RECOMPENSE.

They told me the roses were cruel, Surrounded with thorns untold; The story of gold and the rainbow, Was only a fable old. But the sun-kissed roses unfolded, To yield me a perfume sweet; And the kind of the western sunset, Scattered his gold at my feet.

They told me the snowdrifts of Winter, Were deeper than ever before; The murmuring winds of the Summer, Had gone to return never more. But in the warm light of the Springtime, The snowdrifts all melted away; The soft winds returned with the Summe To scatter the clouds of each day.

They told me the life of a Christian, Was toilsome, and dark, and cold; The love and rewards of the Master, Were all for the brave and bold. The sun of His love fell upon me-My heaviest crosses are light; And out of the gloom and the darkness, He bringeth me sunshine bright. -By Mrs. A. S. Roe

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

For Oliver Emerald, going down the white steps of his new house and pausing to look back at his new wife, perfection reigned.

He ran back up the steps. "Dearest!" he said. He was keen to utter something more. "Dearest!" he uttered, and went down again. "Oliver," cried Clare practically,

"what night shall we have the dinner party?"
"Not till Saturday when the Werners are back," he replied. "Not be-fore Saturday on any account. But I

don't want to dictate, darling." "Shall we ask the Ramsays or the Mertons?" "The Mertons-I don't like your go-

ing with Helen Ramsay. Not that I want to run you, dearest!" "And Oliver—we didn't decide whether to have lobster or to skip the

"Oh, skip it—skip it! Though I simply will not decide for you, angel." He broke into a run to catch the interurban. Clare looked after him

with adoration. He was everything. She turned indoors. It was the first at-home morning of their presumable fifty or sixty years together. As she thought of this, her eye fell on a little marble angel on the clock. And something in her consciousness sank. She thought that it was because the clock said nine-fifteen and there was everything to do before Arthur came -Arthur, the first member of her family whom she had seen since six weeks before she had driven away from her home with Oliver. Oliver and Arthur and Linda—the little sister who had mysteriously left them memory. Clare loved this elder brother. Yet when she heard his ring and his step in the passage, she was possessed by shyness.

Arthur came in, held her face in his hands to kiss, looked intently into her eyes. She knew what his question would be: "Happy, little sister?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"
"Not just saying so?" "No, Arthur. Oliver is-" "Yes, of course. But are you hap-

py?"
"Oh, Arthur, I shall be the happiest woman imaginable—" "Clare! Are you happy now?"
She met his eyes. "Yes. Truly.

She met his eyes. Very, very happy."
"Well—I didn't know. Oliver, you know, is a pretty positive chap, and

of her experience. You want to do what the other person wants."

"You do and you don't," Arthur said. "If you each identify yourself with the other, who is the one to act?" Things settle themselves—if you

yourself, and so does Oliver. Your inner voices don't marry, you know! promptly. Surely they continue to talk to each one of you individually—no?"
"You don't understand," said Clare

"Either I'm right," said Arthur, "or else, in any happy marriage, either the husband or the wife disappears-

becomes swallowed up!" She cried, "They both disappear! They're both born again." "Once in a million times. The other

nine hundred thousand, and so on, one is sacrificed to the birth of the other -if they don't watch out." "Well, it's all right," said Clare.

"Oliver and I know everything.

His delighted laughter made her laugh too. When he went away he put his arms

about her with wistfulness in his tendderness. "Little sister," he said, "married

life is like any other life—and like dying: it has to be done by one and by one."
"Marriage does?" Clare cried.

"Not at all. It's by two's, if anything is."

Arthur shook his head. "Nothing is," he said "That's the he said. "That's the grand mistake of the ages. That's defeated more marriages than anything elseeven than selfishness. No, don't be misled. Marriage is entered upon by pairs, but in it you succeed or you fail in a tremendous solitude."

"Not Oliver and I!" said Clare incorrigibly. Arthur went away laughing. In an hour he was back again, his face grave and questioning. Something in his look arrested and warned her. To her question but half formed he replied without gladness:

Arthur was amazed at the passion of

tenderness in Clare's face.

"Yes, she's alive," he told her. "I've seen her—but oh, Clare, she's so changed."

"She's sick—she needs me!" "She's sick and she wants you," he "But it isn't only that. assented. Clare—she's—she's somebody else. She's not Linda any more." "You mean-"

"I don't know what I mean. But she's like a shell—she's hard and bit-ter—she's tired—I've asked her nothing. But I can see."
"Take me to her, Arthur!"

"She said she would come here. She can't tell when she can come she's trying to work and she wouldn't tell me where. But if you'll see her, I'm to telephone to a number she gave

me and leave the word." "Oh, Arthur, I can't wait to see her. Linda—think of seeing my little Lin-

"She said that when she heard of Mother's death, she meant never to come back. But she's ill—she needs

"Oh, she needs us!" Clare was silent, thinking back to that morning Linda's curt note in her hand. Linda car. The food was abominable. later word; their mother had died all make it often? Or do you stay "She walked into my office," said

Arthur," as if I had seen her yesterday. And I didn't know her."

"Oh, Arthur," Clare cried, "I want
Oliver to know!"

Arthur looked at her with sudden attention. "Oliver isn't going to be very keen about her," he said dryly.

"She's my sister—she's—" "She's a human being and Oliver's going to judge her as such."

"Oliver will want whatever I want." "Perhaps he'll expect you to want what he wants. It may be that Oliver's inner voice won't be the same as yours. Remember my theory of soli-

tude!" She asked him to tell his theory to the dinner party—the dinner party which was on Saturday night, and which skipped the fish, and at which the Mertons and not the Ramsays sat down, even as Oliver had specified. Clare would have preferred Friday, was proud of her Newbergs, and liked the Ramsays far better than the Mertons, but of all this Oliver knew noth-He merely adored Clare.

In the gray dining-room, in the cardle-lit spring dusk, they made a vital group of thrilling significance. Of the ten at table, Clare and Oliver, with their seven weeks, had the shortest span of married life; and the Meryear and a half made the longtons' Between were the Weldons and the Berthelets, with their year or so together. The women were in the twenties, all on the incline of mental ter who had mysteriously left them five years before—made up Clare's nearest world. More than anybody save Oliver and that sister, or her memory. Clare loved this elder broth-memory. Clare loved this elder broth-thirties, were of the "normal" of didn't ask you a string of questions. America: one of the university, two Now of other professions, and Oliver the see? I went away on my own. I've new partner in a great buisness. lived my own life—and I'm answer-None had been married before and all able to nobody for it. If Mother had were childless. They sat there to-gether in the beauty of a possible gether in the beauty of a possible always thought that sometime she and mental and probable physical fertility, I-well, she didn't live. But there is the potential heads of four lines of one thing I want to tell you.

descendants, accepting, with the grace of children, life and all that it offered. At the foot of the table sat Arthur love you." Alward, so arrestingly good-looking that they listened to him with more than curiosity when Clare said to him: been saying of all our lives."

"It's no mere observation," he protested, "and no theory. It's a law."
He offered them his Law of Solitude in the Decisions of the Married you—well, you aren't exactly used to how "we think" means that one of the having a course mapped out for you." two thinks and absorbs in the pro-She regarded him from the heights cess the other, who continues to think otherwise but is content to be absorb-"In love you don't boss, Arthur. ed. And he lazily enjoyed their throes of protest.

"I'm myself," said Jenny Merton; "Bobby Merton is Bobby. We were so when we met and when we married, and behold us now. But everything there's been to decide since we were love enough," Clare offered. married we've decided togther.
"I don't know. But you belong to Haven't we, Bobby?" "Yes, you have," said Bobby

Their laughter was broken by Mary Weldon's, "Well, at our house we've

been so unanimous that we're silly. Haven't we, Gene?" "I've been unanimous," Gene agreed, "but you've made most of the deci-

sions score, Molly...."

"But now see us," cried Carrie
Berthelet. "The only big fight we

Clove's protestations were ever had was when I gave in about going away on an expensive vacation rupted by a tap at the door and Arth-

"There's my point," said Arthur Alward. "You may act together, but your decisions are solitary affairs.

Marriage can't alter that." and Oliver sat listening. Their eyes said triumphantly, "There! We knew For a while. 'When the devil was

ve were more married, better married, sick, the devil a monk. . . .' Besides, than all these people. We really do oh, besides—' settle things together, you know." Coffee was to be served in the little living-room. It was as they entered her face. Linda's eyes were filled with

the room, laughing, that Clare saw tears. someone who had been wandering about there, and who now turned and faced them. Though Clare would have known her at a casual glance, she now ran forward with a cry of certainty.
"Linda!"

"You didn't mind my waiting, did you?" said Linda. "I asked the serv-ant not to tell you."

It was like her to walk in after five years and greet Clare as if they had parted at tea-time. But as she kissed her sister, Clare's heart sank. door. "It's Linda. I oughtn't to tell you lit was as Arthur had said—Linda had come back, with the five years written upon her head to toe. In the black little was as Arthur had said—Linda had come back, with the five years written upon her head to toe. In the black

They had both dreamed of such a hair-when had it been so black?moment, of hearing that this strange-ly vanished sister had returned; but challenging eyes; in the sleeveless now that the moment was here, even street gown; and more than these, in some strange atmosphere about her which flooded the room like a blazing colored light. Before that light the placid and commonplace suburban women went out like candles.

Clare got through the presentations. through Linda's brief indolent inspection, and dismissal, of Oliver; through her swift amused appraisal of the women and the polite murmurs of her guests. They all waited for Linda to speak, as if she were some new center of energy which drove all their thoughts against the walls.

"I didn't know it was a party," said

Linda, with enormous distinctness, "or know!" I wouldn't have broken in. I've only an hour-"Only an hour!" Clare cried. She

was hardly thinking of her dinner guests. Here was Linda, her little sister, whom she had loved and whose He saw the look loss was the only touch of tragedy in her own life. Linda was extremely at home—at

home, though with a betraying manner of defiance. She was as different stone from a box of beads, and she enjoyed her rhinestone estate.
"A frightful journey," she said, "so

when their mother had come to them, frightfully cold. The parlor car was saw her eyes and said: sick with the import of her news, like ice—I always take the parlor "Clare, what is it?" had given no explanation, had sent no a trip it is out from the city—do you without ever having heard from her. here, Clare—now that you're mar-and now—

The servant was there with the coffee. Clare poured it, thankful for Arthur's contained fashion of handling the time. When the coffee had been handed, she heard above her Oliver's discreet murmur:

"Clare—this isn't Linda!"
"Yes, it is." "But the picture that you have of

"I know-I know. I don't understand." "You must get rid of her before the Werners come.

"Get rid of her!" "Certainly. Surely you see what it means—"

"But Oliver-" "Clare!" "But how can I-"

"Clare!"

She rose, made her way to Linda and took her empty cup.
"Will you all excuse us," Clare said evenly, "if I run away with her for a few minutes? We must make a plan

or two...."

Linda laughed and followed.
"Plans!" she cried. "Not for me. You either do a thing or you don't do it-

In her room Clare took her sister in her arms. "Darling! Tell me things -oh. I've so longed for you-to know where you were-"I knew you'd do that way," said

Linda. She stood at Clare's mirror and

powdered her face. "Arthur did that too," she went on. "You wouldn't think he was emotion-I've only one thing to tell-

"Don't tell me even that if you'd rather not, Linda. It's only that I

"Do you? I wonder! Now we'll see whether you do. You remember about my heart when I was a little "Tell them to their faces what you've been saying of all our lives."

girl? Well, now it's gone to pieces, or it's going hard, and they tell me I mustn't work for a year. There's a threat of something else too—you see, Clare, it's selfishness.? I was always selfish, wasn't I? It looks as if I'd nowhere else to go-but that isn't true. I could keep on, as I have been. But I want to come here to you—if you'll have me. I've no claim.

I know. . . . That's about all, I think.
She finished with a hard brightness, a dry-eyed look about the room, a faint smile at Clare. Clare cried only, "Linda! You'll come here to me?"

"Shall I? That's what I wondered! Your husband looks to me pretty terribly good. Still, that kind— However, he might not be able to stand think, if she were alive to know." me here, on account of the neighbors." "Linda! Oliver would want anybody here that I wanted!"

"Thanks. Put it up to him first, "That is absurd, Linda. Of course

we want you—when will you come?" see, what havin "Put it up to him first," said Linda. to us socially?" T've enough to live on for a week. Clare's protestations were inter-

"That you wanted to go on most awfully," said Nick Berthelet, "or we wouldn't have gone."

"And I gave in," she finished contentedly. "And so we decided that together, didn't we?"

"There's my point" said Arthur A.

She caught Arthur's glance at Clare. "That's what I thought," Linda said, our decisions are solitary affairs.

Marriage can't alter that."

At either end of the table, Clare and Oliver sat listening. Their eyes

"Int's what I hought, Enhats said, "but Clare's going to put it to him."

"Linda, look here," said Arthur bluntly, "you'll never be happy in—"

"In respectability! Yes, I should."

She turned to the mirror again and

"Darling!" Clare cried. "Darling!" "Let me send you somewhere, Linda," Arthur was saying, "to a sanitarium or some quiet place. I could manage-

"Arthur!" Clare cried. "Don't you What she wants is me. "So does Oliver," said Arthur short-

"Oliver will want what I want," said Clare stiffly. As if he were speaking for himself,

"Clare! The Werners are here. He was on the threshold, a tone of

"She'll come down."
Clare cried defiantly.

Clare cried defiantly.

Isnorhed. "No," she said, "She'll come down to meet them!" Linda laughed. "No," she said,
"I've met enough for one night.
Haven't I, my brothers? Good-by,
darling. I'll hear from you sometime
at the end of next week? Send me a letter by Arthur and I'll drop in on And Linda should come to her. Any No-I've no address-that's him. what I've been saying. Good-by, my

them. From the foot of the stairs her voice rang out with its strange vigor: "My best love to all the guests, you

"My heavens," said Oliver, "what will the Werners think?'

Clare looked at him—a strange look, a look which he had never seen

He saw the look again when the guests had gone, and the hall-door was locked. He turned out the light, groped for Clare in the lowest step, and together in silence they went up the stairs. In this week in their from these other women as a rhine- home, this small ceremony had become a habit—the silence. Oliver's arm about her, the kiss as they stepped inside their door. He kissed her now,

She answered. "It's Linda,

To her amazement she heard Oliver saying, "Don't think of that, sweetheart. I don't believe they'll think any less of you-you can't help. . "What are you talking about?"

Clare asked sharply. "Why, the bunch are pretty under-

standing. They won't mind Linda—"
"'Mind!' What is it to me what
they mind?"
"Well, the Werners would have
minded, let me tell you. I was on pins for fear they'd see her-or hear her! It would have been the end of us, with

"Oliver! You're talking about Linda-that I've tried to get trace of for five years....

"I know, sweet. It's terrible fo you to find her like this. It's incredible that she's your sister." "But she is my sister. And I love her more than anything in the world

but you.'

"Angel! What a woman you are! What can we do for her?" "There's only one thing to do." "Money. Of course we'll do that."

"Not money. She's alone—and she's sick. I want her to come here."
"Here with us?" His incredulity was almost comic. "Why, of course. I'm all she has.

She's turned to me when she needs "When somebody else has cast her

off, I'll wager." At this instead of a blaze of anger Clare felt a leepening certainty of what she was to do. She said gently, "That's not it. If it were true, she would need me all the more because

"Clare-you can't pretend not to know what sort of woman she is?" "Then she does need me all the

more!" "But you! What about your good name? What about my name?" "Our good name. Oliver, could you love me if I turned away from her

for any reason?" "Of course, darling, we must be good to her. We'll send her somewhere till she gets well-we'll help to see that she has enough for every care-we'll help her afterward to find her place again."

"That isn't enough. She needs me." "But I need you! You belong to

"I belong to myself-" she stopped. The words had a peculiar familiarity.

Arthur's words— "when all is said,
you belong to yourself and so does
Oliver. Married or single, your own inner voice speaks to you alone."
"Darling." He came to her.

He came to her, took her in his arms. For the first time since their springtime, she stood quietly, did not turn to him. "I adore you," he told her. "I'll do anything on earth for you. But are you willing to—to harm our love by having her in the house with us, to share our table, to meet our friends, to have them think-"

"I don't care what they think," Clare said. "I care what you think. "Darling—you don't mean that you want your sister here?"

"I love her. Whatever she's done can't change that, any more than it can change my relationship to her.'

"If it does, I'm sorry-on your account. But I can't help it."

He moved away from her, stood at a window. All that he saw was a reflection of the pretty room, the hangings, the shades, Clare in her charming gown. It was heaven, his heaven. Their friends were a part of their new life together. The Werners and their connections were going to mean everything. He saw the years ahead, liked to read some wise books, but all smooth, prosperous, filled with ever the books that she could think of more delightful relationships with nice seemed to concern something besides

He went back to Clare, looked sorrowfully into her eyes. "Sweetheart," he said, "you do not see this thing as you must trust me. You must let me decide this for you."

She lay awake, staring at the dim class. Was this what other women had found out, hundreds of thousands of them, millions of them: That the inner voice which spoke to them and told them what to do was as nothing to the voice of the man whom they had chosen and who told them that his voice-or his judgment, or his expediency-was the rule by which they walk?

Could she make Oliver see that she had married him but that she had not married his conscience nor had he married hers?

Did married people ever manage to make the We a real We, instead of a masculine I, or a feminine I, masked as that conjugal We?

She thought about the men and wo-

agreed whimsically that they were outvoted in their households. Clare very likely true; but that on the essentials, on a matter like this-oh, but there never had been for them a matter like this. Nor for anyone!

woman would say the same. At breakfast they did not reopen dears. Go back to your party."

She ran down the stairs before considered it settled and closed. the matter. Clare knew that Oliver

Alone Clare cried, as she had been longing to do all night. A little later Arthur came in and went into the library to read. When she saw him, Clare cried:

"I'll wager you're going to side with Oliver!"

"About not having Linda come here? No—I think he's wrong." "Good, Arthur! And you think that I should hold out to have her here—" "That's another matter."
"But isn't it always right to stand

up for what you know is right?"
"That's not the trouble. It's easy enough to stand up for one principle, perhaps-but here two principles conflict: your duty to your husband and

"Don't you?" "Whether he is right or wrong?" "But he's both. Having Linda here will hurt you both socially-she has talked to me a bit, Clare. But even without knowing, one knows-by that strange aura which a woman carries about her and which tells everybody what she really is. If the Werners came to know about her, had to meet her here, they simply wouldn't come here. This might even hurt Oliver with them in a business way. You might as well face it. I know the Werners, and I know that Oliver's

prophecy is probably perfectly right."
"Arthur, that oughtn't to weigh
when Linda's future is concerned." "How about Oliver's future? And the future of your children when they

They stared at that wall. But when they sat down together at luncheon, they were both laughing. Clare had said dejectedly:

"I never knew living was such a terrible job." "It has," said Arthur, "that reputation."

She tried to think of any problem that could be so hard. To choose be-tween darkness and light was easy. To choose between two lights was hardly less simple. But-to choose between two dark spots!

When Oliver came home, she searched his face to see whether the day had brought its own solution. Oliver's face was serene enough. Even when he asked:

"Have you written to Linda?" "I've written, but I haven't mailed "But she ought to know that she

cannot come here. She'll want to make other plans." "Clare!" They said no more. Clare looked at him and saw for the first time a stranger. Oliver she had married, but this stranger had also married. With Oliver she was one flesh. From this stranger she was living and was to live her separate life. She lay beside him, knew his tenderness, and thought: "Here is the man I have married, and here am I his wife. Here also a man whom I do not know, and I am someone whom he does not know. Which

gether? Or have we all four got to make out as best we can? The next day brought a letter from Linda. It came after Oliver had gone, and Clare was alone as she read:

"Dearest Clare: "It did somthing to me to see you. Oh darling-I wanted to say things to you, to tell you things. I wanted you to know how it all came about-how innocent I am inside, no matter what you may think. It was all such a horrid jumble—I never meant to be bad -oh, that sounds like every man in jail, and perhaps it's true for them as it is for me. I don't regret everything, either—you won't like that. way s But Clare, what I did regret, when I speak. saw you, regret so that it kills meit kills me—was this long silence. Why didn't I write to you? I knew perfectly well that you were the best ter. She would tell them both. friend I have in the world, that you would never go back on me—"
"No," Clare said, "No, I never will

go back on you, little sister!" Having made up her mind, she faced "But you can see, surely you can the necessity to tell Oliver. She wrote see, what having her here will mean another letter to Linda, but she did not post the letter until she should have told Oliver her intention. For this recital she wanted to make some preparation, and she had no idea what to do. She tried to plan out what she would say to him but every time that she went over it in her mind, she said something different. She would have liked to talk to some wise being, but the beings whom she knew seemed not wise enough. She would have liked to read some wise books, but all people, charming people to whom Lin- her particular problem. She tried her schoolgirl device, resorted to by the wisest, of opening the Bible to a random verse, and she opened at something merely about the wild ox. Finit is and I don't wonder at it. But ally, toward teatime, she fell asleep you must trust me. You must let me with a prayer on her lips: "God, help me to help Linda. God help me to be right with Oliver. God help me. . . . She woke with a sense of renewal,

relaxed and yet invigorated It was six o'clock and it was the closing of the hall door as Oliver entered which had wakened her. He came running up the stairs, he was calling her, he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Darling! I couldn't remember how you looked!"

"You forgot me!" "No, but just now, in the car, I couldn't get you back—couldn't remember how your eyes look-" "But you loved me just the same?"

He spoke solemnly, "More every it? ninute of my life." All the delicious foolery and earnestness of every day. But there came to her something of the unspeakable

injury in his voice. "They've been men who had been there at the house wonder of love. It came to her newly, here for ten minutes. I don't know that evening-the Mertons, the Wel- as if before now she had indeed known what to say to them. Surely your dons, the Berthelets. What would sister will excuse you—"

"She'll come down to meet them!" agreed whimsically that they were "Isn't this enough? Is there anything more? Not to hurt nor to hinthought that on inessentials this was der this that we have-Oliver and I-

isn't this all that I have to do?" She drew back and looked at him. but between his eyes and hers was the face of Linda—of the little sister whom she had loved as a little girl; her mother's baby, for whose return their mother had died grieving.

"What is it, darling?" Oliver was "I love you-I love you!" she cried. "Will you always remember that?"
"Remember—no! I'll live it," said

Oliver. She thought, "How much does a man's love mean? In an hour, when I defy him, how much will it mean

then?" Not at dinner obviously. She would not tell him then. It would be afterward, when they were sitting alone. And all through dinner she looked at him with her new question: How much does love mean? Is it love only when it has its own way? How would Oliver look at her when she told him? What if it meant a long ugly argument, during which in each something ugly should rise in words? What if "You think that Oliver should come he asked her to choose between Linda first?" and him— She would not think of that. She thought, "In an hour, I'll

know." But when they rose from the table and went into the little living-room, Clare was conscious of an impulse in her not to tell Oliver yet. She put it aside, realizing that she must mail Linda's letter. But the impulse came back, was present as insistently as words, a definite urge and direction not to tell him now. She said to herself that this was foolish, that it was even cowardice. Was she really afraid to tell Oliver? She turned to him, ready to open her lips to tell him. But he unfolded his paper with some slight comment and in that respite the inhibition in her was like words: "Don't

tell him to-night!" The long quiet evening passed, and she did not speak. The compulsion to silence was like a command, sharp, definite, imperative. There was nothing unusual in such commands, she had obeyed some such inner impulse all her life as, she thought, has everyone else; often this had been done against all reason and she had explained it by the familiar words: the sense of peace and security in "Something told me to do so-and-so,"

or, "I felt in my bones that I had better not." Ten o'clock came. Oliver rose and held out his hands; together they moved about the rooms, turning off the lamps. In the darkened hall, Oliver groped for her and they went up the stairway. Still she did not speak. Her brain went on: "if I don't tell

him to-night, there will not be time in the morning—and Linda should have her letter. I must tell him—" But the command within went on too: "Not to-night." A rainy morning could not darken which she woke. Her mind went on

with its thinking, but underneath all was a sense of singing calm. Sl thought: "What is it? I ought to be worried. I ought to be frightened. Last night I was! Shall I tell Oliver before he goes to the office-' But in the end she stood on the white steps to see him go, and watch-

ed him wave from the interurban platform. And she had not told him her resolve, nor again mentioned Linda. On her desk lay the unmailed letter to Linda, bidding her to come to them. pair of us, then, is to lead a life to-Clare sealed it, ran out to the street and dropped it in a postbox.

By evening she was certain that her failure to talk with Oliver had been sheer cowardice. Now she would be firm. She would not wait for dinner to be over. She would begin as soon as he came into the house. When she heard his latch-key she

ran downstairs. She would pull him into the library and tell him instantly. She would say, "Oliver, it makes no difference what happens-I can't fail Linda now." And to her surprise, she found in

herself now no denying impulse. The way seemed to be clear for her to She heard voices in the lower hallway. Someone had entered with Oliver. It was Arthur. So much the bet-She went down the stairs, her white

frock lightening the shadows. She greeted them, smiling, drew them into the library. And Oliver said, "Has Linda come

"Linda! No. . . ." "She wants your endorsement of a plan of mine," said Arthur. "I'm going to take her to the Mediterranean

this winter."
"You. . . ." said Clare uncertainly.
"I've been wanting to go abroad. This gives me an excuse. money, as it happens. And Linda's

"But she wanted to be with me-" Clare began. "With you-yes," said Arthur. "But she confessed to me that she was afraid she couldn't stand your neighbors. you know how Linda was. She didn't seem to care for your guests the other night. Anyway, she's in no condition for this climate. Oh,

the Mediterranean is the thing."
Clare was silent. Then she was to do nothing, need decide nothing. But she had decided! She had decided on the necessary thing. Did that decision draw toward her forces which invisibly helped? Which

provided a way of escape?
"I'm no end relieved," Oliver was saying. "I simply could not have her "I understand," said Arthur gravely. Clare was not listening. She was thinking: Were things as simple as this? The right decision, made at all costs—did it actually key all other events to itself? She had said, "if you love enough, things will settle

themselves." Was this how they did Oliver had crossed to her. He was saying. "Darling, you didn't think I was stupid about Linda? You did

(Continued on page 7, Col. 4.)