



Spanish Primitives

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

I



MARGARET would have known better what to say. I'm sure I wasn't much help to either of them. My talk with Waring this morning only brought out some very unpleasant truths. More unpleasant than the falsehoods he half believed. And as for little Rosa Trenór—I can never think of her as Waring's wife—there was no use in telling her anything. She knew. God, how she knew! You could see it when she crossed to the stairs with that uncertain broken droop, as if her heels were catching in the tiles, and from the way she turned and went down. And it's still here, that knowledge, she left it behind her like a deeper shadow in the corners of the tower, and a veil between me and the long white square that drops to the mountains and the sea.

There is always a veil, as if the dimension between us and beauty were always

peopled with memory, and human shadows were always crossing its depths. It lies between me and those weightless peaks, and that sun, and that sea like a scarlet step to the sky. Margaret has become a part of Altea and this unearthly Spanish coast. And to-morrow I'm going back to New York. But poor little Rosa and young Waring Guinness will have alien shadows of memory to haunt them for a long while, I'm afraid.

If I hadn't been so lonely in Valencia I wouldn't have come. Naturally I was anxious to see Waring's wife; Margaret and I were delighted when we heard he had married. The letter came last spring just before Margaret's illness. She'd always been interested in Waring; the Cynthia Cromartine affair was the beginning. Margaret had helped him through that when all New York was divided between pity and laughter. And the sight of him, walking down the Cathedral aisle with his straw hat crumpled in his hand, and his eyes turning from niche to niche, as if he were measuring the saints, gave me a shock.

"You must come to Altea with me," he said. "I want you to see Rosa. I'm

painting there and I'm going to take Rosa back to New York in a month—the 10th of October. Please!" He took hold of my arm. "There's a castle and marvelous country, and Rosa's parents are great. They love guests and they try to give everything they have away, and they all speak English as well as we do. Come on!" I was terribly lonely and glad to see him, so I went.

They were all that he claimed for them, Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda and Rosa. There is a quality in castles and titles, sometimes preserved and sometimes lost. In Rosa's family it had been preserved. That night, ten days ago now, when Waring's car strained up the mountain and through the iron gates, and stopped in front of the castle, I felt for a moment the eerie sweep that plain song gives one, heard at dusk when the trees spread black fingers against the sky and the light falls in pointed arches upon the snow. And the feeling didn't greatly diminish when we sat down to dinner, surrounded by crouching sideboards and chairs like thrones, with the candle-light deepening the plates and turning the glasses into smoke. Don Rigoberto had patriarchal eyebrows and Doña Hermenegilda quivered gently when she laughed. And Rosa was almost too young—a firm, graceful thing, as blond and burnt as a stalk of wheat.

In the morning they took me to see the pictures—"Spanish Primitives," Waring called them—an altar piece by Nicolau and some panels by Lorenzo Zaragoza. At least I think that was what he said. Don Rigoberto didn't know much about them, and Doña Hermenegilda only nodded tranquilly while Waring talked. They were priceless, I was told. People came from afar to see them. And I could understand why. They were very strange in the squat chapel with its narrow windows receding mournfully behind the gray arches—very old and naïve and fragrant, and fashioned laboriously, with the slow cruelty of faith.

"There's a lot of nonsense talked about them in New York," Waring said. Then he flushed uncomfortably. "I like the man in purple—the one where the devil is pulling out his tongue," Rosa remarked with satisfaction. Waring put his hand

on her shoulder and she touched his fingers with her face.

"He knows a lot about pictures," she said.

That afternoon we drove to the coast. There was sunlight such as I've never seen before; the road down the mountain was blinding white, and the peaks had the sharp emotionless gleam of reflections in a glass. The town of Altea dropped below us in a rambling stairway of scarlet and white, then a half-moon of beach ran around the bay and at the tip the rock of Ifach stood up in the sea like a yellow tooth. We were going to Ifach; to visit Don Felipe Baltasar, who had a house on the rock. And when we'd deposited Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda, Rosa and Waring and I went down to the beach to swim.

I suppose nothing can ever take away one's enjoyment of certain things. Rosa was very lovely, as Waring had said. Her legs were limber and smooth and her body had the soft glow of sand in the sun. She was fixing her cap—a scarlet affair that brought out the amber of her eyes; then she stooped down in half-closing elastic curves, and picked up a shell and skimmed it into the bay. Waring stood there, watching, as if he were holding her to his lips. I'd seen him look that way at a woman before.

My memory went down, glancing from side to side. The last time he'd talked to Margaret and me, that evening in the Sixty-fourth Street house, quite crazy, pacing to and fro like a beast at the end of a stick and declaring no woman could chew him up and then laugh at the pieces; that he had work to do in the world, and that Cynthia Cromartine would destroy any man, she was rotten with knowledge, and hadn't a living thought in her head. Then a few months before in Cynthia's drawing-room, with its crimson curtains and bulbous ivories, and pictures in pointed frames, when Sir Alexander Siddleston had been there and they'd talked about painting, and Rudolf Cromartine had begun making love in his snuffling way to Mrs. Laporte. Cynthia had watched him, terribly amused, and then turned to Sir Alexander and poured out her mixture of Harlem and Shelley. She knew a lot, did Cynthia, and with it all

she had a strain of bath-water purity and a rustle of autumn leaves in her voice. The first time Waring saw her he fell in love with her. "Such wisdom! Such an incredible sadness!" he told Margaret. "Just talking to her is like hearing the wind crying over the roofs of a dead city!"

The roofs of a dead city! I dived in and began swimming after the scarlet cap. The water was warm and green with black and gold butterflies floating through, and the foam on the top spread out, turned down, like sinking lace. Waring's hair had fallen in a black streak across his forehead. Rosa dived under him and he disappeared, cursing, then came up with her head in the hook of his arm. "Let me go!" she spluttered. "My God!" He pushed her down and she floated up, grinning, her chin nestled in the water. "Damn you, Rosa, you bite like a horse!" he said, looking at his arm.

After tea we sat on Don Baltasar's terrace and smoked and watched the sun creeping down the rocks. Waring and Rosa were a little apart, their feet on the stone balustrade, and Don Baltasar was talking while Doña Hermenegilda listened, with a patience born of listening to many words. "He says the ambassador is going to send us a letter about some Americans who want to see the pictures," she translated to me. Don Rigoberto inclined his head. "Our house is theirs," he said, in a voice that was reminiscent of plains and rust-colored tents, and flocks spreading out to a treeless sky.

I glanced at Waring and Rosa. They weren't listening to us. The bay was crimson now and the sails of the fishing-boats caught the sun in bellying mounds. From the village below came the sound of a guitar, playing a little air that kept rising before me like the hopeless wringing of hands. I wished it would stop. Rosa heard it and her fingers touched Waring's arm. And for a moment the life of those two seemed to pause, as if the music, the sea, and the sky were coming toward them from a great distance, fixing them forever in an eternal frame.

II

Nor until the morning they were expected did I hear a word of it from War-

ing. We'd been to sea with the fishermen in one of the *parejas* and the fleet was sailing home. In a mist, I remember; the sun wasn't up, and the air around us was tunnelled with lights, and voices kept passing behind a white wall. Waring looked pale and drenched; he was sitting in a pocket scooped out by the sail. "I can't see why," he began suddenly, his voice coming toward me, disembodied and plaintive, like the voice of a peevish ghost. "I have no luck, not a damned bit of luck. I don't know whether it's the pictures, or —" he stopped. "You?" I demanded, and he stared at me through the mist. "Yes." "Did you tell her?" I asked, and he fairly shouted, "No!" across the boat. "But she probably knows," he said wearily.

She did know, all right. But no one else did. Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda were delighted to see them. The ambassador had written an impressive letter. They must send to Valencia for the rest of their baggage and stay for the winter—a month at least. They were friends of our son-in-law! Cynthia opened her heavy-lidded eyes at Don Rigoberto. "We venture to come down and see your pictures and you ask us to stay a month," she said. "You are quite—magnificent!" She'd fallen immediately into the Spanish way of talking. "How fortunate our friend Waring is," she murmured with her rustle of autumn leaves. "If you really mean it—" she turned to Doña Hermenegilda—"we will stay, for a few days. I have never seen such glorious country, Condesa, in my life."

Nor had Rudolf, it appeared. He couldn't keep his eyes off Rosa. And in the afternoon we all went to the chapel again to see those damned pictures—the object of Cynthia's visit.

She talked well about them, I must admit, with her long slim hands moulding images out of the air and her half-uttered words drifting up from a depth of knowledge, rich, hidden, and stained with fantastic dyes. Rosa listened, with Rudolf close to her, and Waring moved about, twitching his shoulders as if something hurt him inside. As soon as the inspection was over he took Cynthia off to his studio to see what he'd done, while Ru-

dolf lingered behind with Rosa, and an hour later, when I came down from putting on my riding clothes, Waring and Cynthia hadn't appeared. Rosa was standing alone in the hall. "Is Mrs. Cromartine an artist?" she asked suddenly. Before I could answer they came through the passageway from the studio, Cynthia with her hand in Waring's arm. "We're waiting for you," Rosa said, when they came up.

In the evening, sitting on the terrace, Rosa leaned out and spoke to Waring across the somnolent laps of Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda. He was busy with Cynthia and didn't hear her, and she drew back and began talking again to Rudolf.

The following day was a sunny void across which faint surmises and indistinguishable skirmishings ran out and vanished. Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda were benign and unaware, only anxious not to overdo it for Cynthia and her husband. Waring said as little as possible to any of us; Cynthia and he had a way of drifting off by themselves. And the next afternoon, when we five started in the car for the monastery of Finistral, Rosa turned quite naturally to Rudolf.

They were on my mind going out, but when we reached the monastery I forgot, for a little while, myself and every one around me. Finistral, hanging on the mountain, a ruin of white roofless walls with the burnt rock staring through broken arches, was as dry and dwarfing and immemorial as a skull.

It was twelfth century, and there were the remains of a cloister—columns standing alone in a stone square as if the years had eaten everything above them. At the edge of the rock an aqueduct sprang across to the side of the mountain. The stones were dry and faintly scooped out by the water, and far down, at the bottom of the ravine, I could just make out the carved base of a column.

"Can you walk across that?" I started back as if some one had spoken from the ravine. Rosa and Cynthia were standing behind me.

"I dare say," Cynthia answered. "I've walked across narrow places before."

"I don't doubt it," said Rosa. What a child she was! Outrageously, intoler-

ably young—taking in Cynthia from head to foot! "Waring and I do it, but then we're children." She smiled condescendingly.

"Yes," said Cynthia. She looked down, then stepped out on the stones.

Without a word Waring seized her from behind. "You are a fool, Cynthia!" he cried. "You can't even stand by a railing without wanting to throw yourself over! Why on earth—" he stared at her angrily.

"I didn't know," said Rosa with contrition. "You must forgive me, Mrs. Cromartine. I didn't know you had such inclinations." She looked at Cynthia, still in the shelter of Waring's arm. Then she walked out on the stones, and across, no one daring to speak.

"Now, Mr. Cromartine, you come over!" she called.

I'd never seen Rudolf engage in athletics before. He was past the time and the figure for such affairs. But he started bravely, his arms spread out, and his spatted feet clinging to the stones. From behind he looked like an elderly pigeon crossing a roost. Then he stopped and knelt down. He knelt down solemnly and slowly. Then he began to creep. He was quite a sight. His coat-tails parted augustly, disclosing buttons, and his glasses and fountain-pen fell out of his pocket and down on the rocks, and Rosa shouted and danced up and down with joy, and when he scrambled up she leaned against him, choking with laughter. "You'll have to go back," she cried. "Or will you all come over!"

"Rosa, take the path down and we'll meet you at the car," Waring commanded, and she nodded, suddenly quiet. "They're both crazy," he muttered. "I don't think so," said Cynthia sweetly. "Only—" her nostrils widened—"she's very young, Waring."

Cynthia was right, she was very young. So young that within a week her eyes had grown twice their size and she jumped when any one came up behind her. It was cruel, and that afternoon, before we started for Benidorm, when I saw Cynthia walking toward the house, for a wonder, alone, I stopped and waited.

There must have been something about my look that warned her, because she

sidled up to me without any hesitation, fairly quivering with meekness.

"What are you up to, my dear?" I asked. She was disgusting! Simpering at me that way and plaiting her long fingers like a spoiled virgin. "You mustn't." I shook my head. "These people are old-fashioned and they won't understand. They live in the Dark Ages where women are virtuous and men are brave. And beside, you're simply torturing little Rosa."

"What an outrageous way to talk, Billy!" She shivered as if she'd suddenly touched some loathsome thing. "You must remember I haven't seen Waring for six months, and I may never see him again." Her voice was sad and resigned and her eyelashes brushed her cheek. "And your little Rosa," she paused, "your little Rosa—I think she takes care of herself very well!"

"Maybe. But it's costing her something. I warn you, Cynthia!" She made me angry, standing there in the sunlight so patiently. "I warn you! You ought to go. You're only stirring up trouble."

"I'm ready," she said. "Any day. I'm tired." She bent her head as if the weight of the world were upon it. "Only Rudolf—I think Rudolf——"

"Yes! All your life you've sacrificed yourself to Rudolf!"

"No, not that, Billy. Not that." She seemed anxious to correct me there. "But I've always given him free rein." She looked at me with eyes as cold and hard as a sea-gull's and her voice had its rustle of autumn leaves. God, how angry she made me!

"And some day I hope he'll hang himself, and you too," I said. Then I walked away.

Our conversation hadn't made much impression, I noticed, when, a little later in the afternoon, we five started in the car for Benidorm. As soon as I could I escaped and went off alone to poke about some ruins near by, and when I found the party at dusk in front of the posada that Cynthia insisted on seeing, I felt better.

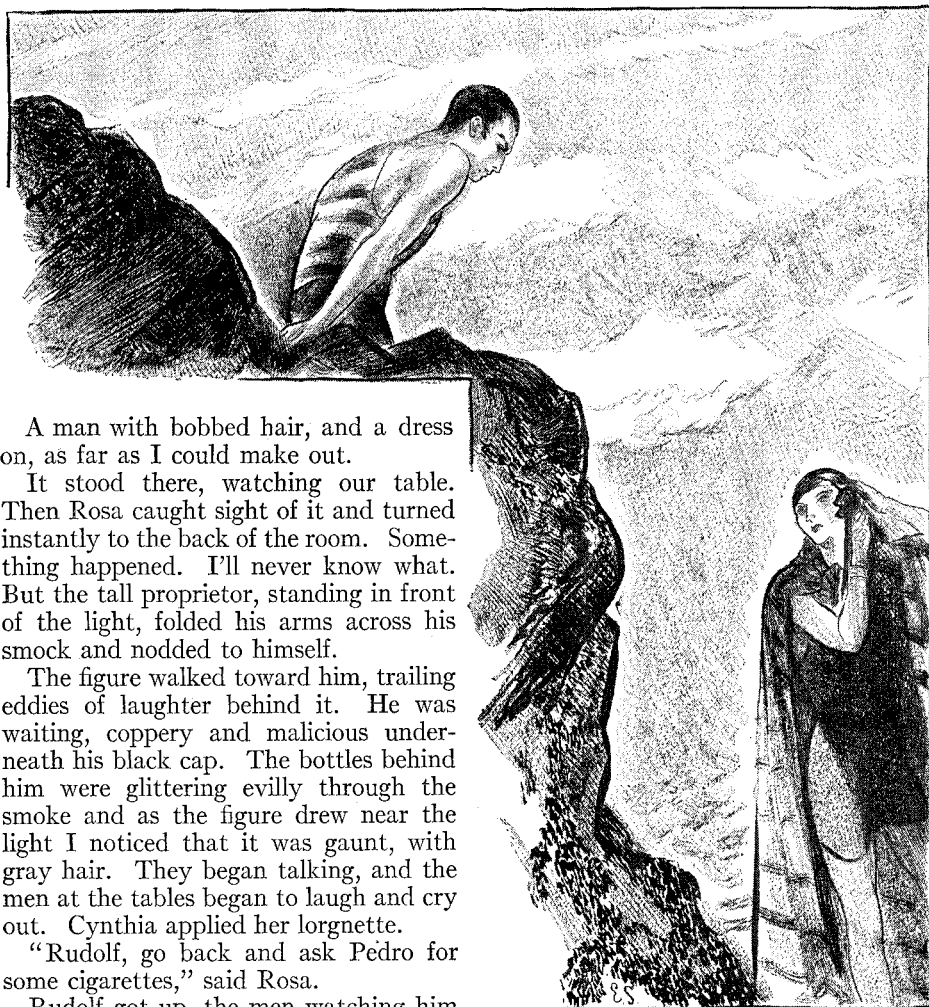
No one can moralize, anyway, in a Spanish posada. There's not enough air, and too much garlic. Cynthia, once inside, was completely at home, spreading

her elbows on the stained greasy table and watching the turbaned men drinking and playing cards. Rosa was more remote; she was sitting by Rudolf, and he was almost leaning against her, in that flabby way of his, as if something inside him had smashed. You couldn't blame him, he being what he was. The earthen floor smelt of wine, and the smoke hung in an acrid cloud underneath the rafters, and the light in the room was almost blue, with laughter spitting out in red flashes. Passionate possessive animals they were, held in a slender leash. No wonder Rudolf began to dissolve—the very smells were full of a slow transforming magic, the close-packed bodies leaning over the tables pushed greasy elbows and shoulders against each other, and through the door to the right came the noise of cattle stamping and munching in their stalls.

"This might be 'The Nativity in Harlem,'" said Cynthia, looking up at the man who was pouring out her sherry. He didn't know what she meant, but he understood her look. In fact, he understood the whole situation. When we first came in he'd bowed before Rosa as if he were going to kiss her hand, and she'd spoken to him very pleasantly. He was the proprietor of the posada and a man of uncommon dignity. When he was through, he stood at Rosa's elbow waiting to be dismissed, and staring at Rudolf. I wouldn't want any man to stare at me that way. Rosa glanced up and caught him, and his head almost touched the table. Then he walked off. And in Rosa's face, when she turned, I caught for an instant a glimpse of that submerged link which binds the aristocrat and the peasant together the whole world over.

"Very handsome," said Cynthia, drily. She spread her fingers over Waring's hand. "They're a curious people, the Spaniards, with a taste for dwarves and fools. Look at the pictures of Velasquez and Goya."

"And at some of the ambassadors we get," said Rosa. She was considering Waring's hand. Rudolf mouched over toward her and she drew away. "Very good sherry," he said. "Rosa—" He began bleating softly. Then the door in front of me opened and a most extraordinary figure appeared.



A man with bobbed hair, and a dress on, as far as I could make out.

It stood there, watching our table. Then Rosa caught sight of it and turned instantly to the back of the room. Something happened. I'll never know what. But the tall proprietor, standing in front of the light, folded his arms across his smock and nodded to himself.

The figure walked toward him, trailing eddies of laughter behind it. He was waiting, coppery and malicious underneath his black cap. The bottles behind him were glittering evilly through the smoke and as the figure drew near the light I noticed that it was gaunt, with gray hair. They began talking, and the men at the tables began to laugh and cry out. Cynthia applied her lorgnette.

"Rudolf, go back and ask Pedro for some cigarettes," said Rosa.

Rudolf got up, the men watching him as he went by. He was quite a sight in a Spanish posada, with his red neck and short body and long plus-four trousers. He stopped in front of Pedro and the room grew quiet. "Elegante cigarettes!" he cried, waving his fat hands in the air. Pedro nodded. He turned and spoke to the figure at his side, and it bent forward, examined Rudolf. Then it approached him, passionately.

Rudolf started back, flinging up his arm. A long skinny hand clutched at his neck. The figure's voice was endearing now, with a pleading throaty cluck, and its hair was tumbled over its forehead. It got one arm around Rudolf. He squealed, and began to run. Began to stumble about the tables. Like a horrible

Waring stood there, watching, as if he were holding her to his lips.—Page 445.

shout the laughter burst out at him, biting, stinging, fairly blinding me with its slap.

He stumbled into his chair. "My God!" he whispered. His shoulders were quivering as if the laughter was taking off his skin.

When everything was quiet we left the posada. And as we were getting out of the car Cynthia came up behind me. "I just thought I'd tell you that all bets are off, now, Billy," she said.

It seems a long while ago, but it was only yesterday afternoon, the day after Benidorm, when I came upon Rosa in the

little chapel up-stairs. She was sitting before the window that looks down into the church and she got up quickly when I came in. It was dark and at first I couldn't make out her face, only a silhouette against the square of light. The candles were burning in the church below—they were always burning—and behind them I could see those fiendish pictures, their dim bodies writhing in a blur of rose and gold. "Excuse me," I said: "I didn't know anybody was here."

"That's all right!" she said, and I walked to the door with her, not knowing quite what to do. "I must go home to-morrow, Rosa," I said finally. "I've enjoyed my visit here."

"Yes. I'm sure you have." She stopped in the doorway. "Don't go home to-morrow. Please!"

"You don't want me to?" Then I ventured. In a way she'd made it possible. "If I went I might take my friends."

"Your friends!" I couldn't help feeling grateful at the way she spoke. "They're not yours. I"—she looked down—"I don't know whose they are."

"Then why don't you get rid of them?" I said. "If you don't want to, ask your father to speak to them."

"Father!" She laughed in my face. "He wouldn't do it. Father's a Spanish gentleman, Billy, if you know what that means."

"Maybe I do. But you must do something about it. Before—" Then I stopped.

"Before it's too late?"

"Exactly."

"Well—" I'd never seen her mouth grow so sharp. "You're a good man, Billy. I owe you something. I know it." She put her hand on my arm—short little fingers full of courage. "I'll—" then her lip trembled and she turned away. When she looked up everything had passed, only, the pupils of her eyes were very hard and bright. "I'm afraid I'll have to get them out myself, Billy," she said.

More than once during the afternoon I wondered what she would do. It was evident she was going to do something. But as the hours passed, my apprehension began to subside. The details of living very soon repair the breach in that comfortable wall which hides us from the unknown.

And in the evening, sitting out on the terrace with Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda, watching their quiet faces and hearing the slow steady voice of Don Rigoberto, talking politics as if what was happening in Spain had always happened and would always happen, with the tiny night noises weaving busily through his talk, and the lights in the valley below shining contentedly, and the mountains sinking into the shadow with the peace of an immemorial habit, my fears about Rosa passed into another world, where they wandered, bodiless and unreal, mere projections of my own imagination. Now and then I wondered where Cynthia and Waring were, but no one else seemed to wonder. And toward the end of the evening Rudolf and Rosa went away so quietly that I hardly knew they had gone. After they left, Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda and I sat alone, while the talk slowly died out. Then the silence settled, closer and closer, feverish and heavy with incessant questions. And I realized that these two old people were in the presence of a phenomenon so dismaying that they could only meet it with silence.

I went up to bed very sick at heart. The whole thing was so wantonly unjust, and we were all so helpless. I'd done what I could with Waring and Cynthia and they'd have none of me. And I couldn't advise Rosa. I don't know how to fight women. No one does. I suppose if you once begin the best way is to kill them. Maybe Rosa would kill Cynthia. The idea rather pleased me. Then I got into bed hoping I could go to sleep and forget it.

The cry woke me.

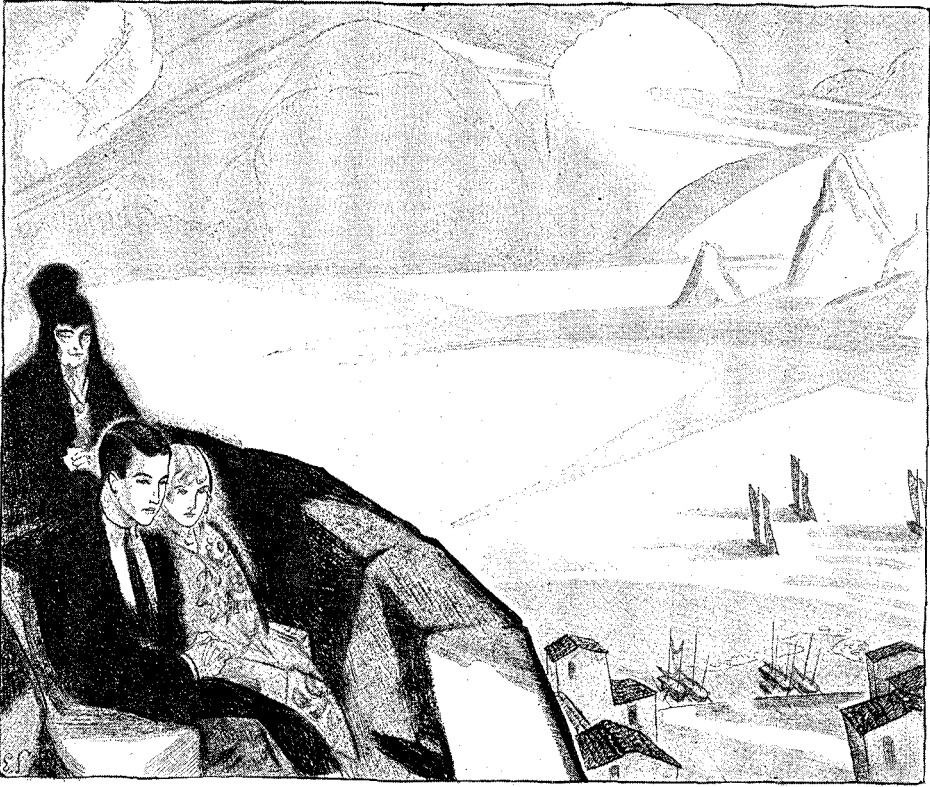
The next thing was Don Rigoberto's voice in the hallway.

I jumped out of bed and opened the door. To the left, at the end of the hall, was a buttress of light. Rosa's door was open and she was standing against it, dressed. In the opposite corner was a crumpled purple figure, holding its chin and staring at Rosa.

Then Don Rigoberto's shadow blotted it out. "What does this mean?" he demanded. His profile was massive and sharp and his hair and moustache glit-

tered frostily and the light ran in ripples over his gown. Rosa pointed at the figure against the wall. "He tried to come into my room," she said. Don Rigoberto stiffened, turned toward the wall. Then

morning at eight." He motioned Doña Hermenegilda back and then closed the door of their room. Waring walked over to Rudolf, "What in hell!" he said. He drew back his fist. "Waring, come



Waring and Rosa were a little apart.—Page 446.

he bent forward, expanded, as if he were going to plunge on the crouching figure.

"It's a mistake, Don Rigoberto," came Rudolf's voice. He thrust out his head and wagged it from side to side. "She asked me——"

Then Don Rigoberto plunged and Rudolf squealed and went sprawling over the floor on his hands and knees. "What's all this!" Waring called out behind me, and I looked around. He was coming down the hall from the stairway with Cynthia behind him.

"I shall leave your friend to explain," said Don Rigoberto. He tottered majestically by Waring, breathing heavily, his fingers clutched in his gown. "The automobile will be ready to-morrow

here!" Rosa cried. She ran out in the hall and seized his arm. "Let him alone!" Waring dropped his arm and Rudolf began to sidle away. I'd seen enough, so I closed my door.

III

THE little sleep I had was broken early by the noise of a heavy object being carried down the hall. I looked at my watch. It was eight o'clock, and I put on my gown and opened the door. There was no one about up-stairs, so I crossed to the window that faces the road. The motor, with Pedro in it, was waiting below, and Rudolf and Cynthia were getting into the back seat.

Cynthia nodded to Antonio, who was standing just outside the doorway, and he bowed gravely. No one else was there. Then the car slipped into the sunshine and past the white houses toward the gate. Rudolf was leaning over his cane with a patch of scarlet neck bared to the sun, and Cynthia's tightly veiled head and thin shoulders were rigid above the seat. They didn't look unhappy, only a little unsocial, rather like disappointed Argonauts setting out on a new adventure. And no doubt they'd find it. I could imagine them sweeping down on an unprotected country house as the car was sweeping, now, down the hill. Only Rudolf—I was a little doubtful about Rudolf. His powers as a siren were failing lately.

After breakfast I told Don Rigoberto I was going to leave to-morrow—I didn't want to ride up in the train with Cynthia and Rudolf—then I walked off by myself down the road, wishing very much that I'd left yesterday. I disliked the idea of talking to Rosa and Waring. I knew they wouldn't spare any details. No young person does. They live in a moral Arizona and all their misty landscapes have gone. But when I did meet Waring, half an hour later, on the way back, he surprised me. For at least five minutes he talked as if nothing had happened. Then he turned on me suddenly. "I want your advice, Billy," he said.

"Yes?" With the change in his voice had come a change in his face. He was angry, now, and a little vicious. "You know Rosa asked Rudolf last night to come to her room," he said.

"She did?" Evidently he was worrying about it. I'd no idea he was so stupid. "And what about you?" I asked. "What have you been doing this last week?"

"Nothing I shouldn't have." He moved his shoulders uncomfortably, then threw back his head with defiance. "After all, sex is only an incident—a physical function."

"Quite right," I agreed. "I'm glad you're so liberal." He looked at me as if he'd fallen suddenly—didn't quite know where he was. Then the strained expression came back to his eyes. "I was talking theory," he said. "But Billy"—his face was white now and the lock of hair

had fallen over his forehead—"she asked him to come to her room last night. She said so."

"Did she? Well, ask her why." I couldn't see how he could be so blind. Then I remembered what he'd been doing himself. Poor boy! He could only catch the reflection of Rosa in his own distorted mirror. "Think it over," I said. "Rosa's made an ass of Rudolf on every occasion."

"That's true," he answered. "But women are awfully queer. She says herself"—he winced and the muscles tightened about his mouth—"that she asked him to come to her room."

"Yours too—" I suggested. Then I stopped. There was no use in going any further. I'd better let Rosa do her own explaining. "She asked him," he repeated monotonously, the way a man groans to relieve himself from pain. "I don't understand—"

"You will some day," I said. "In the meantime I wouldn't worry." Looking at him I cursed Cynthia from the bottom of my heart. I wasn't at all sure he'd ever understand.

After lunch I got away as soon as I could. The house was too full of unspoken questions and the attempt at cheerfulness was ghastly. Don Rigoberto looked shattered and old with half-moons under his eyes, and Doña Hermenegilda, the few times she spoke to me, dragged herself up as if she'd been struggling under water. And Rosa—it seems only a moment ago that I heard her step on the stairs, and saw her crossing the room.

She walked over to me—I was sitting here, as I am now. For a moment she didn't speak, just stood by me, staring out of the window. "They've gone," she said finally. "I told you they'd go this morning."

I nodded. Then I stared out of the window. I didn't want to see any more misery.

"I had to get them out, somehow," she said. "So I took the best way I could. It didn't hurt Rudolf. Nothing—" her voice sank with contempt—"nothing could hurt him."

"Probably not," I agreed. "And it worked. You got them out."

"Yes. I did. And I got myself in."

She spread out her fingers. "I seemed to be always getting myself in, Billy. Everything I did only got me in tighter. It was like struggling in mud. And now Waring thinks—" she looked up at me. "And I let him think! If he can—" her

"Yes, Rosa," I answered. "At least he called it that. But I'm sure, now she's gone, it's over. From what he told me this morning, I'm sure it's over."

"Nothing's over," she said. "Ever. I'm not very old, but I've learned that."



He started bravely, his arms spread out, and his spatted feet clinging to the stones.—Page 447.

eyes blazed—"let him think—whatever he wants! God knows what I think!" She leaned against the wall. "Oh, I'm so miserable, so miserable!" she whispered.

"It's a mix-up, Rosa," I said. "But I don't"—I tried to be honest—"I don't see what else you could have done."

"He thinks terrible things and I let him because"—she began to sob—"I think them of him. Maybe I did wrong, but I was suffering so I didn't know what to do. And I couldn't"—she leaned against the wall—"I couldn't get her out. Did Waring"—she tried to look at me—"did Waring—tell me, Billy—did Waring love her, before he met me?"

I gave her my handkerchief and she wiped her eyes. Then she stood beside me, staring down at the sea. "I've had six months," she said. "God can never take them away from me. But"—her fingers tightened—"I can't think of them because she's poisoned them. She's poisoned them. I hope"—she bent her head—"she's satisfied, now."

I couldn't say anything more, and she crossed to the stairs with a broken uncertain droop as if her heels were catching in the tiles. There wasn't a word I could say, not a word. So I let her go. I think if Margaret had been alive I would have known better what to do.

Engineering in Agriculture

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DIAGRAMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS



ANY people seem to have a very narrow idea of what an engineer really is and what he does. They are apt to think of him simply as a man who operates an engine or some kind of machinery. While such work is a part of *mechanical* engineering, it is a small and only a secondary part. This concept does not include the civil engineer, the architect, and structural engineer, or even the electrical engineer. In its most complete meaning, engineering is the study of existing conditions, the planning of methods and equipment to improve those conditions or to enable them to work together for any desired result, and the management or operation of such equipment.

The standard types of engineering just named have been recognized and established for many years in all civilized countries, and colleges have long been provided and equipped to train young men in them. A kind of engineering not so well known but of very great importance, which has grown up during the past half century and become established during the past twenty years, is *agricultural engineering*, which is the application of the art and science of engineering to the problems of agriculture. Its object is to eliminate useless labor on the farm, to make the farm home life pleasanter, and to make the farm business more profitable.

CHARACTER AND SCOPE OF AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING

Many men think that the engineering work of agriculture could and should be done by civil, mechanical, and architectural engineers. However, while this idea may seem reasonable, it has not

worked out very well in the past. The engineer trained in other lines than those directly related to agriculture, seldom understands the problems of the farm or the methods of agricultural production well enough to be of much help to the farmer. His training has been, as a rule, highly specialized along lines entirely different from the rather simple, but numerous and widely varied, engineering and production problems of the farm.

The planning of the farmstead, that is, the arranging of the buildings for the greatest convenience and economy of labor, as well as the greatest comfort and beauty, requires a knowledge of farm work and living conditions which the architect trained to city-planning does not usually have. The planning of a convenient farmhouse, where the care and feeding of the farm help is a consideration of the first importance, requires a very different view-point and training from that needed for the proper planning of a city home where commercial and society relations are naturally apt to be of first importance. The planning and building of a dairy barn or a crop-storage building are very different problems than are the planning and erection of a large city office building or a commercial warehouse, and the technical training therefor should be correspondingly different.

In designing a plow bottom, a grain-drill, a mower, or a threshing-machine, one deals with very different forces and conditions than must be considered in designing a weaving-loom, a sewing-machine, a power-plant, or a multiple cylinder printing-press. The farm tractor is a very different machine, both in plan and purpose, from an automobile built for pleasure and travel. The selection of the type of tractor best suited to do the work on a given type of farm, under given local conditions, is a problem in *agricul-*