

seized upon by the music-teacher, and never allowed to stir a foot, under penalty of other tempests, until the divorce was granted, and she dragged him to the registrar's. With amazing cynicism, they had a wedding breakfast, with cake complete, and the baby playing on the floor!

"The Eurasian now had more freedom; he got an appointment in India, and on one excuse or another managed to leave his wife and child behind. Arrived in Hindustan, he set up a harem of dancing-girls, and was happy. But the necessity of a periodical remittance to the fair Florrie soon began to prey upon his mind. He determined to bring her out; for one thing, an English wife might do him some good socially, for of course he was an outcast from both English and native society; for another, it would be cheaper to keep her in India than in England; for another, perhaps, the climate might kill both wife and child, and put an end once and for all to the expense. As it happened, one of his best friends, a full-blooded Indian who also had a taste for white women, and so did not mind mixed marriages and their results so much as his stricter countrymen, was returning to India. He put his wife in charge of this man. On the voyage she promptly seduced him. When the husband became aware of the fact, some six weeks after they landed, he made some mild protest, but did nothing. In fact, they traveled about together, all three, for some months. But the woman was absolutely shameless, caressing her lover even in front of the servants, and the contempt of these — all true Indians are extremely moral and decent, even to prudishness, whether they are polygamists or not — the contempt of the servants became so marked that even the Swamy could not stand it any more. He insisted on a separation. In vain the wife implored her lover to take her with him; he had too much sense for that. It was ultimately agreed that his child — for she was again pregnant — should be treated by Haramzada as his own; and she was to go back to England with her husband.

"Two years later found them in New York. Florrie picked up another lover, greatly to the relief of the Swamy, who hated paying for her dinners. This man, however, insisted on her playing the game: a straight divorce; a straight marriage; and no more foolishness. Haramzada gladly agreed. But just at this moment it was discovered that Florrie was not so penniless as had been supposed; a rich uncle wrote, offering to make her his heir, his only son having been killed in France. The Swamy instantly altered his whole position. He went back to his wife, pleaded with her, begged her forgiveness, played on her pity — ultimately got her to waver. She was now again with child by the new lover. All this time, however, Haramzada was carrying on an intrigue with a German girl, the regular Broadway type. At this moment of sham reconciliation the uncle died. Haramzada resolved on a master-stroke. During her previous pregnancy the sea-voyage had come near to causing one, if not two deaths. He hated his wife most bitterly — of course, such a creature is utterly incapable of love for anybody — he was her heir, and besides, her life was heavily insured. So he insisted on her going to England to see her children, and attend to the estate left by her uncle. She became dangerously ill, and miscarried; but she lived. The Swamy then hurried over to join her. What was his chagrin to find that her uncle's money was left in trust for her children, so that he could not touch more than a small necessary income?

"He was in great financial straits; robbery and murder were

certainly in his heart. Can we be surprised that his hand followed suit? It only needed the opportunity; and the other night he evidently had it."

"You have failed utterly," replied the mystic with some scorn, "to grasp the mind of the thing. All because you will not read his book on Buddhism! He had no opportunity to rob and kill. Any other, yes; but not he. Consider all his acts. We find extreme meanness, selfishness, cunning, the most ignoble attitudes throughout, never a glimpse of anything vertebrate. This is all in accordance with his view of Buddhism. He had a thousand 'opportunities' to kill his wife in India. But not what he, Ananda Haramzada Swamy, calls opportunities. He won't put his neck in a noose; not he! He hopes that the Indian climate may kill her; he hopes that the sea voyage may kill her. But he won't do more in the way of murder than say: 'Darling, do come out; I'm so lonesome,' or 'Darling, do go to England; I'm so anxious about the sweet babies.' He's cold as a fish, but he's never brutal, and he's a coward to the bone."

"That's rather cute," said Flynn. "Now you mention it, I'll do another lap. I got this story from Florrie's lover No. 3, by the same token. You wouldn't blame him for talking. I've known him twenty years, and he was all broken up — just in that state when one has to tell some one or burst. He told me how he left her. When she went back to the Swamy he cut off short, and she's been plaguing him ever since to take her back. He won't. Well, one day he had slapped her gently for impudence. She was going to try to make a slave of him, as she had of her yellow and black men. She said to him: 'If only Ananda had beaten me I would have loved him always.' So evidently he never had."

"What was your friend doing in that galley?" asked Broughton.

"Oh, he's a crank. Saw good in her and wanted to save her. Damned fool! But of course he knew that the only way was to be like a rock — never to yield an inch to any of her gusts of passion. If the Swamy had not murdered their baby I think he might have won."

"I agree with your estimate. Your friend's Quixotic," said Simon Iff. "My interest is in schools, not in hospitals. To let the degenerates drop out is the true kindness — certainly to the race, perhaps even to them."

"To get back to the point," said Broughton. "You still hold the Swamy innocent?"

"I do. Buddhism is a religion of the most dauntless courage. The whole force of the universe from all eternity is challenged by him who would become an arahat, as they call what we call saints, only it's more than that. The saint has God on his side; the would-be arahat has nothing but himself and the memory that there was once a man who won in that incalculable struggle. Yet you suggest that the man who not only fails to appreciate this courage, but even to perceive it, is brave enough to kill a woman with a poker, and even to return to the house where her corpse lies. If he had killed her, by some chance, he would have fled — fled, fled to the darkest corner of the earth!"

"No, sir, Dr. Haramzada Swamy did not kill that woman!"

A newsboy ran across the lawn. "Extry! Extry!" he shouted, "full confession by the Injun!"

Broughton and Flynn jumped for the paper; Simon Iff only poured himself another glass of brandy.

Flynn's professional eye first caught the paragraph. "Tex-