

The Way Women Are

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO PURSUED FAME AND A YOUNG
MAN WHO PURSUED THE GIRL

By Edwin Palmer

A LOW-SWUNG maroon roadster sped down Fifth Avenue, swept under Washington Arch, and narrowly escaped plunging into the fountain in the middle of Washington Square. The red-haired young man who drove the roadster paid no attention to his car or to the threatened bath in the fountain. He casually turned the switch and leaped out, leaving the car in the direct path of a vitriolic traffic policeman and two buses. Hatless, the wings of his raincoat flying, and his red hair a defiant rag to the already angry "bull," he plunged on, shouting.

"Hey!" he screamed in a high-pitched voice. "Hey, Sally Hughes! Oh, you Sally! Hey!"

His voice, his manner, and especially his red, red hair were loudly suggestive of a fourteen-year-old boy in a small town calling the sweetheart of that school term. "Sally" might be any pig-tailed girl who lived on Main Street or its adjacent tributaries. To hear such a voice, to see such a manner, to observe such red hair flaunted shamelessly in a quarter of New York whose reputation for unconventionality is not wholly deserved, was unusual, to say the least.

Bobbed girls and long-haired men looked at him through their respective tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles and considered him *gauche*. Teddy Roberts, the most notoriously unconventional person in the Village, turned upon him and muttered:

"How provincial!"

In short, the manner and words of the red-haired, reckless driver of the roadster were not such as to win the approval of those who proclaim that every one must be free to live his own life. Like most self-styled apostles of freedom, they would have denied this vital and violent young man

even the wormlike liberty of existence; and certainly he should be prohibited from causing a disturbance in peaceful Washington Square.

At least nine-tenths of the young women who dismounted from the bus at its southern terminus turned to look upon the wild youth who had called a member of their sex. Some were revolutionary enough to consider him both *gauche* and *bourgeois* because of the car he sported, but by and large they were stirred by the brilliant redness of his hair and the altogether charming joyousness of his voice. Each of them, in her heart, hoped that some day a man would call her in just such a way as this fellow was calling his Sally. A man who could call a name with that joyousness and that disregard for convention would certainly be interesting.

Among the women who stood there, halted by the young man's cry, there was one who stamped her foot furiously after recognizing him, bit her lip, and turned to walk away. Elbowing her way through the little crowd, she became conspicuous; and as the man repeated his cry more loudly at the very moment when she was trying to get away, she became identified with the Sally of his eloquence.

"Oh, you Sally!" piped a little Italian bootblack. "Wait for him, Sally! He's coming running. Be a sport—wait for him!"

Blushing furiously as the laugh went up around her, the girl also started to run. The red-haired young man pursued her, still calling her name as loudly as he could, and apparently laboring under the misapprehension that her hearing was defective. The louder he called the faster she ran, heading off in a southwesterly direction toward the corner of MacDougal Street.

The irate traffic officer released the brakes of the roadster and pushed it out of the way, cursing fluently in an American dialect that sounded like Gaelic. Perspiring from the unaccustomed labor—he seldom had more to do than to raise his official hand in a lordly fashion—he now glanced up to observe the red-haired lunatic escaping from him. There were so many spectators that he seemed called upon to do something about it, and he gave chase. He was impeded in this, however, by many hilarious small boys, whose appreciation of the ancient comic device of pursuit, especially pursuit by policemen, had been tutored by the suave stars of motion picture comedies.

By this time the girl had reached the corner of MacDougal Alley. She darted past a speeding taxi into its maze of brightly-colored restaurants, studios, cobblers' shops, garages, and barns, which were once the respectable haven of weary equines, but have since been given over to playhouses without fire exits and similar cultural workshops. The red-haired man was almost at her heels. From his repeated cries and continued pursuit, it was difficult to determine whether he was the mad hero or the infuriated villain. As to the policeman, left some distance behind, it was plain that he was both mad and infuriated.

Reaching a former stable that had been "done over"—at least exteriorly—and which bore the proud sign "Penumbral Players," the girl ran into a narrow, dark door, through an auditorium with movable chairs, and up to the small stage.

A rehearsal was in progress, halted for a moment for a discussion between the designer of penumbral scenery and the stage director. The lady who had designed the scenery was even now in a penumbral state. Between puffs of a very long cigarette, with her eyes tightly closed, she was speaking in the rapt accents of a mystic.

"It's all blue to me—all blue," she was saying mournfully. "Is not that the very soul of the play, Vincent? Don't you feel as I—isn't it all blue to you, too?"

Upon the stage, Vincent also closed his eyes. This was not really necessary, however, for he was so nearsighted as to be almost blind, and he could never distinguish colors.

"Yes," he sighed heavily. "It's all blue to me, too—all blue."

Into this solemn scene burst the fresh-

faced girl who had fled from Washington Square. She was not even breathing hard after her run, but her cheeks were as red as if she were blushing, and her eyes sparkled. Not only did she break in upon the melancholy reflections of the two penumbralists, but she literally bumped into Vincent, whose slight frame was sent into the wings by the force of the impact.

Before the designer of scenery had opened her eyes, and before Vincent could even rise to his feet from the floor, where he lay gasping, the girl ran to him and appealed to his chivalrous protection.

"Save me! Save me!" she cried, throwing herself into his arms. "I am pursued! He is following me! Oh, hide me, please! Don't let him find me!"

Vincent heroically emerged from his blue dark.

"My dear Sally!" he began judiciously. "What's all this?"

"Hey, Sally! Oh, Sally!" cried a high-pitched voice from outside.

Sally seized Vincent's hand dramatically.

"Hide me!" she whispered.

The clamor of running feet in the area-way spurred Vincent. Thrusting Sally behind him, and pointing to a door at the left, all but concealed by draperies, he told her to hide there.

As soon as she disappeared, he strode manfully across the stage to the side from which Sally had entered. He waited there for the red-haired tornado with the voice of a joyous robin. He was rewarded by being struck by the catapult of that young man's presence. Nevertheless, Vincent was resolved that no one should pass that door. He barred the way, and glared at the red hair of the pursuer.

Outside, in the orchestra, the lady with the closed eyes was still murmuring:

"It's all blue to me!"

Vincent knew now, in spite of being color-blind, that it was as red as the Bolshevik flag. Unfortunately, he proved a most ineffective barrier. The other man strode past him as if he were nonexistent.

Standing in the center of the stage, with his hair gleaming as if lighted by six "spots," the intruder looked all around for Sally. Seeing her neither upon the stage nor in the orchestra, he cupped his hands to his mouth and cried again:

"Hey, Sally Hughes!"

There being no response, except a startled scream from the designer of scenery,

the young man proceeded to investigate the stage. He peered into all the nooks and corners, upsetting some of Vincent's most cherished properties, opened dressing room doors, and continued to call the girl.

Sally remained concealed in the hiding place to which Vincent had assigned her. The door of this room was so covered that the young man missed it in his search, although he was thorough and methodical. Unluckily for him, his quest was brought to an unhappy end by the advent of the puffing policeman, who abruptly laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder and placed him under arrest for disturbing the peace, blocking traffic, violating six ordinances, and for being a suspicious character.

The young man devoted some of his abundant lung power to argument, but without result. He was led forth into Mac-Dougal Street, amid the cries of the crowd that had followed the policeman.

"Oh, you Sally!" was the cheerful greeting that rose on all sides.

From his previous actions no one could have judged the young man shy, or diffident, or ill at ease. Now, however, in the firm grasp of the policeman, surrounded by the jeering army of the unemployed, his blue eyes took on a startled look, and his cheeks became almost as red as his tousled hair. Nonresistant and speechless, he was led away.

II

RODERICK DUNN, variously known to his friends as "Roddy" and "Reddy," appeared before the high desk of a police lieutenant, and pleaded not only his own case, but that of all lovers under the sun. His red hair was still uncovered, and his assurance had returned to him.

He explained, in the language of love and poetry, that he had not meant to violate any of the ordinances designed to regulate New York traffic. Never would he intentionally break a rule laid down by organized society and enforced by the police; but this time, he thought, the circumstances were somewhat unusual. He was sure that the lieutenant was a man after his own heart, a man who had loved and lived, a man to whom the emotional fevers and fervors of love were as clear as they are to Sigmund Freud. Therefore, with the lieutenant's permission, he would explain his apparent madness and his excusable violation of the law.

The lieutenant, believing that the proper study of mankind is man, allowed him to go on.

"Sir," said Roddy, "I am the victim of a great passion. I have been in love, and with the same girl, since I was seven years old. We have fought and made up. I have slapped her face, and she has slapped mine. We get on very well together. I have cursed her and then kissed her. She has cut me dead and then called me on the phone to say that she was sorry. Behold me now, twenty years after the birth of that love, and she is as far from me as ever—farther, in fact. Do you wonder that I am driven mad, and go through the streets shouting like a lunatic?"

"We were engaged to be married. Happy man that I was! The world was rosy, vermilion, scarlet, crimson. Life was worth living. The unattainable was about to be attained. And then what happened? Through the colossal, incomprehensible tactlessness of my estimable aunt, the young lady of my heart was informed that our marriage had been planned years ago by our respected and esteemed parents.

"What of it?" said I. 'That's one thing they did well in those days!'

"Can you believe it, sir, that she then and there refused to be married to me? The romance of our love was wrecked. To her it became a dull, mercenary affair, patched up by old fogies who had never read Freud or Havelock Ellis or Ellen Key. She left me flat. You behold me flat. She came to New York—to the modern Babylon, sir—to hew a career for herself, to carve a niche in the hall of fame. She came for freedom, life, and the pursuit of solitary happiness, leaving me to my unhappy fate. I followed. For weeks I have sought her, lucklessly. To-day, at last, when I was in my deepest despair, on the point of ending it all—and that, too, would be breaking the law—to-day, sir, I saw her on a bus going down Fifth Avenue. I followed madly, forgetful of traffic rules, forgetful of all save the face that would sink a thousand ships if I had them. I called to her, and she ran. I sped after her, risking her life and mine, and she would not answer. I could not find her. And then your worthy officer came and brought me here.

"I am an unhappy man. If Sally is not for me, it would be a kindness to lock me up. Do your duty, sir, but I appeal to

your kindly and sympathetic heart. You understand me, don't you?"

The lieutenant punctuated a yawn with a long pencil.

"Sure!" he said agreeably. "I understand you—you're a nut. Lock him up, Clancy!"

After spending the night in jail, sleeping beautifully, Roddy was led into the austere presence of a rotund little magistrate. He made a still more eloquent appeal to a heart which he knew to be still more full of understanding and pity. The magistrate listened judicially, smiled amiably, and sentenced the young man to ten days on the island.

"Thank you, sir," said Roddy. "It will be to me what Tahiti was to Gauguin. I shall make it famous!"

III

WHILE Roderick Dunn was the guest of the great city of New York, Sally Hughes spent most of her time on the stage of the Penumbral Players, or in the company of the talented director, Vincent Hopkins. Under Vincent's direction, she was to become a great actress, appearing in only such plays as would please the limited audience of penumbralists.

Vincent had expressed his artistic creed and purpose glowingly in a little yellow-backed booklet entitled "Penumbralism—What It Is?" which eventually ran into four editions of one hundred copies each. It was this booklet that reached Sally in the happy town in which she was about to become Mrs. Roderick Dunn, and suddenly brought her to the realization that she, too, was a penumbralist. After reading several recent novels in which small towns have been severely dissected and verbally destroyed, Sally knew that she was not intended for that dreary existence. She broke off her engagement to Roddy, and fled to New York to take up art.

In addition to founding the penumbralist movement, Vincent had a lucrative side line. In fact, the movement might be considered the advertising department of his regular business. Vincent was a teacher of stagecraft and dramatic art. Himself a graduate of one of the traditional schools of acting, he realized that a new naturalism had developed in the theater, and that it required a new kind of acting. He became the first teacher of the new interpretative histrionism in New York.

His method was eclectic—which is another way of saying that he borrowed, without giving credit or cash where they were due, from all the leaders in the world of the art theater. He bound the mass of his borrowings daintily together and labeled them, collectively, penumbralism. The word had a soothing sound, and he found a practical seductiveness in its appeal to women who sought art and life and freedom.

The young ladies who appeared in his infrequent and short-lived productions were without exception pay students in his conservatory of dramatic art. Outwardly there was no connection between the two institutions, but in reality a Duse or a Réjane might have knocked upon the stage door of the Penumbral Players and never have won admittance, had she not first paid the fat fee that Vincent required. To appear upon the stage of that dingy little theater was the goal of all the aspirants; and with a shrewd business acumen seldom associated with the artistic temperament, Vincent wisely postponed such an appearance until he had collected as many fees as possible.

In addition to the honor of such an appearance, Vincent held out to his students the promise of praise at the hands of a subsidized dramatic critic on the staff of a liberal but artistic weekly, which never paid its printer promptly nor its staff at all.

With such attractive bait, he found it possible to maintain a studio apartment on the north side of Washington Square and a summer cottage on Cape Cod. Publicly he declared that money was the curse of the artist, that poverty was a stimulus, and that struggle was the first law of nature.

Sally was one of his best-paying aspirants. In fact, according to his investigations, Vincent concluded that Sally was the most attractive student he had ever had. Her father, he had discovered, was the founder of the Hughes Mills, which were a vital part of a great steel company, and Sally herself had an income that was an æsthetic stimulus to her instructor's temperament. If possible, Vincent meant to acquire a great deal more than his usual fees in the case of Sally.

He knew that he was making progress, too. Why, Sally thought him a great hero when he stood up before Roddy Dunn and protected her. That incident had given him an advantage he had never hoped to win. He knew women, and he knew how they adored protectors, and all that sort of thing.

Sally, too, was greatly impressed by the art and the soul of Vincent. To her, he was a real pioneer in the theater, and the work he was unselfishly doing would take its place, in days to come, with that of Gordon Craig and Reinhardt. In fact, he transcended them, went far beyond them—so far, indeed, that the critics could not understand his work, and ridiculed it.

They were lunching in the Cerise Cow, a dim cellar lighted by candles and completely without ventilation, when Vincent told her that she would play the mad heroine of his next production, a grim but life-like tragedy translated from the Hungarian.

"You will be wonderful, Sally, as the mad girl! You see, in the past, madness has always been depicted as an abnormal, wild thing. They used to give us dark women with streaming, ragged hair and wild eyes with heavy pencil circles under them—all that sort of theatrical rubbish; but we are pioneers. We understand the new psychology. We know that madness, nine times out of ten, is supersanity. Genius—that's what it is. If I were not mad, I could do nothing. Now you shall play this wonderful rôle. You will be supremely beautiful, perfectly natural, and yet you will be completely mad. You will kill your husband—that is a tremendous scene—and six lovers. Madness, they will say; but we shall show them that your madness is the clear, unsentimental sanity of a woman fighting against those who would stifle her freedom. Why shouldn't one kill, if it is the road to freedom?"

His myopic eyes, slightly bloodshot, gleamed weirdly in the dim candlelight. Sally was calmly lifting a forkful of food to her hungry lips when his question broke in upon her dreams of stage success. Rhetorical questions always stumped her. She could never give the right answer until she had thought it over.

"No reason at all," she said at last. "I'd like to kill Roddy Dunn. I'll have no freedom until he is dead. Now there's a man who is mad—but he's not a genius."

"His is the madness of the *bourgeoisie*," pronounced Vincent, and recalled her to the production of the grim tragedy.

He had a definite purpose in giving Sally the leading rôle. Her name and her beauty would be assets, of course, but her bank account was even more important.

Before they had finished luncheon, he had impressed her with the fact that the

play could not be produced without the assistance of five thousand dollars. He would not let that stop him—never! What was money, after all? Somehow, somewhere, he would procure the money, produce the play, and make Sally a great success. He was brave, and he was an artist. He would go through with it; but sometimes—here his weary head sank upon his chest—the struggle was almost unendurable.

At this point Sally announced that she thought it only fair that she should back the play, if only as an evidence of her belief in her own ability.

Vincent feebly protested, and finally consented only because it would allow him to devote more time to the play itself, and to make it better than ever. One felt that he was making a great sacrifice for the cause of art.

Sally's check was in that afternoon's mail.

IV

AN unsubdued Roddy left the little ferry that carries prisoners and freemen to and from the island of punishment. He had enjoyed his days in prison, for Roddy's motto was:

"Never pass up a chance for a new experience."

For the first time in his twenty-seven years, he had been in jail. The thought was stimulating, for it linked him with all the heroes of romance who had similarly suffered. He knew now what those gray Russians had thought when sent to Siberia, and he could sympathize with the poor clerk of Galsworthy's "Justice."

He had found the prison not unlike the democracy of army life, except that the men were less fit. His cellmates had been quite amusing, until they rebelled against listening to Roddy's eloquent explanation of his love for Sally.

As he stepped off the ferry, his first thought was of the girl for whom, as he himself would have said, he had suffered the martyrdom and the stigma of incarceration. He wanted to tell her all about it, that she might understand to what lengths she had driven him, and so come to a realization of the intensity of his love for her; but he had also given some thought to the matter of tactics. He knew now that he had pursued Sally in the wrong way, and he tackled the problem of renewing his siege more effectively.

He hailed a taxi, and was driven to his club, where he was lucky enough to find one of its best-informed members reading a sententious review in the library. Roddy was still hatless, and madly in need of a bath, but he paid no attention to his friend's excited questions until he had made a luncheon appointment. Then he was off for a change of clothing.

At luncheon Roddy gave his friend a colorful account of his recent adventures.

"I've got to show Sally how absurd all this is," he summed up, "and get her back to sanity. Then she'll marry me—if I can knock this art thing out of her head. I've thought of a way to make her ridiculous. I'll pack the house with roughnecks who will laugh at all the wrong places—"

"My dear infant," interrupted his friend, smiling condescendingly, "if you had had only a tithe of my own wide and varied experience with women, you would be aware that it is impossible to make a woman know when she is ridiculous. If you try that, first thing you know Sally will become a confirmed Villager, and take up free love or something."

"Remember, you are speaking of the woman I am going to marry!"

"If she'll have you," added his friend. "Now listen to me. Out of my profound wisdom, let me speak. Don't make her ridiculous. Make her a success—a serious, genuine artistic success. Finding it easy to attain, she won't want it. Then, perhaps, if you don't throw yourself at her, she'll want you. That's the way women are."

He proceeded to outline a program of action. He offered himself as publicity man extraordinary, and promised to secure the assistance of all the critics, editors, and producers he knew. Roddy felt that the thing was getting beyond him, but it sounded plausible, and he had to admit that he knew nothing of women, except that he loved Sally, and so—

Came the première of "A Woman Free." Roddy's friend was so active that he even persuaded the conductor of a humorous column to give up a parody he had written, called "A Woman Freak." In other ways, too, he was successful. Sally's artistic photograph—a vague, shadowy, soft-toned thing that bore no resemblance to Sally's healthy self—was published in half a dozen magazines, and pictures of the stage settings for "A Woman Free" were extensive-

ly reproduced. The pens of the satirists wrote of other things, and the typewriters of the cynics were sabotaged out of use. Only the serious and the faithful were allowed to comment upon the play. It and Sally were being made famous.

The audience that witnessed the first night was as carefully selected as a jury. The scornful were excluded, and the seats they might have had were given over to out-of-work actors hired to look intellectual and to applaud at the right points. Never did a play have a better audience.

Entering the theater just as the lights went out before the curtain rose, and taking a seat far to the back, Roddy felt happier than he had since the day when he first saw Sally after weeks of searching. His plan had worked, thus far, without a hitch, although it had been expensive.

The curtain rose on a lugubrious scene, but Roddy didn't look at the stage. His attention was centered upon the rows of seats in front of him. Well down toward the stage he saw one of America's greatest theatrical producers. This man had lent his mighty presence, and would later condescend to bestow his favor upon the play and its star, as a result of the work of Roddy's friend.

There is little need to describe the drama or its performance. Its like has been solemnly produced time and time again, and will continue to be produced so long as there are men like Vincent Hopkins and rich young women to play angel to their productions. It was a harrowing affair, and Sally, as an emotional peasant woman, was woefully miscast.

The audience was far better than the play, and the best acting was done by those "out in front." With the exception of a veteran who had played with Edwin Booth, and who was now too weary to keep awake, every one was tremendously appreciative. Sally and Vincent won curtain call after curtain call. Vincent was finally forced to make a speech, and not even that broke the tense seriousness of his auditors. They were worshipping at the shrine of beauty.

Sally was a success. The great producer offered her a contract. Her time was divided between interviewers—whose activities were liberally stimulated by Roddy—and appreciative worshippers. Swarms of amateur dramatists besieged her, asking permission to read their plays. Sally got very tired of it all, and she was especially

tired of Vincent Hopkins with his eternal talk of "I told you so!"

She was wise enough to know that success which had come so easily wasn't worth having, and she began to feel that the people who applauded her as a great artist were silly. She knew that she hadn't changed a bit, and yet there wasn't one of her new friends who treated her as a regular human being. Art and freedom and eternal adulation were rapidly becoming dreadfully tiresome.

V

THINKING of all this as she walked in Washington Square, just after she had turned down the proffered contract because it meant a repetition of the stupid round, and had refused to marry Vincent because he had become an insufferable bore, Sally's heart gave a leap of joy when she saw a maroon roadster speeding along at its usual wild pace.

She laughed heartily for the first time in days—not the restrained laugh of a great tragédienne, but with the gay happiness of youth.

"Oh, Roddy!" she called. "Hey, Roddy!"

The red-haired young man brought the car to a stop, looked around, and got out. He stood with his cap in his hand, his hair gleaming, as the girl approached. She came running up to him with a smile flashing and her eyes alight.

"How do you do, Miss Hughes?" he said.

"Miss Hughes! Don't be absurd, silly! Take me for a ride, will you? Take me any place—out in the country, if there's any country left besides Hungary!"

"Charmed," agreed Roddy, and held the door open for her.

He was as courteously silent as any of her interviewers, as worshipful as any Villager. She became furious with him.

"What's bitten you, Roddy? Can't you talk any more?"

"Eh? Oh, yes! I beg your pardon. You see, when a girl I've known all my life suddenly does something tremendous, and becomes famous, great, successful, why, you know, it makes a duffer out of a chap like me. I've never done anything, and you're a great actress. It's rather a blow, you know, when I thought that some day—oh, well, I can see now that you're far beyond my reach."

"*Et tu, Brute?* Roddy, you've disappointed me. I never thought that of you. I wish you wouldn't be ridiculous. When I saw you, I thought I could get away from all the nuts and hear some one talk sense again. How are the new puppies? Did you buy the pony you saw at—"

A sudden change came over the young man. He thrust his chin forward, and his hair seemed to burn brighter than ever.

"You want to hear some one talk sense, do you? Well, here goes! I want to tell you that as an actress you're the worst I've ever seen in fifteen years of show-going. As for that play, it's beyond words—impossible. Hopkins's direction was appallingly stupid, the sets were terrible, and the theater smelled of cheap disinfectant. The place should have been pinched. You were utterly absurd. Your enunciation was bad, your speaking voice is untrained, you have no stage presence, and as a tragedy queen you're funny. That's what I think of your career and your success and everything you gave me up to win. Well, you can have 'em. If you're going to make yourself ridiculous this way, I'm darned glad you didn't marry me!"

He suddenly felt two arms about his neck and soft lips pressed against his. Regardless of them, he concentrated upon steering the roadster.

"Attaboy, Roddy! That's just what I think myself!"

He turned incredulous blue eyes upon her.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded.

She nodded emphatically.

"All right, then," said Roddy. "If you'll cut out all this nonsense, I'll consent to marry you; but I'll be darned if you ever get on a stage again!"

Her arms held fast, and love was in her eyes. Roddy was almost overcome by her complete surrender; but he thought of something that he had not told her.

"That is," he went on, "if you'll marry an ex-convict!"

"I will—when it's you," she said.

When Roddy told his friend about it, that learned man nodded thoughtfully.

"That's the way women are," he said out of his wisdom. "But never let her know how she became a success, or you'll have her back on the stage, fighting to make good on her merit, and prove that we're all in the wrong. That, too, is the way women are!"

The Bullfighter

A ROMANCE OF THE THRILLING SPORT OF THE ARENA

By T. S. Stribling

Author of "Birthright," "East Is East," etc.

XIX

RAFAEL'S dissertation on the right and wrong of marriage did not convince even Socorro Jiminez; but it soothed and comforted the girl, and lent her a certain moral support, to know that her brother upheld her course. Still, there was no escaping the fact that it was very, very wrong of her to sit in the garden with Señor Angel and allow him—nay, virtually invite him—to kiss and embrace her, as she had done.

After she had returned to her room that night, the enormity of her conduct so grew upon her and shamed her that she could not even remember how Rafael had arranged the logical members of his syllogism to make her appear in the right. Finally, restlessness routed her out of her chamber and sent her over to Rafael's study, for a restatement of the grounds of her defense.

But Rafael had that mercurial type of mind which never repeats a formula. This time he justified his sister's conduct by telling her that all human life was a compromise between the laws of society and the individual will. The objects of these two forces were usually diametrically opposed. Any social body made an effort to preserve itself, and that was the reason for the convention forbidding marriage outside of one's own circle. On the other hand, the individual was impelled toward mésalliances to reinvigorate the original human stock with the increased vitality of a mixed breed. So all human life whirled about these cross currents—aristocracies tending to destroy life and preserve social forms, the individual tending to renew life and destroy social forms.

"Now that is why an outside marriage

pleases a girl and shocks her family," said the poet, smiling.

"But which is right and which is wrong?" demanded Socorro, with the feminine desire for a rule of thumb.

"My dear sister," laughed Rafael, "if you want a commandment, go to the priests. If you want to do as you please, come to the philosophers."

That was all she could get out of Rafael—nothing very definite or satisfactory. However, the *señorita* was not really unhappy. Inside of every woman run two distinct codes, and her fealty shifts from one to the other with the exigencies of her life.

Socorro made her brother promise to go and tell Angelito the family's decision early next morning. Then Rafael kissed her, wished her, rather tamely, any happiness that her proposed marriage might bring her, and sent her away to her own room, while he resumed the grave task of putting into Spanish verse his thoughts on the subject of glands.

Whatever was the disturbance in the Jiminez family, Angelito's pain was more acute than Socorro's, because his sense of loss was more fundamental. It seemed to him that he had irretrievably lost the girl he loved.

He went to sleep with this hag riding his heart. At intervals, all night long, he would struggle out of the vague and symbolic torments of his dreams into a gray hopelessness of ever possessing Socorro Jiminez. In his twilight state of lethargy, desire and tenderness flooded him. His memory became an inquisitor which tortured him with endless repetitions of the kisses he had received in the garden, of the softness of her flesh, of her arms about his