opposite emotions, but among the responses to the reading of a murder story one is undoubtedly ‘She’s lucky to be out of it’, and another is ‘I wonder if I should ever have had the nerve to do that?’

We are sometimes told that these odd perversions are a special product of our sterile, sophisticated age and that they were less known among our simpler, ruder ancestors with their fecund birthrates. It may be so—or it may not be so. Anyone who reads *Barnaby Rudge* or *Porphyria’s Lover* will find it difficult to believe that there is much, save perhaps a few technical terms, which we could teach our Victorian grandparents about the inner secrets of sadism or masochism, and the student of Dostoievski can hardly believe that a high birthrate, as in nineteenth-century Russia, was in itself an automatic cure for unnatural desires. Yet there certainly is a pulse in the love of life and in its converse, the fascination of death, which rises and falls as the generations change, and there is every reason to think that the trinity of low birthrate, the obsession with death and the lack of a philosophy and a belief in a future life do in a general way go together. Obviously the sane thing is neither to fear death nor to be obsessed with it, neither the gas chamber nor Forest Lawns. The sane thing is to

accept it without fuss whenever it may happen to come, not greatly caring whether it comes soon or late. A foolish generation both fears it and is obsessed with it, and, when it fears it too much and knows that it cannot escape it sooner or later, it comes in sheer panic to choose it sooner rather than later so as to get it over, just as the nervous soldier shoots off his bullet before zero hour because he can no longer endure the waiting. As Jung has written, 'In lunatic asylums it is a well-known fact that patients are far more dangerous when suffering from fear than when moved by wrath or hatred'. And, after all, what is the modern world but a gigantic lunatic asylum?

The debates of the last months in the two Houses of Parliament on the suspension of the death penalty have been as unsatisfying in themselves as they have been in their result. The first debate in the Commons in which the broad principle was faced and discussed was incomparably the best. All the others were bewildered by confusion. As on Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach*, the 'ignorant armies clashed by night', and of all the witnesses none were more inexperienced than the so-called expert. For judges and statesmen, bishops and seasoned administrators, though they had much that was incidentally interesting to tell us, yet never attempted to face the fundamental question, 'Is the death sentence a deterrent?' Not only did they betray no evidence of acquaintance with the vast mass of expert evidence that has been amassed in the last eighteen years in Sweden, Switzerland and other countries on the psychiatric treatment of murderers. They did not betray the slightest indication that they were even aware that such evidence existed. The High Court of Parliament reminded one of nothing so much as of Galileo's judges, and it was sometimes those who should have been the most responsible who appeared to pay least heed to the truth that to create an atmosphere of public excitement and hysteria was to create an atmosphere which was by all modern medical evidence in itself only too likely to increase the number of murders.

We were told by many speakers that we had passed beyond what Sir John Anderson not very happily called 'primitive notions of atonement' and that the death penalty could only be justified as a deterrent. But it was left to Lord Templewood to say that the principle that all things were justified by the supreme law of the benefit of society was a dangerously totalitarian principle, and it

was left to Sir Hartley Shawcross to show that the principle of deterrence, unbalanced by any other principle, logically led to consequences far beyond those of the mere maintenance of the death penalty. For instance, it is highly doubtful how far the death in the death penalty is deterrent. It is most arguable that the deterrent in hanging is not in the death but in the accompanying circumstances. If deterrence is all that matters, there is obviously a great deal to be said for the reintroduction of torture. Or again, Lord Samuel was prominent in his demand for the retention of capital punishment for political assassination. Again there is a strong case for it that the execution of the assassin, drugged by his own fanatical faith, would be quite ineffective as a deterrent, but that to execute somebody else, an innocent, his wife or children or hostages, might well be effective. Other regimes have been quite ready to apply their principles with this hateful logic. We in this country are fortunately not prepared to do so. There are some injustices so horrible that we would sooner die than commit them. This is indeed a sign of grace, but it proves that, whatever we may think, deterrence is fortunately not the only principle upon which we act.

Mr. Quintin Hogg, an opponent of abolition, cogently showed the inherent difficulty in compromising on this topic. It is a difficulty that is entirely to the honour of both sides. On both sides there is a recognition of the sanctity of human life, but this recognition obviously leads one to precisely opposite practical conclusions according to whether one does or does not believe capital punishment to be a deterrent. If it is a deterrent, then the principle of the sanctity of human life naturally makes one uneasy before any proposal to abate it at all, and, if it is not a deterrent, then the principle of the sanctity of human life makes one uneasy before any proposal to retain it for any murders of any sort. The majority of the Members of the House of Commons who voted for the abolition of capital punishment were probably humanitarians who were primarily concerned with humanity to the murderer, and indeed such a world as this is no place in which to sneer at humanitarianism. We have no reason to be ashamed of the contrast between such humanitarianism and the gathering beastliness of the world around us. Yet our first business with murderers must be that they should be as few as possible. It is idle to expect the conscientious supporter of capital punishment to

surrender before a mere description of the horrors of execution for the murderer, and equally idle to expect its opponent to surrender before a mere description of the horrors of murder. The opponent of capital punishment does not deny that murder is horrible. He denies that capital punishment makes it more improbable. Therefore, until there is agreement whether it is a deterrent or not, it is hardly sensible to expect agreement on the method of treatment, and the new clause, which the Government introduced, was a singularly foolish one, based on no principle other than that capital punishment should be retained for those sorts of murder that were most complained about in the newspapers. It had none of the respectable principles of a genuine system of distinction between the premeditated and the unpremeditated murder—difficult as such a principle would be to apply in practice. The Government's proposal was really no more sensible, and it was more difficult to apply, than if they had said, 'We will hang people who commit murders on a Monday and a Friday and let those who commit them on the five other days of the week go free'. Few who had considered it dispassionately could quarrel with the Lords for rejecting it or with the Commons for upholding the Lords' rejection at the second time of asking.

He would be a bold man, who, after studying the record of Parliament on this subject, would prophesy the outcome. On the original free vote the great majority of the Socialist party voted against capital punishment and then voted for it in their opposition to Mr. Greenwood's amendment. The great majority of the Conservative party voted for capital punishment on the free vote and then at the second debate supported Mr. Greenwood's amendment to omit all the words of the new clause after the word 'murder'. This, had it been passed, would have caused the new clause to read, 'During the continuance in force of this section no person shall be sentenced to death for murder'. Why they supported this amendment I am still unable to understand. Apparently they imagined that, if passed, it would make no practical difference, but, if so, they were obviously in error, and, whatever may have been the motives of Members, the fact is that, with these two records, all but about 150 of the 625 Members of Parliament have during the past few months voted both for and against the abolition of capital punishment. It is not an impressive tribute to Parliamentary Government.

That being so, probably the most sensible plan would be that the Home Secretary should continue to reprieve all murderers. (There is, it seems, under the constitution, no reason why he should not reprieve them, so long only as he does not say beforehand that he is going to reprieve them.) At the same time the facts of foreign experience and of modern psychological experience should be discovered and published in this country, and then, when the excitement of public opinion has died down, the question should be reopened and treated as much as possible as the medical question, which it is, and as little as possible as a political question.

Yet it is obviously a waste of time to discuss whether or not people should be hanged and how we are to prevent them from being murdered unless they have first decided that life is better than death. It is this which is today the real difficulty. The one thing that is absolutely certain is that no enactment of a penal law will make an immediate, dramatic change in the number of murders one way or the other. The causes of these things lie deeper than law or administration.

The law that lawyers know about
Is property and land,
But why the leaves are on the trees,
Or honey is the food of bees
Or horses have such tender knees
Or faith survives the worst disease
Or hope is more than what one sees
And charity surpasseth these
They do not understand—

and similarly with the greatest of all such mysteries—the mystery why man—man only and the barracuda among all living things—kills when it is not necessary either for food or in self-defence, and it is difficult to treat with total patience a public opinion which lashes itself to hysteria at the thought of some hundred murders a year, which greets with bored indifference 5,000 to 7,000 deaths a year on the roads, and which waits with fatalistic impassivity for the recurrence of world wars in which, it may be, 70,000 will be killed in a single night and whole nations will go down to irretrievable destruction. Do we want to survive?

Now almost all contemporary discussions on international

politics are, it seems to me, rendered futile through a lack of appreciation of man's changing attitude to death. As we compare the political situation today with that of some previous period, we make allowance for many other and more superficial changes of weapons or geography. We make very little allowance for this far more important change in man himself.

I have lived through two world wars and seem not unlikely to see, at any rate, the opening of a third—an experience that never came to any of my ancestors nor, for that matter, of anybody else's ancestors either, and it does seem to me that the world approached each of these wars in a fundamentally different spirit. First there was the war of 1914. It came at the end of the long ninety-nine years of peace, at the end of the long and exceptional Victorian tranquillity. War for Englishmen for a hundred years had been a distant away-fixture of secondary importance. Even the Continental wars had been by modern standards trivial affairs. Even the habits of peace in those days were peaceful. Bullets killed fewer people than motor-cars kill today, and aeroplanes killed no one—except an eccentric experimenter or two who defiantly asked for death. Half a dozen explorers died at the South Pole and the world rang with the story. The progressives and the Utopians hailed it as an age of peace, but, psychologically speaking, it was too secure. Literature was beginning to betray human impatience at this excessive security, at this world where everyone died in his or her bed. 'Are we never to shed blood again?' asked Stevenson. The answer, as Mr. Asquith used to say, was in the affirmative. War came in 1914, and the crowds in every European capital greeted it with a roar of huge relief.

Of course, what they shouted for was something very different from what they were about to receive. What they expected—on both sides—was a short, sharp campaign, quick victory, the troops back home before Christmas, a few other people killed, for oneself the satisfactory memory in old age that for a while one had been in what could decently be called danger. The long years of mud and trench-warfare they did not foresee. Nor did they foresee that the whole pattern of life would be permanently damaged.

The mood between the wars was a wholly different one. There were no longer any illusions about war nor any illusions about the effect of a new war. On the contrary it was too sweepingly

assumed that another war would mean the immediate end of all civilization. (Or at least we still live in hope that the assumption was too sweeping.) War was thought of now as an unmitigated catastrophe and no price was too large for the avoidance of it. This was the opinion in every country except Germany, which alone, having lost the first war and having been deprived by economic catastrophe of the chance of ease, had—as she so falsely thought—little to lose from war and everything to gain in the satisfaction of her desire for revenge.

The story how the pacifism of the rest of the world in face of the aggressive militancy of the Germans brought on the very war which it was so desperately anxious to avoid, is all too familiar. We are not in this article at all concerned with a political commentary. The only point that I wish to make is that before the outbreak—round about the time of Munich—war seemed to almost all the world a gigantic evil. It certainly seemed so to the people outside Germany and there is evidence that it seemed so to the people inside Germany as well. It may be that the reasons why many people longed for the preservation of peace were not deeply noble reasons, but there was at least a certain tribute to the love of life in their pacifism.

Then the war came. At first it seemed that rumours about the enormous destructiveness of modern war had been somewhat exaggerated. Then it appeared that rumour's only error was in its underestimate of the time that the new weapons required for their perfection. The war was becoming terrifying just when it fortunately ended, but its closing episodes—the final air-raids on Germany, the doodle-bugs and, last of all, Hiroshima—quite forbade its survivors to draw any comforting conclusion that because they survived the last war they are at all likely to survive the next one.

Nor does any one draw that conclusion. This is a world without illusion, but it is also a world without hope. Before 1939 people easily prophesied that another war would be the end of civilization. Some thought that such a war was escapable, others that it was inescapable. But all thought that, if it came, it would be an evil. All wished to avoid it, even when they thought that they could not avoid it. The modern world is, I feel, quite different. Most people in private conversation admit to their belief that a new war is inevitable. They are in no illusion about what it will mean,

but at the same time they have no passion to avoid it. Never can the desire for life have been as low as it is today. Most people admit that there will probably be another war, listen with little emotion to prophecy of new forces which may perhaps wholly disrupt the world, and their only comment is that it would be a good thing if somebody would drop one of those bombs and be done with it. The era which greeted the new dawn with the cry that it was joy to be alive and to be young was very heaven, is in danger of going out with the faithless whimper that extinction alone is to be embraced and that Nothing is at any rate better than Anything. We are told that the causes of war are economic. Of these modern world wars, at any rate, it is clearly false. If people were only anxious to be rich, it is clear that there would be no war. For both sides would be much richer without war. There may be economic excuses for war, but the real cause of war is the love of death.

I write these lines in a world of gathering clouds. The dangers of world-wide catastrophe of incalculable dimensions, the certainty that what would emerge out of such a catastrophe would be something far worse alike for all mankind combine to counsel peace. Nothing is more self-evident than that modern war can only supplant evil at the expense of putting a greater evil in its place. And reason is sufficiently strong within us to convince one element of our nature of all this. Yet there is within us—I speak for myself as much as for others—another element which would be disappointed if all were too easily arranged, which without perhaps quite wishing for universal destruction, at least welcomes steps towards universal destruction. There are, I well know, solid reasons why we must stand firm. I am not denying that, nor am I here concerned with a political argument. But there is also—let us beware of it—a secret place in our soul which wants destruction for its own sake. We are in the world of the Twilight of the Gods.

What is the cause of this perversion, and what is the road of escape from it?

The cause is, I think, clear enough. It is idle to fob ourselves off with the trivial superficiality that this is but the aftermath of two world wars. Why did we have the wars? The wars may indeed have aggravated the disease, but they were themselves a consequence of the disease rather than a cause of it. The cause is that a large number of coincidental forces have combined in the modern

world to rob man of his full nature—to disintegrate, to de-humanise him. Man is not merely an individual. He is a link in a chain—at the first a son, at the last a father. The fundamental institution is the family, and other institutions can only capture his full loyalty so far as they are presented to him as extensions of the family. It is not for nothing that the Christian religion, as indeed other religions, presents itself to its followers in the language of the family—God the Father, Mother Church, the Mother of God, the familiar titles of priests and nuns. It has been a wise instinct, on a lower plane, by which the most successful of secular rulers have always been careful to appear before their subjects as ‘the fathers of their people’, for it is only in so far as it can be seen as an extension of family loyalty that loyalty can be captured for the larger units. The family language can be but a metaphor when it is used in appeal for a country or for the human race. Of a Creating God it is, of course, exact.

Until a few generations ago life for the vast majority of mankind, whatever its evils and its hardships, was an integrated life. He belonged to a family which was still accepted as an indissoluble unit. He lived in a village and knew personally all those by whom his life was largely affected. He knew personally those for whom he worked and those with whom he worked. He accepted religion and the religious practices which gave to him such reminder as he needed of the existence of the larger world and the larger loyalties beyond the small world in which he effectively lived. There was, of course, even in those ages a minority which was uprooted, which drifted off physically from its home, its family or, spiritually, from its religious traditions, which lost itself in the towns, and of that minority some sunk below and some rose above the general herd of society. Some sunk to depths of degradation and others made the original contributions of art or thought which enriched society and to which society owed its progress. But the brilliant and the degraded alike were generally sterile and the towns depended for their continuance on a constant recruitment from the country.

Society has always had and has always needed a certain rootless minority. The problem of the modern age is the problem of scale. The rootless who used to be a small minority are now threatening to become a majority. Coincidentally, we have had—the weakening of the family unit through the growth of divorce—a vast

change in the proportions of population between town and country—the growth of the large unit of production in industry and of ‘the conveyor belt’ and the depersonalization of labour—the follies of *laissez-faire*, which refused to recognize even the existence of the problem of integrating the full personality of the worker into his work in the factory, the counter-folly of Socialism, which, with a Nelsonic gesture, turned its blind eye to the very evils of the system which it was professing to criticize—the integrated life threatened first by an individualism under which the State did too little and then by a Socialism under which the State does too much—the security of life shattered by vast unintelligible forces, military or economic, of which the ordinary man can have neither understanding nor control—above all, the weakening of religion. The disintegration of man has reached its final, horrible absurdity in the displaced person and the deserter. In our police states of identity cards and ration cards and labour exchanges, the man who has once put a foot wrong with authority finds it quite impossible ever to right himself, ever to ‘belong’ again, and is driven on and on down and down almost inevitably from crime to crime. Of these developments some, at any rate, were inevitable. But they demanded a profound modification of human nature to fit itself to meet them. Religion with this power of grace was the only force that was strong enough to carry through this modification, and, had religion remained strong, it might have been carried through without catastrophe. A revival of religion may yet save Western man. Without it we can only look forward to producing out of test tubes a race that would prefer to die.

JAMES THURBER

THE BEAST IN THE DINGLE

With quite the deepest of bows to the master, Henry James

He had brought himself so fully in the end, poor Grantham, to accept his old friend's invitation to accompany her to an 'afternoon' at 'Cornerbright' that now, on the very porch of the so evident house, he could have, for his companion, in all surrender, a high, fine—there was no other word for it—twinkle. Amy Lighter perfectly took in, however, as, for his constant wonder, she always perfectly took in, the unmade, the wider gesture, the unspoken, the wonderful 'oh'. 'You could, you know,' she magnificently faced him with it, 'run'. He promptly matched, he even, for his, as he had once, falling into her frequent idiom, beautifully brought himself to say, money, exceeded her directness, pressing, for all answer, the bell. In the darkly shining, the unfamiliar hallway, our poor brave gentleman, a moment later, found himself, for all his giving up to it, for all his, in point of fact, 'sailing' into it, reaching out, as for an arm relinquished. 'Let me,' it was as though she softly unwrapped it for him, 'save you.' It needed nothing more to bring him out of it, to bring him, indeed, whole, so to say, hog, *into* it. 'Lose me!' he fairly threw it at her. 'Lose me!' And managing the bravest of waves, he magnificently set his face to his prefigured predicament.

He had in the fullest degree, now, the sense of being cut adrift, and it was with all jubilant sail set, that he made for, saluted, and swept past his clearly astonished hostess. He was bound for, as by, it came to him, a scanned and ordered chart, a paper signed and sealed, the woman in, it had been his little wager, brown, the woman who, he had figured it for Miss Lighter, out of the depths of a mysterious desolation, was somewhere all set to pounce upon him. 'Oh, not,' his companion had charmingly wailed, 'in this, of all seasons, brown.' He had not even turned it over. 'The colour,' he had promptly assured her, 'the certain, the unavoidable colour of dilemma.' His companion had, on this, fully taken in his apprehension; she had walked, as it were, around and around it.