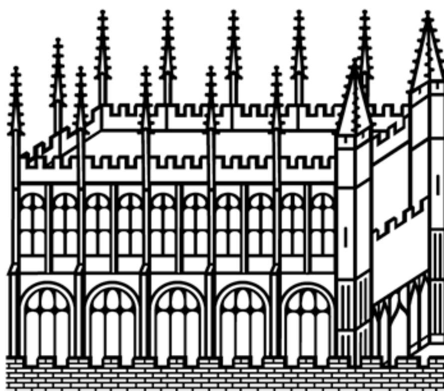

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Four Forsyte Stories

Four Forsyte Stories

by

John Galsworthy

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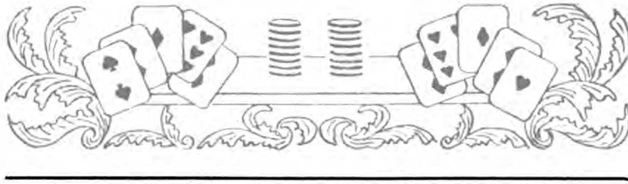


A Sad Affair

IN 1866, at the age of nineteen, Young Jolyon Forsyte left Eton and went up to Cambridge, in the semi-whiskered condition of those days. An amiable youth of fair scholastic and athletic attainments, and more susceptible to emotions, aesthetic and otherwise, than most young barbarians, he went up a little intoxicated on the novels of Whyte-Melville. From continually reading about whiskered dandies, garbed to perfection and imperturbably stoical in the trying circumstances of debt and discomfiture, he had come to the conviction that to be whiskered and unmoved by Fortune was quite the ultimate hope of existence. There was something not altogether ignoble at the

back of his creed. He passed imperceptibly into a fashionable set, and applied himself to the study of whist. All the heroes of Whyte-Melville played whist admirably; all rode horses to distraction. Young Jolyon joined the Drag, and began to canter over to Newmarket, conveniently situated for Cambridge undergraduates. Like many youths before and after him, he had gone into residence with little or no idea of the value of money; and in the main this 'sad affair' must be traced to the fact that while he had no idea of the value of money, and, in proportion to his standards, not much money, his sire, Old Jolyon, had much idea of the value of money, and still more money. The hundred pounds placed to his credit for his first term seemed to Young Jolyon an important sum, and he had very soon none of it left. This surprised him, but was of no great significance, because all Whyte-Melville's dandies were in debt; indeed, half their merit consisted in an imper-

turbable indifference to mere financial liability. Young Jolyon proceeded, therefore, to get into debt. It was easy, and 'the thing.' At the end of his first term he had spent just double his allowance. He was not vicious nor particularly extravagant—but what, after all, was money? Besides, to live on the edge of Fortune was the only way to show that one could rise above it. Not that he deliberately hired horses, bought clothes, boots, wine and tobacco, for that purpose; still, there was in a sense a principle involved. This is made plain, because it was exactly what was not plain to Old Jolyon later on. He, as a young man, with not half his son's allowance, had never been in debt, had paid his way, and made it. But then he had not had the advantages of Eton, Cambridge, and the novels of Whyte-Melville. He had simply gone into Tea.

Young Jolyon, going up for his second term, with another hundred pounds from an unconscious sire, at once perceived that if he

paid his debts, or any appreciable portion of them, he would have no money for the term's expenses. He therefore applied his means to the more immediate ends of existence—College fees, 'wines,' whist, riding, and so forth—and left his debts to grow.

At the end of his first year he was fully three hundred pounds to the bad, and beginning to be reflective. Unhappily, however, he went up for his second year with longer whiskers, and a more perfect capacity for enjoyment than ever. He had the best fellows in the world for friends, life was sweet, Schools still far off. He was liked and he liked being liked; he had, in fact, a habit of existence eminently unsuited to the drawing-in of horns.

Now his set were very pleasant young men from Eton and Harrow and Winchester, some of whom had more worldly knowledge than Young Jolyon, and some of whom had more money, but none of whom had more sense of responsibility. It was in the rooms of 'Cuffs'

Charwell (who was taking Divinity Schools, and was afterwards the Bishop) that whist was first abandoned for baccarat, under the auspices of 'Donny' Covercourt. That young scion of the Shropshire Covercourts had discovered this exhilarating pastime, indissolubly connected with the figure Nine, at a French watering-place during the Long Vacation, and when he returned to Cambridge was brimming over with it, in his admirably impassive manner. Now, Young Jolyon was not by rights a gambler; that is to say, he was self-conscious about the thing, never properly carried away. Moreover, in spite of Whyte-Melville, he was by this time indubitably nervous about his monetary position—on all accounts, therefore, inclined to lose rather than to win. But when such cronies as 'Cuffs' Charwell, 'Feathers' Totteridge, Guy Winlow, and 'Donny' himself—best fellows in the world—were bent on baccarat, who could be a 'worm' and wriggle away?

On the fourth evening his turn came to take the 'bank.' What with paying off his most pestiferous debtors, and his College fees so unfeelingly exacted in advance, he had just fifteen pounds left—the term being a fortnight spent. He was called on to take a 'bank' of one hundred. With a sinking heart and a marbled countenance, therefore, he sat down at the head of the green board. This was his best chance, so far, of living up to his whiskers—come what would, he must not fail the shades of 'Digby Grand,' 'Daisy Waters,' and the 'Honble. Crasher'!

He lost from the first moment; with one or two momentary flickers of fortune in his favour, his descent to Avernus was one of the steadiest ever made. He sat through it with his heart kept in by very straight lips. He rose languidly at the end of half an hour with the 'bank' broken, and, wanly smiling, signed his I. O. U's, including one to 'Donny' Covercourt for a cool eighty. Restoring himself with mulled claret, he resumed his seat at the

board, but, for the rest of the evening, neither won nor lost. He went across the Quad to his own rooms with a queasy feeling—he was seeing his father's face. For this was his first unpayable debt of honour, so different from mere debts to tradesmen. And, sitting on his narrow bed in his six-foot by fifteen bedroom, he wrestled for the means of payment. Paid somehow it must be! Would his Bank let him overdraw to the amount? He could see the stolid faces behind that confounded counter. Not they! And if they didn't! That brute Davids? Or—the Dad? Which was worse? Oh! the Dad was worse! For, suddenly, Young Jolyon was perceiving that from the beginning he had lived up here a life that his father would not understand. With a sort of horror he visualised his effort to explain it to that high-domed forehead, and the straight glance that came from so deep behind. No! Davids was the ticket. After all, 'Daisy Waters,' 'Digby Grand,' the 'Honble. Crasher,' and the rest of the elect—had they jibbed at money-

lenders? Not so! Did 'Feathers,' did 'Donny'? What else were money-lenders for but lending money? Trying to cheer himself with that thought, he fell asleep from sheer unhappiness.

Next morning, at his Bank, very tight lips assured him that an overdraft without security was not in the day's work. Young Jolyon arched his eyebrows, ran fingers through a best whisker, drawled the words: "It's of no consequence!" and went away, stiffening his fallen crest. In front of him he saw again his father's face, and he couldn't stand it. He sought the rooms of 'Feathers' Totteridge. The engaging youth had just had his 'tosh' and was seated over devilled kidneys, in his dressing-gown.

Young Jolyon said:

"Feathers, old cock, give me a note to that brute Davids!"

Feathers stared. "What ho, friend!" he said. "Plucked? He'll skin you, Jo."

"Can't be helped," said Young Jolyon, glumly.

He went away armed with the note, and in the afternoon sought the abode of Mr Rufus Davids. That Hebraic benefactor read the note, and bent on Young Jolyon the glance of criticism.

"How mutth do you want, Mithter Forthyte?" he said.

"One hundred and fifty."

"That will cotht you two hundred thicth month from now. I give good termth."

Good terms! Young Jolyon checked the opening of his lips. One didn't chaffer with gentry of this type.

"I like to know my cuthtomerth, you know, Mithter Forthyte. I athk a little bird or two. Come in to-morrow."

"You can take me or leave me," said Young Jolyon.

"Thatth all right, Mithter Forthyte. Tomorrow afternoon."

Young Jolyon nodded, and went out.

It hadn't been so bad, after all; and, cantering over to Newmarket, he almost forgot how *Post equitem sedet atra cura.*

In the afternoon of the following day he received one hundred and fifty pounds for his autograph, and seeking out 'Donny' and the others who held his I. O. U's, discharged the lot. Not without a sense of virtue did he sit down to an evening collation in his rooms. He was eating cold wild duck, when his door was knocked on.

"Come in!" he shouted. And, there—in overcoat, top hat in hand—his father stood.

Sitting in the City offices of those great teamen, 'Forsyte and Treffry,' Old Jolyon had been handed, with the country post, a communication marked: 'Confidential.'

"Great Cury, Cambridge.

"Dear Sir,

In accordance with your desire that we should advise you of anything unusual, ex-

pressed to us when you opened your son's account a year ago, we beg to notify you that Mr Jolyon Forsyte, Junr., made application to us to-day for an overdraft of one hundred pounds. We did not feel justified in granting this without your permission, but shall be happy to act in accordance with your decision in this matter.

We are, dear Sir, with the compliments of the season,

Your faithful servants,

Brotherton and Darnett."

Old Jolyon had sat some time regarding this missive with grave and troubled eyes. He had then placed it in the breast pocket of his frock coat, and taking out a little comb, had passed it through his grey Dundrearys and moustachios.

"I'm going to Cambridge, Timming. Get me a cab."

In the cab and in the train, and again in the cab from the station at Cambridge, he had

brooded, restless and unhappy. Why had the boy not come to *him?* What had he been doing to require an overdraft like that? He had a good allowance. He had never said anything about being pressed for money. This way and that way he turned it in his mind, and whichever way he turned it, the conclusion was that it showed weakness—weakness to want the money; above all, weakness not to have come to his father first. Of all things, Old Jolyon disliked weakness. And so there he stood, tall and grey-headed, in the doorway.

"I've come down, Jo. I've had a letter I don't like."

Through Young Jolyon raced the thought: 'Davids!' and his heart sank into his velvet slippers. He said, however, drawling:

"Charmed to see you, Sir. You haven't had dinner? Can you eat wild duck? This claret's pretty good."

Taking his father's hat and coat, he placed him with his back to the fire, plied the bel-

lows, and bawled down the stairway for forks and another wild duck. And while he bawled he felt as if he could be sick, for he had a great love for his father, and this was why he was afraid of him. And Old Jolyon, who had a great love for his son, was not sorry to stand and warm his legs and wait.

They ate the wild duck, drank the claret, talking of the weather, and small matters. They finished, and Young Jolyon said:

"Take that 'froust,' Dad"; and his heart tried to creep from him into the floor.

Old Jolyon clipped a cigar, handed another to his son, and sat down in the old leather chair on one side of the fire; Young Jolyon sat in another old leather chair on the other side, and they smoked in silence, till Old Jolyon took the letter from his pocket and handed it across.

"What's the meaning of it, Jo? Why didn't you come to me?"

Young Jolyon read the letter with feelings

of relief, dismay, and anger with his Bank. Why on earth had they written? He felt his whiskers, and said:

"Oh! That!"

Old Jolyon sat looking at him with a sharp deep gravity.

"I suppose it means that you're in debt?" he said, at last.

Young Jolyon shrugged: "Oh! well, naturally. I mean, one must—"

"Must what?"

"Live like other fellows, Dad."

"Other fellows? Haven't you at least the average allowance?"

Young Jolyon had. "But that's just it," he said eagerly. "I'm not in an average set."

"Then why did you get into such a set, Jo?"

"I don't know, Sir. School and one thing and another. It's an awfully good set."

"H'm!" said Old Jolyon, deeply. "Would this hundred pounds have cleared you?"

"Cleared me! Oh! well—yes, of what matters."

"What matters?" repeated Old Jolyon. "Doesn't every debt matter?"

"Of course, Dad; but everybody up here owes money to tradesmen. I mean, they expect it."

Old Jolyon's eyes narrowed and sharpened.

"Tradesmen? What matters are not tradesmen? What then? A woman?" The word came out hushed and sharp.

Young Jolyon shook his head. "Oh! No."

Old Jolyon's attitude relaxed a little, as if with some intimate relief. He flipped the ash off his cigar.

"Have you been gambling, then, Joe?"

Struggling to keep his face calm and his eyes on his father's, Young Jolyon answered:

"A little."

"Gambling!" Something of distress and consternation in the sound Young Jolyon couldn't bear, and hastened on:

"Well, Dad, I don't mean to go on with it. But Newmarket, you know, and—and—one doesn't like to be a prig."

"Prig? For not gambling? I don't understand. A gambler!"

And, again, at that note in his voice, Young Jolyon cried:

"I really don't care for it, Dad; I mean I'm just as happy without."

"Then why do you do it? It's weak. I don't like weakness, Jo."

Young Jolyon's face hardened. The Dad would never understand. To be a swell—superior to Fate! Hopeless to explain! He said lamely:

"All the best chaps—"

Old Jolyon averted his eyes. For at least two minutes he sat staring at the fire.

"I've never gambled, or owed money," he said at last, with no pride in the tone of his voice, but with deep conviction. "I must know your position, Jo. What is it? Speak the truth. How much do you owe, and to whom?"

Young Jolyon had once been discovered cribbing. This was worse. It was as little pos-

sible as it had been then to explain that everybody did it. He said sullenly:

"I suppose—somewhere about three hundred, to tradesmen."

Old Jolyon's glance went through and through him.

"And that doesn't matter? What else?"

"I did owe about a hundred to fellows, but I've paid them."

"That's what you wanted the overdraft for, then?"

"Debts of honour—yes."

"Debts of honour," repeated Old Jolyon. "And where did you get the hundred from?"

"I borrowed it."

"When?"

"To-day."

"Who from?"

"A man called Davids."

"Money-lender?"

Young Jolyon bowed his head.

"And you preferred to go to a money-lender than to come to me?"

Young Jolyon's lips quivered; he pitched his cigar into the fire, not strong enough to bear it.

"I—I—knew you'd—you'd hate it so, Dad."

"I hate this more, Jo."

To both of them it seemed the worst moment they had ever been through, and it lasted a long time. Then Old Jolyon said:

"What did you sign?"

"I borrowed a hundred and fifty, and promised to pay two hundred in six months."

"And how were you going to get that?"

"I don't know."

Old Jolyon, too, pitched his cigar into the fire, and passed his hand over his forehead.

Impulsively Young Jolyon rose, and oblivious of his whiskers, sat down on the arm of his father's chair, precisely as if he were not a swell. There were tears in his eyes.

"I'm truly sorry, Dad; only, you don't understand."

Old Jolyon shook his head.

"No, I don't understand, Jo. That's the way to ruin."

"They were debts of honour, Dad."

"All debts are debts of honour. But that's not the point. It seems to me you can't face things. I know you're an affectionate chap, but that won't help you."

Young Jolyon got up.

"I *can* face things," he said: "I—! Oh! You can't realise."

Scattering the logs with his slippered foot, he stared into the glow. His eyes felt burned, his inside all churned up; and while the 'swell' within him drawled: 'A fuss about money'; all his love for his father was raw and quivering. He heard Old Jolyon say:

"I'll go now, Jo. Have a list of your debts for me to-morrow. I shall pay them myself. We'll go to that money-lender chap together."

Young Jolyon heard him getting up, heard him with his coat and hat, heard him open the door; and, twisting round, cried:

"Oh! Dad!"

"Good-night, Jo!" He was gone.

Young Jolyon stood a long time by the dying fire. His father did not, could not know what a fellow had to do, how behave, to—to be superior to Fortune. He was old-fashioned! But, besides loving him, Young Jolyon admired his father, admired him physically and mentally—as much—yes, more than the Honble. Crasher or Digby Grand. And he was miserable.

He sat up late, making a list of his debts as well as anyone could who had the habit of tearing up his bills. Repressed emotion tossed in his slumbers, and when he woke the thought of the joint visit to Mr Davids made him feel unwell.

Old Jolyon came at ten o'clock, looking almost haggard. He took the list from his son. "Are these all, Jo?"

"So far as I can remember."

"Send any others in to me. Which of your friends are the gamblers?"

Young Jolyon coloured.

"You must excuse me, Dad."

Old Jolyon looked at him.

"Very well!" he said. "We'll go to this money-lender now."

They walked forth. By God's mercy no one had bounced in on his way to Newmarket. Young Jolyon caught sight of 'Donny' Covercourt on the far side of the quadrangle and returned him no greeting. Quite silent, side by side, father and son passed out into the street. Except for Old Jolyon's remark: "There's no end to these Colleges, it seems," they did not speak until they reached the office of Mr Davids, above a billiard room.

Old Jolyon ascended, stumping the stairs with his umbrella; Young Jolyon followed with his head down. He was bitterly ashamed; it is probable that Old Jolyon was even more so.

The money-lender was in his inner office, just visible through the half-open doorway. Old Jolyon pushed the door with his umbrella.

Mr Davids rose, apparently surprised, and stood looking round his nose in an ingratiating manner.

"This is my father," said Young Jolyon, gazing deeply at his boots.

"Mr Davids, I think?" began Old Jolyon.

"Yeth, Thir. What may I have the pleathure—"

"You were good enough yesterday to advance my son the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds, for which he signed a promissory note for an extortionate amount. Kindly give me that note, and take this cheque in satisfaction."

Mr Davids washed his hands.

"For what amount ith your cheque, Thir?"

Old Jolyon took a cheque from his pocket and unfolded it.

"For your money, and one day's interest at ten per cent."

Mr Davids threw up his well-washed hands.

"Oh! No, Mithter Forthyte; no! Thath not bithneth. Give me a cheque for the amount of

the promithory note, and you can have it. I'm not ancthious to be paid—not at all."

Old Jolyon clapped his hat on his head.

"You will accept my cheque!" he said, and thrust it under the money-lender's eyes.

Mr Davids examined it, and said:

"You take me for a fool, it theemth."

"I take you for a knave," said Old Jolyon. "Sixty-six per cent, forsooth!"

Mr Davids recoiled in sheer surprise.

"I took a great rithk to lend your thon that money."

"You took no risk whatever. One day's interest at ten per cent is ninepence three farthings; I've made it tenpence. Be so good as to give me that note."

Mr Davids shook his head.

"Very well," said Old Jolyon. "I've made some inquiries about you. I go straight from here to the Vice Chancellor."

Mr Davids again began to wash his hands.

"And thuppothe," he said, "I go to your

thon's College and tell them that I lend him thith money?"

"Do!" said Old Jolyon; "do! Come, Jo!" He turned and walked to the door, followed by his agonised but unmoved son.

"Thtop!" said Mr Davids. "I don't want to make no trouble."

Old Jolyon's eyes twinkled under his drawn brows.

"Oh!" he said, without turning, "you don't! Make haste, then. I give you two minutes," and he took out his watch.

Young Jolyon stood looking dazedly at that familiar golden object. Behind him he could hear Mr Davids making haste.

"Here it ith, Mithter Forthyte, here it ith!"

Old Jolyon turned.

"Is that your signature, Jo?"

"Yes," said Young Jolyon, dully.

"Take it, then, and tear it up."

Young Jolyon took, and tore it savagely.

"Here's your cheque," said Old Jolyon.

Mr Davids grasped the cheque, changing his feet rapidly.

"Ith not bithneth, really ith not bithneth," he repeated.

"The deuce it isn't," said Old Jolyon; "you may thank your stars I don't go to the Vice Chancellor, into the bargain. Good-bye to you!" He stumped his umbrella and walked out.

Young Jolyon followed, sheepishly.

"Where's the station, Jo?"

Young Jolyon led the way, and they walked on, more silent than ever.

At last Old Jolyon said:

"This has been a sad affair. It's your not coming to me, Jo, that hurt."

Young Jolyon's answer was strangled in his throat.

"And don't gamble, my boy. It's weak-minded. Well, here we are!"

They turned into the station. Old Jolyon bought *The Times*. They stood together, silent,

on the platform, till the London train came in; then Young Jolyon put his hand through his father's arm and squeezed it. Old Jolyon nodded:

"I shan't allude to this again, Jo. But there's just one thing: If you must be a swell, remember that you're a gentleman too. Good-bye, my boy!" He laid his hand on his son's shoulder, turned quickly and got in.

Young Jolyon stood with bared head, watching the train go out. He then walked, as well as he knew how, back to College.

Indeed, yes! A sad affair!

Dog at Timothy's

MRS Septimus Small, known in the Forsyte family as Aunt Juley, returning from Service at St. Barnabas', Bayswater, on a Sunday morning in the Spring of 1878, took by force of habit the path which led her into the then somewhat undeveloped Gardens of Kensington. The Reverend Thomas Scoles had been wittier than usual, and she had the longing to stretch her legs, which was the almost invariable effect of his 'nice' sermons. While she walked, in violet silk under the black mantle, with very short steps—skirts being extremely narrow in that year of grace—she was thinking of dear Hester and what a pity it was that she always had such a headache on Sun-

day mornings—the sermon would have done her so much good! For now that dear Ann was unable to stand the fatigue of Service, she did feel that Hester ought to make a point of being well enough to go to church. What dear Mr Scoles had said had been so helpful—about the lilies of the fields never attempting to improve their figures, and yet, about ladies of fashion in all their glory never being attired like one of them. He had undoubtedly meant 'bustles'—so witty—and Hester would have enjoyed hearing it, because only yesterday, when they had been talking about the Grecian bend, Emily had come in with dear James and said that the revival of crinolines was only a question of time and that she personally intended to be in the fashion the moment there was any sign of it. Dear Ann had been rather severe with her; and James had said he didn't know what was the use of them. Of course, crinolines did take up a great deal of room, and a 'bustle,' though it was warmer,

did not. But Hester had said they were both such a bore, she didn't see why they were wanted; and now Mr Scoles had said it too. She must really think about it, if Mr Scoles thought they were bad for the soul; he always said something that one had to think about afterwards. He would be *so* good for Hester! She stood a minute looking over the grass. Dear, dear, dear! That little white dog was running about a great deal. Was it lost? Backwards and forwards, round and round! What they called—she believed—a Pomeranian, quite a new kind of dog. And, seeing a bench, Mrs Septimus Small bent, with a little backward heave to save her 'bustle,' and sat down to watch what was the matter with the white dog. The sun, flaring out between two Spring clouds, fell on her face, transfiguring the pouting puffs of flesh, which seemed trying to burst their way through the network of her veil. Her eyes, of a Forsyte grey, lingered on the dog with the greater pertinacity in that of

late—owing to poor Tommy's, their cat's, disappearance, very mysterious—she suspected the sweep—there had been nothing but 'Polly' at Timothy's to lavish her affection on. This dog was draggled and dirty, as if it had been out all night, but it had a dear little pointed nose. She thought, too, that it seemed to be noticing her, and at once had a swelling-up sensation underneath her corsets. Almost as if aware of this, the dog came sidling, and sat down on its haunches in the grass, as though trying to make up its mind about her. Aunt Juley pursed her lips in the endeavour to emit a whistle. The veil prevented this, but she held our her gloved hand. "Come, little dog—nice little dog!" It seemed to her dear heart that the little dog sighed as it sat there, as if relieved that at last someone had taken notice of it. But it did not approach. The tip of its bushy tail quivered, however, and Aunt Juley redoubled the suavity of her voice: "Nice little fellow—come then!"

The little dog slithered forward, humbly wagging its entire body, just out of reach. Aunt Juley saw that it had no collar. Really, its nose and eyes were sweet!

"Pom!" she said: "Dear little Pom!"

The dog looked as if it would let her love him, and sensation increased beneath her corsets.

"Come, pretty!"

Not of course, that he was pretty, all dirty like that; but his ears were pricked, and his eyes looked at her, bright, and a little round the corner—most intelligent! Lost—and in London! It was like that sad little book of Mrs—What *was* her name—not the authoress of 'Jessica's First Prayer'?—dear, dear! Now, fancy forgetting that! The dog made a sudden advance, and curved like a C, all fluttering, was now almost within reach of her gloved fingers, at which it sniffed. Aunt Juley emitted a purring noise. Pride was filling her heart that out of all the people it *might* have

taken notice of, she should be the only one. It had put out its tongue now, and was panting in the agony of indecision. Poor little thing! It clearly didn't know whether it dared take another master—not, of course, that she could possibly take it home, with all the carpets, and dear Ann so particular about everything being nice, and—Timothy! Timothy would be horrified! And yet—! Well, they couldn't prevent her stroking its little nose. And she too panted slightly behind her veil. It *was* agitating! And then, without either of them knowing how, her fingers and the nose were in contact. The dog's tail was now perfectly still; its body trembled. Aunt Juley had a sudden feeling of shame at being so formidable; and with instinct inherited rather than acquired, for she had no knowledge of dogs, she slid one finger round an ear and scratched. It was to be hoped he hadn't fleas! And then! The little dog leaped on her lap. It crouched there just as it had sprung, with its bright eyes upturned to

her face. A strange dog—her dress—her Sunday best! It *was!* The little dog stretched up, and licked her chin. Almost mechanically Aunt Juley rose. And the little dog slipped off. Really she didn't know—it took such liberties! Oh! dear—it *was* thin, fluttering round her feet! What would Mr Scoles say? Perhaps if she walked on! She turned towards home, and the dog followed her skirt at a distance of six inches. The thought that she was going to eat roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and mince-pies, was almost unbearable to Aunt Juley, seeing it gaze up as if saying: "Some for me! Some for me!" Thoughts warred within her: Must she 'shoo' and threaten it with her parasol? Or should she—? Oh! It would never do! Dogs could be *so*—she had heard! And then —the responsibility! And fleas! Timothy couldn't endure fleas! And it might not know how to behave in a house! Oh, no! She really couldn't! The little dog suddenly raised one paw. Look at that little face! And a fearful

boldness attacked Aunt Juley. Turning resolutely towards the Gate of the Gardens, she said in a weak voice: "Come along, then!" And the little dog came. It was dreadful!

While she was trying to cross the Bayswater Road, two or three of those dangerous hansom cabs came dashing past — so reckless!—and in the very middle of the street a 'growler' turned round, so that she had to stand quite still. And, of course, there was 'no policeman.' The traffic was really getting beyond bounds. If only she didn't meet Timothy coming in from his constitutional, and could get a word with Smither—a capable girl—and have the little dog fed and washed before anybody saw it. And then? Perhaps it could be kept in the basement till somebody came to claim it. But how could people come to claim it if they didn't know it was there? If only there were someone to consult! Perhaps Smither would know a policeman—only she hoped not—policemen were rather dangerous for a nice-looking girl like Smither, with her

colour, and such a figure, for her age. Then, suddenly realizing that she had reached home, she was seized by panic from head to heel. There was the bell—it was not the epoch of latch-keys; and there the smell of dinner—yes, and the little dog had smelt it! It was now or never. Aunt Juley pointed her parasol at the dog and said very feebly: "Shoo!" But it only crouched. She couldn't drive—! And with an immense daring she rang the bell. While she stood waiting for the door to be opened, she almost enjoyed a sensation of defiance. She was doing a dreadful thing, but she didn't care! Then, the doorway yawned, and her heart sank slowly towards her high and buttoned boots.

"Oh, Smither! This poor little dog has followed me. Nothing has ever followed me before. It must be lost. And it looks so thin and dirty. What *shall* we do?"

The tail of the dog, edging into the home of that rich smell, fluttered.

"Aoh!" said Smither—she was young!

"Paw little thing! Shall I get cook to give it some scraps, Ma'am?" At the word "scraps" the dog's eyes seemed to glow.

"Well," said Aunt Juley, "you do it on your own responsibility, Smither. Take it downstairs quickly."

She stood breathless while the dog, following Smither and its nose, glided through the little hall and down the kitchen stairs. The pit-pat of its feet roused in Aunt Juley the most mingled sensations she had experienced since the death of Septimus Small.

She went up to her room, and took off her veil and bonnet. What *was* she going to say? She went downstairs without knowing.

In the drawing room, which had just had new pampas grass, Ann, sitting on the sofa, was putting down her prayer-book; she always read the Service to herself. Her mouth and chin looked very square, and there was an expression in her old grey eyes as if she were in pain. She wanted her lunch, of course—they were trying hard to call it lunch, because,

according to Emily, no one with any pretension to be fashionable called it dinner now, even on Sundays. Hester, in her corner by the hearth, was passing the tip of her tongue over her lips; she had always been so fond of mince-pies, and these would be the first of the season. Aunt Juley said:

"Mr Scoles was delightful this morning—a beautiful sermon. I walked in the Gardens."

Something warned her to say no more, and they waited in silence for the gong; they had just got a gong—Emily had said it was 'the thing.'

It sounded. Dear, dear! What a noise—Bom—bom! Timothy would never—Smither must take lessons. At dear James' in Park Lane the butler made it sound almost cosy.

In the doorway of the dining-room, Smither said:

"It's ate it all, Ma'am—it was *that* hungry."

"'Shhh!"

A heavy footstep sounded in the hall; Timothy was coming from his study, square in his

frock-coat, his face all brown and red—he had such delicate health. He took his seat with his back to the window, where the light was not too strong.

Timothy, of course, did not go to church —it was too tiring for him—but he always asked the amount of the offertory, and would sometimes add that he didn't know what they wanted all that for, as if Mr Scoles ever wasted it. Just now he was getting new hassocks, and when they came she had thought perhaps dear Timothy and Hester would come too. Timothy, however, had said:

"Hassocks! They only get in the way and spoil your trousers."

Aunt Ann, who could not kneel now, had smiled indulgently:

"One should kneel in church, dear."

They were all seated now with beef before them, and Timothy was saying:

"Mustard! And tell cook the potatoes aren't browned enough; do you hear, Smither?"

Smither, blushing above him, answered: "Yes, Sir."

Within Aunt Juley, what with the dog and her mind, there was that which made it difficult to assimilate Yorkshire pudding; indigestion had begun.

"I had such a pleasant walk in the Gardens," she said, painfully, "after church."

"You oughtn't to walk there alone in these days; you don't know what you may be picking up with."

Aunt Juley took a sip of brown sherry—her heart was beating so! Aunt Hester murmured that she had read Mr Gladstone walked there sometimes. She was such a reader.

"That shows you!" said Timothy.

Aunt Ann believed that Mr Gladstone had high principles, and they must not judge him.

"Judge him!" said Timothy: "I'd hang him!"

"That's not quite a nice thing to say on Sunday, dear."

"Better the day, better the deed," muttered

Timothy; and Aunt Juley trembled. He was in one of his moods. And, suddenly, she held her breath. A yapping had impinged on her ears, as if the white dog were taking liberties with Cook. Her eyes sought Smither's face.

"What's that?" said Timothy. "A dog?"

"There's a dog just round the corner, at No. 9," murmured Aunt Juley; and at the roundness of Smither's eyes, knew she had prevaricated. What dreadful things happened if one was not quite frank from the beginning! The yapping broke into a sharp yelp, as if Cook had taken a liberty in turn.

"That's not round the corner," said Timothy; "it's downstairs. What's all this?"

All eyes were turned on Smither, in a dead silence. A sound broke it — the girl had creaked.

"Please, Miss, it's the little dog that followed Madam in."

"Oh!" said Aunt Juley, in haste; "*that* little dog!"

"What's that?" said Timothy. "Followed her in?"

"It was so thin!" said Aunt Juley's faint voice.

"Smither," said Aunt Ann, "hand me the pulled bread; and tell Cook I want to see her when she's finished her dinner."

Into Aunt Juley's pouting face rose a flush.

"I take the entire responsibility," she said. "The little dog was lost. It was hungry and Cook has given it some scraps."

"A strange dog," muttered Timothy, "bringing in fleas like that!"

"Oh! I don't think," murmured Aunt Juley, "it's a well-bred little dog."

"How do *you* know? You don't know a dog from a door-mat."

The flush deepened over Aunt Juley's pouts.

"It was a Christian act," she said, looking Timothy in the eye. "If you had been to church, you wouldn't talk like that."

It was perhaps the first time she had openly

bearded her delicate brother. The result was complete. Timothy ate his mince-pie hurriedly.

"Well, don't let *me* see it," he muttered.

"Put the wine and walnuts on the table and go down, Smither," said Aunt Ann, "and see what Cook is doing about it."

When she had gone there was silence. It was felt that Juley had forgotten herself.

Aunt Ann put her wineglass to her lips; it contained two thimblefuls of brown sherry—a present from dear Jolyon—he had such a palate! Aunt Hester, who during the excitement had thoughtfully finished a second mince-pie, was smiling. Aunt Juley had her eyes fixed on Timothy; she had tasted of defiance and it was sweet.

Smither returned.

"Well, Smither?"

"Cook's washing of it, Miss."

"What's she doing that for?" said Timothy.

"Because it's dirty," said Aunt Juley.

"There you are!"

And the voice of Aunt Ann was heard, saying grace. When she had finished, the three sisters rose.

"We'll leave you to your wine, dear. Smither, my shawl, please."

Upstairs in the drawing-room there was grave silence. Aunt Juley was trying to still her fluttering nerves; Aunt Hester trying to pretend that nothing had happened; Aunt Ann, upright and a little grim, trying to compress the Riot Act with her thin and bloodless lips. She was not thinking of herself, but of the immutable order of things, so seriously compromised.

Aunt Juley repeated suddenly: "He followed me, Ann."

"Without an intro—without your inviting him?"

"I spoke to him, because he was lost."

"You should think before you speak. Dogs take advantage."

Aunt Juley's face mutinied. "Well, I'm glad," she said, "and that's flat. Such a how-de-do!"

Aunt Ann looked pained. A considerable time passed. Aunt Juley began playing solitaire—she played without presence of mind, so that extraordinary things happened on the board. Aunt Ann sat upright, with her eyes closed; and Aunt Hester, after watching them for some minutes to see if they would open, took from under her cushion a Library volume, and hiding it behind a fire-screen, began to read—it was volume two and she did not yet know 'Lady Audley's' secret: of course it *was* a novel, but, as Timothy had said, 'Better the day, better the deed.'

The clock struck three. Aunt Ann opened her eyes, Aunt Hester shut her book. Aunt Juley crumpled the solitaire balls together with a clatter. There was a knock on the door, for not belonging to the upper regions, like Smither, Cook always knocked.

"Come in!"

Still in her pink print frock, Cook entered, and behind her entered the dog, snowy white, with its coat all brushed and bushy, its manner and its tail now cocky and now deprecating. It *was* a moment! Cook spoke:

"I've brought it up, Miss; it's had its dinner, and it's been washed. It's a nice little dear, and taken quite a fancy to me."

The three Aunts sat silent with their eyes now on the dog, now on the legs of the furniture.

"'Twould 'ave done your 'eart good to see it eat, Miss. And it answers to the name of Pommy."

"Fancy!" said Aunt Hester, with an effort. She did so hate things to be awkward.

Aunt Ann leaned forward; her voice rose firm, if rather quavery.

"It doesn't belong to us, Cook; and your master would never permit it. Smither shall go with it to the Police Station."

As if struck by the words, the dog emerged

from Cook's skirt and approached the voice. It stood in a curve and began to oscillate its tail very slightly; its eyes, like bits of jet, gazed up. Aunt Ann looked down at it; her thin veined hands, as if detached from her firmness, moved nervously over her glacé skirt. From within Aunt Juley emotion was emerging in one large pout. Aunt Hester was smiling spasmodically.

"Them Police Stations!" said Cook. "I'm sure it's not been accustomed. It's not as if it had a collar, Miss."

"Pommy!" said Aunt Juley.

The dog turned at the sound, sniffed her knees, and instantly returned to its contemplation of Aunt Ann, as though it recognized where power was seated.

"It's really rather sweet!" murmured Aunt Hester, and not only the dog looked at Aunt Ann. But at this moment the door was again opened.

"Mr Swithin Forsyte, Miss," said the voice of Smither.

Aunts Juley and Hester rose to greet their brother; Aunt Ann, privileged by seventy-eight years, remained seated. The family always went to Aunt Ann, not Aunt Ann to the family. There was a general feeling that dear Swithin had come providentially, knowing as he did all about horses.

"You can leave the little dog for the moment, Cook. Mr Swithin will tell us what to do."

Swithin, who had taken his time on the stairs which were narrow, made an entry. Tall, with his chest thrown forward, his square face puffy pale, his eyes light and round, the tiny grey imperial below his moustached lips gave to him the allure of a master of ceremonies, and the white dog, retreating to a corner, yapped loudly.

"What's this?" said Swithin: "A dog?"

So might one entering a more modern drawing-room, have said: "What's this—a camel?"

Repairing hastily to the corner, Aunt Juley

admonished the dog with her finger. It shivered slightly and was silent. Aunt Ann said:

"Give dear Swithin his chair, Hester; we want your advice, Swithin. This little dog followed Juley home this morning—he was lost."

Swithin seated himself with his knees apart, thus preserving the deportment of his body and the uncreased beauty of his waistcoat. His Wellington boots showed stiff beneath his almost light blue trousers. He said:

"Has Timothy had a fit?"

Dear Swithin—he was so droll!

"Not yet," said Aunt Hester, who was sometimes almost naughty.

"Well, he will. Here, Juley, don't stand there stuck. Bring the dog out, and let's have a look at it. Dog! Why, it's a bitch!"

This curiously male word, though spoken with distinction, caused a sensation such as would have accompanied a heavy fall of soot. The dog had been assumed by all to be of the politer sex, because of course one didn't notice

such things. Aunt Juley, indeed, whose past association with Septimus Small had rendered more susceptible, had conceived her doubts, but she had continued to be on the polite side.

"A bitch," repeated Swithin; "you'll have no end of trouble with it."

"That is what we fear," said Aunt Ann, "though I don't think you should call it that in a drawing-room, dear."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Swithin. "Come here, little bitch!"

And he stretched out a ringed hand smelling of dogskin—he had driven himself round in his phaeton.

Encouraged by Aunt Juley, the little dog approached, and sat cowering under the hand. Swithin lifted it by the ruff round its neck.

"Well-bred," he said, putting it down.

"We can't keep it," said Aunt Ann firmly. "The carpets—we thought—the Police Station."

"If I were you," said Swithin, "I'd put a

notice in *The Times:* 'Found, white Pomeranian bitch. Apply, The Nook, Bayswater Road.' You might get a reward. Let's look at its teeth."

The little dog, who seemed in a manner fascinated by the smell of Swithin's hand and the stare of his round china-blue eyes, put no obstacle in the way of fingers that raised its upper and depressed its lower lip.

"It's a puppy," said Swithin. "Loo, loo, little bitch!"

This terrible incentive caused the dog to behave in a singular manner; depressing its tail so far as was possible, it jumped sideways and scurried round Aunt Hester's chair, then crouched with its chin on the ground, its hindquarters and tail in the air, looking up at Swithin with eyes black as boot-buttons.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Swithin, "if it was worth money. Loo, loo!"

This time the little dog scurried round the entire room, avoiding the legs of chairs by a

series of miracles, then, halting by a marqueterie stand, it stood on its hind legs and began to eat the pampas grass.

"Ring, Hester!" said Aunt Ann. "Ring for Smither. Juley, stop it!"

Swithin, whose imperial was jutting in a fixed smile, said:

"Where's Timothy? I should like to see it bite his legs."

Aunt Juley, moved by maternal spasms, bent down and picked the dog up in her arms. She stood, pouting over its sharp nose and soft warm body, like the very figure of daring with the smell of soft soap in its nostrils.

"I will take it downstairs myself," she said; "it shan't be teased. Come, Pommy!"

The dog, who had no say whatever in the matter, put out a pink strip of tongue and licked her nose. Aunt Juley had the exquisite sensation of being loved; and, hastily, to conceal her feelings, bore it away. She bore it upstairs, instead of down, to her room which was

at the back of dear Ann's, and stood, surrounded by mahogany, with the dog still in her arms. Every hand was against her and the poor dog, and she squeezed it tighter. It was panting, and every now and then with its slip of a tongue it licked her cheek, as if to assure itself of reality. Since the departure of Septimus Small ten years ago, she had never been properly loved, and now that something was ready to love her, they wanted to take it away. She sat down on her bed, still holding the dog, while below, they would be talking of how to send Pommy to the Police Station or put her into the papers! Then, noticing that white hairs were coming off on to her, she put the dog down. It sidled round the room, sniffing, till it came to the washstand, where it stood looking at her and panting. What *did* it want? Wild thoughts of placing an utensil at its service passed through Aunt Juley's mind, till suddenly the dog stood on its hind legs and licked the air. Why, it was thirsty! Disregarding the

niceties of existence, Aunt Juley lifted the jug, and set it on the floor. For some minutes there was no sound but lapping. Could it really hold all that? The little dog looked up at her, moved its tail twice, then trotted away to inspect the room more closely. Having inspected everything except Aunt Juley, concerning whom its mind was apparently made up, it lay down under the valance of the dressing table, with its head and forepaws visible, and uttered a series of short spasmodic barks. Aunt Juley understood them to mean: 'Come and play with me!' And taking her sponge-bag, she dangled it. Seizing it—so unexpected—the little dog shook it violently. Aunt Juley was at once charmed and horrified. It was evidently feeling quite at home; but her poor bag! Oh! its little teeth *were* sharp and strong! Aunt Juley swelled. It was as if she didn't care what happened to the bag so long as the little dog were having a good time. The bag came to an end; and gathering up the pieces, she

thought defiantly: 'Well, it's not as if I ever went to Brighton now!' But she said severely:

"You see what you've done!" And, together, they examined the pieces, while Aunt Juley's heart took a resolution. They might talk as they liked: Finding was keeping; and if Timothy didn't like it, he could lump it! The sensation was terrific. Someone, however, was knocking on the door.

"Oh! Smither," said Aunt Juley, "you see what the little dog has done?" And she held up the sponge-bag defiantly.

"Aoh!" said Smither; "its teeth *are* sharp. Would you go down, Ma'am? Mr and Mrs James Forsyte are in the drawing-room. Shall I take the little dog now? I daresay it'd like a run."

"Not to the Police Station, Smither. I found it, and I'm going to keep it."

"I'm sure, Ma'am. It'll be company for me and Cook, now that Tommy's gone. It's took quite a fancy to us."

With a pang of jealousy Aunt Juley said: "I take all the responsibility. Go with Smither, Pommy!"

Caught up in her arms, the little dog lolled its head over the edge of Smither and gazed back sentimentally as it was borne away. And, again, all that was maternal in Aunt Juley swelled, beneath the dark violet of her bosom sprinkled with white hairs.

"Say I am coming down." And she began plucking off the white hairs.

Outside the drawing-room door she paused; then went in with weak knees. Between his Dundreary whiskers James was telling a story. His long legs projected so that she had to go round; his long lips stopped to say:

"How are you, Juley? They tell me you've found a dog," and resumed the story. It was all about a man who had been bitten and has insisted on being cauterised until he couldn't sit down, and the dog hadn't been mad after all, so that it was all wasted, and that was

what came of dogs. He didn't know what use they were except to make a mess.

Emily said: "Pomeranians are all the rage. They look so amusing in a carriage."

Aunt Hester murmured that Jolyon had an Italian greyhound at Stanhope Gate.

"That snippetty whippet!" said Swithin—perhaps the first use of the term: "There's no body in *them*."

"You're not goin' to *keep* this dog?" said James. "You don't know what it might have."

Very red, Aunt Juley said sharply: "Fiddle-de-dee, James!"

"Well, you might have an action brought against you. They tell me there's a Home for Lost Dogs. Your proper course is to turn it out."

"Turn out your grandmother!" snapped Aunt Juley; she was not afraid of James.

"Well, it's not your property. You'll be getting up against the Law."

"Fiddle the Law!"

This epoch-making remark was received in silence. Nobody knew what had come to Juley.

"Well," said James, with finality, "don't say I didn't tell you. What does Timothy say—I should think he'd have a fit."

"If he wants to have a fit, he must," said Aunt Juley. "*I* shan't stop him."

"What are you going to do with the puppies?" said Swithin: "Ten to one she'll have puppies."

"You see, Juley," said Aunt Ann.

Aunt Juley's agitation was such that she took up a fan from the little curio table beside her, and began to wave it before her flushed face.

"You're all against me," she said: "Puppies, indeed! A little thing like that!"

Swithin rose. "Good-bye to you all. I'm going to see Nicholas. Good-bye Juley. You come for a drive with me some day. I'll take you to the Lost Dogs' Home." Throwing out

his chest, he manoeuvred to the door, and could be heard descending the stairs to the accompaniment of the drawing-room bell.

James said mechanically: "He's a funny fellow, Swithin!"

It was as much his permanent impression of his twin brother as was Swithin's: "He's a poor stick, James!"

Emily, who was bored, began talking to Aunt Hester about the new fashion of eating oysters before the soup. Of course it was very foreign, but they said the Prince was doing it; James wouldn't have it; but personally she thought it rather elegant. She should see! James had begun to tell Aunt Ann how Soames would be out of his articles in January —he was a steady chap. He told her at some length. Aunt Juley sat pouting behind her moving fan. She had a longing for dear Jolyon. Partly because he had always been her favourite and her eldest brother, who had never allowed anyone else to bully her; partly be-

cause he was the only one who had a dog, and partly because even Ann was a little afraid of him. She sat longing to hear him say: 'You're a parcel of old women; of course Juley can keep what she found.' Because, that was it! The dog had followed her of its own free will. It was not as if it had been a precious stone or a purse—which, of course, would have been different. Sometimes Jolyon did come on Sundays—though generally he took little June to the Zoo; and the moment he came James would be sure to go away, for fear of having his knuckles rapped; and that, she felt sure, would be so nice, since James had been horrid about it all!

"I think," she said, suddenly, "I shall go round to Stanhope Gate, and ask dear Jolyon."

"What do you want to do that for?" said James, taking hold of a whisker. "He'll send you away with a flea in your ear."

Whether or no this possibility deterred her, Aunt Juley did not rise, but she ceased fan-

ning herself and sat with the expression on her face which had given rise to the family saying: 'Oh! So-and-so's a regular Juley!'

But James had now exhausted his weekly budget. "Well, Emily," he said, "you'll be wanting to get home. We can't keep the horses any longer."

The accuracy of this formula had never been put to the proof, for Emily always rose at once with the words:

"Good-bye, dears. Give our love to Timothy." She had pecked their cheeks and gone out of the room before James could remember what he would tell her in the carriage he had specially gone there to ask them.

When they departed, Aunt Hester, having looked from one to the other of her sisters, muffled 'Lady Audley's Secret' in her shawl and tiptoed away. She knew what was coming. Aunt Juley took the solitaire board with hands that trembled. The moment had arrived! And she waited, making an occasional move with oozing fingers, and stealing glances at that up-

right figure in black silk with jet trappings and cameo brooch. On no account did she mean to be the first to speak; and she said suddenly:

"There you sit, Ann!"

Aunt Ann, countering her glance with those grey eyes of hers that saw quite well at a distance, spoke:

"You heard what Swithin and James said, Juley."

"I will not turn the dog out," said Aunt Juley. "I will *not,* and that's flat." The blood beat in her temples and she tapped a foot on the floor.

"If it were a really nice little dog, it would not have run away and got lost. Little dogs of that sex are not to be trusted. You ought to know that, at your age, Juley; now that we're alone, I can talk to you plainly. It will have followers, of course."

Aunt Juley put a finger into her mouth, sucked it, took it out, and said:

"I'm tired of being treated like a little girl."

Aunt Ann answered calmly:

"I think you should take some calomel—getting into fantods like this! We have never had a dog."

"I don't want you to have one now," said Aunt Juley; "I want it for myself. I—I—" She could not bring herself to express what was in her heart about being loved—it would be—would be too gushing!

"It's not right to keep what's not your own," said Aunt Ann. "You know that perfectly well."

"I will put an advertisement in the paper; if the owner comes, I'll give it up. But it followed me of its own accord. And it can live downstairs. Timothy need never see it."

"It will spoil the carpets," said Aunt Ann, "and bark at night; we shall have no peace."

"I'm sick of peace," said Aunt Juley, rattling the board. "I'm sick of peace, and I'm sick of taking care of things till they—till you—till one belongs to them."

Aunt Ann lifted her hands, spidery and pale.

"You don't know what you're talking about. If one can't take care of one's things, one is not fit to have them."

"Care—care—I'm sick of care! I want something human—I want this dog. And if I can't have it, I will go away and take it with me; and that's flat."

It was, perhaps, the wildest thing that had ever been said at Timothy's. Aunt Ann said very quietly:

"You know you can't go away, Juley, you haven't the money; so it's no good talking like that."

"Jolyon will give me the money; he will never let you bully me."

An expression of real pain centred itself between Aunt Ann's old eyes.

"I do not think I bully," she said; "you forget yourself."

For a full minute Aunt Juley said nothing,

looking to and fro from her twisting fingers to the wrinkled ivory pale face of her eldest sister. Tears of compunction had welled up in her eyes. Dear Ann was very old, and the doctor was always saying—! And quickly she got out her handkerchief.

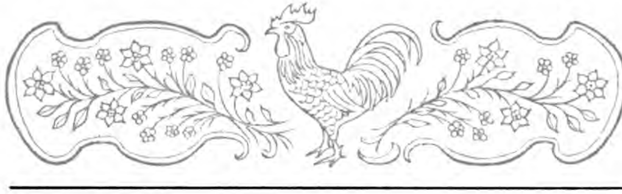
"I—I'm upset—I—I didn't mean—dear Ann—I—" the words bubbled out: "b-b-but I d-do so w-want the little d-d-dog."

There was silence, broken by her sniffing. Then rose the voice of Aunt Ann, calm, a little tremulous:

"Very well, dear; it will be a sacrifice, but if it makes you happier—"

"Oh!" sobbed Aunt Juley: "Oh!"

A large tear splashed on the solitaire board, and with the small handkerchief she wiped it off.



The Hondekoeter

ENCOUNTERING his old friend Traquair opposite the Horse Guards, in the summer of 1880, James Forsyte, who had taken an afternoon off from the City, proceeded alongside with the words:

"I'm not well."

His friend answered: "You look bobbish enough. Going to the Club?"

"No," said James. "I'm going to Jobson's. They're selling Smelter's pictures. Don't suppose there's anything, but I thought I'd look in."

"Smelter? Selling his 'Cupid and Pish,' as he used to call it? He never could speak the Queen's English."

"I'm sure I don't know what made him die," said James; "he wasn't seventy. His '47 was good."

"Ah! And his brown sherry."

James shook his head.

"Liverish stuff. I've been walking from the Temple; got a touch of liver now."

"You ought to go to Carlsbad; that's the new place, they say."

"Homburg," said James, mechanically. "Emily likes it—too fashionable for me. I don't know—I'm sixty-nine." He pointed his umbrella at a lion.

"That chap Landseer must ha' made a pretty penny," he muttered: "They say Dizzy's very shaky. *He* won't last long."

"M'm! That old fool Gladstone'll set us all by the ears yet. Going to bid at Jobson's?"

"Bid? Haven't got the money to throw away. My family's growing up."

"Ah! How's your married daughter—Winifred?"

The furrow between James' brows increased in depth.

"She never tells me. But I know that chap Dartie she married makes the money fly."

"What is he?"

"An outside broker," said James, gloomily: "But so far as I can see, he does nothing but gallivant about to races and that. He'll do no good with himself."

He halted at the pavement edge, where a crossing had been swept, for it had rained; and extracting a penny from his trouser pocket, gave it to the crossing-sweeper, who looked up at his long figure with a round and knowing eye.

"Well, good-bye, James. I'm going to the Club. Remember me to Emily."

James Forsyte nodded, and moved, storklike, on to the narrow crossing. Andy Traquair! He still looked very spry! Gingery chap! But that wife of his—fancy marrying again at his age! Well, no fool like an old

one. And, incommoded by a passing four-wheeler, he instinctively raised his umbrella—they never looked where they were going to.

Traversing St. James' Square, he reflected gloomily that these new Clubs were thundering great places; and this asphalt pavement that was coming in—he didn't know! London wasn't what it used to be, with horses slipping about all over the place. He turned into Jobson's. Three o'clock! They'd be just starting. Smelter must have cut up quite well.

Ascending the steps, he passed through the lobbies into the sale-room. Auction was in progress, but they had not yet reached the 'property of William Smelter Esq.'

Putting on his tortoiseshell pince-nez, James studied the catalogue. Since his purchase of a Turner—some said 'not a Turner'—all cordage and drowning men, he had not bought a picture, and he had a blank space on the stairs. It was a large space in a poor light; he often thought it looked very bare. If there

were anything going at a bargain, he might think of it. H'm! There was the Bronzino: 'Cupid and Pish' that Smelter had been so proud of—a nude; he didn't want nudes in Park Lane. His eye ran down the catalogue: "Claud Lorraine," "Bosboem," "Cornelis van Bos," "Snyders"—"Snyders"—m'm still life—all ducks and geese, hares, artichokes, onions, platters, oysters, grapes, turkeys, pears, and starved-looking greyhounds asleep under them. *No. 17,* "M. Hondekoeter." Fowls. Eleven foot by six inches. What a whopping great thing! He took three mental steps into the middle of the picture and three steps out again. "Hondekoeter." His brother Jolyon had one in the billiard room at Stanhope Gate—lots of fowls; not so big as that. "Snyders!" "Ary Sheffer"—bloodless-looking affair, he'd be bound! "Rosa Bonheur." "Snyders."

He took a seat at the side of the room, and fell into a reverie—with James a serious matter, indissolubly connected with investments.

Soames—in partnership now—was shaping well; bringing in a lot of business. That house in Bryanston Square—the tenancy would be up in September—he ought to get another hundred on a re-let, with the improvements the tenant had put in. He'd have a couple of thousand to invest next Quarter Day. There was Cape Copper, but he didn't know; Nicholas was always telling him to buy 'Midland.' That fellow Dartie, too, kept worrying him about Argentines—he wouldn't touch them with a pair of tongs. And, leaning forward with his hands crossed on the handle of his umbrella, he gazed fixedly up at the skylight, as if seeing some annunciation or other, while his shaven lips, between his grey Dundrearys, filled sensually as though savouring a dividend.

"The collection of William Smelter, Esquire, of Russell Square."

Now for the usual poppycock! "This well-known collector," "masterpieces of the Dutch

and French Schools"; "rare opportunity"; "Connoisseur"; all me eye and Betty Martin! Smelter used to buy 'em by the yard.

"*No. 1.* Cupid and Psyche: Bronzino. Ladies and gentlemen: what shall I start it at—this beautiful picture, an undoubted masterpiece of the Italian School?"

James sniggered. Connoisseur—with his 'Cupid and Pish.'

To his astonishment there was some brisk bidding; and James' upper lip began to lengthen, as ever at any dispute about values. The picture was knocked down and a 'Snyders' put up. James sat watching picture after picture disposed of. It was hot in the room and he felt sleepy—he didn't know why he had come; he might have been having a nap at the Club, or driving with Emily.

"What—no bid for the Hondekoeter? This large masterpiece."

James gazed at the enormous picture on the easel, supported at either end by an attendant.

The huge affair was full of poultry and feathers floating in a bit of water and a large white rooster looking as if it were about to take a bath. It was a dark painting, save for the rooster, with a yellowish tone.

"Come, gentlemen? By a celebrated painter of domestic poultry. May I say fifty? Forty? Who'll give me forty pounds? It's giving it away. Well, thirty to start it? Look at the rooster! Masterly painting! Come now! I'll take any bid."

"Five pounds!" said James, covering the words so that no one but the auctioneer should see where it came from.

"Five pounds for this genuine work by a master of domestic poultry! Ten pounds did you say, Sir? Ten pounds bid."

"Fifteen," muttered James.

"Twenty."

"Twenty-five—why, the frame's worth it. Who says thirty?"

No one said thirty; and the picture was

knocked down to James, whose mouth had opened slightly. He hadn't meant to buy it; but the thing was a bargain—the size had frightened them: Jolyon had paid one hundred and forty for his Hondekoeter. Well, it would cover that blank on the stairs. He waited till two more pictures had been sold; then, leaving his card with directions for the despatch of the Hondekoeter, made his way up St. James' Street and on towards home.

He found Emily just starting out with Rachel and Cicely in the barouche, but refused to accompany them—a little afraid of being asked what he had been doing. Entering his deserted house, he told Warmson that he felt liverish; he would have a cup of tea and a muffin, nothing more; then passing on to the stairs, he stood looking at the blank space. When the picture was hung, it wouldn't be there. What would Soames say to it, though—the boy had begun to interest himself in pictures since his run abroad? Still, the price he

had paid was not the market value; and, passing on up to the drawing-room, he drank his China tea, strong, with cream, and ate two muffins. If he didn't feel better to-morrow, he should have Dash look at him.

The following morning, starting for the office, he said to Warmson:

"There'll be a picture come to-day. You'd better get Hunt and Thomas to help you hang it. It's to go in the middle of that space on the stairs. You'd better have it done when your mistress is out. Let 'em bring it in the back way—it's eleven foot by six; and mind the paint."

When he returned, rather late, the Hondekoeter was hung. It covered the space admirably, but the light being poor and the picture dark, it was not possible to see what it was about. It looked quite well. Emily was in the drawing-room when he went in.

"What on earth is that great picture on the stairs, James?"

"That?" said James. "A Hondekoeter; picked it up, a bargain, at Smelter's sale. Jolyon's got one at Stanhope Gate."

"I never saw such a lumbering great thing."

"What?" said James. "It covers up that space well. It's not as if you could see anything on the stairs. There's some good poultry in it."

"It makes the stairs darker than they were before. I don't know what Soames will say. Really, James, you oughtn't to go about alone, buying things like that."

"I can do what I like with my money, I suppose," said James. "It's a well-known name."

"Well," said Emily, "for a man of your age —Never mind! Don't fuss! Sit down and drink your tea."

James sat down, muttering. Women—always unjust, and no more sense of values than an old tom-cat!

Emily said no more, ever mistress of her suave and fashionable self.

Winifred, with Montague Dartie, came in

later, so that all the family were assembled for dinner; Cicely having her hair down, Rachel her hair up—she had 'come out' this season; Soames, who had just parted with the little whiskers of the late 'seventies, looking pale and flatter-cheeked than usual. Winifred, beginning to be 'interesting,' owing to the approach of a little Dartie, kept her eyes somewhat watchfully on 'Monty,' square and oiled, with a 'handsome' look on his sallow face, and a big diamond stud in his shining shirt-front.

It was she who broached the Hondekoeter.

"Pater dear, what made you buy that enormous picture?"

James looked up, and mumbled through his mutton:

"Enormous! It's the right size for that space on the stairs." It seemed to him at the moment that his family had very peculiar faces.

"It's very fine and large!" Dartie speaking! 'Um!' thought James: 'What does *he* want—money?'

"It's so yellow," said Rachel, plaintively.

"What do *you* know about a picture?"

"I know what I like, Pater."

James stole a glance at his son, but Soames was looking down his nose.

"It's very good value," said James, suddenly. "There's some first-rate feather painting in it."

Nothing more was said at the moment, nobody wanting to hurt the Pater's feelings, but, upstairs, in the drawing-room after Emily and her three daughters had again traversed the length of the Hondekoeter, a lively conversation broke out.

Really—the Pater! Rococo was not the word for pictures that size! And chickens—who wanted to look at chickens, even if you could see them? But, of course, Pater thought a bargain excused everything.

Emily said:

"Don't be disrespectful, Cicely."

"Well, Mater, he does, you know. All the old Forsytes do."

Emily, who secretly agreed, said: "Hssh!"

She was always loyal to James, in his absence. They all were, indeed, except among themselves.

"Soames thinks it dreadful," said Rachel. "I hope he'll tell the Pater so."

"Soames will do nothing of the sort," said Emily. "Really your father can do what he likes in his own house—you children are getting very uppish."

"Well, Mater, you know jolly well it's awfully out of date."

"I wish you would not say 'awfully' and 'jolly,' Cicely."

"Why not? Everybody does, at school."

Winifred cut in:

"They really are the latest words, Mother."

Emily was silent; nothing took the wind out of her sails like the word 'latest,' for, though a woman of much character, she could not bear to be behindhand.

"Listen!" said Rachel, who had opened the door.

A certain noise could be heard; it was James, extolling the Hondekoeter, on the stairs.

"That rooster," he was saying, "is a fine bird; and look at those feathers floating. Think they could paint those nowadays? Your Uncle Jolyon gave a hundred an' forty for his Hondekoeter, and I picked this up for twenty-five."

"What did I say?" whispered Cicely. "A bargain. I hate bargains; they lumber up everything. That Turner was another!"

"Shh!" said Winifred, who was not so young, and wished that Monty had more sense of a bargain than he had as yet displayed. "I like a bargain myself; you know you've got something for your money."

"I'd rather have my money," said Cicely.

"Don't be silly, Cicely," said Emily; "go and play your piece. Your father likes it."

James and Dartie now entered, Soames having passed on up to his room where he worked at night.

Cicely began her piece. She was at home

owing to an out-break of mumps at her school on Ham Common; and her piece, which contained a number of runs up and down the piano, was one which she was perfecting for the school concert at the end of the term. James, who made a point of asking for it, partly because it was good for Cicely, and partly because it was good for his digestion, took his seat by the hearth between his whiskers, averting his eyes from animated objects. Unfortunately, he never could sleep after dinner, and thoughts buzzed in his head. Soames had said there was no demand now for large pictures, and very little for the Dutch school —he had admitted, however, that the Hondekoeter was a bargain as values went; the name alone was worth the money. Cicely commenced her 'piece'; James brooded on. He really didn't know whether he was glad he had bought the thing or not. Everyone of them had disapproved, except Dartie; the only one whose disapproval he would have

welcomed. To say that James was conscious of a change in the mental outlook of his day would be to credit him with a philosophic sensibility unsuited to his breeding and his age; but he was uncomfortably conscious that a bargain was not what it had been. And while Cicely's fingers ran up and down—he didn't know, he couldn't say.

"D'you mean to tell me," he said, when Cicely shut the piano, "that you don't like those Dresden vases?"

Nobody knew whom he was addressing or why, so no one replied.

"I bought 'em at Jobson's in '67, and they're worth three times what I gave for them."

It was Rachel who responded.

"Well, Pater, do you like them yourself?"

"Like them? What's that got to do with it? They're genuine, and worth a lot of money."

"I wish you'd sell them, then, James," said Emily. "They're not the fashion now."

"Fashion! They'll be worth a lot more before I die."

"A bargain," muttered Cicely, below her breath.

"What's that?" said James, whose hearing was sometimes unexpectedly sharp.

"I said: 'A bargain,' Pater; weren't they?"

"Of course they were"; and it could be heard from his tone that if they hadn't been, he wouldn't have bought them. "You young people know nothing about money, except how to spend it"; and he looked at his son-in-law, who was sedulously concerned with his finger-nails.

Emily, partly to smooth James, whom she could see was ruffled, and partly because she had a passion for the game, told Cicely to get out the card table, and said with cheery composure:

"Come along, James, we'll play Nap."

They sat around the green board for a considerable time playing for farthings, with every now and then a little burst of laughter, when James said: "I'll go Nap!" At this particular game, indeed James was always vis-

ited by a sort of recklessness. At farthing points he could be a devil of a fellow for very little money. He had soon lost thirteen shillings, and was as dashing as ever.

He rose at last, in excellent humour, pretending to be bankrupt.

"Well, I don't know," he said, "I always lose *my* money."

The Hondekoeter, and the misgivings it had given rise to, had faded from his mind.

Winifred and Dartie departing, without the latter having touched on finance, he went up to bed with Emily in an almost cheerful condition; and, having turned his back on her, was soon snoring lightly.

He was awakened by a crash and bumping rumble, as it might be thunder, on the right.

"What on earth's that, James?" said Emily's startled voice.

"What?" said James: "Where? Here, where are my slippers?"

"It must be a thunderbolt. Be careful, James."

For James, in his nightgown, was already standing by the bedside—in the radiance of a night-light, long as a stork. He sniffed loudly.

"D'you smell burning?"

"No," said Emily.

"Here, give me the candle."

"Put on this shawl, James. It can't be burglars; they wouldn't make such a noise."

"I don't know," muttered James, "I was asleep." He took the candle from Emily, and shuffled to the door.

"What's all this?" he said on the landing. By confused candle-and-night-light he could see a number of white-clothed figures—Rachel, Cicely, and the maid Fifine, in their night-gowns. Soames in his night-shirt, at the head of the stairs, and down below, that fellow Warmson.

The voice of Soames, flat and calm, said:

"It's the Hondekoeter."

There, in fact, enormous, at the bottom of the stairs, was the Hondekoeter, fallen on its

face. James, holding up his candle, stalked down and stood gazing at it. No one spoke, except Fifine, who said: "La, la!"

Cicely, seized with a fit of giggles, vanished.

Then Soames spoke into the dark well below him, illumined faintly by James' candle.

"It's all right, Pater; it won't be hurt; there was no glass."

James did not answer, but holding his candle low, returned up the stairs, and without a word went back into his bedroom.

"What was it, James?" said Emily, who had not risen.

"That picture came down with a run—comes of not looking after things yourself. That fellow Warmson! Where's the Eau de Cologne?"

He anointed himself, got back into bed, and lay on his back, waiting for Emily to improve the occasion. But all she said was:

"I hope it hasn't made your head ache, James."

"No," said James; and, for some time after she was asleep, he lay with his eyes on the night-light, as if waiting for the Hondekoeter to play him another trick—after he had bought the thing and given it a good home, too!

Next morning, going down to breakfast he passed the picture, which had been lifted, so that it stood slanting, with its back to the stair wall. The white rooster seemed just as much on the point of taking a bath as ever. The feathers floated on their backs, curved like shallops. He passed on into the dining room.

They were all there, eating eggs and bacon, suspiciously silent.

James helped himself and sat down.

"What are you going to do with it now, James?" said Emily.

"Do with it? Hang it again, of course!"

"Not really, Pater!" said Rachel. "It gave me fits last night."

"That wall won't stand it," said Soames.

"What! It's a good wall!"

"It really is too big," said Emily.

"And we none of us like it, Pater," put in Cicely, "it's such a monster, and so yellow!"

"Monster, indeed!" said James, and was silent, till suddenly he spluttered:

"What would you have me do with it, then?"

"Send it back; sell it again."

"I shouldn't get anything for it."

"But you said it was a bargain, Pater," said Cicely.

"So it was!"

There was another silence. James looked sidelong at his son; there was a certain pathos in that glance, as if it were seeking help, but Soames was concentrated above his plate.

"Have it put up in the lumber room, James," said Emily, quietly.

James reddened between his whiskers, and his mouth opened; he looked again at his son, but Soames ate on. James turned to his teacup.

And there went on within him that which he could not express. It was as if they had asked him: "When is a bargain not a bargain?" and he didn't know the answer, but they did. A change of epoch, something new-fangled in the air. A man could no longer buy a thing because it was worth more! It was—it was the end of everything. And, suddenly, he mumbled: "Well, have it your own way, then. Throwing money away, I call it!"

After he had gone to the office, the Hondekoeter was conducted to the lumber room by Warmson, Hunt, and Thomas. There, covered by a dust-sheet to preserve the varnish, it rested twenty-one years, till the death of James in 1901, when it went forth and came under the hammer. It fetched five pounds, and was bought by a designer of posters, working for a poultry-breeding firm.

Midsummer Madness

GEORGE, second son to Roger Forsyte of Prince's Gate, was in the year 1881 twenty-five years of age, and supposed to be a farmer. That is to say he had failed for the Army, and had definitely refused to enter any indoor profession. This was why he spent the inside of his weeks in any country pursuit which was not farming, and the outside of his weeks in or about the Club in Piccadilly which he had nicknamed 'The Iseeum.' Nominally resident at Plumtree Park in Bedfordshire, where a gentleman farmer eked out his losses with the premiums paid by the fathers of his pupils, George Forsyte's wit, of which he had a good deal, enabled him to spend most of his time

with neighbouring landowners, who let him ride their horses or shoot their pheasants and rabbits. In the summer, when horses were turned out, pheasants turned in, and even rabbits were breeding, George would sometimes look at other people shearing sheep, and cheer them with his jests; but as a general thing he would be found studying the conformation of the horse on Newmarket Heath, or the conformation of chorus girls on the stage of the Liberty Theater. But in this particular summer of 1881, as will sometimes happen with men of the world, he had fallen in love. The object of his affection was a very pretty woman with dark dove-like eyes, who was somewhat naturally the wife of a man he knew called Basset, a neighbouring landowner and Major in the Militia. It may come as a shock to those who forty years later have claimed for themselves the abolition of morals to learn that George already had none. It was with a mere glow that he discovered him-

self to be in love with a married woman. Flora Basset, like most people with dove-like eyes, was what was then known as a 'flirt'; and since she lived in the country to please her husband, when she would rather have lived in London, she considered herself entitled to such amusement as came her way. George was very amusing.

He began at Easter time by normal admiration of Flora's eyes and conformation, and a normal hankering to make her his own; but as summer came, he found these feelings gradually complicated by a sensation which he had never before known, but which other people had called jealousy. In other words it became distasteful to think of Flora as Mrs Basset. George was not of those who examine and label their feelings, or he would perhaps have understood that desire was becoming passion.

June arriving, and the weather turning hot, Major Basset, "that poopstick" as George now called him in thought, went into camp with

his Militia. George experienced a feeling, not merely of increased hope, but of relief, for, when not in the presence of his Flora, he had begun to ache. But he was soon to discover that his Flora had an excellent head, and knew how to keep it. She had no intention of being compromised. George, of course, was well aware that if he did compromise her, or rather himself, his position, dependent on his father, a man of maturer years and the morals of an old Forsyte, would become impossible; as likely as not, cut off with a shilling he would be obliged to live on racing debts. But this was not enough to make him thankful that his Flora would not let him compromise her. On the contrary her discretion drove him nearly mad.

And the weather grew hotter; the trees, the flowers, the grasses exuded more scent; the cuckoo's note became a little querulous; the wood-pigeons emitted the ritornelles of love. With the increasing temperature more and

more of his Flora became visible, and George played croquet with her, and sat listening to her singing the songs of opera bouffe, and now and again was permitted to stay to dinner, and dismissed at nine o'clock; and his wit shrivelled within him in the heat of his feelings; and half the month of June was gone.

Now in George was something dogged and tenacious; nor did he lack hardihood. He ceased not in his resolve; with heroism he fought against the shrivelling of his wit, and like the unhappy clowns of Kings in the old days, who must be merry whatever the condition of their hearts, continued to jest in the presence of his beloved, and to subdue the smoulder in his bull-like eyes. 'Plain but pleasant'—as he called himself—to cease being pleasant must lose him the game. But dry were the lips with which he jested; and small was his knowledge of his Flora's heart. What her feelings were for the 'poopstick' who in a week's time would be returning, he never

dared to ask. And he suffered, he suffered as much as moralists could wish; but he continued to jest, because it was—jest or lose; and his Flora continued to smile on him with her dark and dove-like eyes, to laugh little half-shocked laughs, to press his hand faintly; to smell sweet and look enticing. And the last week passed.

Hotter and hotter, the sun flamed all day, and it was good to sit in the shade. Now, alongside the croquet lawn in front of the Bassets' house, was a shrubbery of rhododendrons, and beyond this a clump of lilacs and within it a summer house and beyond this again an orchard of plum and pear trees.

And George took from his Flora's hand the croquet mallet, and holding it said with a grin:

"Who's for a cooler? Let's go and sit in the shade with this between us."

His Flora laughed:

"George, how naughty you are!"

"Naughty but nice!" said George, and took her hand with the tips of his fingers, walking delicately, for all his heaviness, as if leading her to a minuet. And, while he walked, he thought: 'The last day—this is hell!'

They came to the summer-house.

"What?" said George; "no earwigs! Forward, the Buffs!"

They entered, sat down; George placed the mallet between them. And silence fell; for the life of him he could no longer jest.

From across the mallet, Flora was gazing, cool and sweet against the wooden wall, a little smile on her lips. It was too much! George took the mallet in both hands; his fleshy face had gone a dusky red, his full thick-lidded eyes gazed lowering in front of him, veins stood out on his forehead beneath his neatly-parted hair; the muscles in his arms below the rolled-up sleeves swelled in ridges. He laid the mallet down on his other side noiselessly as if it had been a feather.

"Flora!" he said, and seized the sweet and unresisting creature.

So was accomplished his desire, with no words spoken.

He stood, presently, and watched her go, a finger to her lips and her eyes still smiling; then through the orchard himself went away, dumb and grateful for pleasure as the beasts that perish, and drunk with triumph like a god. The day had changed and darkened with the heat. The sky had an airless brooding aspect; flies buzzed viciously and clung about him. He sat down on the bank of a stream and lighted a cigar. He held it between lips that never ceased to smile, and watched the smoke annoying the flies and midges. He listened, without hearing, to their hum, and to the cooing of the wood-pigeons; he watched, without seeing, the extreme stillness of the heat-darkened day. Thus, he spent two hours lost in a

few past minutes. He got up with a sigh; the scent of nettles, burdock and the carted hay deep in his nostrils. He would not go home, but walked to the Inn. He ate bread and cheese and drank porter. And then began again the longing to see and touch her that had for so short time been appeased; and smoking a village clay he ached, watching all light out of the sky; so heavy and hot the air, that he sweated, sitting there. And he thought: 'The last night! She might let me in —she might!'

He rose and went out into the breathless dark, retracing his steps to the stream, and through the blinded orchard to the summer-house. He groped and found the mallet and took it with him, stealing along past the lilacs, to the edge of the rhododendron clump bordering the lawn. Dark! It was more than dark, but he could just see the house. And, squatting on the grass, dry as tinder, he gazed up. Two first floor windows alone were lighted, open

but curtained—hers—well he knew the windows he had so longed to enter! And he thought: 'By Gad! I'll have a shot!' and going on his knees he searched for tiny pebbles in the shrubbery. Then drawing deep breaths to still the pounding of his heart he moved towards the house along the rhododendrons. But then he stopped as if he had been shot, and dropped to his knees on the grass. A curtain had been pulled aside; in the lighted window-space stood the figure of a half-dressed man. He was leaning there, inhaling the heavy night; he turned and spoke into the room. George saw his profile—Basset! Their voices carried to him in the stillness — his voice and hers. He saw a shimmer of white—flesh, drapery—pass across behind; saw the man's arm go round it. And George pressed his face to the dry grass, stifling a groan. He heard a woman's low laugh, the window shut down, and furious pain jerked him to his knees. To take the mallet—to climb up—to

brain him—her—to—to—! He fell forward again, with arms outstretched. The smell of parched grass mixed itself with his agony, for how long—how long—till the night was rent with a blinding flash and thunder rolled round and round him. He staggered to his feet, ran into the dark; and stumbled among the orchard trees. Lightning flashed all round, he wanted it to strike. He wanted it to strike him, but he knew it wouldn't. Then the rain fell—fell in a sheet, drenched him in a minute; fell and fell, and cooled him even to the heart. Like a drowned rat he came to where he lived, and let himself in. He went up to his bedroom, and tearing off his clothes, flung himself into bed. And behind and through the crashing of the thunder he heard that low soft laugh, and the window being shut down. He fell asleep at last.

When he woke the sun was shining in at his window; it shone across the room on to his boots—fourteen pairs of boots and shoes,

treed, in triple rows, on the top of his chest-of-drawers. Boots and shoes of every kind—riding boots, shooting boots, town boots, tennis boots, pumps. George looked at them, with fish-like eyes. In those well-worn and polished boots treed against decay was life—his life—and in his heart, dragged from its drowned sleep, was death. That laugh! No! To hell with women! Boots! And, lying there, he ground his teeth and grinned.

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