

Master Crowley
Holland House
New York.

The Old Man of the Deepul-Tree.

July
collected in the Netherlands

At the office in Cortlandt Street they had told Sieglinda Von
Nicken that they had no further use for her services. She had
been "deceitful," it seemed, to Mr. Grossman. So she stood in lower
broadway at eleven o'clock in the morning, with exactly fifteen
dollars in the world, and about as much prospect of a future as
she had the shell of a peanut. She was certainly not going to spend a
nickel on the subway. It was not so very many miles to South Street,
and she was a glory of it.

When she reached Park Place she changed her mind. It would
be no use returning to the city. That was where she lived, in her twin
brother's apartment; she would only disturb him, very likely at the
critical moment of the last act of his great opera, the one that
she would never be permitted to see. She turned right out of town.

She believed absolutely in her brother's genius; the opera
she had seen had been magnificent, even for a time. But Sieglinda was
incapable of any kind of work but the one. She had tried, with the
necessary success, that she had done in their country, their
mother had been induced to subscribe to a revival, and in
the course of that she had seen very many. Sieglinda had had to
go to New York, and Sieglinda from the family in Paris who
were "finishing" her; their father's brother, in New York, had
offered them a home. They crossed the ocean, but their ill luck
pursued them; a month or two later he died intestate, and his son,
who had always hated the trips as likely to come between him and
his inheritance, lost no time in driving them from the house with
insult. Besides that they had had a few hundred dollars, enough to
keep from starvation while they found something to do. Sieglinda

did not know a note of music, technically, though she had a fine ear and finer enthusiasm, all capacity in that line was concentrated in her brother, and she learnt stenography, and gave German lessons in the evening when she could get pupils.

Siegmund had enthusiastically decided to be a chauffeur; but his teacher had dissuaded him from proceeding. "I've a hunch," said he, "that there'll be trouble sooner or later; going off in these trances like a guy what's doped is hell when you're pushing a fast car - no, sir!" The same formidable impediment pursued him in every employment; his first morning as a clerk in a German bank had been his last; for, having been entrusted with copying a list of figures into a ledger, he had broken off after about six lines, and filled five adjoining pages with the opening passages of a sonata which meant nothing to the bank.

Magda quickly recognized that it was useless to try to alter this disposition; besides, she rather admired it. She cheerfully shouldered the whole responsibility of the finances of the family, telling him that it was really the best policy in the long run. No waste a genius capable of earning millions for the sake of ten dollars a week! So she stayed on in various offices, never getting a good position; wherever she had happened to be her aristocratic manner was one drawback, and her unapproachability another. Her "checking" of Dr. Grossman had been at bottom a refusal to join him at supper.

So, after all, she would not go home. She would take the elevated and spend the day in Bronx Park. She would economize the nickel at lunch; a delicatessen picnic in the park would certainly be better than the flesh-pots of Child's; yes, she would actually save money.

This calculation was however in error; her proposed squander-

ing of the nickel was as fatal as Eve's first bite at the apple; and in the delicatessen store her lunch made a decidedly large hole in one of her dollars.

In another half-hour or so she was in the park; she wandered for awhile among the animals, then sought a remote corner for her picnic. She found a patch of green by the bank of the stream, shaded by a great peepul-tree, the sacred fig of India; and, having been born and bred to politeness, she apologized to the tree before taking her seat in its shadow. "Uncle tree," so she began her prattle, "I hope you won't think it rude of me to introduce myself. But I am really a relative; my mother always said my father was the old man of the great oak in the courtyard; indeed, he was a very great one, one of nature's own children, or so he always boasted. So - hope you'll let me eat my lunch under your branches. I'll pay rent, you know; I'll sing you the May-song." Then she sang Beine's master-lyric:

"In the marvellous month of May
 With all its buds in blossom,
 Love made his holiday
 I ranct out within my bosom
 In the marvellous month of May
 With all its birds in choir,
 I caught her heart away
 With the song of my desire."

So, without further ceremony, she sat down and rested her back against the trunk of the peepul-tree, opened her package, and began her lunch.

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when she had finished, and quenched her thirst in the stream, she returned to the tree and lit a cigarette.

Now from this point is - exactly when did Biaginda come off that afternoon? Even she admits that she was asleep part of the time, but she holds out stoutly that she was perfectly awake all the while that her cigarette lasted, for she remembers throwing the ash away into the stream. And it was certainly while she was smoking that she had her conversation with the old man of the tree. "Child," the voice said, "you are much older than I am; I do wish you ~~could~~ give me some advice. I won't ask you the hard things, for instance, what sin I committed in a previous life; for I must have, don't you think, to be out here in a country where they feed without any distress, and leave men and women to starve. No; but I do wish you could tell me where to look for a new job - and I'll be glad to like a decent one, somewhere where they had good manners, and didn't look all the time, even if there was very little money in it."

"I see," replied the tiny little old voice which she was sure came from the air, "you would like to go to a better person. It is not only a matter of the tree, you see; it is a very special quality. As a grandmaster is the famous No-Tree at Chungking, with a big platform round his and gifts and things every day from every part of the four winds; and his shadow, as you know, is the great tree of Buddha-lands, under which the world has been obtained emancipation. So you being connected with ^t me, my dear, I'm quite glad to think I have such a pretty little niece". (It must have been the tree talking; Biaginda couldn't have made up a thing like that about her self, could she?) "I must say," the voice went on, "I don't at all like the idea of one of us working; our business has always seemed to me to be

beautiful, and enjoyable life, and praise God. I think the best way will be for you to forget your troubles for a little while; I feel a breeze in my hair, and perhaps I will be able to sing you to sleep. Then I'll have a talk with the land; perhaps between us we may be able to do something." So Sieglinda settled herself more comfortably, and in a little while was fast asleep. When she woke up the sun was already low over the Hudson; so she picked herself up and went home. She had forgotten all about the old man, and only remembered that she must try an "evening paper" and must throw in the advertisements for another job.

II

Things went from bad to worse with the twins. So one seemed to want a typist. Sieglinda was pretty and clever enough for the work; but she read the American Sunday papers, and knew that even a merely modest girl, she had no chance of an engagement. New York managers, it appeared, insisted on a type of virtue so rigorous that it left Madame, Deloyle, and the mother of the special among the also runs. She had even chosen the girls, too, and even heard their discuss virtue; anyhow, for one reason or another, she did not apply for an engagement.

Sieglinda's inspirations, too, failed him even as her purse emptied; he spent paper at an alarming rate. One day when she came in from a vain search for work she caught him in the very act of washing another failure to the floor. "On town! infernal beastly town!" he yelled; "really, Sieglinda, you must learn to keep your mouth shut!" "What have I done now?" she laughed. "It's that ghastly tune you've been humming for a month; 'Broadway Bliss' it comes from, I suppose, by the sound of it; I wrote it down to feast my eyes upon the ghastly spectacle; and upon my soul and conscience, I think it's too bad even for Broadway."

"I'm sorry, boy; I didn't know I was annoying you. I don't usually hum, so I've never heard you before; it's that eternal search for work. Oh my God! I wish I could have learnt to push a car. The music I'm playing now - it always sounds rather like one, too; a Ford, on a country road, with a tire gone. Lord! I think I'll bend it round in a futurist opera!"

Nearly a month later, Meginda declared that she had found a job. It was not regular work, apparently, she was in and out at all hours, sometimes extremely tired. It went on for nearly six months before Meginda noticed anything wrong. When he asked her what her work was, she told him that she had turned her good taste to account, and had been employed to decorate and furnish a house on the main street for a very rich man. She deserved more pay than she was getting; perhaps he might be more for her later on. "Do you see anything?" "Every day." "Over make love to you?" "In fact, he takes no more notice of me than if I were a piece of wood. And he never spends a penny except on this sort of having a fine house. I go shopping for him in a coach through the city; and I have to take the factory road. He's married, by the way; I've found out the secret matter - in a corner, perhaps I'll be able to interest him in your work, one day." "I don't work. I can't work. I think of chess and more ideas than I've had for the best part of a year!" "Oh well, inspiration will come. If we could only get out of this horrible struggle to live from day to day! If that house were only mine instead of his! It ought to be. I made it. I took a common mass of brick and stone, and turned it into paradise. And all I've got out of it - six months and more living like a slave - has been about four hundred dollars! And

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Sieglinde led the way into the room on the left, which extended the whole depth of the house. One could hardly give a name to such a room. Walls and ceiling were covered with a Japanese paper of old gold; the floor was of mahogany, and the only furniture in the room was dull red lacquer, cabinets and trays and little tables. In the centre of the floor was a great rug of blue without a pattern, raised from the floor by mattresses to the height of about a foot. At the far end of the room stood a great golden figure of Buddha, between two monstrous vases of porcelain, of the same deep thrilling blue as the rug. Siegmund gazed his glory. "I thought this would inspire you," said Sieglinda. They went into the opposite room, where all was in perfect contrast. The whole room was panelled in ebony; in the centre stood an oblong table of the same wood, with ancient tall-backed chairs, evidently of the same craftsman's handiwork. Against the walls stood oaken chests, black with age; and on each of them a single silver statue. At the upper end of the room hung a crucifix of ivory, with three-tall silver candlesticks on each side of it. The candles were of yellow wax. Facing this was a single picture, a group of dancers by Corticelli.

Sieglinda led the way upstairs. Here was a modern sitting-room, evidently designed for a woman. The main motive was steel-blue, harmonized with rusty amber. Everything in this room was soft; it was, as it were, an archetype of cushions! The pictures were all landscapes by Sorrice. The room opposite was as typically a man's. Great leather arm chairs and settees stood on every side. A huge cigar cabinet of cedar was opposite the open fireplace, with a long narrow table between them which divided the room into two halves. One hall contained a billiard table, and its walls were

covered with sporting prints; the other had a card table and a chess table, but no other furniture except chairs. On the walls were halos by the best masters, Manet, and John, and O'Connor, and Van Gogh, and Gauguin, culminating in a daring frank by Cadell, and a solemn and passionless eccentricity by Barne.

The third floor was guarded by a single door. It was all one room, a bedroom lined in rose marble, with a vast antique basin of the same material, in which a fountain, a reduced copy of the "Universe" of the Avenue de l'Observatoire played. Around the room stood many a masterpiece of marble and of bronze, the drunken satyr and the dancing faun, some of the Apollonians and the ^{terminal} hermit of the Aristonians of sculpture, Marsyas and Olympus, the goat-piece of the unknown master of Verclanens, the Femme-Daunoy of Pradier, the hanches d'acier of Rodin and his pervier et colonne, and these were grouped about the great bed, which rose from the floor like a snowy plateau lit with Algenidium. There were no pillars, nothing but a wall-land of base, spelling like a maid's couch from the marble. One heard hardly any where floor left off and bed began, save that around the flying curves of rose purity stood eight Cupids wreathed in flowers.

Light, in this room, came pale and timid, like a girl's first love, through trellises of ground glass. But the room was not dark, for there was no colour in it deeper than the bronzes; and they like islands in the rose-white loveliness that lift them like a sea. The ceiling was a single sheet of polished silver.

From this room brother and sister mounted to the highest floor. Here was the music-room, a chapel of carved walnut, lofty and Gothic, endowed with a great organ; its choir ready to become vocal at the waving of the wand of a magician, for every kind of musical instrument was in its place.

Siegward for the first time exhibited manly firmness. "I am going straight out of this house," he cried angrily, "and my permanent address will be the Hudson River!"

III

In the matter of the seven thousand dollar motor-car Sieglinda, although German by birth, had taken French leave. Without asking the proprietor, she had ordered it to be at the door; it was the last day. "Pretty mean, I think," she said, as they drove up town, "I do like a house like that, and all I get is a measly eight hundred and fifty-six dollars. I know now that I could have got a commission on everything I bought." "I'm glad you ain't," said her brother; "I never liked tradesman's ways, and I never will."

When they were dressed for dinner they drove to the Le Alpin, told the chauffeur to call for them at the Opera at eleven, and after one more banquet of capital, walked up through the snow to the Metropolitan. The wine and the music made them mad; starved of every pleasure as they had been for months, the life of the old life took hold of them, and they abandoned themselves freely to the intoxication of the moment. The curtain fell!

Sieglinda was struck at nothing in her darling; she had borrowed her rich man's box. Siegwand noticed that she had bowed very sweetly to a dapper little gentleman opposite, before the curtain rose, and he, who probably had asked a question, had not the first bars of the overture rapt him away into the world of that other Siegwand and Sieglinda. After a while he and his sister had been called.

Just as the last curtain fell, the door of the box opened, and the little gentleman walked in. "Mr. Schuff, ^{And he} Graf von Richen." They shook hands, exchanged a few general remarks; the trio went off to Noel's, where Sieglinda, determined to get the last minute

out of her day of fairyland, ordered a splendid supper. But even as the clans arrived the day was spoiled for Siegmund. The band struck up. "O God!" he cried, rising from his seat, "there's that nightmare again!" "I can understand," said Mr. Dampff, smiling, "that it must get a good deal on your nerves. Every rose has its thorn." "I don't see any rose about it," snapped Siegmund. Mr. Dampff was embarrassed. "I'm sorry," he said, turning deferentially to Linda, "I seem to have said the wrong thing. But I certainly understood from you -" Linda interrupted him. "The boy doesn't know," said she; "I'll break it to him gently. It's degrading and ~~unpleasant~~, I know, dear," she went on, putting a slim hand on her brother's, "but the fact is that you're very rich now. That house is yours; it all came out of the profits of that thing you threw on the floor eight months ago!"

"Good God, Linda!" cried the boy, "you sold that truck! I'll never look myself in the face again. But -" He caught his breath. "What was it that you named; I thought you had locked it up on Broadway!"

"And I didn't know I was naming it! Ah, an lieber Gott!" she cried, laughing into her hand, as a great light broke in upon her, "so that was what the wind spoke to the old man of the ~~Capital-Trec!~~"

Of course her hearers did not understand her. Ever yet another bottle of champagne - Siegmund had now drunk five during the day - she told the story of her picnic in the park. "So," she concluded, "while I slept the wind spoke with the old man, and they put the song into my brain, and I got the habit of humming it - and oh! Siegmund darling, you're rich and we'll never have any more trouble in the world again!"

"If your conscience troubles you," said Mr. Dampff, "about the quality of the music you are inflicting on humanity, let me reassure you. The Graf in did not mention it, but I have the honour to be a director of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the purpose of our meeting to-night was that I might tell you that we had decided to produce your 'Acine's Tod', and to discuss the preliminaries. I hope you will allow me to order another magnum of this very delightful champagne."

It was ordered; but the error was fatal; from that moment the proceedings became so far from lucid as to baffle the historian. Presently, however, Dampff rose (as best he could) and took his leave. The twins insisted on driving him home to his apartment on Riverside Drive. When they had said good-night for the twentieth time, always with increasing etiquette, the champagne continued its conversation; it was impossible, absurd, and immoral to go home; there was only one thing to be done, and that was to do what politeness urged; to pay a visit of thanks to the Old Man of the Weepal-Tree.

The pillars of the earlier day had died down to utter stillness; the full moon was westerling slowly; the twins huddled together in the automobile, babbling a thousand phrases of delight over and over and over. When they came to the park, they thought it better to walk; Sieglinda knew the way. So they left the chauffeur, and ran hand in hand over the snow, the champagne and the success fighting in their young blood for mastery in the sublime art of giving madness. Soon they came to the stream, its current frozen, its banks aflower with wind-blown blossoms of snow. They came to the Weepal-Tree. "Oh you dear darling Uncle Tree," shouted Sieglinda, "how happy you have made us! And I've brought

your nephew to see you!" She clasped the trunk, and kissed it madly in sheer delirium of pleasure. Siegmund followed her example, and broke into a flood of song from his last opera.

At that moment they realized that they were very drunk. Sieglinda slid to the snow, swooning; her brother bent above her to revive her. He must have lost his senses at the same moment; for what followed is neither reasonable nor natural. They could both hear (or so they always swear) the chuckling of the sacred tree.

"Bye - and - bye the chuckling became articulate. "Very pretty and very thoughtful of you!" said the little cracked old voice; "this has been a very pleasant visit; I haven't enjoyed myself so much for years. Still it's very cold for humans; I think you'd better be rubbing oil to the car. But come and see me often. Good-bye, my dear children, for the present; and remember Sieglinda, your first son must be called Wilhelm as well as Siegfried, in honour of the man who attained emancipation under the boughs of my great-grandfather." So they must have been unwise in the matter of champagne; for the most garrulous old trees never talk like that to people who are sober.

Sieglinda was indeed what philosophers have called 'suspiciously sober' when they reached the car; her "back to 63rd Street!" was portentously precise.

But they never forgot the beech-tree; and they planted shoots from him in the courtyard of the old Schloss, which they bought back from the new-comers on the proceeds of Siegmund's first opera, so that the oak of the von Ichenau might have worthy company. It is, however, a shocking circumstance that the younger generations of the beech-tree, like those of the great oaks, have a deplorable tendency to small talk and even to scandal.

Master Crowley
Holland House
New York.

The Old Man of the Peepul-Tree.

Published in The Independent

At the office in Cortlandt Street they had told Bieglin
Sichen that they had no further use for her services. She had
been 'cheeky,' it seemed, to Mr. Grossman. So she stood in
broadway at eleven o'clock in the morning with exactly fifty
dollars in the world, and about as much prospect of the future
was the shell of a peanut. She was certainly not going to get
nickel on the subway. It was not so very many miles to Lebn
and the day was a glory of day.

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mother had been induced to speculate by a rascally cousin, and
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The Old Man of the Deepal-Tree.

Published in The International

the office in Cortlandt Street they had told Sieglinda Von that they had no further use for her services. She had been busy, it seemed, to Mr. Grossman. So she stood in lower Manhattan at eleven o'clock in the morning with exactly fifteen cents in the world, and about as much prospect of a future as a shell of a peanut. She was certainly not going to spend a cent on the subway. It was not so very many miles to 108th Street, but it was a glory of glory.

When she reached Park Place she changed her mind. It would be returning to the tiny flat where she lived with her twin brother; she would only disturb him, very likely at the moment of the last act of his great opera, the one that was going to be accepted, and make them rich and famous. She believed absolutely in her brother's genius; the symphony was immense, even for twins. But Siegmund was not of any kind of work but the one. He had tried, when the boys were their father had died in their infancy; their father had been induced to speculate by a rabble-rousing couple, and in 1867 they had lost every penny. Siegmund had had to go from Heidelberg, and Sieglinda from the family in Paris who had been nursing her; their mother's brother, in New York, had

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At the end of the day, she would not go home. She would take the
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Her decision was however in error; her proposed squander-

ing of the nickel was as fatal as Eve's first bite and in the delicatessen-store her lunch made a hole in one of her dollars.

In another half-hour or so she was in the park for awhile among the animals, then sought a romantic picnic. She found a patch of green by the bank shaded by a great peepul-tree, the sacred fig of which had been born and bred to politeness, she apologized before taking her seat in its shadow. "Uncle Irene her prattle, "I hope you won't think it rude of myself. But I am really a relative; my mother and father was the old man of the great oak in the garden he was a very great elf, one of wotan's own children always boasted. So I hope you'll let me eat my little branches. I'll pay rent, you know; I'll sing you." Then she sang Beine's master-lyric:

"In the marvellous month of May

With all its buds in blossom

Love made his holiday

3
was as fatal as Eve's first bite at the apple;
Lessen store her lunch made a decidedly large
of dollars.

Half-hour or so she was in the park; she wandered
the animals, then sought a remote corner for her
a patch of green by the bank of the stream,
peepul-tree, the sacred fig of India; and, hav-
bred to politeness, she apologized to the tree
seat in its shadow. "Uncle Tree," so she began
pe you won't think it rude of me to introduce
really a relative; my mother always said my
man of the great oak in the courtyard; indeed,
t ell, one of wotan's own children, or so he
I hope you'll let me eat my lunch under your
rent, you know; I'll sing you the May-song."
e's master-lyric:

the marvellous month of May
with all its buds in blossom,
e made his holiday

father was the old man of the great oak.
he was a very great elf, one of wotan's
always boasted. So I hope you'll let me
branches. I'll pay rent, you know; I'll
then she sang heine's master-lyric:

"In the marvellous month
with all its buds in
love made his holiday
frankt out within my
In the marvellous month of
with all its birds in
I caught her heart away
with the song of my

So, without further ceremony, she sat
back against the trunk of the peepul-tree
and began her lunch.

old man of the great oak in the courtyard; indeed,
at all, one of Lotan's own children, or so he
to - hope you'll let me eat my lunch under your
y rent, you know; I'll sing you the May-song."
ne's master-lyric:

in the marvellous month of May
with all its buds in-blossom,

ve made his holiday

frankt out within my bosom

the marvellous month of May

with all its birds in choir,

caught her heart away

with the song of my desire."

further ceremony, she sat down and rested her
trunk of the peepul-tree, opened her package,
on.

when she had finished, and quenched her tin
she returned to the tree and lit a cigarette.

Now then the point is - exactly, when did it
that afternoon? Even she admits that she was as
time; but she holds out stoutly that she was pe
the while that her cigarette lasted, for she re
the end away into the stream. And it was certai
smoking that she began her conversation with th
tree. "Uncle," she said, "you're much older th
you would give me some advice. I won't ask you
for instance, what sin I committed in a previous
must have, don't you think, to be out here in a
feed snakes and hyenas, and leave men and some
but I do wish you could tell me where to look
and on! I should so like a decent home, some wher
good landers, and didn't fear all the time, eve
very little money in it!"

"Ay, dear", replied the funny little old v
sure came from the elf, "you couldn't have com

nished, and quenched her thirst in the stream,
 tree and lit a cigarette.

It is - exactly when did Sieglinda doze off
 she admits that she was asleep part of the
 out stoutly that she was perfectly awake all
 cigarette lasted, for she remembers throwing
 the stream. And it was certainly while she was
 her conversation with the old man of the
 said, "you are much older than I am; I do wish
 me advice. I won't ask you the hard things,
 in I committed in a previous life; for I
 a think, to be out here in a country where they
 ends, and leave men and women to starve. No;
 could tell me where to look for a new job -
 like a decent one, somewhere where they had
 can't leer all the time, even if there was
 it!"

And the funny little old voice which she was
 old, "you couldn't have come to a better per-

must have, don't you think, to be out
iced shakes, and biscuits, and leave her and go
out I do wish you could tell me where to look
and on! I should so like a decent one, some
good manners, and don't fear all the time, a
very little money in it!"

"My dear", replied the rubbly little old
sure came from the left, "you couldn't have a
son. It's not only a sacred kind of tree, you
very special family. My own grandfather is to
at Madras, with a big platform round it
pilgrims every day from every part of the
father, as you know, was the great tree of
the British set when he attained emancipation
es with John, my dear, I'm quite glad to. the
little niece" (It must have been the tree
wouldn't have made up a thing like that good
"I must say," the voice went on, "I don't at
one of us working; our business has always s

has, and leave men and women to starve. No;
and tell me where to look for a new job -
like a decent one, somewhere where they had
n't starve all the time, even if there was
it!"

led the funny little old voice which she was
it, "you couldn't have come to a better per-
spected and of the, you know; I come of a
my own grandfather is the famous Bo-Tree
in a big platform round him and gifts end
from every part of the four winds; and his
was the great tree of Buddha-Gaya, under which
he attained emancipation. So you being connect-
ed, I'm quite glad to think I have such a prett^y
must have been the tree talking; (I'm glad
to a thing like that about herself, would she?)
voice went on, "I don't at all like the idea of
our business has always seemed to me to be

beautiful, and enjoying life, and praise God. I
 way will be for you to forget your troubles for
 I feel a breeze in my hair, and perhaps I will be
 you to sleep. Then I'll have a talk with the win
 tween us we may be able to do something." So Sie
 herself more comfortably, and in a little while
 when she woke up the sun was already low over the
 picked herself up and went home. She had forgot
 old man, and only remembered that she must try a
 telegram" and hunt through the advertisements fo

II

Things went from bad to worse with the twin
 to want a typist. Sieglinda was pretty and clever
 chorus; but she read the American Sunday papers,
 as a merely modest girl, she had no chance of an
 York managers, it appeared, insisted on a type o
 rigorous that it left Lucrece, Penelope, and the
 Or. con among the also rans. One had seen chor
 and even heard them discuss Virtue; anyhow, for

joy~~ing~~, life, and praise God. I think the best
 you to forget your troubles for a little while;
 in my hair, and perhaps I will be able to sing
 and I'll have a talk with the wind; perhaps be-
 able to do something." So Sieglinda settled
 comfortably, and in a little while was fast asleep.
 the sun was already low over the Hudson; so she
 and went home. She had forgotten all about the
 remembered that she must try an "Evening"
 through the advertisements for another job.

II

from bad to worse with the twins. No one seemed
 Sieglinda was pretty and clever enough for the
 read the American Sunday papers, and knew that
 girl; she had no chance of an engagement. New
 appeared, insisted on a type of virtue so
 left Lucrece, Penelope, and the mother of the
 also raise. One had seen chorus-girls, too,
 less discuss virtue; anyhow, for one reason or

Things went from bad to worse with the
to want a typist. Sieglinda was pretty and
chorus; but she read the American Sunday paper
as a merely modest girl, she had no chance
York managers, it appeared, insisted on a
rigorous that it left Lucretia, Penelope, and
Gracchi among the also rare. She had seen
and, even heard with disuse Virtue; anyhow
another, she did not apply for an engagement

Siegmund's inspirations, too, failed.
sprunk; he spent paper at an alarming rate
came in from a vain search for work she could
act of dashing another failure to the floor
"beastly town!" he yelled; "really, Sieglinda,
to keep your mouth shut!" "What have I done?"
"It's that ghastly tune you've been humming
way Bliss" it comes from, I suppose, by the
it down to feast my eyes upon the ghastly
soul and conscience, I think it's too bad

om had to warse with the twins. So one seemed
ieglinde was pretty and clever enough for the
d the American Sunday papers, and knew that
girl, she had no chance of an engagement. New
appeared, insisted on a type of virtue so
it Lucrece, Penelope, and the mother of the
also runs. One had seen chor~~us~~ girls, too,
discuss Virtue; anyhow, for one reason or
t apply for an engagement.

pirations, too, failed him even as her purse
aper at an alarming rate. One day when she
search for work she caught him in the very
her failure to the floor. "Oh tosh ! infernal
yelled; "really, Sieglinda, you must learn
shut !" "What have I done now?" she laughed.
"tune you've been humming for a month; "Broad-
from, I suppose, by the sound of it; I wrote
eyes upon the ghastly spectacle; and upon my
I think it's too bad even for Broadway."

"I'm sorry, boy; I didn't know I was annoying you
 ly hum, 'do it? "Never heard you before; it's that
 for work. O my God! I wish I could have learnt
 music I'm writing now- a- days sounds rather like
 on a country road, with a tire gone. Lord! I think
 round as a futurist opera!"

Nearly a month later, Sieglinda declared the
 job. It was not regular work, apparently, she was
 all hours, sometimes extremely tired. It went on
 months before Siegmund noticed anything wrong. It
 what her work was. She told him that she had turned
 to account, and had been employed to decorate and
 on East 67th Street for a very rich man. She des-
 than she was getting; perhaps he might do more for
 "do you see him often?" "Every day." "Ever make
 "Oh no! he takes no more notice of me than if I
 work. And he never spends a penny except on this
 a fine house. I go shopping for him in a seven ton
 car; and I hate to take the subway home. He's a

n't know I was annoying you. I don't usual-
 heard you before; it's that eternal search
 wish I could have learnt to push a car. The
 a- days sounds rather like one, too; a Ford,
 n a tire gone. Lord ! I think I'll send it
 era !"

ter, Sieglinda declared that she had found a
 r work, apparently; she was in and out at
 extremely tired. It went on for nearly six
 noticed anything wrong. Then he asked her
 told him, that she had turned her good taste
 employed to decorate and furnish a house
 r a very rich man. She deserved more pay
 perhaps he might do more for her later on.

"Every day." "Ever make love to you?"
 ore notice of me than if I were a piece of
 has a penny except on this tid of having
 going for him in a seven thousand dollar
 e the subway home. He's musical, by the way;

that her work was. She told him that she had
to account, and had been employed to decorate
on East 67th Street for a very rich man. At
then she was getting; perhaps he might do
"do you see him often?" "Every day." "Oh
"Oh no! he takes no more notice of me than
wood. And he never spends a penny, except on
a fine house. I go shopping for him in a
car; and I have to take the subway home.
I've done him the finest music-room in the
sole to interest him in your work, one day
work. A chunk of cheese has more ideas than
part of a year!" "Oh well, inspiration will
only get out of this horrible struggle to
if that house were only mine. Instead of his
made it. I took a common mass of brick and
into paradise. And all I've got out of it
living like a slave - has been about four

been employed to decorate and furnish a house
for a very rich man. She deserved more pay
; perhaps he might do more for her later on.

me?" "Every day." "Ever make love to you?"

more notice of me than if I were a piece of
pence a penny except on this day of having

shopping for him in a seven thousand dollar

take the subway home. He's musical, by the way;

best music-room in America; perhaps I'll be

"in your work, one day." "I don't work. I can't

there has more ideas than I've had for the best

on well, inspiration will come. If we could

horrible struggle to live from day to day!

mine instead of his! It ought to be. I

million mass of brick and stone, and turned it

if I've got out of it - six months and more

- has been about four hundred dollars! And

the house will be ready in three weeks or I do?"

Ten days later she came to him in tears "the man wants me to live in his house." "said her brother; "don't forget the oak, and the bend or!"

It was another month before the house day, she came home at noon, jubilant, "I've got a whole hundred dollars extra as of another job; and we're going to have a along; we're going to lunch down town, and see the house, and then we'll come home for the first time in a year, and I've got to-night, and then we'll go on to supper"

Two hours later they had finished a which was a landmark in the life of the he not going to spoil a Day in Fairyland for the other.

ready in three weeks or so - and then what shall

er she came to him in tears. "Siegmund," she cried,
to live in his house." "Don't you do it, girl!"
"don't forget the oak, and the three grey hounds

er month before the house was finished. On the
e at noon, jubilant, "what do you think, she said,
hundred dollars extra as a bonus, and the promise
nd we're going to have a Day in Fairyland. Come
g to lunch down town, and then I'll take you to
nd then we'll come home and dress for dinner
e in a year, and I've got seats for Die Sal^{KM}zire
en we'll go on to supper at a cabaret! There!"

ater they had finished a lunch at the Knickerbocker
ark in the life of the head waiter. Beiglinda was
ll a Day in Fairyland for ten dollars one way or

along; we're going to lunch down town, and then I see the house, and then we'll come home and dress for the first time in a year, and I've got seats to-night, and then we'll go on to supper at a cab

Two hours later they had finished a lunch at which was a landmark in the life of the head wait not going to spoil a Day in Fairyland for ten dollars the other.

So, with very threadbare cloaks tight over these waifs of fortune faced the ice and snow of east February, and made their way to east 63rd Street wine tingling in them, till they laughed merrily wind of winter, as it cut into their young faces

The house in 63rd Street stood ^l well away from it was taller than its immediate neighbours, and of the same dull red as the granite of which it was built. A bell produced a key, and they entered.

The hall was remarkable for the waved stripes and black, the tiger-heads that lined the walls, skins that covered the floor.

lunch down town, and then I'll take you to
then we'll come home and dress for dinner
a year, and I've got seats for Die Walküre
"I'll go on to supper at a cabaret! There!"

they had finished a lunch at the Knickerbocker
in the life of the head waiter. Beiglinde was
Day in Fairyland for ten dollars one way or

readable cloaks tight over poor worn clothing,
a faced the ice and snow of Manhattan's cold-
e their way to east 63rd Street, the good
, till they laughed merrily at the bitter
cut into their young faces.

d Street stood ^Lwill away from either avenue.
e immediate neighbours, and the woodwork was
as the granite of which it was built. Beig-
and they entered.

markable for the waved stripes of tawny yellow
heads that lined the walls, and the tiger-
e floor.

8

^{she} Singlinda led the way, into the room on the
tended the whole depth of the house. One could
to such a room. Walls and ceiling were covered
paper of old gold; the floor was of mahogany,
iture in the room was dull red lacquer, cabin
little tables. In the centre of the floor was
without a pattern, raised from the floor by a
height of about a foot. At the far end of the
golden figure of Buddha, between two monstrous
of the same, deep thrilling blue as the rug. B
glory. "I thought this would inspire you," she
went into the opposite room. Here all was in
The whole room was panelled in ebony; in the
long table of the same wood, with ancient tal
evidently of the same craftsmen's handiwork.
stood oaken chests, black with age; and on each
silver statue. At the upper end of the room
ivory, with three tall silver candlesticks on

ed the way into the room on the left, which ex-
depth of the house. One could hardly give a name
walls and ceiling were covered with a Japanese
; the floor was of mahogany, and the only furn-
was dull red lacquer, cabinets and trays and
the centre of the floor was a great rug of blue
a, raised from the floor by mattresses to the
a foot. At the far end of the room stood a great
Buddha, between two monstrous vases of porcelain,
thrilling blue as the rug. Siegmund gasped, his
"this would inspire you," said Sieglinda. They
posite room. Here all was in perfect contrast.
s panelled in ebony; in the centre stood an ob-
same wood, with ancient tall-backed chairs,
same craftsman's handiwork. Against the walls
s, black with age; and on each of them a single
at the upper end of the room hung a crucifix of
tall silver candlesticks on each side of it.

of the same deep thrilling blue as the rug.
glory. "I thought this would inspire you," he
went into the opposite room. Here all was in
The whole room was panelled in ebony; in the
long table of the same wood, with ancient tapestries
evidently of the same craftsmen's handiwork.
stood baken chests, black with age; and on a
silver statue. At the upper end of the room
ivory, with three tall silver candlesticks of
The candles were of yellow wax. Facing this
a group of dancers by Monticelli.

Sieglinde led the way upstairs. Here was
room, evidently designed for a woman. The walls
blue, harmonized with ruddy amber. Everything
soft; it was, as it were, an archetype of coziness.
were all landscapes by Horrice. The room opposite
a man's. Great leather arm chairs and settees.
A huge cigar cabinet of cedar was opposite to
with a long narrow table between them which
two halves. One half contained a billiard table.

his would inspire you," said Sieglinda. They
the room. Here all was in perfect contrast.
panelled in ebony; in the centre stood an ob-
lone wood, with ancient tall-backed chairs,
the craftsman's handiwork. Against the walls
black with age; and on each of them a single
the upper end of the room hung a crucifix of
all silver candlesticks on each side of it.
yellow wax. Facing this was a single picture,
by Monticelli.

the way upstairs. Here was a modern sitting-
igned for a woman. The main motive was steel-
of ruddy amber. Everything in this room was
were, an archetype of cushions! The pictures
by Horrice. The room opposite was as typically
er arm chairs and settees stood on every side.
of cedar was opposite the open fireplace,
table between them which divided the room into
contained a billiard table, and its walls were

covered with sporting prints; the other had a chess table, but no other furniture except chairs were made by the best masters, Manet, and John Van Gogh, and Gauguin^u, culminating in a daring and a solemn and passionless eccentricity-by B

The third floor was guarded by a single door, a bedroom lined in rose marble, with a vase of the same material, in which a fountain, a "Universe" of the Avenue de l'Observatoire, placed stood many a masterpiece of marble and of bronze. Satyr and the Dancing Faun, Diana of the Springs, Hermes of the Aristophanes of sculpture, a rarsy goat-piece of the unknown master of Herculean, Damocles of Prad^u, the Mouches d'Anier of Rodin et Colombe. All these were grouped about the g^a from the floor like a snowy plateau lit with A were no pillars, nothing but a table-land of ea a maid's bosom from the marble. One could hardly

ing prints; the other had a card table and a
o other furniture except chairs. On the walls
best masters, Manet, and John, and G'Conor, and
in, culminating in a daring freak by Cadell,
passionless eccentricity by Barne.

er was guarded by a single door. It was all one
ed in rose marble, with a vast antique basin
l, in which a fountain, a reduced copy of the
avenue de l'Observatoire played. Around the room
piece of marble and of bronze, the Drunken

ing Xaun, Diana of the Ephestians and the *terminal*
topness of sculpture, Marsyas and Olympus, the
unknown master of Pericleus, the Femmes

the bouches d'Anier of Rodin and his spervier
se were grouped about the great bed, which rose
a snowy plateau lit with Alpenblunn. There
thing but a table-land of ease, swelling like
the marble. One could hardly say where floor

Satyr and the dancing Faun, Diana of the Ap-
hernee of the Aristophanes of sculpture, a
goat-piece of the unknown master of Hercules
Dances of Prad^{er}, the bouches d'Anier of M
et. Colombe. All these were grouped about the
from the floor like a snowy plateau lit with
were no pillars, nothing but a table-land of
a maid's bosom from the marble. One could ha
left off and bed began, save that around the
rosy purity stood eight Cupids wreathed in
light, in this room, came pale and timid
love, through trellises of ground glass. But
for there was no colour in it deeper than to
like islands in the rose-white loveliness to
sea. The ceiling was a single sheet of polis
from this room brother and sister mount
Here was the music-room, a chapel of carved
Gothic, endowed with a great organ; its choir
at the waving of the wand of a magician, for
instrument was in its place.

Zeus, Diana of the Ephesians and the ~~the~~ ^{terminal}
halls of sculpture, Marsyas and Olympus, the
town-master of Herculaneum, the Femmes
de bouches d'acier of Rodin and his spervier
were grouped about the great bed, which rose
snowy plateau lit with Alpenblunn. There
ing but a table-land of ease, swelling like
the marble. One could hardly say where floor
is, save that around the rising curves of
it Cupids wreathed in flowers.

room, came pale and timid, like a girl's first
as of ground glass. But the room was not dark,
for in it deeper than the bronzes; and they
rose-white loveliness that girt them like a
single sheet of polished silver.

mother and sister mounted to the highest floor.
It was a chapel of carved walnut, lofty and
with a great organ; its choir ready to become vocal
band of a magician, for every kind of musical
place.

Siegmund for the first time exhibit going straight out of this house," he cri- manent address will be the Hudson River!

III

In the matter of the seven thousand linda, although German by birth, had taken asking the proprietor, she had ordered it the last day. "Pretty mean, I think," she town, "I do him a house like that, and all hundred and fifty-six dollars. I know now commission on everything I bought." "I'm

her brother; "I never liked tradesman's

When they were dressed for dinner to told the chauffeur to call for them at the after one more banquet of Jupiter, walked the Metropolitan. The wine and the music of every pleasure as they had been for so life took hold of them, and they, aban-

first time exhibited manly firmness. "I am
this house," he cried angrily, "and my per-
the Hudson River!"

III

the seven thousand dollar motor-car Sieg-
by birth, had taken French leave. Without
she had ordered it to be at the door; it was
mean, I think," she said, as they drove up
e like that, and all I get is a measly eight
dollars. I know now that I could have got a
I bought." "I'm glad you didn't," said
liked tradesman's ways, and I never will."
essed for dinner they drove to the Mc Alpin,
call for them at the Opera at eleven, and
of Jupiter, walked up through the snow to
wine and the music made them mad; starved
ey had been for months, the lure of the old
and they abandoned themselves wildly to the

hundred and fifty-six dollars. I knew now that
commission on everything I bought." "I'm glad
her brother; "I never liked tradesman's ways,
when they were dressed for dinner they
told the chauffeur to call for them at the Opera
after one more banquet of Jupiter, walked up to
the Metropolitan. The wine and the music made
of every pleasure as they had been for months,
life took hold of them, and they abandoned them-
selves to the intoxication of the moment. The "Maurice" Ball!

Sieglinde had struck at nothing in her
darling's rich man's box. Siegmund noticed that she
sweetly to a dapper little gentleman opposite,
rose, and he would probably have asked a question
the first bars of the overture rapt him away into the
other Siegmund and Sieglinda after whom he had
called.

Just as the last curtain fell, the door of
the little gentleman walked in. "Mr. Dampff,"
They shook hands, exchanged a few general remarks
off to Noel's, where Sieglinda, determined to go

dollars. I know now that I could have got a
ing I bought." "I'm glad you didn't," said
liked tradesman's ways, and I never will."
ressed for dinner they drove to the de Alpin,
call for them at the Opera at eleven, and
t of Jupiter, walked up through the snow to
wine and the music made them mad; starved
they had been for months, the lure of the old
a, and they abandoned themselves wildly to the
oment. The future? Bah!

ruck at nothing in her daring; she had borrow-
. Siegmund noticed that she had bowed very
ittle gentleman opposite, before the curtain
obably have asked a question, had not the
rture rapt him away into the world of that
eglinda after whom he and his sister had been

curtain fell, the door of the box opened, and
walked in • "Mr. Dampff," ^{this is} Graf von Eichen."
hanged a few general remarks; the trio went
Sieglinde, determined to get the last minute

out of her Day of Fairyland, ordered a spl
 as the clams arrived the day was spoilt fo
 struck up. "O God!" he cried, rising from
 nightmare again!" "I can understand" sai
 "that it must get a good deal on your nerv
 thorn." "I don't see any rose about it,"
 Dampfi was embarrassed. "I'm sorry," he sai
 to Sieglinda, "I seem to have said the wro
 understood from you - Sieglinda interr
 nt know," said she; "I'll break it to him
 and horrible, I know, dear," she went on,
 her brother's, "but the fact is that you'r
 is yours; it all came out of the profits o
 on the floor eight months ago!"

"Good God, Sieglinda!" cried the boy.
 I'll never look myself in the face again.
 breath. "That was a tune you hummed; I tho
 up on Broadway!"

"And I didn't know I was humming it!"
 she cried, leaving the door open.

Fairyland, ordered a splendid supper. But even
ved the day was spoilt for Siegmund. The band
!" he cried, rising from his seat, "there's that
" "I can understand" said Mr. Dampff, smiling,
a good deal on your nerves. Every rose has its
see any rose about it," ^{sn}snapped Siegmund. Mr.
ssed. "I'm sorry," he said, turning deferentially
seem to have said the wrong thing. But I certainly
ou - Sieglinda interrupted him. "The boy does'
e; "I'll break it to him gently. - It's degrading
now, dear," she went on, putting a slim hand on
at the fact is that you're my rich man. That house
came out of the profits of that song you threw
t months ago!"
Sieglinda!" cried the boy, "you sold that muck!
yself in the face again. But - " he caught his
a tune you hummed; I thought you had picked it
know I was humming it! Ach, du lieber Gott!"
into German, as a great light broke in upon her.

nt know," said she; "I'll break it to him gently and horrible, I know, dear," she went on, putting her brother's, "but the fact is that you're my is yours; it all came out of the profits of the on the floor eight months ago!"

"Good God, Sieglinda!" cried the boy, "you I'll never look myself in the face again. But - breath. "That was a tune you hummed; I thought up on Broadway!"

"And I didn't know I was humming it! Ach, she cried, lapsing into German, as a great light "so that was what the wind said to the old man

Of course her hearers did not understand a bottle of champagne - Sieglinda had now drunk it she told the story of her picnic in the park. "while I slept the wind spoke with the old man, song into my brain, and I got the habit of humming Siegmund darling, you're rich and we'll never be in the world again!"

I'll break it to him gently. It's degrading
de, she went on, putting a slim hand on
he fact is that you're my rich man. That house
out of the profits of that song you threw
mins ago!"

inda!" cried the boy, "you sold that muck!
in the face again. But - " He caught his
one you hummed; I thought you had picked it

ow I was humming it! Ach, du lieber Gott!"
to German, as a great light broke in upon her;
wing said to the old man of the Peepul-Tree!"
rers did not understand her. Ever yet another
Sieglinde had now drunk five during the day -
her picnic in the Park. "So," she concluded,
d spoke with the old man, and they put the
d I got the habit of humming it - and oh!
re rich and we'll never have any more trouble

"If your conscience troubles you," said the quality of the music you are inflicting reassure you. The Grafⁿ did not mention honour to be a director of the Metropolitan the purpose of our meeting to-night was that we had decided to produce your 'Heine's Tod preliminaries. I hope you will allow me to of this very delightful champagne."

It was ordered; but the error was fatal proceedings became so far from lucid as to Presently, however, Dampff rose (as best he leave. The twins insisted on driving him from Riverside Drive. When they had said good-night, always with increasing etiquette, the its conversation; it was impossible, absurd; home; there was only one thing to be done, to what politeness urged, to pay a visit of the the reepul-tree.

"Conscience troubles you," said Mr. Dampff, "about the music you are inflicting on humanity, let me tell you that the Graf in did not mention it, but I have the Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, and at my meeting to-night was that I might tell you that I will produce your 'Heine's Tod', and to discuss the hope you will allow me to order another magnificent champagne."

ed; but the error was fatal; from that moment the was so far from lucid as to baffle the historian. Mr. Dampff rose (as best he could) and took his leave. He insisted on driving him home to his apartment on the night when they had said good-night for the twentieth time. Increasing etiquette, the champagne continued to be it was impossible, absurd, and immoral to go to do any one thing to be done, and that was to do it. I had, to pay a visit of thanks to the Old man of

proceedings became so far from lucid as to
Presently, however, Dampff rose (as best he
leave. The twins insisted on driving him by
Riverside Drive. When they had said good-
time, always with increasing etiquette, in
its conversation; it was impossible, absurd
home; there was only one thing to be done,
what politeness urged, to pay a visit of to
the Peepul-Tree.

The wizard of the earlier day had di-
ness; the full moon was westering slowly; to-
gether in the automobile, babbling a thousand
over and over and over. When they came to to-
it better to walk; Sieglinda knew the way.
chauffeur, and ran hand in hand over the snow
the success fighting in their young blood for
line-art of giving madness. Soon they came
current frozen, its banks aflower with wind-
They came to the Peepul-Tree. "Oh you dear
shouted Sieglinda, "how happy you have made

...moment the
e so far from lucid as to baffle the historian.
r, Dampff rose (as best he could) and took his
insisted on driving him home to his apartment on
then they had said good-night for the twentieth
increasing etiquette, the champagne continued
it was impossible, absurd, and immoral to go
ly one thing to be done, and that was to do
ged, to pay a visit of thanks to the old man of
of the earlier day had died down to utter still-
n was westerⁿing slowly; the twins huddled to-
mobile, babbling a thousand phrases of delight
over. when they came to the Park, they thought
Dieglinda knew the way. So they left the
hand in hand over the snow, the champagne and
ig in their young blood for mastery in the sub-
madness. Soon they came to the stream, its
banks aflower with wind-blown blossoms of snow.
epul-Tree! "Oh you dear darling Uncle Tree,"
"how happy you have made us! And I've brought

your nephew to see you!" She clasped the
madly in sheer delirium of pleasure. Siegmund
and broke into a flood of song from his la

At that moment they realized that the
Linda slid to the snow, swooning; her brother
vive her. He must have lost his senses at
followed is neither reasonable nor natural

(or so they always swear) the chuckling of

Bye - and - bye the chuckling became
and very thoughtful of you!" said the lit

"this has been a very pleasant visit; I have
much for years. Until it's very cold for him

better be running off to the car. But come

bye, my dear children, for the present; and

your first son must be called Gustavus as we

honour of the man who attained emancipation

great-grandfather." So they must have been

of champagne; for the most garrulous old. to

to people who are sober.

you!" She clasped the trunk, and kissed it
trium of pleasure. Siegmund followed her example,
ood of song from his last opera.

they realized that they were very drunk. Sieg-
now, swooning; her brother bent above her to re-
ave lost his senses at the same moment; for what
reasonable nor natural. They could both hear
swear) the chuckling of the sacred tree.

the chuckling became articulate. "Very pretty
of you!", said the little cracked old voice;
ry pleasant visit; I haven't enjoyed myself so
ll it's very cold for humans; I think you'd
ff to the car, but come and see me often'. Good-
en, for the present; and remember Sieglinda,
he called Chatterbox as well as Siegfried, in
no attained emancipation under the boughs of my

So they must have been unwise in the matter
he most garrulous old trees never talk like that
ober.

and very thoughtful of you!" said the little
"this has been a very pleasant visit; I haven't
much for years. Still it's very cold for him;
better be running off to the car. But come an-
bye, my dear children, for the present; and
your first son must be called Gautama as well
honour of the man who attained emancipation as
great-grandfather." So they must have been
of champagne; for the most garrulous old tree
to people who are sober.

Sieglinde was indeed what philosophers
ly sober' when they reached the car; her "Back
was portentously precise.

But they never forgot the peepul-tree; and
from him in the courtyard of the old Schloss,
back from the new-comers on the proceeds of B.
opera, so that the Oak of the von Richen-
company. It ^{was} however, a shocking circumstance
generations of the peepul-tree, like those of
a deplorable tendency to small talk and even.

of you!" said the little cracked old voice;
ry pleasant visit; I haven't enjoyed myself so
ll it's very cold for humans; I think you'd
ff to the car. But come and see me often. Good-
en, for the present; and remember Sieglinda,
be called Gautana as well as Siegfried, in
no attained emancipation under the boughs of my
So they must have been unwise in the matter
e most garrulous old trees never talk like that
ber.

Indeed what philosophers have called 'suspicious
reached the car; her "Back to 63rd Street!"
cise.

forgot the peepul-tree; and they planted shoots
tyard of the old Schloss, which they bought
here on the proceeds of Siegmund's first
ak of the von Bichen might have worthy
r, a shocking circumstance that the younger
peepul-tree, like those of the great apes, have
y to small talk and even to scandal.