

the darker works of Beardsley and Felicien Rops, and ringing with the gloat curses of the Head, as we called him, lubriciously gasping in the grip of ether. I took the first blink of the light at the place of the Whympers. Mrs. Allingham painted the fishshop, I remembered, and the author of the Land of Mist played cricket for it till he went up the hill. I too had been struck from the float for ever held in solution, I too had received identity by my body, that I knew was of my body, and what I should be I knew I should be of my body. That was a pretty important day, for old Chris left Palos on it ; and you all know by this time the result of that. But upon my soul I wasn't sure how to celebrate, though celebration was one of my specialties. Ought I to allow myself another ration of my herb of grace, and sheerly rejoice, or should I merely weep? Helen and crooning? Poe and Prohibition? Canvas-backed clams and the prejudicial Menkin? The balance was too hard to strike. In the end I carried on as usual.

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