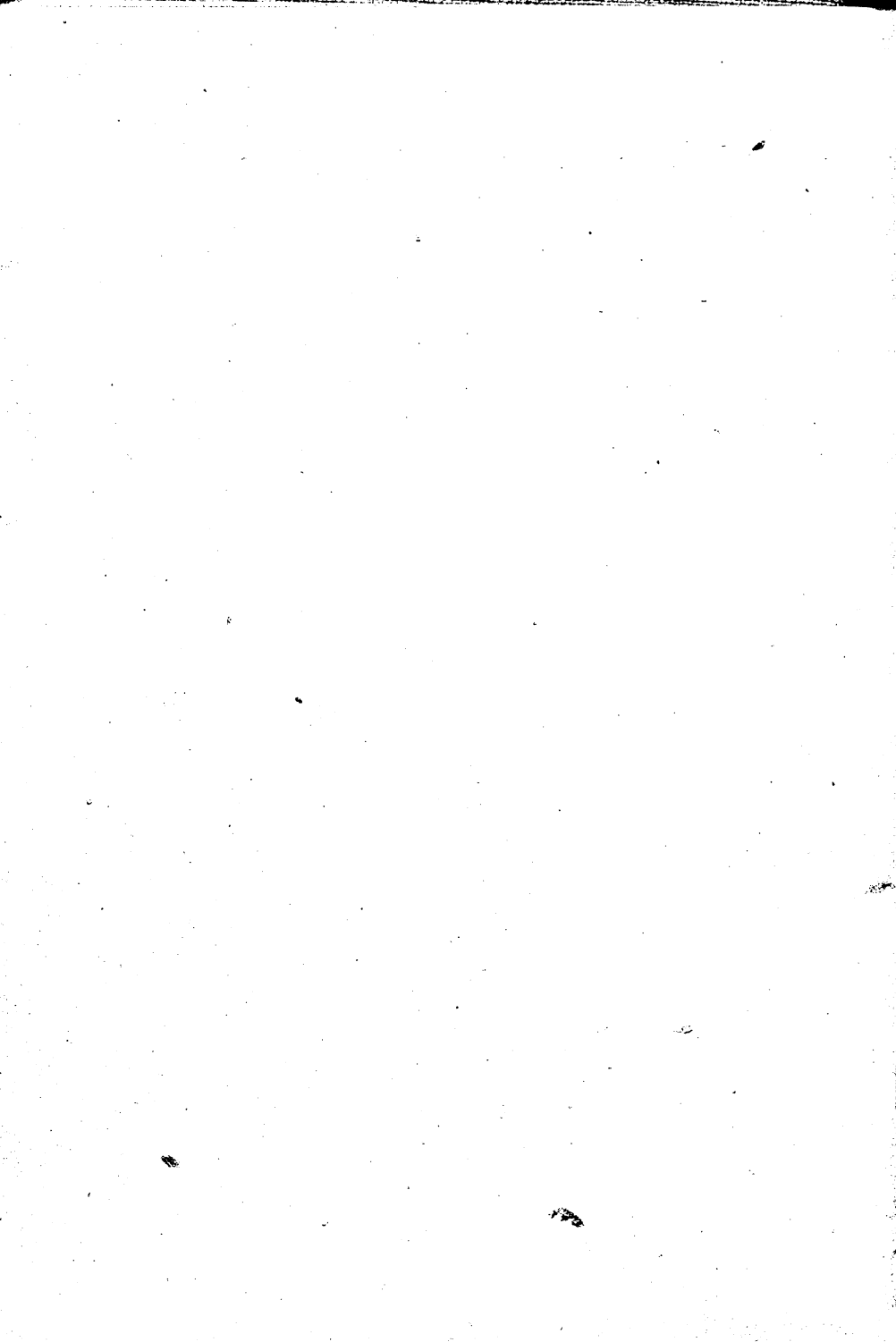


THE LARK



BOOK II ~ No's. 13 ~ 24

Mary d. Ginneth.



“Who’ll be
the Clerk?”
“I!” said
THE LARK:

BOOK THE SECOND:

Nos. 13 to 24. May 1896 to April 1897

William Doxey
San Francisco

1 8 9 7

Copyright
1897
William Doxey

TO H. R. H., THE PRINCESS PERILLA

I dedicate what is mine in this Book :

G. B.

Whatever is worth while of mine,

is to you, W. P.:

B. P.

And I, my Part

to ONE THIRD OF CONOVER DUFF:

P. G. *

to N. E. W. S., MORE KIND THAN A MOTHER

are my Poems in this Lark :

Y. N.

My Pages here, are for you,

PILLY-WINKY:

C. W.

And mine, I dedicate

to THE LITTLE BIRD THAT TOLD ME:

J. W. T.

“*What is that, Mother?*”



“*The Lark, my Child!*””

THE LARK:

BOOK THE SECOND

Number 13. May 1896

Cover Design	Ernest Peixotto
Prologue to the Second Book	Bruce Porter
A Daughter of the North (<i>Rondeau Redoublé</i>)	Gelett Burgess
The Towel and the Door I (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "
II " " "	" "
The Return of Spring	Bruce Porter
The Lark's Salon: Catalogue Illustré.	
The Romance Association	Gelett Burgess

Number 14. June 1896

Cover Design	Ernest Peixotto
The Last Centaur (<i>Verse</i>)	Bruce Porter
(<i>Drawing</i>)	Ernest Peixotto
The Science of Solistiry	Carolyn Wells
In Memory of My Father (<i>Sestina</i>)	Gelett Burgess
The Missing Page	" "
Miss Gulliver in Lilliput (<i>Wood Cut</i>)	" "
Vivette's Honeymoon	" "
Insomnia (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "

Number 15. July 1896

Cover Design	Ernest Peixotto
The Night Reveries of an Exile (<i>Introduction</i>)	Gelett Burgess
What about my Songs?	Yone Noguchi
The Brave Upright Rains	" "
The Invisible Night	" "
The Garden of Truth	" "
Where is the Poet?	" "
An Essay on Style	Porter Garnett
Upon a Rub'âi of Omar Khayyam (<i>Glose</i>)	" "
The Avocations of Vivette	Gelett Burgess
A Bore in the House (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "

Number 16. August 1896

Cover Design	Newton Tharp
On Helen's Foolishness (<i>Verse</i>)	Gelett Burgess
The Garden of Forgetfulness	Bruce Porter
A Mystery in Sly Park	Gelett Burgess
The Argot Hamlet	" "
Assaut à la Langue (<i>Drawings</i>)	Porter Garnett
Dream Butter: a Fable	Gelett Burgess
A Parisian Beverage (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "

Number 17. September 1896

Cover Design	Florence Lundborg
"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" (<i>Drawing</i>)	Ernest Peixotto
Two Moods	Yone Noguchi
The Price of Fame	Gelett Burgess
The Comment of an Outsider	Bruce Porter
"A Boy's Will is the Wind's Will" (<i>Verse</i>)	Gelett Burgess
The Floorless Room (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "
Three Strings to the Beau	" "
How Vivette Boomed the "Milkmaid"	" "
Fog in the Cañon (<i>Ballade</i>)	" "
The Pitfalls of Mysticism	" "

Number 18. October 1896

Cover Design	Ernest Peixotto
Initial Designs	Arthur Atkins
Earth Song (<i>Verse</i>)	Bruce Porter
The Sense of Humour	Gelett Burgess
Astonishment (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "
Inexpensive Cynicisms . . Carolyn Wells, Bruce Porter, and Gelett Burgess	
The Purpil Cowe (<i>Verse</i>)	Carolyn Wells
An Interlude	Juliet Wilbor Tompkins
The Witching Sea (<i>Virelai</i>)	Gelett Burgess
De Gustibus non Disputandum Est	" "
Love Laughs at Locksmiths	" "

Number 19. November 1896

Cover Design	Florence Lundborg
Initial Designs	Gelett Burgess
Alone in the Cañon	Yone Noguchi

NUMBER 19 (*Continued*)

H. R. H., the Princess Perilla	Gelett Burgess
Ballad of the Effeminate (<i>Verse</i>)	" "
Dreams (<i>Drawings</i>) . Fred Yates, Bruce Porter, Willis Polk, William Keith	
Vivette's Hospitalities	Gelett Burgess
Square Root (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "
The Losing of Mami	" "

Number 20. December 1896

Cover Design	Florence Lundborg
To Alexander Salvini (<i>Verse</i>)	Bruce Porter
A Pauper's Monologue	Gelett Burgess
Un Bon Quart d'Heure	Juliet Wilbor Tompkins
Oh, in My Dreams I Flew! (<i>Rondeau</i>)	Gelett Burgess
Il Natale nel Quartiere Latino	Bruce Porter
The Runaway Train (<i>Verse and Illustrations</i>)	Gelett Burgess
A Purist's Whimsey	Porter Garnett
Seas of Loneliness	Yone Noguchi
A Friend in Need	Gelett Burgess

Number 21. January 1897

Cover Design	Herbert Van Vlack
Un "Jour de l'An"	Bruce Porter
The Master Mason: a Fable	Gelett Burgess
The Cognoscenti (<i>Ballade</i>)	" "
Density (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "
A Letter from Robert Louis Stevenson:	
How Vivette Re-posed	Gelett Burgess
The Soles of the Unfortunates	" "

Number 22. February 1897

Cover Design	Florence Lundborg
Valentine for My Mother (<i>Villanelle</i>)	Gelett Burgess
Petite Fantaisie Mignonne	" "
Upon Growing Up	" "
"I Say — Billee!" (<i>Verse</i>)	Bruce Porter
The Goop (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	Gelett Burgess
Centuries of Love	Porter Garnett
The Confessions of a Yellster	Gelett Burgess
The Rendezvous	" "
The Lark's Catechism	" "

SUPPLEMENT — Vals de Monterey Viejo (*Song and Drawing*)
L. Maynard Dixon.

Number 23. March 1897

Cover Design	Florence Lundborg
The Protest of the Illiterate (<i>Verse</i>)	Gelett Burgess
A Young Man's Fancy	" "
The Sunrise (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "
Vivette's Début	" "
A Flirtation en Règle	" "
The Invisible Paint: a Fable	" "

Number 24. April 1897

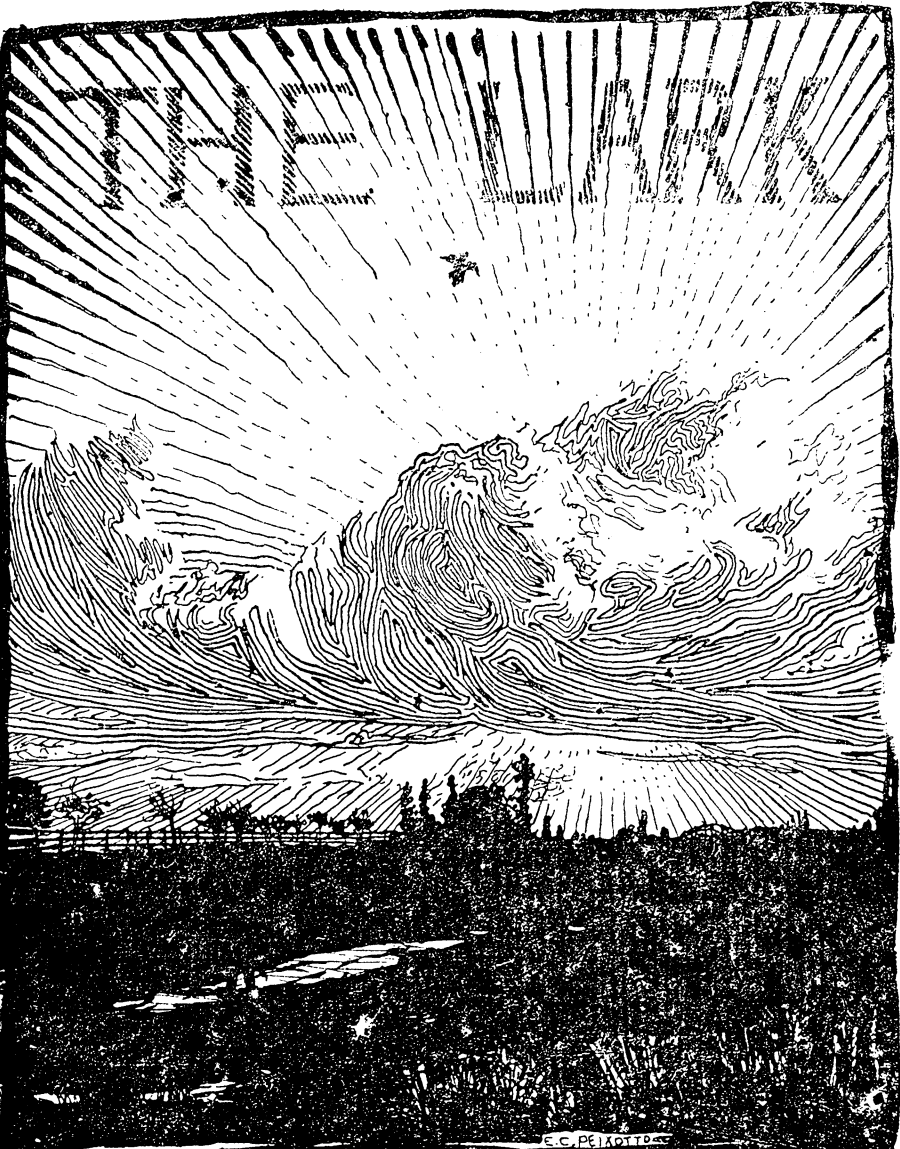
Cover Design	Bruce Porter
The Rivulet Goddess (<i>Verse</i>)	Yone Noguchi
(<i>Illustration</i>)	Florence Lundborg
Studies for Tracts. III	Bruce Porter
The Test of the Open Air	Juliet Wilbor Tompkins
Answers to the <i>Lark's</i> Catechism	M. C., A. "F. M.," S. A., R. R.
Châteaux Imaginaires (<i>Drawing</i>)	Ernest Peixotto
The Poetaster's Somersault (<i>Huitains and Drawing</i>)	Porter Garnett
Exit Vivette	Gelett Burgess
The Purple Cow: Suite (<i>Verse and Cartoon</i>)	" "
A Quintuple Involution	Carolyn Wells
The Creed of Desire (<i>Verse</i>)	Bruce Porter

The Epilark. May 1897

Cover Design	Ernest Peixotto
Memoir	Bruce Porter and Gelett Burgess

The Lark Posters

For May, 1896. The Oread	Drawn and Cut by Florence Lundborg
" August. Pan Pipes	" " " " " "
" November. Redwood	" " " " " "
" February, 1897. Sunrise	" " " " " "



E. C. PELKOTTON

"MOUNT LARK, ALOFT, 'TO GIVE MY LOVE GOOD-MORROW" *Thos. Heywood.*

NUMBER 13 — TEN CENTS

The Lark; No. 13

by Les Jeunes:

Gelett Burgess, Editor:

508 Sutter St., San Francisco

Ernest Peixotto

Bruce Porter

SAN FRANCISCO MAY FIRST
I 8 9 6
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DOXEY
631 MARKET ST. ISSUED MONTHLY
SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PROLOGUE TO THE SECOND BOOK:



IT WAS MARSYAS WHO TAUGHT ME TO PLAY
THE PIPE ON THAT DAY I FOUND HIM,
SEATED BY THIS SPRING I HAVE WATTLED
WITH THE BRANCHES OF THE HAZEL.
MEN, TRAVELING A DUSTY ROAD, DRINK
HERE AND SEND UP A PRAYER FOR ME—
WHO AM UNKNOWN, SAVE TO MY SHEEP AND TO THE SHEPHERDS
ON THE RANGES.

BUT MARSYAS, HAVING NEITHER TO HERD THE SHEEP NOR
FOLLOW THE CATTLE ON THE HILLS, PLAYS THE PIPE BESIDE
THE SPRING, BRINGING GLADNESS INTO THE HEARTS OF THOSE
WHO PASS, MAKING THE SHEEP TO FORGET THE NEW GRASS BY
THE RUNNEL WHEN THEY HEAR THE NOTES HE IS FLUTING.

IT WAS HE WHO TAUGHT ME TO BREATHE MY DREAMS INTO
A HOLLOW REED AND TO TWINE THE COOL LEAVES OF THE VINE
INTO A SWEET-SMELLING CHAPLET. YET, SINCE I HAVE
LEARNED THESE THINGS, I SUFFER A STRANGE LONGING THAT
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, AND THE HILLS ABOUT THE PASTURES
SEEM TO KEEP THE COLOUR OF THE MORNING TO THE VERY
END OF THE DAY.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH:



HO wins my hand must do these three things well:

Skate fast as winter wind across the glare;

Swim through the fiord, past breakers, rip and swell;

Ride like the Storm Fiend on my snow-white mare.

Shall a maid do what Viking may not dare?

I wed no lover I can aught excel—

Skate, swim, and ride with me, and I declare,

Who wins my hand, must do these three things well.

Bind on your skates, and after me pell-mell!

Follow me, carles, and catch my streaming hair.

(Keep the black ice—O Bolstrom, if you fell!)

Skate fast as winter wind across the glare.

Thrice have I swum from this grey cliff to where,

On the far side, the angry surges yell;

Into the surf!—(O Bolstrom, have a care!)

Swim through the fiord, past breakers, rip and swell.

Bring out my Frieda, none but I can quell;

(Watch her eyes, Bolstrom, when you mount—beware!)

Ride bareback now, and find the master-spell;

Ride like the Storm Fiend on my snow-white mare.

Skohl! Vikings, Skohl! Am I not bold and fair?

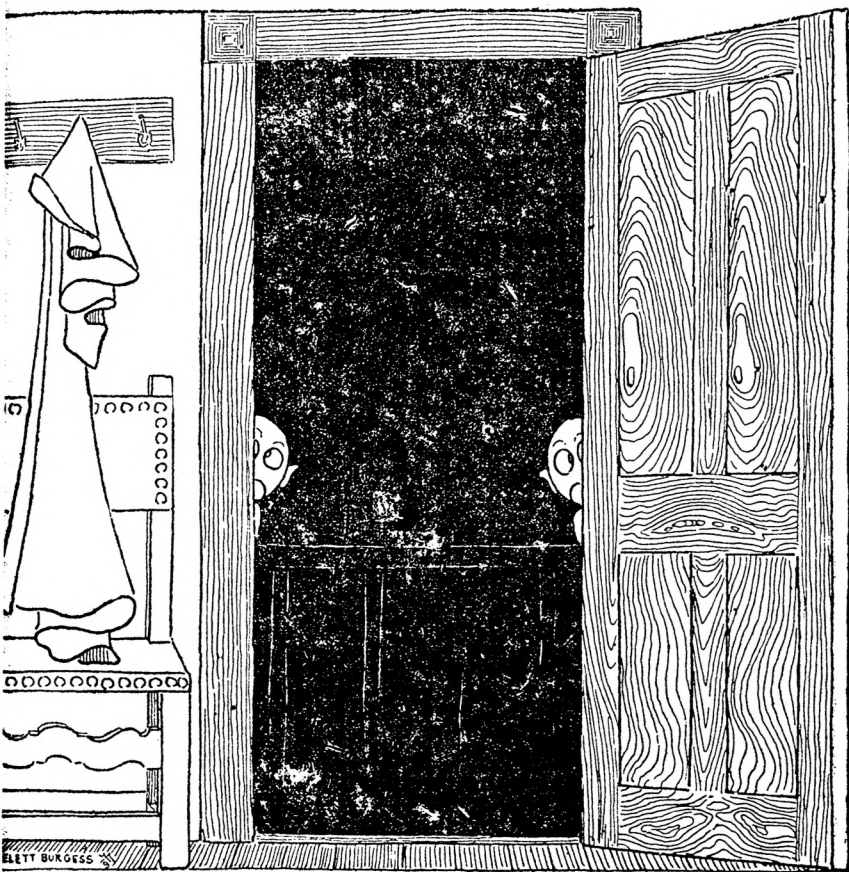
Who would not barter Heaven, and venture Hell,

Striving the flower of my love to wear?

(Mind my words, Bolstrom; hark to what I tell.)

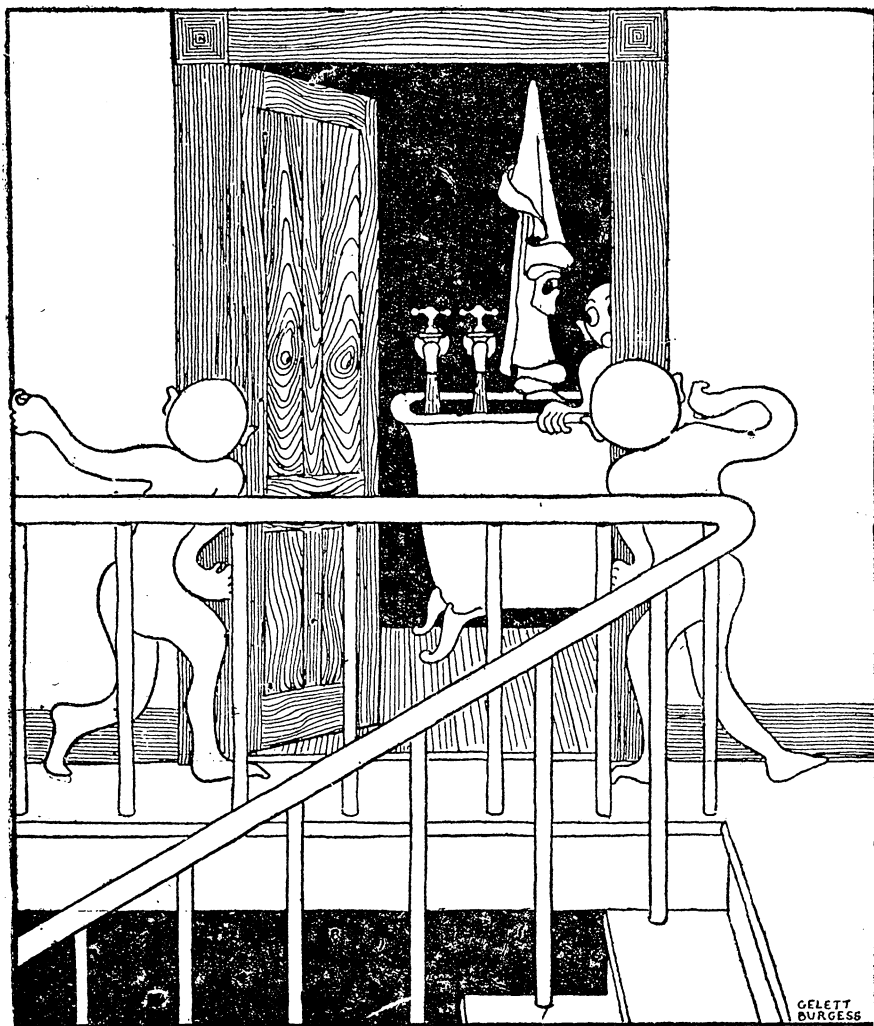
Who wins my hand?

*The Towel hangs upon the Wall,
And, somehow, I don't care at all!*



*The Door is open;—I must say
I rather fancy it that Way!*

And, somehow, I don't care at all!



I rather fancy it that Way!
The Door is open;—I must say



OW the iris is in bloom, and I lie between the rattling spears and under the banners, purple and gold, of an invading army, marching up the slopes from the sea.

What an infinity of silent life in these green vistas of the grass!—camp followers and foragers—burnished beetles and lady-birds—hurtling ants and tremulous blind lice, their translucent bodies filled with green fire! Strange shadowed world! What combats—what matings! And then, what catastrophes of obliterated lives and passions following my footfall!

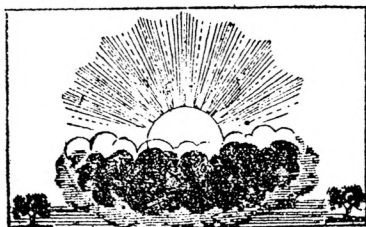
But above me, a tumult of clamoring acclamation! Hear the wind, and all the voices of the sea, and the trilling of larks and linnets, and the creeling of the gulls! A rich and good earth—this: breathing incense of fresh growth to the Sun, her lord.

Naked and at ease in the world, with the sun warm on your shoulders and the grass cool against your side—here is a cheap delight—unknown to kings in their pleasures.

To keep a quick heart for your fellows—to fear neither God nor man—nor your own soul:—to worship beauty, and to love truth—Ah! with this blossom of the iris, I give you the key of life!

But I, alas! have not yet found the door.

THE LARK'S SALON:



718. CLAUDE-LORRAINE.
Lever de Soleil.



1110. BONNAT,
*Portrait de M. Felix Faure,
President de la République.*



311. MILLET.
L'Homme à la Houe.



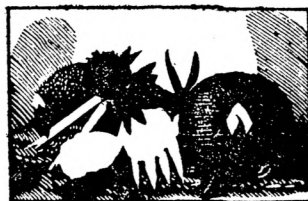
221. DÉGAS.
Étude.



1674. WHISTLER.
Portrait de l'Artiste.



555. VOLLON.
Nature Morte.



543. TURNER.
The Slave Ship.

CATALOGUE ILLUSTRÉ:



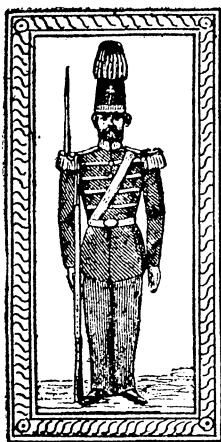
310. BOUGUEREAU.
Baigneuses.



916. WATTS.
Love and Youth.



717. MONET.
Effet de Neige.



652. MEISSONIER.
Vidette.



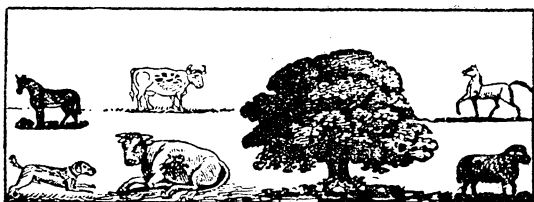
3288. MANET.
Portrait du Mlle. M. C.



3104. BURNE-JONES.
Ophelia.



61. COROT.
Printemps.



219. ROSA BONHEUR.
Farm Yard.



O far so good," said the Director, returning my references, "I have hopes you are the man I am looking for. Both dramatist and player have limitations hampering their usefulness to me, and I am gratified to become acquainted with one who combines the faculties, as it were, of artist and artisan. And one more question. Who are your favorite writers?"

"I am devoted to the immortal Tusitala," I said. "Not that I consider myself an analyst of his technique, so much as a medium through which his sentences vibrate with an extraordinary sympathy. His stories so inflame my interest that I push the hero aside and plunge into the tale in my own person. Poe's works also have a dominant fascination for me, and by these two I regulate my fancies, and gauge my emotions."

"You are a strange young man, and singularly fitted to my service," said the Director, waddling up and down the room as he talked, and peering at me over his spectacles. "I must certainly give you a trial, so let us proceed to business. Here is the address of a young woman whom it will be your duty, and I may say pleasure, to engage in an anonymous correspondence, to which task I commend whatever originality and finesse of which you are capable. You are to make life interesting to that young woman, by any romantic, mysterious, or whimsical manner your wit may suggest and you will be very well paid if you succeed. You shall use sentiment, however, without sentimentality, and personalities without familiarities, taking your cue from your replies. For the rest, I trust to your tact and facility."

I commenced the correspondence the next morning, mailing my letters to a distant town, and receiving my answers in a numbered box at the headquarters of the Association. I threw myself into the occupation with an abandon that I felt sure could not help inspiring responses that would keep alive my enthusiasm. Nor was I disappointed. The girl was absolutely unclassified among her sex; she herself said that after she was printed the type had been

distributed. The interchange of missives waxed and waned in frequency, harmoniously with our moods, now a perfect hailstorm of letters, twice a day, three at a time, four at a time, flooding my box with envelopes,—and then ceasing for days, to be renewed at unexpected intervals. Keyed in every pitch of the diapason—wise, witty, grave, impertinent and proud—my astonishing correspondent ranged earth and air and outer space with her entrancing commentaries, and we collaborated the libretto of the most adventurous flirtation unpublished. She was so marvelously quick at feint and lunge, so inconsequent and artistic, that the agility of my defense, for I was soon reduced to that posture, was maintained but at the cost of the most exhausting lubrications.

I was, as the Director had promised, well paid for my efforts; but my correspondence became, like virtue, its own reward, and I was soon afire with the excitement. Yet this breakneck pace was telling on me, and when my fair Anonyma began waylaying me on the street with her messengers, and I was rung up at all hours of the night by telegraph boys, who insisted on waiting for an answer, the strain became too great, and I collapsed like a wet paper bag.

After I was able to sit up again, I was visited by no less a person than the Director himself, in a soiled piqué vest, that held my eyes like a loadstone, I being still weak, and childishly amused by trifles.

“My dear boy,” began this puffy personage, “if you will sign a contract to stay with us for five years, I shall confess that I myself, to test your powers, answered your first letters, but your overwhelming versatility so baffled me, that I was soon forced to call one after another of my most experienced assistants to aid me, and I ended by enlisting my entire force to cope with your prodigious genius. Believe me,” he continued in a whisper, “you were vanquished only by Vivette herself! Such a feat has never before been recorded in the annals of the Association. You are a Luminary, sir,—a Luminary,—and I congratulate myself on the alliance!

“Now, then,” he continued, “you must recoup as speedily as possible, for I have at last an enterprise worthy of

HOW I DISTINGUISHED MYSELF

you. We are recommended to a fabulously rich old gentleman, who is as yet skeptical as to our powers of diversion. I strongly advise you to conceal yourself in his house and sandbag him in his own study, kidnapping him outright, but I leave the details to your sagacity."

I flew into a bubbling rage at this. "Sir," I exclaimed, "I am neither a detective nor a felon! How dare you offer me so infamous a proposition?"

"Softly, softly!" cooed the Director, spreading his fat fingers, "what after all is our Association, but the true Théâtre Libre? Instead of set scenes and painted flats, we perform on the picturesque stage of Life. The gaslight town, abounding with movement and color—with supernumeraries unpaid, it is true, but admirable in dialect, well trained yet naive—or the broader openings of the country, Nature's own construction, with real trees in the foreground—why should these settings revolt you? As a player, you might be unable to appreciate these unconventionalities, but I rely upon the artistic sentiments of the author to enjoy our dramatic unities. Here we have, then," he continued, with elaborate gestures, "a gentleman of parts, into whose life no adventure has ever entered. Around him we weave our web of Romance. He himself, as hero, plays his part in the drama, in a hand-to-hand conflict with a picturesque fate, I myself becoming the regent of his destiny. The gentleman is prepared for surprises, and will pay handsomely for an eventful life. Come now, shall we disappoint him? Shall he be allowed to moulder?"

I need not say that I was seduced by such allurements, and during my convalescence devoted myself to the scheme, which was carried out with fidelity and consummate verve. It was then that I became acquainted with Vivette, and my admiration for that wonderful creature soon passed all bounds. I knew not whether to most respect the cleverness of her brain or the kindness of her heart. Yet she was alternate fire, and ice, and quicksilver. One never knew where to find her, save that it would be in a position impregnable and unique. We played together with great success in this and subsequent engagements, endearing ourselves more and more to

AND MET THE GAY VIVETTE:

the Director, whose confidence in us increased daily.

Our adventures will fill a book when they are written, but they are too numerous to describe here. Suffice it to say, however, that my own devices were not always the least ingenious. I perfected, for instance, the detective games that found great favour with those of our customers who affected Gaboriau and Anna Katharine Green. What racy and suggestive conversations in restaurants, street-cars, and and concert halls have not Vivette and I allowed to be overheard by the emulators of Lecoq and Pinkerton! What letters have we not accidentally dropped before their watchful eyes, with broad hints of mysterious plots and mention of middle-aged, lame men with white hats—that were sure to be encountered at the next corner and take up the game as we had planned, spattering the clue wide-cast like a game of hare-and-hounds!

And the adventures with buried treasures, too, will alone make me famous. There was one client who intrusted to the Director a cool million in gold, to be concealed under my directions, and he spent, as he confessed, the three happiest years of his life in translating my cipher description of its location, and discovering the spot laid down upon my map, and I fairly outdid myself in devising supernatural horrors to attend the denouement.

In this wise I passed several pleasant seasons. My intimate association with the sprightly Vivette laid the foundation for an emotion I had the greatest difficulty in concealing, and yet her elusive manner, when I dared to approach her, utterly disheartened me. In such mood I was one day summoned to the Director's office. How well I remember it! It was my twenty-fifth birthday. The demeanor of the old man offended me hugely, and at his insinuations that I had been using the machinery of the Association to further my designs upon the fortune of one of his most valued agents, aroused me to a fury. It was plain to see that he had begun his dotage, and his insufferable conceit in thinking his position could prepossess Vivette in his favor disgusted me. He soon began to see, however, his mistake in angering me, and fear of losing my invaluable

HOW I ATTEMPT A CHEF-D'ŒUVRE

able services swerved him toward a fawning sort of propitiation that was far more loathsome than his reproofs. I had made several attempts to break off the interview, and shut out the sight of his bald head and disrespectable gray hairs, when he caught me by my conceit (I cannot deny he had a certain shrewdness), telling me of an extraordinarily delicate commission he had just received from an unknown client. I pricked up my ears at this; for business had become monotonous, secret society initiations being then in vogue, and I swallowed my pride.

"I have just received a letter from a lady," said the old man, with a fat smile at my unwilling complaisance, "enlisting our services to divert the attention of her sister from a lover who is very objectionable to the rest of the family. We are given *carte blanche* to the point of marrying the girl to one of our agents. The case is not uninteresting—what do you say to it?" And he twiddled his thumbs with a satisfied smirk, knowing well enough he had hooked me.

I had had no opportunity of a really exciting pastime for so long that I resolved to lay myself out on this opportunity, and discussed elaborately on my pillow that night the proper ways and means. I reviewed my past successes, and contrived innumerable patchwork combinations of my various inventions, but I was still unsatisfied with their efficiency. The work, I thought to myself, must be done cleanly and swiftly if the girl were to be saved; any uncertainty or weakness in the first move would ruin everything, and I must use modern methods, sharp tools, and act with absolute conviction. I slept badly that night, but as I lay in the morning, planning my campaign like d'Artagnan, the thing swam clearly out of my mind. The Arabian Nights by telephone! And the rest to one of my capacity was easy.

Yet it was not without some trepidation that I rang her up that day. I could scarce dictate the number, and as I heard her answer "Well?" my voice was rare and faint. I plucked up a spirit, however, and began the conversation that I had planned, leading her gradually on as might a gallant skater escort a novice upon the ice. It was indeed easier than I had hoped, and I was well into the story before

ADOPTING SCHEHEREZADE'S METHOD.

she realized the situation. I heard come over the wire her little subdued chuckles of appreciation, punctuating my narrative with applause, and I warmed to the recital, unconsciously gesticulating at the black expressionless face of the receiver, as to some indulgent go-between.

The next day, and the next, I found her ready at the telephone, and one after another, I plied her curiosity with my daring conceits. She grew more communicative, and as her confidence increased, the Eternal Feminine asserted herself; she took up the personal aspect of the affair and made overhand bids for my friendship. I was somewhat embarrassed to satisfy her inquiries at first, but I limned myself boldly in strong colours on a broad canvas, with high lights of romantic characteristics; the figure of a reincarnated Raleigh, captivated by her spirit.

Now as this intrigue approached a consummation, the Director came to me one day and informed me that he was obliged to leave town for a month, and that the affairs of the Association were to be left in my hands meanwhile. "And how does your last business progress?" he asked. "O, so-so," I replied blandly, "I think I shall bring it off." "I am sure of it, my dear boy," said he, "but have you discovered who she is?" I did not tell him of my unsuccessful endeavors to arrange a meeting; of how I had applied to Vivette to investigate the case in secret, and her reports of failure. I had seen her effect an entrance into the residence in the guise of an applicant for the position of second-girl, but she had, she said, been refused as too handsome to suit the mistress of the house.

"Well," he concluded, "good-by, old man!" Then by some chance his glance fell on a daguerreotype of Vivette, and his flabby yellow cheeks fell in. "See here!" he grunted. "No fooling in this office while I'm gone, now! Business before pleasure, sir. I may be back in a few days, anyway." I could scarce keep my hands off the old fool.

His insult, however, set me off on new hopes towards Vivette, and I resolved to take advantage of his absence, and make the most of my freedom. Yet, when I inquired, I found she had not been seen in the office for

HOW I BECAME DIRECTOR.

several days, and had said she was to be off on important affairs. Could this have to do with the absence of the Director? I wondered, and felt sick at the suspicion.

I made sad work of my entertainment that day, being out of spirits, and morbid with the worry. It was the day for my great Mamie story, too, upon which I had put great dependence. I opened it, however, with an effort, and proceeded half-heartedly till at last my fears mastered me, and I broke down utterly. Then I heard a gay laugh at the other end of the line. "Good Heaven!" I cried. For though she has admirable control over her speaking voice, there is only one person in the whole world who can laugh like Vivette!

What a revelation it was, and what it meant to me, you may easily imagine. But she had already hung up the transmitter, and to my furious appeals for her number, came only the monotonous whine from the Central Office: "*Subscriber called for, does not reply—Subscriber called for, does not reply—Subscriber called for—*"

So now the best part of my story is told. I saw clearly that she had been wooed and won in the dark, having taken this picturesque means of encouraging my languid suit. She could not long evade me after this, for I pursued her relentlessly and won her as I may say by capture, as in the old prehistoric days.

It was a hot July morning when the Director returned; bad weather for the like of him, for he had traveled far in the sun, and the last tug up the stairs (the elevator having stopped running), left him steaming red in the face.

He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw me in his throne with my feet on his desk. He opened his mouth to speak, but having no chance by reason of my interruption, stood there so, like a silly wax-work.

"Your return is most unfortunate," said I, smiling at his attitude. "Allow me to inform you that your services are no longer needed by the Romance Association. I am now Director of the firm of Vivette & Company!" And I winked at him, then rose and sent him twirling down stairs.