

THE CRUCIBLE

Ah yes, the choice is meagre— Between two evils at best— Pain is the price of living And death is the price of rest.

LIPSTICK

Sitting by the fire in the barren comfort of furnished chambers for gentlemen, Michael Brayde tried to understand women. The chambers were situated in the Jermyn Street district because Jermyn Street above all suggests to the wanderer from an alien shore: 'I am Memory and Torment—I am Town; I am all that ever went with evening dress.'

opened the door herself, draped in some delicately ethereal silk wrapper, a tall dark girl with impeccably shingled hair, singularly pretty in the boyish modern manner. Her dark eyes glinted momentarily at the sight of this man who walked like a ruler, and carried the best clothes in London as though they were nothing more than string and brown paper.

who have to despise a woman's brains before they can appreciate the rest of her, 'cause I shall think you stayed long enough in the bush to get a prehistoric mad.' The taxi drew up at the Carlton's entrance, and after Michael had hurriedly overcoat and silk hat, he escorted her through the long ante-room to their table by a wall of the oval dining room. She slid out of her coat, sat down and smiled at him.

dinner. That girl's simply an infatuation. He will see that Joyce is different." Then the remorseless logic of experience caused her to think further: "He doesn't want Joyce to be different, and it won't do any good, but I must make an effort and so I shall ask him to dinner."

that to be alone in London is no life for a man and departed to spend the week-end at a South Coast town where the golf was renowned. But a steady rain drove him to bridge in the clubhouse; afternoon bridge, drinks, dinner, more bridge and more drinks and so to bed.

you might laugh at me if you saw it. Now I'm not sure you will." "What makes you think I won't?" "Who knows? But I'll take the risk."

He shook his head. "Only this morning I asked myself how Christmas in London could have come to mean nothing but restaurant parties and dancing and a concentrated effort on the part of shopkeepers to sell a lot of absurd things nobody wants. Whom will you ask to your party, Ann?"