

photographs of young and laughing athletes, lads who had profited and gone on, and ringing with those words of the Head, as we called him, that one by one the touch of life has turned to truth. But again I was distracted. "Will anyone know about them?" that husky miracle of a voice was asking, and I thought, not for the first time, that it would have caresses for all, a golden impartiality. To love her would be a liberal, no, a communist education. The red rose and the white only remained, and these were melting and blurring before my eyes ; my wretched eyes that could not tell me the truth, for instance, about that Goya reproduction. A hanging man? A countess? "There is no danger of that," the old man said, "I bought them secretly in Leningrad from a little humpbacked fellow, a double-faced Quasimodo of the OGPU." This was difficult enough to reconcile with his Manchester speech on sane mediocrity. "From the secret police?" The words rang like tense half-crowns dropped upon marble. "Goodness gracious!" "But it so seldom is," came the wise old reply.

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