

Chapter One

THE TWO POETS OF SAFFRON PARK

The suburb of Saffron Park lay on the sunset side of London, as red and ragged as a cloud of sunset. It was built of a bright brick throughout; its skyline was fantastic, and even its ground plan was wild. It had been the brainchild of a speculative builder, faintly tinged with art, who called its architecture sometimes Elizabethan and sometimes Queen Anne vintage, apparently under the impression that the two sovereigns were identical. It was described with some fairness as an artistic colony, though it never in any definable way produced any art. But although its pretensions to be an intellectual center were a little vague, its pretensions to be a pleasant place were indisputable.

The stranger who looked for the first time at the quaint red houses could only think how very oddly shaped the people must be who could fit into them. Nor when he met the people was he disappointed in this respect. The place was not only pleasant, but perfect, if once he could regard it not as a delusion but rather as a dream. Even if the people were not “artists,” the whole populace was nevertheless artistic. That young man with the long,

auburn hair and the impudent face—that young man was not really a poet; but surely he was a poem. That old gentleman with the wild, white beard and the wild, white hat—that venerable humbug was not really a philosopher; but at least he was the cause of philosophy in others. That scientific gentleman with the bald, egg-like head and the bare, bird-like neck had no real right to the airs of science that he assumed. He had not discovered anything new in biology; but what biological creature could he have discovered more remarkable than himself? Thus, the whole place had to be properly regarded; it had to be considered not so much as a workshop for artists, but as a frail yet finished work of art. A man who stepped into its social atmosphere felt as if he had stepped into a scripted comedy.

This attractive unreality especially fell upon it about nightfall, when the extravagant roofs were dark against the afterglow of sunset and the whole insane village seemed as separate as a drifting cloud. This was more true of the many nights of local festivity, when the little gardens were often illuminated, and the big Chinese lanterns glowed in the dwarfish trees like some fierce and monstrous fruit.

And this was most true of all on one particular evening, still vaguely remembered in the locality, of which the auburn-haired poet was the hero.

It was not by any means the only evening of which he was the hero. On many nights, those passing by his little back garden might hear his high, didactic voice laying down the law to men and particularly to women. The attitude of women in such cases was indeed one of the paradoxes of the place. Most of the women were of the kind vaguely called emancipated, and professed some protest against male supremacy. Yet these new women would

always pay to a man the extravagant compliment which no ordinary woman ever pays to him, that of listening while he is talking.

And Mr. Lucian Gregory, the red-haired poet, was really a man worth listening to, even if one only laughed at the end of what he said. He gave the old speech of the lawlessness of art and the art of lawlessness with a certain impudent freshness which gave at least momentary pleasure. He was helped in some degree by the arresting oddity of his appearance, which he worked for all it was worth. His dark red hair parted in the middle was literally like a woman's, and curved into the slow curls of a virgin in a pre-Raphaelite picture. From within this almost saintly oval frame, however, his face projected suddenly to be broad and brutal, the chin carried forward with a look of cockney contempt. This combination at once stimulated and terrified the nerves of a neurotic population. He seemed like a walking blasphemy, a blend of the angel and the ape.

This particular evening will be remembered in that place for its strange sunset. It looked like the end of the world. All of heaven seemed covered with a quite vivid and palpable plumage; you could only say that the sky was full of feathers, and of feathers that almost brushed one's face. Across the great part of the dome they were grey, with the strangest tints of violet and mauve and an unnatural pink or pale green; but toward the west, the whole grew past description, transparent and passionate, and the last red-hot plumes of it covered up the sun like something too good to be seen. The whole spectacle was so close around the earth, as to express nothing but a violent secrecy of some sort. The stratosphere seemed to be a secret. It expressed that splendid smallness which is the soul of local patriotism. The very sky seemed small.

There are some inhabitants who may remember the evening if only by that oppressive sky. There are others who may remember it because it marked the first appearance in that place of the second poet of Saffron Park. For a long time, the red-haired revolutionary had reigned without a rival; it was upon the night of the sunset that his solitude suddenly ended.

The new poet, who introduced himself by the name of Gabriel Syme, was a very mild-looking mortal, with a fair, pointed beard and faint, yellow hair. But an impression grew that he was less meek than he looked. He signaled his entrance by differing with the established poet, Gregory, upon the whole nature of poetry. He said that he (Syme) was a poet of law, a poet of order, and a poet of respectability. So all the Saffron Parkers looked at him as if he had that moment fallen out of that impossible sky.

In fact, Mr. Lucian Gregory, the anarchic poet, connected the two events.

“It may well be,” he said, in his sudden lyrical manner, “on such a night of clouds and cruel colors, that there is brought forth upon the earth such a portent as a respectable poet. You say you are a poet of law; I say you are a contradiction in terms. I only wonder why there were not comets and earthquakes on the night you appeared in this garden.”

The man with the meek blue eyes and the pale, pointed beard endured these thunderous comments with a certain submissive solemnity. The third party of the group, Gregory’s sister Rosamond, who had her brother’s braids of red hair, but a kindlier face underneath them, laughed with such a mixture of admiration and disapproval as she gave commonly to the family oracle.

Gregory resumed in high oratorical good humor. “An artist is identical with an anarchist,” he cried. “You might transpose the

words in any situation. An anarchist is an artist. The man who throws a bomb is an artist, because he prefers a great moment to everything else. He sees how much more valuable is one burst of blazing light, one peal of perfect thunder, than the mere ordinary bodies of a few shapeless policemen. An artist disregards all governments, abolishes all conventions. The poet delights in disorder only. If it were not so, the most poetic thing in the world would be the Underground Railway.”

“So it is,” said Mr. Syme.

“Nonsense!” said Gregory, who was very rational when anyone else attempted paradox. “Why do all the clerks and construction workers in the railway trains look so very sad and tired? I will tell you. It is because they know that the train is going right. It is because they know that whatever place they have taken a ticket for, that place they will reach. It is because after they have passed Sloane Square, they know that the next station must be Victoria, and nothing but Victoria. Oh, their wild rapture! Oh, their eyes like stars and their souls again in Eden, if the next station were unaccountably Baker Street!”

“It is you who are unpoetical,” replied the poet Syme. “If what you say of clerks is true, they can only be as prosaic as your poetry. The rare, strange thing is to hit the mark; the gross, obvious thing is to miss it. We feel it is of epic proportions when a man with one wild arrow strikes a distant bird. Is it not also epic when a man with one wild engine strikes a distant station? Chaos is dull, because in chaos the train might indeed go anywhere, to Baker Street or to Baghdad. But man is a magician, and his entire magic is in this: that he does say Victoria, and lo and behold! It is Victoria. No, take your books of mere poetry and prose; let me read a timetable, with tears of pride. Take your Byron, who

commemorates the defeats of man; give me Bradshaw, who commemorates his victories. Give me Bradshaw, I say!"

"Must you go?" inquired Gregory sarcastically.

"I tell you," went on Syme with passion, "that every time a train comes in, I feel that it has broken past batteries of besiegers, and that man has won a battle against chaos. You say contemptuously that when one has left Sloane Square one must come to Victoria. I say that one might do a thousand things instead, and that whenever I arrive at the right place, I have the sense of hairbreadth escape. And when I hear the guard shout out the word, 'Victoria,' it is not a meaningless word. It is to me the cry of a herald announcing conquest. It is to me indeed 'Victoria'—it is the victory of Adam."

Gregory wagged his heavy, red head with a slow and sad smile. "And even then," he said, "we poets always ask the question, 'And what is Victoria now that you have got there?' You think Victoria is like the New Jerusalem. We know that the New Jerusalem will only be like Victoria. Yes, the poet will be discontented even in the streets of heaven. The poet is always in revolt."

"There again," said Syme irritably, "what is there poetical about being in revolt? You might as well say that it is poetical to be seasick. Being sick is a revolt. Both being sick and being rebellious may be the wholesome thing on certain desperate occasions, but I'm hanged if I can see why they are poetical. Revolt in the abstract is—revolting. It's mere vomiting."

The girl winced for a flash at the unpleasant word, but Syme was too passionate to heed her.

"It is things going right," he cried, "that is poetical! Our digestion, for instance, going sacredly and silently right, that is the foundation of all poetry. Yes, the most poetical thing, more

poetical than the flowers, more poetical than the stars—the most poetical thing in the world is not being sick.”

“Really,” said Gregory pompously, “the examples you choose—”

“I beg your pardon,” said Syme grimly, “I forgot we had abolished all conventions.”

For the first time a red patch appeared on Gregory’s forehead. “You don’t expect me,” he said, “to revolutionize society on this lawn?”

Syme looked straight into his eyes and smiled sweetly. “No, I don’t,” he said. “But I suppose that, if you were serious about your anarchism, that is exactly what you would do.”

Gregory’s big bull’s eyes blinked suddenly like those of an angry lion, and one could almost fancy that his red mane rose. “Don’t you think, then,” he said in a dangerous voice, “that I am serious about my anarchism?”

“I beg your pardon?” said Syme.

“Am I not serious about my anarchism?” cried Gregory, with knotted fists.

“My dear fellow!” said Syme, and strolled away.

With surprise, but with a curious pleasure, he found Rosamond Gregory still in his company. “Mr. Syme,” she said, “do the people who talk like you and my brother often mean what they say? Do you mean what you say now?”

Syme smiled. “Do you?” he asked.

“What do you mean?” asked the girl, with grave eyes.

“My dear Miss Gregory,” said Syme gently, “there are many kinds of sincerity and insincerity. When you say ‘thank you’ for the salt, do you mean what you say? No. When you say ‘the world is round,’ do you mean what you say? No. It is true, but you don’t

mean it. Now, sometimes a man like your brother really finds a thing he does mean. It may be only a half-truth, quarter-truth, tenth-truth; but then he says more than he means—from sheer force of meaning it.”

She was looking at him from under level brows. Her face was grave and open, and there had fallen upon it the shadow of that innate responsibility which is at the bottom of the most frivolous woman, the maternal concern which is as old as the world.

“Is he really an anarchist, then?” she asked.

“Only in that sense I speak of,” replied Syme. “Or, if you prefer it, in that nonsense.”

She drew her broad brows together and said abruptly, “He wouldn’t really use bombs or that sort of thing?”

Syme broke into a great laugh, that seemed too large for his slight and somewhat dandified figure. “Good Lord, no!” he said. “That has to be done anonymously.”

And at that, the corners of her own mouth broke into a smile, and she thought with a simultaneous pleasure of Gregory’s absurdity and of his safety.

Syme strolled with her to a seat in the corner of the garden, and continued to pour out his opinions. For he was a sincere man, and in spite of his superficial airs and graces, at root a humble one. And it is always the humble man who talks too much; the proud man watches himself too closely. He defended respectability with violence and exaggeration. He grew passionate in his praise of tidiness and propriety. All the time, there was a smell of lilac all around him. Once he heard, very faintly in some distant street, a barrel-organ begin to play, and it seemed to him that his heroic words were synchronized with a tiny tune from under or beyond the world.

He stared and talked at the girl's red hair and amused face for what seemed to be a few minutes; and then, feeling that the groups in such a place should mix, rose to his feet. To his astonishment, he discovered the whole garden empty. Everyone had gone long ago, and he went himself with a rather hurried apology. He left with a sense of champagne in his head, which he could not afterward explain. In the wild events which were to follow, this girl had no part at all; he never saw her again until all his tale was over. And yet, in some indescribable way, she kept recurring like a theme in music through all his mad adventures afterwards and the glory of her strange hair ran like a red thread through those dark and ill-drawn tapestries of the night. For what followed was so improbable that it might well have been a dream.

When Syme went out into the starlit street, he found it for the moment empty. Then he realized (in some odd way) that the silence was rather a living silence than a dead one. Directly outside the door stood a street lamp, whose gleam gilded the leaves of the tree that bent out over the fence behind him. About a foot from the lamppost stood a figure almost as rigid and motionless as the lamppost itself. The tall hat and long frock coat were black; the face, in an abrupt shadow, was almost as dark. Only a fringe of fiery hair against the light, and also something aggressive in the attitude, proclaimed that it was the poet Gregory. He had something of the look of a masked thug waiting, sword in hand, for his foe.

He made a sort of doubtful salute, which Syme somewhat more formally returned.

"I was waiting for you," said Gregory. "Might I have a moment's conversation?"

“Certainly. About what?” asked Syme in a sort of weak wonder.

Gregory struck out with his stick at the lamppost, and then at the tree. “About this and this,” he cried. “About order and anarchy. There is your precious order, that lean, iron lamp, ugly and barren; and there is anarchy, rich, living, reproducing itself—there is anarchy, splendid in green and gold.”

“All the same,” replied Syme patiently, “just at present you only see the tree by the light of the lamp. I wonder when you would ever see the lamp by the light of the tree.” Then after a pause he said, “But may I ask if you have been standing out here in the dark only to resume our little argument?”

“No,” cried out Gregory, in a voice that rang down the street, “I did not stand here to resume our argument, but to end it forever.”

The silence fell again, and Syme, though he understood nothing, listened instinctively for something serious.

Gregory began in a smooth voice and with a rather bewildering smile. “Mr. Syme,” he said, “this evening you succeeded in doing something rather remarkable. You did something to me that no man born of woman has ever succeeded in doing before.”

“Indeed!”

“Now I remember,” resumed Gregory reflectively, “one other person succeeded in doing it. The captain of a penny steamer (if I remember correctly) at Southend. You have irritated me.”

“I am very sorry,” replied Syme with gravity.

“I am afraid my fury and your insult are too shocking to be wiped out even with an apology,” said Gregory very calmly. “No duel could wipe it out. If I struck you dead, I could not wipe it out. There is only one way by which that insult can be erased, and

that way I choose. I am going, at the possible sacrifice of my life and honor, to prove to you that you were wrong in what you said.”

“In what I said?”

“You said I was not serious about being an anarchist.”

“There are degrees of seriousness,” replied Syme. “I have never doubted that you were perfectly sincere in this sense: that you thought what you said well worth saying; that you thought a paradox might wake men up to a neglected truth.”

Gregory stared at him steadily and painfully. “And in no other sense,” he asked, “you think me serious? You think me an idler who spouts occasional truths. You do not think that in a deeper, a more deadly sense, I am serious.”

Syme struck his stick violently on the stones on the road. “Serious!” he cried. “Good Lord! Is this street serious? Are these damned Chinese lanterns serious? Is the whole caboodle serious? One comes here and talks a pack of nonsense, and perhaps some sense as well, but I should think very little of a man who didn’t keep something in the background of his life that was more serious than all this talking—something more serious, whether it was religion or only drink.”

“Very well,” said Gregory, his face darkening, “you shall see something more serious than either drink or religion.”

Syme stood waiting with his usual air of mildness until Gregory again spoke.

“You spoke just now of having a religion. Is it really true that you have one?”

“Oh,” said Syme with a beaming smile, “we are all Catholics now.”

“Then may I ask you to swear by whatever gods or saints your religion involves that you will not reveal what I am now going to

tell you to any son of Adam, and especially not to the police? Will you swear to that? If you will take upon yourself this awful refusal, if you will consent to burden your soul with a vow that you should never make and a knowledge you should never dream about, I will promise you in return—”

“You will promise me in return?” inquired Syme, as the other paused.

“I will promise you a very entertaining evening.”

Syme suddenly took off his hat.

“Your offer,” he said, “is far too idiotic to be declined. You say that a poet is always an anarchist. I disagree; but I hope at least that he is always a sportsman. Permit me, here and now, to swear as a Christian, and promise as a good comrade and a fellow artist, that I will not report anything of this, whatever it is, to the police. And now, in the name of Colney Hatch, what is it?”

“I think,” said Gregory, with placid irrelevance, “that we will call a cab.”

He gave two long whistles, and a hansom cab came rattling down the road. The two got into it in silence. Gregory gave the driver the address of an obscure public-house on the Chiswick bank of the river. The cab whisked itself away again, and in it these two fantastic figures exited their fantastic town.

Chapter Two

THE SECRET OF GABRIEL SYME

The cab pulled up before a particularly dreary and greasy public-house, into which Gregory rapidly conducted his companion. They seated themselves in a close and dim sort of alcove, at a stained wooden table with one wooden leg. The room was so small and dark that very little could be seen of the attendant who was summoned, beyond a vague and dark impression of something bulky and bearded.

“Will you take a little supper?” asked Gregory politely. “The *pate de foie gras* is not good here, but I can recommend the game.”

Syme received the remark impassively, imagining it to be a joke. Accepting the vein of humor, he said, with a well-bred indifference, “Oh, bring me some lobster mayonnaise.”

To his indescribable astonishment, the man only said, “Certainly, sir!” and went away apparently to get it.

“What will you drink?” resumed Gregory, with the same careless yet apologetic air. “I shall only have a *crème de menthe* myself; I have dined. But the champagne can really be trusted. Do let me start you with a half-bottle of Pommery, at least?”

“Thank you!” said the motionless Syme. “You are very good.”

His further attempts at conversation, somewhat disorganized in themselves, were cut short finally as by a thunderbolt by the actual appearance of the lobster. Syme tasted it, and found it particularly good. Then he suddenly began to eat with great rapidity and appetite.

“Excuse me if I enjoy myself rather obviously!” he said to Gregory, smiling. “I don’t often have the luck to have a dream like this. It is new to me for a nightmare to lead to a lobster. It is commonly the other way.”

“You are not asleep, I assure you,” said Gregory. “You are, on the contrary, close to the most actual and rousing moment of your existence. Ah, here comes your champagne! I admit that there may be a slight disproportion, let us say, between the inner arrangements of this excellent hotel and its simple and unpretentious exterior. But that is out of our modesty. We are the most modest men that ever lived on earth.”

“And who are ‘we’?” asked Syme, emptying his champagne glass.

“It is quite simple,” replied Gregory. “We are the serious anarchists, in whom you do not believe.”

“Oh!” said Syme shortly. “You produce seriously excellent drinks.”

“Yes, we are serious about everything,” answered Gregory. Then, after a pause, he added, “If, in a few moments, this table begins to turn around a little, don’t relate it to your inroads into the champagne. I don’t wish you to do yourself an injustice.”

“Well, if I am not drunk, I am mad,” replied Syme with perfect calm, “but I trust I can behave like a gentleman in either condition. May I smoke?”

“Certainly!” said Gregory, producing a cigar case. “Try one of mine.”

Syme took the cigar, clipped the end off with a cigar cutter out of his waistcoat pocket, put it in his mouth, lit it slowly, and let out a long cloud of smoke. It is not a little to his credit that he performed these rites with so much composure, for almost before he had begun them, the table at which he sat had begun to revolve, first slowly, and then rapidly, as if at an insane séance.

“You must not mind it,” said Gregory. “It’s a kind of screw.”

“Quite so,” said Syme placidly, “a kind of screw. How simple that is!”

The next moment, the smoke of his cigar, which had been wavering across the room in snaky twists, went straight up as if from a factory chimney, and the two, with their chairs and table, shot down through the floor as if the earth had swallowed them. They went rattling down a kind of roaring chimney as rapidly as a lift cut loose, and they came with an abrupt bump to the bottom. But when Gregory threw open a pair of doors and let in a red subterranean light, Syme was still smoking with one leg thrown over the other, and had not turned a yellow hair.

Gregory led him down a low, vaulted passage, at the end of which was the red light. It was an enormous crimson lantern, nearly as big as a fireplace, fixed over a small but heavy iron door. In the door there was a sort of hatchway or grating, and on this Gregory struck five times. A heavy voice with a foreign accent asked him who he was. To this he gave the more or less unexpected reply, “Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.” The heavy hinges began to move; it was obviously some kind of password.

Inside the doorway, the passage gleamed as if it were lined with a network of steel. On a second glance, Syme saw that the

glittering pattern was really made up of ranks and ranks of rifles and revolvers, closely packed or interlocked.

“I must ask you to forgive me all these formalities,” said Gregory. “We have to be very strict here.”

“Oh, don’t apologize,” said Syme. “I know your passion for law and order.” He stepped into the passage lined with the steel weapons. With his long, fair hair and rather foppish frock coat, he looked a remarkably frail and fanciful figure as he walked down that shining avenue of death.

They passed through several such passages, and came out at last into a strange steel chamber with curved walls, almost spherical in shape, but presenting, with its tiers of benches, something of the appearance of a scientific lecture-theatre. There were no rifles or pistols in this apartment, but around the walls of it were hung more dubious and dreadful shapes, things that looked like the bulbs of iron plants, or the eggs of iron birds. They were bombs, and the very room itself seemed like the inside of a bomb. Syme knocked his cigar ash off against the wall, and went in.

“And now, my dear Mr. Syme,” said Gregory, throwing himself in an expansive manner on the bench under the largest bomb, “now we are quite cozy, so let us talk properly. No human words can give you any notion of why I brought you here. It was one of those quite arbitrary emotions, like jumping off a cliff or falling in love. Suffice it to say that you were an inexpressibly irritating fellow, and, to be frank, you are still. I would break twenty oaths of secrecy for the pleasure of taking you down a peg. That way you have of lighting a cigar would make a priest break the seal of confession. Well, you said that you were quite certain I was not a serious anarchist. Does this place strike you as being serious?”

“It does seem to have a moral under all its gaiety,” assented

Syme. "But may I ask you two questions? You need not fear to give me information, because, as you remember, you very wisely extorted from me a promise not to tell the police, a promise I shall certainly keep. So it is in mere curiosity that I make my queries. First of all, what is it really all about? What is it you object to? You want to abolish government?"

"To abolish God!" said Gregory, opening his eyes like a fanatic. "We do not only want to upset a few despots and police regulations; that sort of anarchism does exist, but it is a mere branch of the Nonconformists. We dig deeper and we blow you higher. We wish to deny all those arbitrary distinctions of vice and virtue, honor and treachery, upon which mere rebels base themselves. The silly sentimentalists of the French Revolution talked of the Rights of Man! We hate Rights as we hate Wrongs. We wish to abolish Right and Wrong."

"And Right and Left," said Syme with a simple eagerness. "I hope you will abolish them too. They are much more troublesome to me."

"You spoke of a second question," snapped Gregory.

"With pleasure," resumed Syme. "In all your present acts and surroundings, there is a scientific attempt at secrecy. I have an aunt who lived over a shop, but this is the first time I have found people living from preference under a public-house. You have a heavy iron door. You cannot pass it without submitting to the humiliation of calling yourself Mr. Chamberlain. You surround yourself with steel instruments which make the place, if I may say so, more impressive than homelike. May I ask why, after taking all this trouble to barricade yourselves in the bowels of the earth, you then parade your whole secret by talking about anarchism to every silly woman in Saffron Park?"

Gregory smiled. "The answer is simple," he said. "I told you I was a serious anarchist, and you did not believe me. Nor do they believe me. Unless I took them into this infernal room, they would not believe me."

Syme smoked thoughtfully, and looked at him with interest.

Gregory went on. "The history of the thing might amuse you," he said. "When first I became one of the New Anarchists, I tried all kinds of respectable disguises. I dressed up as a bishop. I read up all about bishops in our anarchist pamphlets, in *Superstition the Vampire* and *Priests of Prey*. I certainly understood from them that bishops are strange and terrible old men keeping a cruel secret from mankind. I was misinformed. When, on my first appearing in Episcopal vestments in a drawing room, I cried out in a voice of thunder, 'Down! Down, presumptuous human reason!' they found out in some way that I was not a bishop at all. I was nabbed at once.

"Then I presented myself as a millionaire; but I defended Capital with so much intelligence that a fool could see that I was quite poor. Then I tried being an army major. Now I am a humanitarian myself, but I have, I hope, enough intellectual breadth to understand the position of those who, like Nietzsche, admire violence—the proud, mad war of Nature and all that, you know. I threw myself into the major. I drew my sword and waved it constantly. I called out 'Blood!' abstractedly, like a man calling for wine. I often said, 'Let the weak perish; it is the Law.' Well, well, it seems majors don't do this. I was nabbed again. At last I went in despair to the President of the Central Anarchist Council, who is the greatest man in Europe."

"What is his name?" asked Syme.

"You would not know it," answered Gregory. "That is his

greatness. Caesar and Napoleon put all their genius into being heard of, and they were. He puts all his genius into not being heard of, and he is not. But you cannot be for five minutes in the room with him without feeling that Caesar and Napoleon would have been children in his hands.”

He was silent and even pale for a moment, and then resumed. “But whenever he gives advice, it is always something as startling as an epigram, and yet as practical as the Bank of England. I said to him, ‘What disguise will hide me from the world? What can I find more respectable than bishops and majors?’ He looked at me with his large but indecipherable face. ‘You want a safe disguise, do you? You want an outfit which will guarantee you harmless; to be dressed in a way which no one would ever look for a bomb?’ I nodded. He suddenly lifted his lion’s voice. ‘Why, then, dress up as an anarchist, you fool!’ he roared so that the room shook. ‘Nobody will ever expect you to do anything dangerous then.’ And he turned his broad back on me without another word. I took his advice, and have never regretted it. I preached blood and murder to those women day and night, and—by God!—they would let me push their wheelchairs.”

Syme sat watching him with some respect in his large, blue eyes. “You took me in,” he said. “It is really a smart dodge.” Then, after a pause, he added, “What do you call this tremendous President of yours?”

“We generally call him Sunday,” replied Gregory with simplicity. “You see, there are seven members of the Central Anarchist Council, and they are named after days of the week. He is called Sunday, by some of his admirers as Bloody Sunday. It is curious you should mention the matter, because the very night you have dropped in is the night on which our London branch,

which assembles in this room, has to elect its own deputy to fill a vacancy in the Council. The gentleman who has for some time past played, with propriety and general applause, the difficult part of Thursday, has died quite suddenly. Consequently, we have called a meeting this very evening to elect a successor."

He got to his feet and strolled across the room with a sort of smiling embarrassment.

"I feel somehow as if you were my mother, Syme," he continued casually. "I feel that I can confide anything to you, as you have promised to tell no one. In fact, I will confide to you something that I would not say in so many words to the anarchists who will be coming to the room in about ten minutes. We shall, of course, go through a form of election; but I don't mind telling you that it is practically certain what the result will be." He looked down for a moment modestly. "It is almost a settled thing that I am to be Thursday."

"My dear fellow," said Syme heartily, "I congratulate you. A great career is ahead of you!"

Gregory smiled in deprecation, and walked across the room, talking rapidly. "As a matter of fact, everything is ready for me on this table," he said, "and the ceremony will probably be the shortest possible."

Syme also strolled across to the table, and found a walking stick lying across it—which turned out on examination to be a sword-stick—a large Colt revolver, a sandwich case, and a formidable flask of brandy. Over the chair, beside the table, was thrown a heavy-looking cape or cloak.

"I have only to get the form of election finished," continued Gregory with animation, "then I snatch up this cloak and stick, stuff these other things into my pocket, step out of a door in

this cavern, which opens on the river, where there is a steam-tug already waiting for me, and then—then—oh, the wild joy of being Thursday!” And he clasped his hands in delight.

Syme, who had sat down once more with his usual insolent calmness, got to his feet with an unusual air of hesitation. “Why is it,” he asked vaguely, “that I think you are quite a decent fellow? Why do I positively like you, Gregory?” He paused a moment, and then added with a sort of fresh curiosity, “Is it because you are such an ass?”

There was a thoughtful silence again, and then he cried out, “Well, curse it all! This is the funniest situation I have ever been in in my life, and I am going to act accordingly. Gregory, I gave you a promise before I came into this place. That promise I would keep under red-hot irons. Would you give me, for my own safety, a little promise of the same kind?”

“A promise?” asked Gregory, wondering.

“Yes,” said Syme very seriously, “a promise. I swore before God that I would not tell your secret to the police. Will you swear by Humanity, or whatever beastly thing you believe in, that you will not tell my secret to the anarchists?”

“Your secret?” asked the staring Gregory. “Have you got a secret?”

“Yes,” said Syme, “I have a secret.” Then after a pause, “Will you swear?”

Gregory glared at him gravely for a few moments, and then said abruptly, “You must have bewitched me, but I feel a furious curiosity about you. Yes, I will swear not to tell the anarchists anything you tell me. But look sharp, for they will be here in a couple of minutes.”

Syme rose slowly to his feet and thrust his long, white hands into his long, grey trousers' pockets. Almost as he did so there came five knocks on the outer grating, proclaiming the arrival of the first of the conspirators.

"Well," said Syme slowly, "I don't know how to tell you the truth more shortly than by saying that your plot of dressing up as an aimless poet is not confined to you or your President. We have known the dodge for some time at Scotland Yard."

Gregory tried to spring up straight, but he swayed thrice. "What do you say?" he asked in an inhuman voice.

"Yes," said Syme, "I am a police detective. But I think I hear your friends coming."

From the doorway there came a murmur of "Mr. Joseph Chamberlain." It was repeated twice and thrice, and then thirty times, and the crowd of Joseph Chamberlains (a solemn thought) could be heard tramping down the corridor.