

I started to read Hardy's exquisite production, and every muscle of my brain was enthralled until I came to the end. Just such another must have been the Monk Arnulphus when he uncorked his ink. His palette gleamed with a burnished green as bright as a dragon-fly's skin : his gold-leaf shone like the robe of a queen. There could be no slightest doubt. I would now be able to reap the harvest. And Ruth would have little gleanings. I thought of her mother and laughed aloud. All women biome like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his. I could not help echoing Jack's question : is that clever? The Monk Arnulphus, with a dash of Jim the Penman. How, I wondered, did I strike him? I knew I should like to. His was obviously a slow methodical brain, used to pigeon-holing by type. In that case, I thought I knew the type : learned in a macabre way, even distinguished.

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