

# The Man who Dreamed Right



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# THE MAN WHO DREAMED RIGHT





# The Man who Dreamed Right

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# THE MAN WHO DREAMED RIGHT

## CHAPTER I

### A QUESTION OF MORALS

THE Honourable and Reverend Roy Roland Skeffington, brandishing a hair-brush in each hand, wheeled round on the heels of his number ten boots.

Mrs. Jones, woman by nature, but by profession landlady of 409, De-la-Poore Street, Tottenham, was wheezing at his bedroom door.

"Who is it now?" asked the curate of St. Ethelfreda wearily.

"Mr. Mymms, sir," gasped Mrs. Jones.

"Mymms? Mymms?" murmured Skeffington to himself in an effort to conceive a mental picture of Mr. Mymms. Then the picture presented itself to his groping mind. Mr. Mymms was a clerk, heroically commonplace, and, paradoxically, a nonentity to the extent of being interesting. He was a communicant at St. Ethelfreda, but sturdily independent in his claim that he did no wrong in discussing the politics of the day over

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a glass of bitter at the "King George." Mr. Mymms was plodding, patient, kindly, and immensely respectable.

"Oh, yes," sighed Skeffington. "All right, tell him I'll see him in a moment."

Mrs. Jones laboured downstairs.

The Honourable and Reverend Roy Roland Skeffington brushed his hair into an artistic curl, and then, with a sigh, plastered it into a more mild condition. Then he ran lightly down to his little tobacco-laden sitting-room, with its pipe-rack, its book-case, and its two wicker chairs.

From the edge of one of these chairs, Mr. Mymms—to be precise, Mr. Harry Mymms—rose up with unsteady knees.

Mr. Mymms might have been of any age between thirty and fifty; he was almost noticeably insignificant. Mr. Mymms was short and slight; his head was over-large for his body, his chin weak beneath a foolish nose; but from his faded eyebrows rose a round, swelling forehead, reminiscent of William Shakespeare. His eyes were full, mild, blue, and staring. Mr. Mymms wore frayed trousers, a seedy, black coat, and a startlingly tartan tie tucked beneath a somewhat grimy, turned-down collar.

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir," he began; "but there is a certain matter which has become

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of great importance to me. It presents, as you might say, sir, a *problem*, and I have been so worried about it I thought I would refer the subject to you."

As a matter of fact, Skeffington was in great haste to be away as, for once, he had decided that the claims of the parishioners of St. Ethelfreda, Tottenham, should not prevent his enjoying a little of the society of his own kind in that very circumscribed area of polite dwelling which is, for convenience, termed "the West End."

He was indeed about to set out on the highly enjoyable jaunt of taking afternoon tea at the house of his eldest married sister, the Duchess of Mold. And, frankly, it must be confessed, he found the visit of Mr. Mymms a decided nuisance and delay, knowing that Mr. Mymms was wont to be long-winded. So he automatically helped himself to a pipe.

"Yes?" he said, with kindly interrogation, and he bowed Mr. Mymms back to the edge of the only other armchair.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Mymms, "it's like this. As I have told you, I see no reason why I should not take a glass with my friends at the 'King George.' Some of them are what you might call of a sporting turn of mind. Often and often they give me tips—good tips you must understand—

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as to the backing of horses. But I have always held that betting of this sort was not what you might strictly term a sporting pastime, and I have argued with them about this more times than I should like to tell you.

“But for the past week,” Mr. Mymms went on pompously, “I have been a prey to the most unhappy set of circumstances. Of course, having such friends—though, mind you, I have never backed a horse—I know pretty well from day to day what the favourite on the racecourse is likely to be to-morrow; but in that matter, what has gone in at one ear has gone out at the other. However, for a week past I have had no mental peace; I suppose my mind has been set on racing. Anyhow, night after night I have dreamed the name of the winner of the following day.

“Now, what has come in my mind is this: the next day’s winner, as I dream it, is a certainty. Ought not I to put money on a certainty? You see, sir, a man does not always want to be single”—here Mr. Mymms’ pale face reddened considerably—“and I have got to take note of the future. No one would blame me if I was to put money in Consols, or in any other sound investment, if I knew the shares were going up.

“But here I am in possession of knowledge which I could use to better my position, and don’t like to

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use it, because I know it isn't right to gamble. It seems it's held that any speculation connected with horses is gambling.

"Now, sir," declared Mr. Mymms, rising from his chair again in his excitement, "what I have to ask you is this: Is it gambling if you put money on a horse that you know has got to win?"

"Take this particular case. Last night I dreamed that Invicta would win the Luncheon Stakes at Hurst Park—Invicta won; to-night I know I shall dream that New Zealand will win the Herald Plate at Gatwick. Is it gambling if I put a quid on New Zealand?"

The Honourable and Reverend Skeffington removed his pipe somewhat thoughtfully from his lips, and with a disengaged little finger lightly scratched the back of his neck.

"To be quite honest, Mr. Mymms," he said, "I'm hanged if I know."

"There you are, sir!" said Mymms, triumphantly.

"Yes," repeated Skeffington, reflectively, "I'm really hanged if I know."

His stipend was modest, and his private means infinitesimal. He was thinking rather longingly of New Zealand and the Herald Plate. After all a man may be tempted, even if he be a parson.

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There was a very long pause during which the curate smoked thoughtfully.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Mymms at last.

An idea, pleasant and at the same time whimsical, suddenly possessed Skeffington's brain.

"Look here," he said briskly, "I will be frank with you and admit that I do not know exactly what you should do. Are you disengaged?"

"I have no engagements this afternoon," said Mr. Mymms with some formality.

"Then come along with me," cried the curate. "I'm just off to see my sister, the Duchess of Mold. You may have seen her name in the newspapers; she is tremendously interested in the gambling question. Indeed, she is so tremendously interested that sometimes I think she is a fanatic, though she really has a large knowledge of the question."

"But, sir——" Mymms gasped. He could say no more.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed the curate, leaping up from his seat and patting Mymms on the back, "my dear fellow, it's the only thing to do. I have the greatest respect and admiration for my sister's decision, and, if she finds you in the wrong, then, as a true son of the Church, of course you cannot possibly any longer entertain the idea of backing horses. On the other hand, if she regards



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the certainty of your dreams as placing the matter beyond speculation, then, of course, you will be at liberty to make what profit you can out of turf transactions."

Still overwhelmed at the idea of having to state his case to a duchess, Mr. Mymms demurred. But Skeffington would listen to no protests; he hurried the meek and harassed Mymms off to Mayfair.

Possibly the parson would not have been quite so blithe had he known the dilemma into which Mr. Mymms' fatal gift of predicting the future would land an innocent world.

As it was, he suspected nothing, and, with a vulgar tune which he had collected at Tottenham scarce banished from his lips, Skeffington crossed the hall of his sister's home.

Lawson, the butler, smiled with superior kindness as Skeffington passed him by with a nod.

Considering Skeffington's connection with the peerage, Lawson regarded the curate's labours at Tottenham as misguided, if not open to question, on the score of propriety. Mr. Lawson was a most particular butler.

Wide-eyed and nervous, Mr. Mymms followed Skeffington up the broad stone stairs and into a vast, cool, and impressively sombre drawing-room.

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The Duchess, blonde, plump, active, and generous, came forward to meet her brother. She stared a little at Mr. Mymms, but it was with the understanding and charitable stare of the highly-placed philanthropist.

Skeffington kissed his sister heartily, and then remembered Mymms.

"Oh, yes," he said, half apologetically, "I had forgotten to introduce Mr. Mymms. I have brought Mr. Mymms to see you because he has propounded to me one of the most interesting problems that I have ever heard, and you, I think, are the only person who can solve it."

Several men who sat more or less at their ease in the Duchess's capacious and sombre drawing-room, stared at Mymms with a certain quizzical interest. Mymms, however, fortunately for himself, was unconscious of their gaze. His weak, blue eyes were, from the outset, riveted on a girl who sat boldly in the afternoon sunshine that came streaming in from the window.

This was Lady Cecilia Skeffington, the Duchess's youngest sister.

Lady Cecilia was dark, and some said daring; her manner was off-hand and decisive. Her black hair was waved on either side of her temples with a grave precision. There was courage written in her great grey eyes; her nose was prettily

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dominant; her mouth was full and plucky; her chin suggested that she would die not only gracefully, but even heroically, in the last ditch.

From the first, she took a whole-hearted interest in Mr. Mymms.

Roy Skeffington was impulsive, so, no sooner was a cup of tea in his hand than he proceeded to explain Mr. Mymms' circumstances in life, and his fatal faculty for dreaming the winners of the next day's races.

Mr. Mymms, sitting still more on the edge of his chair than ever, blushing and jerkily confirmed Skeffington's statements.

The Duchess was plumply upset; Lady Cecilia was inclined to be sceptical.

But the men who were present listened attentively.

Of these, the man who was to loom largest in the big slice of history which the dreams of Mr. Mymms subsequently dictated, was Marsden—George by baptism, and seventh Earl of Marsden by right.

Marsden would have been extraordinarily handsome but for the habit of cultivating an innocent and abstracted appearance. There were, however, more brains sheltered behind his monocle than most people would have diagnosed from the crease of his trousers and the shine of his boots.

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What Marsden did, even his intimates did not know. The only man who could have enlightened them was the Duke of Mold, a large, florid man with the club habit, who occupied the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Marsden's enemies said Marsden did nothing. The man in the street never heard of him; but, as a matter of fact, he made secret history every day of his apparently lounging life.

Next to be considered is Mr. Levi Lygons, whose colossal genius in financial matters overshadowed the fact that he was born of distinctly doubtful parentage in Spitalfields. He was typical of his kind—neat, shrewd-eyed, large-nosed, generous, vindictive, and half mysterious.

Another guest of the Duchess of Mold on this particular afternoon was Count Torfeldt, one of the secretaries of the German Legation, heavy, blond, and, while jovial, quite unpleasantly clever.

The Duchess, indeed, by accident, was holding an almost diplomatic At Home, for the fourth man who drank in Skeffington's story greedily was Mr. Napoleon N. Potomac, a little, dried-up, bespectacled, grey-haired attaché to the American Embassy.

One and all found Skeffington's presentation of the *problem* confronting Mr. Mymms engrossing to a degree.

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Skeffington finally paused, with a half-chewed muffin in one hand and an entirely empty tea-cup in the other, to await his sister's verdict.

The Duchess was voluminously condemnatory. All money gained by betting on horses was, she declared, tainted. Gambling, even on "dead certs"—her Grace pronounced the words with a fine disgust—was a scandal and a sin.

Count Torfeldt declared bluffly that, as a sportsman, he felt himself entitled to take every advantage offered by what he called "a good tip."

The Duchess shuddered.

On the other hand, Mr. Napoleon N. Potomac would agree with neither the Duchess nor with Mr. Levi Lygons, nor yet with Count Torfeldt. He suggested, with a delightfully humorous humility, that such a question as this demanded the decision of a higher tribunal than that presented by even the Duchess. He had been quick to see the possibilities wrapped up in Mr. Mymms' gift. And as the American had presented his case, Torfeldt and Lygons were quick to see what he had seen.

The one man who saw everything but said nothing, was Marsden. He sat delicately nursing a pretty foot; now and then he cast a blue-eyed glance through his monocle at Lady Cecilia.

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Now, thanks to the Duke's unstinted praise of Marsden, Lady Cecilia harboured a considerable regard for that gentle-mannered and habitually silent young man.

Cecilia was not sufficiently clever to see into the complex minds of the men who sat about her, but she was clever enough to understand that a great deal more was centred in Mr. Mymms than was understood by her brother.

And it was because she sought truth that she looked at Marsden, whom she knew, in spite of his polite subterfuges, was the soul of honour.

Skeffington, however, always somewhat diffident by nature, was overborne by the Duchess's brow-beating denunciation of the potential faculty for gambling possessed by Mr. Mymms.

To do him credit, Mr. Mymms did his little best to justify himself. Indeed, Skeffington, fearing an argument with his sister, rose hurriedly to suggest that he and the abandoned Mymms should return to Tottenham.

The plump and good-meaning Duchess followed her brother to the head of the stairs.

"He is a dangerous man, Roy," she whispered, nodding towards the meek and rapidly disappearing Mymms. "Be true to the opinions which you and I have always held."

Skeffington was so disheartened that he was not

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particularly cordial towards Mymms as they made their way back to Tottenham.

At the door of 409, De-la-Poore Street, the curate took a rather flaccid farewell of him. He little imagined that he was never to see him again.

In Park Street, the Duchess was rather surprised that her guests rose one after another and made their excuses.

Mr. Napoleon N. Potomac strolled, blinking thoughtfully through his glasses, towards Park Lane, and turned into the official residence of the American Ambassador.

In common with Mr. Levi Lygons, Count Torfeldt, and Lord Marsden, Mr. Potomac was suddenly possessed of the idea that Mr. Mymms could easily be taught to dream of other matters. And instantly he had decided that Mymms must at all costs be secured to dream from day to day the future of the United States.

Potomac and the American Ambassador talked long and earnestly until close on dinner-time.

Levi Lygons, as his electric brougham carried him to Belgrave Square, also felt little doubt that, could he secure the services of Mymms, Mymms could dream untold millions to be made from certain knowledge of to-morrow's uncertainties on the Stock Exchange.

Count Torfeldt hailed a taxi and went straight

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to his own Embassy. Mymms, he decided in his own blunt and thorough fashion, was to become the property of Germany.

Marsden, sitting in contemplative admiration of his finger-nails as he gave them a final polish before he went out to dinner, sized up with a nice precision his duty towards his country in seeing that the preserves of Mr. Mymms' dreams were not poached on by foreign competitors.

Lady Cecilia, lingering before her glass, caught herself drifting into a train of thought which Early Victorian opinion discovered was unmaidenly. It was not wholly unconnected with the idea that Mr. Mymms might possibly be able to throw some light upon the state of mind of Lord Marsden.

The Duchess thought nothing at all. She was merely annoyed.

Now, this was unintelligent of her, as events swiftly proved.



## CHAPTER II

### THE " WIRE'S " EARLY BLOWS

**I**T has already been recorded that the Duke of Mold was a large man with the club habit ; and, true to his traditions, he purposed to dine at the Athenæum a few hours after his brother-in-law, Roy Skeffington, had returned to Tottenham with the astounding Mr. Mymms.

The Duchess was dining out with Cecilia, and in the ordinary course of events she and the Duke would not have met ; but the Duchess was distinctly put out. She felt that the introduction of Mr. Mymms into her serene and unimpeachable household was scarcely respectable—certainly not nice.

After the departure of her brother, indeed, her wrath gathered strength, and then she proceeded to give it its customary outlet by venting it on the Duke.

All unconscious of his wife's frame of mind, the Duke stood square before the looking-glass in his dressing-room, patting his dress tie into its proper place with a massive hand.

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The Duke was by no means brilliant, but he possessed the highly desirable reputation of being thoroughly "sound." He stood for the immensity and the solidity of the British Empire, and while his ponderous fingers handled the reins of foreign government, the British public slept with perfect confidence in their little beds.

So long as he remained the dominating spirit in foreign affairs, invasion seemed impossible. He was so immense and so solid that there was abroad a general idea that his Grace had but to stand on the white cliffs of England to wave invading armies back.

The Duchess, however—familiarity, as is well known, being a breeder of contempt—had but small respect for his solidity and immensity. Now she rustled into his dressing-room, and delivered a direct frontal attack.

"I think it's outrageous," she exclaimed—and she told him all the story.

"Really," she wound up, "you must speak to Roy severely. This sort of thing is insufferable."

The Duke settled his neck into his collar and good-humouredly promised to admonish the erratic Roy.

Then he ponderously descended the stairs. In the hall two footmen lifted his heavy coat on to

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his heavy shoulders. A third footman buttoned it up, a fourth handed him his hat, and a fifth opened the door.

Mr. Lawson, the butler, stood by to see that his Grace was properly served, and afterwards bade his master good-night. He then spoke severely to the third footman for daring to cough in his Grace's presence. Mr. Lawson was a very particular butler.

As a rule the Duke possessed the excellent gift of silence. Half his magnificent reputation rested on the fact that he was too dull to talk. But the story of Mymms tickled his fancy, and so when he met Sir Reginald Maintree in the smoking-room of the Athenæum he blundered out the episode of Mymms.

Sir Reginald was the last person in whom the Duke should have confided. Sir Reginald was the proprietor of a group of newspapers, and was both alert and astute.

He listened to the Duke's tale with an excitement which he carefully suppressed. Mr. Mymms, he instantly decided, must be immediately added to the staff of the *Wire*.

Now, about the same time that the Duke was chuckling over the story of Mymms to Sir Reginald, the Duchess, at the house of Mrs. "Jimmie" Jackson, found herself in conversation with a

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certain Mr. Hastie Brighton, who, by a coincidence, was the editor of the *Wire*.

At first her Grace had been a little standoffish. Once, at a charity bazaar which she had organised in the country, she had seen a reporter at close quarters, and her impression of journalism dated from that day.

Mr. Hastie Brighton considerably upset them. He was clean, he wore most irreproachable dress clothes, and his manners were polished. It was really most amazing, but there was not the slightest doubt that Mr. Hastie Brighton was a gentleman.

So the Duchess told him without restraint of her meeting with Mr. Mymms. Mr. Hastie Brighton gave her his best attention with a pair of glistening eyes, and as soon as was convenient murmured that it was necessary for him to return to his office.

When he had gone the Duchess suffered a slight shock. She had a horribly disturbing notion that Mr. Hastie Brighton might once have been a reporter.

Mr. Hastie Brighton went back to the *Wire* in a hurry, and had scarcely seated himself in his chair when the telephone bell rang sharply.

Sir Reginald Maintree was at the other end of the wire.

And Sir Reginald began to tell Mr. Hastie

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Brighton of his meeting with the Duke ; but the editor cut the proprietor short.

" I know," he said into the receiver, " exactly what you are going to tell me. I met the Duchess of Mold to-night at Mrs. ' Jimmie ' Jackson's, and she told me all about it."

Sir Reginald was somewhat annoyed, and rang off.

Mr. Hastie Brighton thrust an energetic thumb on to the button of his electric bell. A very small boy with a very large and criminal face promptly answered the summons.

" Just look into the reporters' room," said Mr. Hastie Brighton, " and if Mr. Sweeting is there tell him I want him at once."

Mr. Sweeting was the most dogged reporter in London. It was said of him that he could bring anybody back to the office in a cab, from the Prince of Wales downwards. He had a terrible eye, and when intent on business thrust his jaw forward so that it under-hung his top row of teeth.

He came in now, under-hanging his jaw in a most pronounced fashion. He had various sins on his conscience, and feared that Mr. Hastie Brighton might have found one of them out.

The editor of the *Wire*, however, passed Mr. Sweeting's sins by. He told him the story of

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Mr. Mymms, and gave him the address of the Honourable and Reverend Roy Skeffington, curate of St. Ethelfreda's, Tottenham.

"Shall I bring him back in a cab?" asked Mr. Sweeting, making a sucking noise with his back teeth.

Mr. Hastie Brighton hurriedly bent over some proofs to hide a smile. "Yes," he murmured, "bring him back at once."

Mr. Sweeting, with his lower jaw thrust well forward, went to Tottenham. He found the Honourable and Reverend curate cross and peevish.

"I expect," said Skeffington, almost savagely, "that you will find him at the 'King George.'"

To the "King George" went Mr. Sweeting.

There he discovered Mr. Mymms seated on a high stool, balancing a half-consumed glass of bitter beer between a grubby thumb and a stained forefinger, talking on sporting matters.

Into this conversation Mr. Sweeting thrust his way.

In ten minutes he had Mr. Mymms outside, and was talking to him with great insistence. He concluded his argument by repeating with unnecessary violence, "There's money in it, man; I tell you, there's money in it."

It was with a huge sigh of satisfaction that

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Mr. Sweeting sank into the seat of a taxi beside the captured Mymms, and ordered the taximan to drive direct to the *Wire*.

It was now growing late, and Mr. Hastie Brighton was terribly involved in intricate editorial matters; but Sweeting and Mymms were shown up to him without delay. Mr. Hastie Brighton nodded them to chairs, and sent for Mr. Charley Hammers, the sporting editor.

Mr. Charley Hammers might be described as a well-dressed man with an almost perfectly purple complexion. Mr. Hammers dressed with care, and the angle of his unimpeachable silk hat suggested that he could tell you a tremendous lot if he only cared to.

But as the hour was late Mr. Hammers arrived in his shirt sleeves, and glanced with apprehension at the terrible Mr. Hastie Brighton.

The editor took Mr. Hammers on one side and gave him a splendidly epitomised version of the history of Mymms, so far as he knew it.

"Of course, Mr. Hammers," he concluded, "you see what a find this fellow is. Why, good gracious man, we can lead the whole world in sporting tips! We have only got to put this chap to sleep and get him to dream the winners of the next day's races, and the sporting world is at our feet. There has never been anything like it.

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We simply cannot go wrong. And that means that every man who backs horses in the whole of this country is going to read the *Wire*! It is simply tremendous!"

Mr. Charley Hammers was exceedingly clever in his own line of country, and there came into his mind the idea that Mr. Mymms might do too well. If Mr. Mymms provided "tips" which were infallible, no bookmaker would bet against them. And what would become of racing? He did not in the least relish the importation of Mr. Mymms. He even ventured to urge his objections to an infallible prophet, but Mr. Hastie Brighton overruled all such protests with the easy confidence of the despot.

Next the editor proceeded on a close cross-examination of Mr. Mymms.

"Of course, you know," he said, "that tomorrow the main racing event of the day is at Derby. Now, what is going to win the Chatsworth Stakes?"

Mr. Mymms' mild blue eyes searched the editor's face blandly, and with surpassing innocence.

"Why, Coronation," he said.

"You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure. I dreamt it last night, and I never dream wrong."

"Good! How far ahead can you get? After



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Derby comes Epsom. Do you mean to tell me that you could say now what horse would win the Kingswood Plate?"

"No," said Mr. Mymms, settling his tartan tie into his grease-stained waistcoat, "I cannot. I have not dreamed it. But I can tell you what is going to win the Copthorne—it's Inkpot."

For just a moment Mr. Hastie Brighton found it hard to restrain his feelings.

This man was evidently no "faker." He was as honest as the day, and could not lie.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Excellent! I suppose," he continued, with a radiant smile which veiled a whole world of suggestion, "you could not tell us to-night what will be the result of to-morrow's cup tie?"

In the back of Mr. Hastie Brighton's mind was the glorious hope that Mr. Mymms might enable him to tell half a million of readers whether Sheffield United or Everton would triumph in the great match at the Crystal Palace on the morrow.

Mr. Mymms shrugged his poor little shoulders almost pathetically.

"I could have told you that a week ago, sir," he said. "Everton will win by two goals to nothing."

"Are you sure?" Mr. Hastie Brighton's eyes glittered feverishly.

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"As sure," answered Mr. Mymms, "as I can be of any of my dreams. And they never go wrong."

"Good! Mr. Hammers, I will see you later. Mr. Sweeting, you need not wait."

The sporting editor retired with a complexion more purple than usual. Mr. Sweeting went out with his jaw thrust forward to a phenomenal extent.

Then did Mr. Hastie Brighton settle down to talk serious business with Mr. Mymms. He spoke with infinite cunning and cajolery. In fact, he offered Mr. Mymms £20 a week, and a contract for a year, with the option of continuing the contract on any terms which Mr. Mymms chose to make. Mr. Mymms, completely dazzled, accepted the proposal without a demur.

The agreement having been duly concluded, Mr. Hastie Brighton sent once more for Mr. Charley Hammers.

"In to-morrow's issue," he said, "on the front page we will print this:

**"EVERTON WILL WIN BY TWO GOALS  
TO NIL.**

"And we will put that on the bill. We will explain nothing. We won't say that we have any peculiar means of prophecy. But at the

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same time I want you to take out all the tips you have given up to the present and simply say that we will guarantee all our readers that Coronation will win the Chatsworth Stakes."

Mr. Charley Hammers again protested, but Mr. Hastie Brighton bore him down.

"Meantime," said Mr. Hastie Brighton, continuing his instructions, "I propose to hand over Mr. Mymms to your care. He must not be tampered with, and no one must see him. To-night you must book him a room at the 'Cecil,' and sleep there with him. To-morrow you must take a flat somewhere in the centre of London and see that he is guarded both by day and night. We have got him cheap; he is the biggest asset that ever fell into the hands of a newspaper."

The sporting editor grumbled, but promised obedience. And Mr. Mymms was, at a late hour, conveyed by hansom to the "Cecil."

Meantime Marsden was greatly troubled. He had been at Mrs. "Jimmie" Jackson's, and went through much distress of mind as he heard the Duchess babbling to Mr. Hastie Brighton. He foresaw the full possibilities of Mr. Harry Mymms. The difficulty was that the Secret Service funds were so meagre that he could scarcely hope to compete for the dreams of Mr. Mymms against the *Wire*.

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He took Cecilia on one side and enjoined on her the necessity of persuading the Duchess to say nothing more on the subject of Mr. Mymms.

Then George Marsden, Earl and Secret Service man, went home to bed late, and rose early.

His man brought the morning newspapers up to him at half-past six.

Marsden glanced at the front page of the *Wire*, sighed, and lit a cigarette.

The *Wire* had scored the first round, inasmuch as it had on the instant secured the services of Mymms.

Yet how the nation needed the services of this anæmic little clerk !

Marsden fell to speculating. Could the *Wire* retain its hold of Mymms ? Levi Lygons would need him for his financial speculations ; Torfeldt would want him for Germany ; Potomac would do his best to steal Mymms for America.

For if a man could dream one thing, he could dream another. If Mymms could dream the result of a football match, he could dream the result of a war.

For the first time in many years Marsden went to the Crystal Palace. Everton won by two goals to nothing.

Marsden returned to his rooms greatly disturbed.

In the morning he dressed leisurely, and, astride a big cob, made for the Row.

## The "Wire's" Early Blows

There he met Cecilia.

He drew his horse alongside hers, but at the Magazine called a halt.

He told her all that was in his mind, and Cecilia of the plucky face drew a deep breath.

"You see," said Marsden, "how important it is that England should get hold of Mymms."

Cecilia nodded.

"I am only telling you this," Marsden continued, "because you were among the people who were at your sister's when Mymms was first produced, and it seems to me that we shall require a woman's wit to get Mymms from our enemies."

Cecilia flushed a little and nodded again. Marsden leaned sideways in the saddle.

"Cecilia," he said, "we have been old friends. Few people know it, but I serve my country. If I want your help will you stand by me?"

"I don't quite see," said Cecilia quietly.

"No," said Marsden, "of course not. But I can see—see quite plainly. There is *trouble* for the whole world coming along at a handgallop."

And Marsden was right. All the world was drifting unconsciously towards a last great struggle for the possession of the body, and therefore the invaluable dreams, of poor little Mr. Mymms.

## CHAPTER III

WHOSE SHALL THE DREAMER BE ?

FOR a man who had prophesied that *trouble* for the whole world was coming along at a handgallop, Marsden made an exceedingly placid return to his rooms.

He thoroughly enjoyed his cold bath, revelled in his shave, chose his attire with infinite care, and then grumbled delicately at the insufficient ironing of his silk hat.

Afterwards he strolled leisurely and with gleaming footsteps towards the Foreign Office. There he spoke plain words to the Duke.

The Duke's massive face grew pale as he listened to Marsden's indictment.

"Believe me," he wailed, "that I am bitterly sorry I spoke."

"So am I," said Marsden easily, "but I think I am sorrier than you. The position is exceedingly difficult. Of course, it would be simply folly to lay any blame at the door of the Duchess for happening to be at home yesterday afternoon to the very men who should not have been there.

## Whose shall the Dreamer be?

"But blame does attach to the Duchess for prattling about this business to Mr. Hastie Brighton, quite as much as blame attaches to you for babbling about it to Sir Reginald."

Marsden was by far the younger man, but the Duke was entirely dependent on him for his brain supply. So his Grace sat silent under the lash of Marsden's tongue.

"Of course," he mumbled, after a pause, "I will stop it at once—I am going home to lunch, and will speak to Mary then. I quite see the necessity for keeping this thing to ourselves."

With the utmost deliberation Marsden uncrossed his long legs and surveyed his boots with profound admiration.

"I think it would be better," he said, "if you did not go home to lunch. I will lunch with the Duchess instead. The Duchess is far more likely to oblige me than she is to oblige you."

The Duke winced a little, but said nothing. He knew that Marsden was right.

Marsden lunched with the Duchess, and was quietly insistent that she should, as far as possible, keep the story of Mymms to herself.

Unfortunately, a vast amount of mischief had already been done. And strange, mysterious men started on strange, mysterious errands from the neighbourhood of Carlton House Terrace and

## The Man who Dreamed Right

Victoria Street. Reference to the directory will show that the German Embassy is situated in the former place, and the business end of the American Embassy in the latter.

For, it being part of their duties to read the London newspapers, Torfeldt and Potomac had that morning made the same deductions as Marsden. It stared them very plainly in the face that the editor of the *Wire* had got ahead of them, and that the most desirable Mymms was now in his possession. And so each, with his own ends in view, racked his brains to discover a means whereby Mymms could be recovered from the grip of Mr. Hastie Brighton.

The announcement in the *Wire* that Everton would win the cup-tie final was, at the outset, regarded by the patrons of that estimable journal as a piece of "bluff."

But when Everton actually did win by two goals to nothing they reconsidered their decision, and reached a stage of doubt. What filled them with amazement was the prediction that Coronation would win the Chatsworth Stakes at Derby.

The majority of the readers of the *Wire* argued till late at night as to whether the triumph of these two daring prophecies was the outcome of luck or some peculiarly certain piece of knowledge.



## Whose shall the Dreamer be?

They retired to rest still undecided on these points. While they slept, a dozen anxious editors of London's daily papers discussed the matter with their subordinates, and "went to press" on the Sunday night in a greatly troubled state of mind.

The agony of mind on the part of the editors was intensified in the morning when, in bold, black type, on the front page of the *Wire*, they saw announced, without hesitation or reserve, that Inkpot would win the Copthorne Plate at Epsom.

A dozen editors hung about their various offices anxious and ill at ease until the result of this particular race came through on the tape on Monday afternoon.

Then, having said a great number of things that it is inadvisable to reproduce, they rang up their proprietors and engaged them in prolonged and earnest conversation.

Of course, for the simple reason that no newspaper unnecessarily advertises another, no notice was taken of the *Wire's* peculiar method of sporting prophecy.

But as the days went by it was impossible for the other papers to hide the *Wire's* lurid light beneath its own particular bushel.

Day by day the *Wire* put in bold, black type the forecast of the result of the day's racing. And day by day the forecast proved incontestably true.

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A dozen publishers harassed a dozen editors with the news of a terrible slump in their own circulation and the tidings that the *Wire* had requisitioned the machines of half-a-dozen weekly newspapers to print their copies.

By degrees the proprietors of the different newspapers were either informed of, or nosed out, the story of Mr. Harry Mymms' visit to the Duchess of Mold.

And there was great trouble and running up and down in Fleet Street.

The *Wire*, however, continued on its triumphant way. In a week it became the one paper which was regarded as infallible.

But in spite of his magnificent triumphs Mr. Charley Hammers, the sporting editor, was mightily troubled in mind. He was besieged on every hand. Up to the time of the discovery of Mr. Mymms he had found it a by no means easy task to rub shoulders with the owners of race-horses. Now the owners of racehorses sought him out, and every day he discovered himself in the position of having to decline at least two score invitations to lunch.

He was afraid, in his own words, "to give the game away." At the same time, Mr. Mymms was far more a curse than a blessing.

Especially was he troubled by the attentions

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of Mr. Levi Lygons. Mr. Levi Lygons asked him to lunch ; Mr. Levi Lygons asked him to dinner ; Mr. Levi Lygons invited him to the play ; Mr. Levi Lygons offered to lend him money without limit.

So it can easily be seen that Mr. Charley Hammers found himself in the midst of sore temptation.

Mr. Levi Lygons' anxiety to possess himself of his company was to some extent understandable to Mr. Hammers.

Mr. Hammers was not above a little flutter now and again on the Stock Exchange. Mr. Hammers began to think—and was greatly disturbed at his treachery of thought—that Mr. Mymms was wasted on the *Wire*.

But, having always both eyes cocked on possible game, Mr. Hammers was unable to understand the attentions—the assiduous and persistent attentions—of two men whom he had never met before.

No matter which racecourse he visited, Mr. Hammers found that he was being warmly gripped by the hand by Mr. Napoleon N. Potomac, of the American Embassy, and Count Torfeldt, who served the German Emperor.

Another matter which he could not quite fathom was that that exclusive and aloof person, the Earl of Marsden, carefully dogged his footsteps.

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Marsden never molested him; but Marsden was always there. It was certainly perplexing.

Meantime, other folk were equally disturbed from quite another standpoint.

In spite of the delicacy with which Marsden had addressed himself to his subject, the Duchess of Mold awoke to astuteness under his request for silence in the matter of Mr. Mymms.

When, therefore, the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Betting on the Racecourse wrote her a humble note, imploring her to give her attention to what he called the "sporting tips" in the *Wire*, the Duchess sent for the offending paper and studied it with care.

She was so disturbed at its announcements, that with heroic self-sacrifice she went down to Tottenham and fumed and sniffed and chafed in the Honourable and Reverend Roy Roland Skeffington's tobacco-laden little sitting-room while she waited for her curate brother.

Roy Skeffington lived in a world apart. It could scarcely be called a world at all, in that it savoured so much of Heaven. When he and his sister met, her news came as a shock.

Without hesitation he jammed his wideawake on to his rapidly-thinning hair and announced, with determination, that they must beard the lion in his den.

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In short, he proposed to visit Mr. Hastie Brighton.

The Duchess was nothing loth. Her being had been stirred to its depths, and, in the sublime belief that her position would be more than enough to overwhelm the mere editor of a newspaper, she and her brother started out for Fleet Street.

Mr. Hastie Brighton received them blandly. He had, as a matter of fact, been half expecting them. He knew a protest must come, and had merely speculated as to the hour.

Mary, Duchess of Mold, had a dominating personality, and for a few moments she dominated matters now. Skeffington was content to sit twisting his wideawake in his hands.

The Duchess was full of just wrath. She did not mince words, and Mr. Hastie Brighton had to gather his faculties for long suffering and diplomacy together to weather the storm of her Grace's superior breed of indignation.

Mr. Hastie Brighton, however, had weathered worse storms than this.

As the Duchess finished her denunciation, he sighed a little and spread out his hands.

"Why is it?" he asked, more of Heaven than of his earthly visitors, "that people who have little knowledge of newspapers always judge them so harshly?"

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“What do you mean?” asked the Duchess.

“My dear madam,” said Mr. Hastie Brighton, leaning forward in his chair with a little bow and a smile that before now had disarmed the hostility of angry Powers, “don’t you see what must be the inevitable outcome of a continuance of these announcements of ours, as to the result of the day’s racing?”

He looked with almost pathetic appeal into the Duchess’s eyes.

The Duchess sat up very stiffly in her chair, and glared at the smiling Mr. Hastie Brighton.

“No, I do not,” she said shortly. “The only conclusion I can come to is that you are debasing and degrading the minds of the public. You are giving the youth of this country a taste for gambling, which can only result in their moral ruin. I know, to my sorrow, that there is not a man or a woman existing who will hesitate to bet on a certainty.”

Mr. Hastie Brighton sighed; and it was a sigh that would have reduced the stony-faced sphinx to tears.

“Do you think that that is all we have in view?” he asked plaintively.

“I can see nothing else,” said the Duchess.

“But because you can see no further than that,” urged Mr. Hastie Brighton, “is it right that

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you should condemn us? Believe me, you are wrong.

“Let me place the matter on its most sordid basis. A very large percentage of the cost of newspapers is incurred by sport—so-called.

“We have,” he went on, “to pay large sums to men whom we think can best foretell the results of races. But, believe me, that we have no desire to continue this practice if it can be avoided. Now, the prophecies of Mr. Mymms will bring this matter to a head. Before the month is out we shall be in entire possession of the sporting world. People will be delighted to know what horse will win a certain race, or what team will win a certain football match; but as soon as they learn that our forecasts are infallible, betting will cease.

“Don’t you see,” continued the editor, “that the matter is perfectly simple? We shall kill gambling, because in a few weeks it will no longer be possible to gamble.

“As it is, the bookmakers are feeling it very badly. Tattersalls’, too, are horribly put about. Indeed, even up to now, we have killed at least sixty per cent. of the betting in this country.”

“Do you really mean that?” asked the Duchess.

“Mean it!” exclaimed Mr. Hastie Brighton.

“Of course I mean it! It may be a miserable

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way of putting it, but I can assure you that if we can stop gambling we shall save money."

"Surely," said the Duchess severely, "that is rather a low ideal!"

"Believe me," urged Mr. Hastie Brighton, "that it is not our ideal. Frankly, I don't think you would believe me if I said that we possessed ideals at all. But we do. We should like a clean Turf, and we should like to see our football fields free from betting.

"Mr. Mymms," he added impressively, "is the way out."

The Duchess shook Mr. Hastie Brighton by the hand—but rather doubtfully.

Skeffington, for his part, however, was quite convinced.

It may be now said that Mr. Charley Hammers, the sporting editor, had, to a very large extent, fathomed the depths of Mr. Hastie Brighton's mind. He knew full well what an economy the abolition of competition in tips would prove to any daily newspaper. He saw, indeed, that if Mymms continued his disturbing dreams, his own occupation would be gone. And he cast round for a solution to his distress. He received the advances—though he did not understand them—of Mr. Napoleon N. Potomac and Count Torfeldt with greater cordiality than before.



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Mr. Levi Lygons, however, whom he understood fairly well, pleased him better, and he accepted Lygons' invitations to lunch, to dinner, and to the play.

Still there was a considerable amount of loyalty in Mr. Hammers' constitution, so that he hesitated long on the brink of treachery. And his hesitation was rendered more pronounced because Mr. Hastie Brighton had placed other guards than Mr. Hammers over the safe keeping of Mr. Mymms.

So wrapped up in sport had the whole of Mr. Hammers' life been, that it was not till towards the end of the week that his normally clever brain began to appreciate the importance of Mymms. When he did at last realise it, his position caused him still more anxiety.

The public in general, of course, knew but little. The story of Mymms was only slowly leaking out.

And the leakage was, to a large extent, stopped by the fact that other newspapers could not afford to admit—in spite of the fact that their circulation was dwindling—that the *Wire* possessed such an invaluable asset as Mr. Harry Mymms.

Still, the story was leaking out by degrees, and gradually overflowing from Mayfair to Fleet Street, and from Fleet Street to the public.

From the first, Mr. Hastie Brighton had realised

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that he could not keep the secret of Mymms to himself. In common with the Duke of Mold, Mr. Hastie Brighton was a man with the club habit. But the club habit, in his case, was exceedingly diverse in its operation.

Whereas the Duke of Mold let the world come to him in his favourite chair at the Athenæum, Mr. Hastie Brighton went out to seek the world in more clubs than could be counted on the fingers of a man's hand.

And wherever he sought the world he found it. Men always came to him with news. For, after all, if a man has news to give, he desires for that news the best possible circulation. And what better circulation can be found than to tell it to an editor?

Therefore, after six days of untarnished triumph, Mr. Hastie Brighton saw clearly that he could not live up to his boast to the Duchess. Mr. Harry Mymms' energies must be applied to greater matters than horseracing.

With this idea in mind, he jumped into a taxi on the Friday following Mymms' visit to the Duchess, and went to the obscure flat in the Gray's Inn Road in which Mr. Mymms was housed.

Though Mr. Hastie Brighton had not troubled Mymms in person, he had seen to it that Mymms lived a strict and strenuous life. He had ensured

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that Mymms was roused every morning at four in order that drowsiness might overtake him towards eight o'clock at night. At eight o'clock Mymms was systematically put to bed, with instructions to dream on certain given matters. At midnight every night Mymms was roused from sleep, and the result of his dreams communicated to the *Wire*.

The very fact that he had not bothered about him stamped in Mymms' feeble mind the impression that Mr. Hastie Brighton was an amazingly powerful and unapproachable person.

It was, therefore, with considerable diffidence that Mymms rose to meet the editor of the *Wire* when he called on him on that Friday afternoon, which was to prove the real beginning of a new terror to the country.

Mr. Hastie Brighton approached him with an outstretched hand and a smile that would have won the confidence of a rattlesnake.

"I hope they are treating you properly," he said.

Mr. Mymms, who had, in reality, been enjoying the best time of his life, was all humility and gratitude.

"No complaints, sir," he said. "No complaints."

Mr. Hastie Brighton waved one of the most

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faithful members of his staff out of the room, and was left alone with Mymms.

"Mr. Mymms," he said, "I have come to thank you for your invaluable services. I believe that I am right in supposing that you are a man with very considerable ideas and aspirations. I have been reproaching myself that I have not come to see you before, because it seems to me that you are wasting your time and your opportunities.

"As a matter of fact, I have been considerably exercised in mind as to the manner in which I have treated you. It occurs to me that it was hardly fair to tie you up with a contract to serve us before you knew—or, at any rate, rightly realised—your possibilities."

"I am sure, sir," said Mymms, his foolish blue eyes filling with thankful tears, "that you have been very kind to me."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Hastie Brighton shortly, "but that is hardly the point.

"I feel that we should release you from this sporting business. And at a word from you I will release you. On the other hand, if I can only get you to accept my views, you ought to be able to see that, through the medium of the *Wire*, you can be of immense service to your country."

"Nothing could please me better," said Mr. Mymms, and he rubbed his poor little chin with

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his weak right hand, and blinked at Mr. Hastie Brighton with his staring, stupid eyes.

"For instance," continued the editor of the *Wire*, "there is to be a Cabinet meeting to-morrow, at which the naval policy of the country will be discussed, and at which it will be decided whether or no there is to be a supplementary naval programme.

"You will, of course, see how important this business is. If you could discover for us that there was to be no supplementary programme, then we should be practically able to force the hands of the Government to-morrow. On the other hand, if you could discover for us that there was to be a supplementary programme, then you would do a great deal to strengthen the finances of the country."

"I see," said Mr. Mymms, and he nodded his big head on his thin little neck.

"Well, now," continued Mr. Hastie Brighton, "supposing that I were to release you from your obligations on racing matters to-night, could you tell me instead, at midnight, what the result of to-morrow's Cabinet meeting will be?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mymms, "I could. I am certain I could dream it."

"Ah," said Mr. Hastie Brighton, "that would be exceedingly useful. Will you do it?"

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"I will," said Mymms.

And he did.

The announcement staggered London, and was soon afterwards staggering the world.

The Duke of Mold sent for Marsden, and Marsden went straight down to Fleet Street.

He explained, in his leisurely but emphatic manner, that a continuance of this sort of thing would imperil public safety.

Mr. Hastie Brighton was shrugging his disagreement when the door burst violently open, and Mr. Charley Hammers rushed in, panting, and with his hat and collar awry.

"What's the matter?" cried the editor of the *Wire*; but his face on a sudden grew pale and pinched. He guessed the truth.

"He is lost, sir," cried Hammers.

"Who is lost?"

"Who? Mymms! Mymms has been stolen!"

Marsden rose slowly from his chair and arranged his waistcoat.

The *trouble* that he had foreseen was at hand.

## CHAPTER IV

### CECILIA'S SACRIFICE

“**I** THINK,” said Marsden, “that perhaps we had better adjourn this discussion. This is hardly my affair.”

He lied with malice aforethought for the express purpose of seeing what Mr. Hastie Brighton would say ; for, so long as Mymms was bound up in the welfare of his country, it was very much his business.

Both by nature and by training Mr. Hastie Brighton was a reader of minds. It was instantly obvious to him that the Earl of Marsden lied, and that he lied with a purpose ; and he made his decision at once.

“Are you sure,” he asked of Marsden, almost appealingly, “that this is not your affair ? I rather think it is.”

He did not say so in words, but his manner suggested that the abduction of Mymms had raised that unfortunate little man far above the level of horse-racing.

“Just as you please,” said Marsden easily, and he sat down again.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

"Go on, go on," cried Mr. Hastie Brighton impatiently to Hammers. "Go on, and tell us how it happened."

Mr. Charley Hammers cast a suspicious look at Marsden.

"It is quite simple to explain, sir," he said, turning his purple face in the direction of the editor of the *Wire*; "perfectly simple. As you know, apart from the fact that Mymms has been watched by Barns and Crane, I have given him, whenever possible, my own supervision.

"I was there only half an hour ago, and Crane was then in charge. He told me that Mymms was asleep, and had been given his instructions as to what to dream for the morning. Barns had not been very well the night before, so Crane had been doing a double shift. He was very tired and sick of not getting out into the open air, and asked me if I could spare him ten minutes.

"I said he could take half an hour.

"I went into the sitting-room and lit a cigar, which I smoked as I looked through the evening papers.

"Twenty minutes had scarcely gone by when Crane came back.

"As you know, we had a little sliding-door put into the panel of Mymms' room so that from time to time we can look in and see if he is safe. I



## Cecilia's Sacrifice

heard Crane go along the passage to Mymms' room, and then give a cry.

"He came tearing in to me and shouted that Mymms had gone.

"I was out of the room in a moment, and dashed down the passage.

"Mymms' door was fastened from the outside, but I unlocked it. I looked all round the place—but Mymms had gone!

"Crane and I together searched the flat, but there was not the slightest trace of him to be found.

"If," concluded Mr. Hammers with significance, "Mymms was really there when I got to the flat, then all I can say is that he must have slipped out while I was reading the papers. But how he can have done it, I cannot imagine, as his door was locked from the outside."

Mr. Hastie Brighton's eyes searched Hammers' face.

"That is all you can tell us?" he asked coldly.

Mr. Hammers' purple countenance grew still more purple.

"That's all I know, sir," he said.

"Very well," answered Mr. Hastie Brighton, "you had better return to your work."

"But what are we to do to-morrow?"

Mr. Hastie Brighton pulled down the corners

## The Man who Dreamed Right

of his mouth and shrugged his shoulders rather despairingly.

"You had better try to get back to your old form," he said.

When Hammers had gone, Hastie Brighton and Marsden looked at each other long and thoughtfully.

"Lord Marsden," said Brighton appealingly, "when you called just now I was beginning to realise that Mymms should by rights be handed over to the nation. You may not believe me, but I proposed to do it, not to-night, nor to-morrow, but still at the end of the week."

"Yes?" said Marsden, in a way which suggested a vast amount of polite speculation.

"I did," said Mr. Hastie Brighton, banging his hand on his desk. "And this disappearance of Mymms has simply brought about a crisis. Who do you think stole him?"

"Which of the two of us," asked Marsden, quietly, "do you think knows Mr. Hammers the best?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

For a while the two men sat again in silence.

"The point is," said Mr. Hastie Brighton presently, "how we can recover Mymms."

"I would suggest," said Marsden icily, "that

## Cecilia's Sacrifice

you should keep a stricter watch on Mr. Hammers than you ever kept on Mymms."

Mr. Hastie Brighton was nettled.

"Naturally, I shall," he said. "But at the same time it seems to me that there are several people who might reasonably be suspected."

"Quite so," said Marsden. "I think there are three."

The editor rose from his chair as though to end the interview.

"If I hear anything, Lord Marsden," he said, "I will communicate with you at once. May I ask that you will do the same for me?"

Marsden bowed his complete agreement to this proposal, and left leisurely.

While these two men talked, Mr. Charley Hammers sat upstairs in his own room fidgeting in his chair. Like most men with an uneasy conscience, he was a prey to a thousand fears. The slightest movement made him start. He was horribly conscious that he had not "played the game" by the *Wire*.

Of course Mr. Hammers' temptation had been severe, and his perplexity immense. He had been quite unable to guess the reason for Torfeldt's and Potomac's sudden and persistent friendship. Nor had he been able to understand for what reason Marsden had doggedly pursued him.

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But Mr. Levi Lygons he had been able to understand, and Mr. Levi Lygons had money. And money never talked more loudly to any man than to Mr. Charley Hammers.

It was in this way that he fell.

So when he had arrived at the flat to find Crane suffering from over-fatigue, the cards had been practically placed in his hands.

He abstracted Mymms from the possession of the *Wire* with the utmost ease.

Then in haste—but at the same time artistic haste—he had hurried down to Mr. Hastie Brighton. As a taxi bore him towards Fleet Street, he ruffled the nap of his silk hat, disordered his collar, and rumbled his hair. His natural fears supplied the rest of the outward signs of his agitation.

He had not reckoned on meeting Marsden, and Marsden upset him. And as he chewed savagely on the stump of an extinct cigar an inkling of the truth came home to him.

“By George!” he said to himself as he slapped a massive thigh. “I never saw it before!”

“After all,” he added, with an attempt both to salve his conscience and excuse his commercial villainy, “Governments do not pay much, and Levi Lygons is pretty safe.”

Following Marsden's departure Mr. Hastie

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Brighton sat and smoked cigarette after cigarette as he mapped out his plan of action. He might have called in the entire staff and sent them in pursuit of Mymms, but this would inevitably have defeated his own object as such a chase would have exposed his loss to the rest of eager Fleet Street.

There were only three persons who could possibly have stolen Mymms, and it was these three persons whom Mr. Hastie Brighton decided to watch.

If Potomac were the thief, then the secret was to be learnt at the quayside of Liverpool or Southampton; for in such a case Mymms was by now assuredly booked for America.

If Torfeldt had committed grand larceny to the extent of kidnapping Mymms, then, within a very few hours, Berlin would reveal the truth.

Mr. Hastie Brighton set a close watch at Liverpool and Southampton, and spent a deal of money in cabling to Berlin.

There was, however, still Levi Lygons to be considered. And it would have been perfectly possible to watch Levi Lygons' goings and comings in such a way as to discover whether he had stolen Mymms.

But such a watch could not have been set without arousing the suspicions of Lygons. So Mr. Hastie Brighton adopted the simple method of

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sitting still and asking his City editor to report to him Levi Lygons' operations on the Stock Exchange.

By other means, Marsden got to work on entirely similar lines to the editor of the *Wire*.

\* \* \* \* \*

To those who knew the story of Mymms, the truth was, of course, plain on the morning following his disappearance.

The *Wire* had of necessity to tell its own tale.

For a few moments a dozen newspaper proprietors and a similar number of editors chuckled with delight; but they were immediately sobered by the problem as to what had become of Mymms.

And each one suspected the other as being able to account for the disappearance of the prophet of the *Wire*.

In two days' time Marsden and Hastie Brighton knew for a certainty the approximate whereabouts of Mymms.

Lygons was coining money by apparently blind speculation.

On one day when Spanish Reefs stood at a horrible discount, Levi Lygons bought up the Spanish Reefs lock, stock, and barrel. On the

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morrow, the price of Spanish Reefs leaped sky high.

The next day it was a matter of Chinese Bonds, which were then slumping to an extent which threatened their holders with complete ruin.

Mr. Levi Lygons released the holders of Chinese Bonds from their uncomfortable condition.

In the morning Chinese Bonds shot upwards with the velocity of rockets.

Then Mr. Hastie Brighton and Marsden knew.

Each took his own steps. But Marsden's steps led him in the direction of Park Street.

It was curious how in two days the Duchess of Mold had suddenly become the centre of attraction to diplomatic persons.

When Marsden arrived at the house he found Torfeldt and Potomac in possession of the Duchess's most comfortable chairs.

Marsden, however, possessed the advantage of being a privileged visitor, and the circumstance enabled him to outstay the American and German attachés.

Indeed he remained so long that the Duchess had to leave him in order to dress for dinner. Then Marsden found himself alone with Cecilia.

He gave one quick glance at the clock, recognised that his time was short, and went straight to the heart of the matter.

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"Cecilia," he said, "I am going to tell you a story."

He told her the story of Mymms.

Cecilia listened with a rising colour and parted lips.

For years it had been only necessary for some great emergency to call forth her powers. The summons came now and she was not afraid.

"So you see," Marsden concluded, "that it is perfectly obvious who has stolen Mymms. It is now necessary that we should get him back before Torfeldt or Potomac discover his whereabouts."

Marsden paused, then added, "And the only person who can get him back is yourself."

"How?"

"I will tell you—and believe me I feel rather a cad in having to suggest to you what you will have to do. But it cannot be helped.

"The other day," Marsden continued, "you were left a little money. Go down to St. Swithin's Lane in the morning, see Levi Lygons, and ask him how you had better invest it.

"Levi Lygons will tell you, because Levi Lygons loves you."

Marsden's words were so deliberately cruel that Cecilia drew in her breath and flushed hotly.

"Lord Marsden," she cried, "I think you have



## Cecilia's Sacrifice

asked me to do something which you should not have required of me. I'll play with no man's love for the sake of a game of politics."

"Quite right," said Marsden gravely; "but this is not a game of politics. It's a matter which concerns your country and mine."

"Well?" Cecilia was defiant and indignant.

"You will go to Mr. Levi Lygons," said Marsden more quietly than before, "and he will tell you in what to invest. You will have to joke a little with him, and say you almost believe he has got Mr. Mymms in his pocket.

"From that point the matter must be left to your own discretion. The main point to remember is that we must ascertain the whereabouts of Mymms."

"It seems to me," said Cecilia, with tears in her eyes, "that the main point is that I am not to be considered at all."

It was Marsden's turn to flush.

"Forgive me," said he. "If I did not trust you immensely, I would not ask you to do such a thing. So far as I personally am concerned, I have no stake in this business at all. My motives are perfectly unselfish, even to the extent of being cruel to you. I simply ask you to be unselfish too."

Cecilia understood—understood that there are

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some things in this life in which a woman must either abase herself or stand aside. So she abased herself, and promised to see Lygons.

On the following morning she drove, about noon, to Levi Lygons' office in St. Swithin's Lane.

The great financier's confidential clerk betrayed no emotion as Cecilia gave him her name.

The emotion was on the part of Mr. Levi Lygons.

But that distrust which is the predominating characteristic of his race outweighed the flattery, which for a moment he laid to the unction of his soul.

In his own coarse, thorough-going way, he asked himself: "Is this a game?"

Cecilia, her girlhood all forgotten, deceived him to the full. Levi Lygons was at first intimate, and then familiar.

Cecilia's lips were dry and her heart beat fast, but she laughed out the suggestion with which Marsden had prompted her.

"One would almost think," she said, "that you had Mr. Mymms in your pocket."

Levi Lygons was intoxicated with Cecilia's confidences, and blurted out more than he meant.

"What if I have?" he asked.

"Why, nothing at all," said Cecilia, with the eyes of a saint, "except that I should like to consult him in person."

## Cecilia's Sacrifice

Levi Lygons' blood was careering through his veins.

Against the still small voice of his discretion, which to his kind is as the voice of conscience, he cried :

“ Well, you might see him ! ”

Cecilia's eyes blazed with excitement and, unfortunately for him, Levi Lygons misread their token.

“ I'd let you see Mr. Mymms,” he said almost humbly ; “ but if I did, I should have to ask you to do the thing which I am afraid you would not do.

“ It is not,” he continued, looking almost pitiaibly uncomfortable, “ that I want to place you in an invidious position, but simply precaution demands it.”

“ I don't understand,” said Cecilia.

But she was hoping to.

“ Well, you see,” said Levi Lygons lamely, “ I have a lot on my mind just now and am not stopping in Belgrave Square. I have taken a little place at Richmond, and in the course of business I have to dine every night at the ‘ Star and Garter.’ If you really want to see Mymms, you shall see him, but it will have to be at Richmond.”

He was perfectly certain in the subtle and mysterious depths of his soul that Cecilia had

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some very definite motive in her desire to see Mymms.

But the passion of the moment was uppermost and he ground the suspicions of his soul under foot.

“ Yes ? ” Cecilia looked at him half-laughingly.

Levi Lygons almost choked.

“ Would you ? ” he said in a whisper. “ Would you really dine with me at the ‘ Star and Garter ’ to-night ? ”

Cecilia rose from her chair.

She was not afraid of Levi Lygons, but she hated this deceit. Nor from Marsden could she draw any comfort. Marsden had not held out the faintest suggestion that she did this unpleasant work for him. There was only the cold support of her country's need. But Cecilia answered the call.

“ Very well,” she said slowly. “ I will dine with you at the ‘ Star and Garter ’ to-night.”

When he heard of it, hours later, Marsden bit his lips until they nearly bled.

It was hard to sacrifice the name of Cecilia on the altar of his country.

## CHAPTER V

### THE BLUE PAVILION

MR. NAPOLEON N. POTOMAC, of the American Embassy, did not fear the English newspapers in a general way, but he had more than a sneaking regard for Mr. Hastie Brighton, of the *Wire*—a sneaking regard which developed into a healthy respect when he discovered that Mr. Hastie Brighton had forestalled him in the matter of Mymms.

What, however, Mr. Potomac did dread, and dread in a way which finally harassed his nerves, were the sleuth-like qualities of his fellow-countrymen, the London correspondents of the New York and Chicago papers.

His worst apprehensions, however, centred on Mr. Murphy, the London editor of the *New York Flare*.

Murphy was a large and plump man, with a presidential face, and the habit of holding a cigar in one corner of his mouth while he spat out State secrets in stage whispers from the other corner.

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Few people knew Murphy, but Murphy knew everyone.

Whenever anything happened Murphy was there, and his presence at the critical moment was invariably due to long and thoughtful preparations. Murphy carefully laid plans to waylay and capture any little bit of futurity that he calculated might bring grist to his mill.

The first announcement in the *Wire*, which foretold the result of the Cup Tie, roused his un-sleeping watchfulness to an unprecedented degree.

Then he gathered up the stray ends of Mymms' visit to the Duchess, and, armed with this knowledge, called on Mr. Hastie Brighton. The editor of the *Wire* laughed at Murphy; but his laughter only made Murphy the more convinced that Mymms was an actual force, and not merely the hero of an idle tale.

For several days Murphy sat down to watch and to wait. He never rushed at anything; he preferred to be absolutely sure before he made a move. But he held his hand a little too long, and it was an unpleasant shock when he realised that Mymms must have been stolen from the *Wire*.

Then it was that Potomac came to see him. After the manner of the New Diplomacy, Potomac pretended to tell him everything. On this particular occasion it was the only safe thing to do.

## The Blue Pavilion

Murphy listened with an air of infinite wisdom, while he chewed a cigar, and finally spoke out of the disengaged corner of his mouth.

"You haven't told me anything new," he said; "and I'm under no obligation to you. This story is going to New York to-night."

Potomac had come prepared for this emergency, and dealt with it at once.

"I don't think so," he said.

"Why not?"

"Look here, Murphy," said the diplomat to the journalist, "there are better things in this life than 'a good story.' You will never earn the undying gratitude of your country by cabling this yarn; but if you will only listen to me, I can put you in a fair way to political preferment."

"How's that?"

"I can't move without you," explained Potomac, "and you can't do very much without me. Suppose we join forces?"

Murphy looked at Potomac long and thoughtfully.

"And steal Mymms for the States?" he suggested at length.

Potomac nodded.

"That is all very well for you, Potomac; but where do I come in? I don't propose to lose my job for the sake of a wild goose chase, and you have

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got to remember that all the earth will be after Mymms in a day or so."

"A good portion of the earth is after him now," said Potomac; "and if we don't look lively we shan't be in the running."

"How do you propose to get him?"

"That remains to be seen. The first thing to discover is who has got him now."

"And who do you think has him?" asked Murphy.

"Well, I should say it was a pretty even choice between Torfeldt and Levi Lygons. If Mymms has been whisked off to Berlin I shall know that for certain to-night. It will mean a pretty stiff chase to get him back from over there; but still, it can be done.

"If Lygons has got him," Potomac continued, "it will be a much simpler piece of business. By to-morrow we shall be able, by watching the stocks, to know whether Lygons has got him or not."

Murphy sat for full five minutes staring gloomily at the wall before him. He felt it in his bones that he was allowing one of the best "scoops" of his life to slip through his fingers.

He did not tell Potomac so, but he had not the slightest intention of allowing the United States Government to retain possession of Mymms, even



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though their joint efforts should succeed in removing Mymms to America.

After all, Murphy's heart was not in politics, but in journalism. Potomac might be useful, but Murphy was arguing along the lines that, once aboard the lugger, Mymms would be his.

For the moment he agreed to run in double harness with Potomac, and for the next forty-eight hours the two men set about discovering the whereabouts of Mymms.

They found him, just as Mr. Hastie Brighton found him, by watching the speculations of Lygons ; and on the afternoon of the second day they took counsel together as to the removal of Mymms from Levi Lygons' keeping.

They had done more than Mr. Hastie Brighton, and were then well acquainted with the place in which Mymms was housed. They had possessed themselves of full particulars as to the manner in which the little prophet was guarded, and laid careful plans for the outwitting, if not overpowering, of that guard.

Finally Murphy remarked out of the corner of his mouth :

" There is no use letting things slide for too long, Potomac. We will have to get Mymms to-night."

Potomac agreed, and they made their final arrangements.

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Unfortunately for them, they settled on a time which was just an hour too late.

For while they talked, Cecilia was telling Marsden of her visit to Lygons.

For once in his life Marsden was deeply moved. He walked across the Duchess of Mold's drawing-room and stood staring out into the Park; then he turned about, and stood so that his face was in the shadow.

"Cecilia," he said, "you are splendid! But I did not mean you to do this."

Cecilia laughed—a hard little laugh.

"No?" she said. "But after all it is just as well to be thorough. If you wished me to do this piece of work for you, and I chose the only way of contriving it, surely you should not be distressed."

"I am very grateful," said Marsden, and, turning away again, he remained for some time gazing down into the street.

The silence became so painful to Cecilia that she came over to Marsden and placed herself beside him. She touched him lightly on the arm.

"After all," she said briskly, "it's rather a good game, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Marsden slowly, "it is a good game; but somehow it is not a game in which I could have wished you to take a part."

"You say it's serious," cried Cecilia—"really

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serious—that the country wants Mymms; and if the country wants Mymms, the country shall have him, if I can help. You remember our motto, ‘Consider not yourself.’ ”

To this Marsden made no reply at all, except to hold out his hand, and they shook hands in silence, as men might have done at the closing of a bargain.

“Now,” said Marsden, “we must tell the Duke, and the first step in that direction is, I presume, to ‘phone to the Athenæum.”

When Marsden rang up the Athenæum the Duke was in a perplexed state of mind. He was somnolently discussing the question with himself as to whether he should nod on in his chair for another hour or return to the Foreign Office.

Marsden’s peremptory message settled the question for him. The Duke came back to Park Street, irritable and slightly worried.

He listened to Marsden’s explanation with annoyance. “Really, I think,” he said, almost sharply for him, “that you might have left Cecilia out of it.”

“In which case Cecilia would have been highly offended,” said his sister-in-law.

Marsden nodded approval.

“The difficulty now is,” said Marsden, “to arrange matters as may be most convenient for

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Cecilia. Where is the Duchess dining to-night ? ”

“ At the Damiens’,” said Cecilia, “ and I was going with her.”

“ And you ? ” asked Marsden, turning to the Duke.

“ Bless my soul ! ” said his Grace, “ I had almost forgotten. Confound it ! I am due at Regent’s Park to dine with the Carthews. Hang it ! it had quite slipped my memory. And the Duchess was asked, too.”

That gave Marsden his opportunity.

“ Tell them the Duchess could not come,” he said. “ It’s only a little lie, and won’t hurt. Tell the Duchess you are going to take Cecilia with you. It will rather surprise her, but I don’t suppose she will object.”

“ But how can Cecilia go with me ? ” asked the Duke heavily.

“ Go with you ? Of course, she can’t go with you,” answered Marsden. “ Can’t you see, man, that I am doing my best to explain her absence away ? She will have to leave with you, and you had better drop her at Almack’s before you go on to Regent’s Park. I can pick her up there in a motor, and take her down to Richmond. But you will have to lend me one of your cars. From what I know of Lygons, his men are probably swarming about the town, and they may recognise mine.”

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The Duke grumbled, but agreed, and that settled the matter.

When the news was partially broken to the Duchess she was thoroughly taken aback.

“ Good gracious, Willie ! ” she said to the Duke ;  
“ but you must have made some mistake. Surely the Carthews would not ask you and Cecilia and not include me ? ”

The Duke scratched his head, searching for a convenient explanation. He found it.

“ Well,” he said, “ it was rather a mixed up affair altogether. Carthew asked me yesterday where you were dining to-night. I had a sort of idea that you were going out, and said so.

“ Then he asked me about Cecilia, and I said I thought she would be at home. He said, ‘ Oh, poor girl ! bring her along,’ and I said ‘ All right.’ ”

“ Really, Willie,” said the exasperated Duchess,  
“ you are too tiresome for words ! I never heard of such a thing ! ”

“ Never mind,” said the Duke, “ let her come. I want to get home early, and that will be an excuse. I have some work to do.”

“ Work ! ”

The Duchess shrugged her ample shoulders and sailed away.

The usually placid and serene countenance of

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the Duke bore traces of anxiety as Marsden came out of Almack's to meet them.

"Hang it!" said his Grace, as Marsden thrust his head through the window; "why, you're not even dressed!"

Marsden laughed.

"I should not be surprised," he said easily, "if there were a bit of a rough-and-tumble to-night, and I have no desire to go kidnapping in dress clothes."

"Look here," said the Duke, gravely and heavily, "if you are going to let Cecilia in for that sort of thing, I tell you I won't have it."

"Don't be foolish!" said Marsden sharply. "You know better than to suppose that I should expose her to any danger."

And with that the Duke had to rest content.

On the way down to Richmond Marsden noticed that Cecilia was flushed and excited. He read her a little homily on the necessity of never being ruffled.

When he had concluded his gentle lecture, Marsden returned to the affair which confronted them.

"Of course," he said, "unless you can find out from Lygons where he has hidden Mymms, we shan't be in a very much better position than we are now."

"And I shall be in a worse one!" laughed Cecilia.

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Marsden ignored this, and continued to discuss the matter with his ordinary calm.

"You will not forget, of course," he said, with an air of giving instructions, which rather nettled Cecilia, "that the whole object of your visit to Richmond is to get the address of Mymms? Naturally, you will get it; but whether before dinner, during dinner, or after dinner, is, of course, hard to say.

"Now, when you have got it, jump up from the table and say that you must telephone home. You left your jewel case lying about unlocked, and you must speak to your maid at once."

"Is that a swift curtain, or merely the middle of the first act?" asked Cecilia.

"Only the middle of the first act, I am afraid," said Marsden. "Only the middle of the first act, the end of which will, from your point of view, I fear, be rather dull.

"However, when you telephone, do not ask for 018 Mayfair, but 24 Richmond. That is the Bull Hotel, and at the Bull Hotel I shall be.

"The place cannot be far from the 'Star and Garter,' and we shall be all ready to start. An hour will be ample for our needs."

"An hour will be rather a long time," said Cecilia; "supposing that I do not discover where Mymms is till, say, ten o'clock."

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"Never mind," said Marsden, flicking a piece of dust from his coat sleeve. "Insist on Lygons seeing you home. Say you are nervous travelling alone at night."

"Thank you!" said Cecilia, and there was a deal of bitterness in her tone.

Marsden had not meant to be callous, much less brutal. He took a quick glance at Cecilia's flushed and distinctly unhappy face, and his heart smote him.

Marsden was nearly always unfortunate in his dealings with women. When his mind was centred on any urgent matter he, for the time being, forgot their existence.

"Cecilia," he said gently, "I am sorry!"

At Kew Bridge Marsden stopped the car, and, alighting, took a tram.

Cecilia went on to the "Star and Garter."

She felt a little shy and nervous as she ascended the steps of the hotel. Lygons rushed forward to meet her, and there was an incredulity in his eyes that suggested he could scarcely believe his own sight.

As they passed through the hall and into the dining-room, Cecilia looked anxiously about her. She knew that shame would be hers if there chanced to be there anyone whom she knew.

But she need have had little fear on this point.



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It was far too early in the year for the place to be crowded. She and Lygons practically had the great dining-room to themselves.

Lygons had thoughtfully chosen a little table near the fireplace, and had seen that it was amply furnished with flowers.

Cecilia thanked him for his thought, and they began a strained and uncomfortable dinner.

The ice was far from broken even when they had come to the *entrée*.

Lygons, though solicitous, was nervous, and his hands shook. Cecilia made a bold effort at conversation.

"Do you often dine here?" she asked.

"Very seldom, although my cottage is scarcely half a mile away."

Cecilia's heart began to beat fast, but her outward calm was magnificent.

"Oh!" she said, "I wonder if I know it? You know, when we were small we lived here."

Lygons snatched at this straw of conversation.

"Then you probably do," he said. "It is the little blue pavilion down on the river bank. 'Wisteria' they call it."

"Why, how jolly!" said Cecilia, "we lived almost next door. I remember the place well. It has a little carriage drive in front of it and a little wood at the back of it."

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"That's it, that's it!" Lygons cried.

For a while they talked of Richmond. Then Cecilia carefully turned the drift of the conversation into another channel. Suddenly she leapt to her feet.

"What's the matter?" asked Lygons, seized with a sudden terror.

"Nothing," said Cecilia. "Nothing—that is to say, not very much. I have just remembered that I left my jewel case lying about my room unlocked." She congratulated herself on so faithfully remembering the excuse with which Marsden had provided her.

"What can we do?" asked Lygons.

"I am afraid, Mr. Lygons," said Cecilia, "that you can do nothing. But I must telephone at once."

"Let me find the box for you," said Lygons. Cecilia thanked him, but her heart grew cold.

Fortunately there was a telephone in the ladies' dressing-room.

Cecilia made for this.

Suddenly, keen suspicion returned to Lygons; but he set it aside. He did his best to feel ashamed of the idea that Cecilia could in any way be plotting against him. Still, that suspicion of his would not be quieted.

Cecilia rang through to Marsden.

"It is 'Wisteria,'" she said; "the little blue

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pavilion that stands back on the left-hand side of the road after you have passed the ' Angler.' ”

“ Oh, thanks, Cecilia,” said Marsden, and even over the wire Cecilia could detect the warmth in his voice.

“ Good luck ! ” answered Cecilia, and rang off.

She was of a distinctly sporting turn of mind. She returned to the dining-room, and was delightfully gay.

Lygons forgot his nervousness, and grew confidential. After all, he reflected, as the wine warmed him, this girl ought to be grateful to him.

He had made ten thousand pounds for her in the last twenty-four hours.

But unfortunately Lygons had an upbringing which took effect now. From being confidential, he grew familiar.

Cecilia checked him at once, and without effort.

“ I must be going home,” she said.

Levi Lygons glanced at the clock and inwardly grumbled. It was just half-past nine. However, he thought he saw an advantage, and pressed it. It brought about his undoing.

“ Will you let me see you home ? ” he asked the girl.

“ Thanks ! ” said Cecilia, “ if you will be so kind. I am rather nervous about travelling alone at night.”

## The Man who Dreamed Right

“ Will you mind if I telephone first ? ” asked Lygons.

Cecilia regretted her haste. She had, however, no option but to agree.

But Marsden had done his work well. The girl at the Exchange was polite and attentive, but she could get no answer from “ Wisteria.” Lygons was now in a ferment of anxiety. It was his turn to have no option.

All the way back to Park Street he sat beside Cecilia with his mind fixed on the blue pavilion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Marsden had practically unlimited resources at his call, and a considerable section of the best beef and brains of Scotland Yard drank beer at the Bull Hotel while he waited for Cecilia’s message.

After that message Scotland Yard’s beef and brains finished their beer hastily, wiped their mouths with care, and climbed into a couple of motor-cars.

Then followed a swift succession of events, which, as Marsden afterwards described it, was about as good as a sensation scene from a Drury Lane drama.

They found the blue pavilion with but little difficulty, and Marsden directed that the motors

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should drive up the carriage sweep from opposite directions, so that they met at the door.

As he fully anticipated, a couple of watchmen rushed out of the shadows to see who the visitors might be.

The watchmen, securely gagged and bound, were left to their reflections in the shrubbery.

In response to Marsden's imperative ring, the door was opened a few inches, and a man of clerk-like aspect thrust his head out.

Marsden thoughtfully put one of his polished boots against the jamb of the door, so that there should be no mistake about his entrance.

"What do you want?" asked the clerk-like man.

"Mymms!" answered Marsden crisply.

"What for?"

"To take him to Mr. Levi Lygons."

The clerk-like man gave a short laugh, but looked with a scared face at the waiting motor-cars.

He tried to close the door; but the rest was quick and decisive.

When they had the man down, Marsden ran his fingers through his pockets and abstracted all the keys. They tried the doors on the ground floor, but found them all on the latch and the rooms empty. With long strides Marsden ran upstairs. At the end of the passage he came upon

## The Man who Dreamed Right

a door that was locked. When he had opened it, Marsden went in, to find Mymms sitting before a smouldering fire, with a glass of whisky and water at his elbow.

Mymms looked up with something akin to terror in his staring blue eyes as he beheld Marsden.

He began to chuckle foolishly.

"Come along," said Marsden, "I want you to come with me."

Mymms' face blanched.

"What for?" he asked, in an unsteady voice.

Then Marsden lied with fluency.

"When a man signs a contract in this country," he said, "he has to abide by it. I do not think you can say that you have treated the *Wire* fairly. I am going to take you back."

"I'm not going!" muttered Mymms feebly.

"You are going," said Marsden, "or it will be a case of breach of contract."

Mymms rose, and looked at him piteously.

"Must I really?" he asked. And his voice shook.

"Really."

"Where is Mr. Levi Lygons?"

"Never mind about Mr. Levi Lygons; come along with me."

Mymms went.

Marsden took him to his rooms in Curzon Street,

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and there handed him over to the charge of his man Shorter.

Shorter was a great deal more than a valet, and was paid in proportion to his services. He was an old soldier, and could hang on to a secret like grim death. Shorter also had a keen relish for the detective business. When he was not pressing Marsden's clothes, he was usually engaged on little inquiries for his master.

Immediately after handing Mymms over to his care Marsden went out. His mind was so bent on seeing the Duke and Cecilia that he looked neither to the right nor to the left as he jumped into his car.

Had he looked to the left, he might have seen a little man creep out of the shadows, and then make off down the street.

As the little man sped away a stream of wondering and wonderful German oaths escaped his mumbling lips.

Soon he stood, cap in hand, before Count Torfeldt.

## CHAPTER VI

### TORFELDT TAKES A HAND

ANY man who has gone through great trouble knows the difference between anxiety and nervousness.

Levi Lygons had passed through all manner of trouble in the course of his primarily nefarious and subsequently successful life. And on the way back from Richmond, as he was borne with Cecilia towards Park Street, he experienced both states of mental worry.

The lack of any response from the blue pavilion caused him deep anxiety—an anxiety so great that during the long drive he was absent-minded and distraught.

He was wondering, wondering, wondering whether there were anything amiss at Wisteria Villa.

The sudden glare of light that greeted him at Hyde Park Corner, jerked him from anxiety to nervousness.

How was he going to explain away the fact that Cecilia had been dining with him?



## Torfeldt takes a Hand

For the moment he forgot Marsden and Potomac and Torfeldt, and even the Duke. His worry was concentrated on the Duchess.

He laughed miserably and looked at Cecilia with a most unpleasant and suggestive leer.

"How are we going to explain when we get back?" he asked.

It was in Cecilia's mind that by this time Marsden had made his *coup*, if a *coup* were to be made.

She felt—certainly she hoped—that she had for ever finished with Levi Lygons.

"We can explain it in any way you please," she said frigidly, "if you are afraid to tell the truth."

Lygons spluttered with uncomfortable laughter.

"Of course, of course," he said.

But he still had no idea how the explanation might be made.

Cecilia left him in ignorance on this point. The Duke had promised to return promptly from the Damiens' and she hoped that her brother-in-law might greet them on their return.

Lygons felt himself becoming distressingly pale as the car turned into Park Lane.

Now, after the message from Cecilia, Marsden had done his work so quickly that he turned into Park Street five minutes ahead of Cecilia's car.

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He dismissed the man, but did not enter the house. Instead, he strolled to the other side of the street and remained there until he heard the hum of the car which brought Cecilia home.

Then he crossed the road daintily and with extreme leisure, and was actually ringing the bell when Cecilia's motor drew to a standstill. Naturally, he turned, and seeing Cecilia's face looking out from the car he descended the steps and lounged across the pavement.

"Hullo," he said, with the calm and familiar insolence of a brother who suddenly happens on his sister in a crowd.

At Levi Lygons he raised his eyebrows, dropping his monocle as he did so.

"Been dining out?" he asked.

"Yes," said Cecilia, vainly hoping that she might contrive a blush. "Yes, I have been dining with Mr. Levi Lygons."

"Oh."

Mr. Levi Lygons smiled feebly from the interior of the car.

He stepped out after Cecilia, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as he waited for something to happen.

What happened was extremely simple.

Cecilia held out her hand and bade him a curt good-night. Marsden lifted the forefinger of his

## Torfeldt takes a Hand

right hand up to the brim of his hat and ascended the steps of the house after Cecilia.

“Good-night, good-night,” cried Levi Lygons, and made polite bows to their backs.

Marsden, intent on business, led the way to the Duke’s own room, which was dignified with the title of library, but which was in reality but a day-time dormitory for his Grace.

When the door had closed behind them, Marsden turned to Cecilia.

“I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you,” he said in a conversational tone. “Everything has come off splendidly.

“I have left Mymms,” he nodded his sleek head in the direction of Curzon Street, “with my man. He is as safe as houses. The difficulty, of course, will be to keep him there. Mymms is under the impression that I am an avenging spirit from the *Wire*. He is a fool, but I cannot delude him for ever. And if the Foreign Office buys him, as I want Willie to do, it will be a horrible strain on the Exchequer.”

Cecilia sat in the Duke’s favourite chair, pale and languid. As a matter of fact, she was utterly exhausted.

And sick at heart, too.

Would this man never understand what she had done for him, and why she had done it?

## The Man who Dreamed Right

Marsden, with a careful thumb arranged a few stray hairs of his moustache.

"It is time Willie was home," he said.

And that was all.

Cecilia sighed, but her diaphragm was scarcely at rest before they heard unmistakable sounds of the Duke's home-coming.

His Grace came in heavily and with the red face of a man who is full of food.

"Got him?" he asked briefly.

"Yes," said Marsden, and there was almost a sneer in his tone. "We have got him."

"What are you going to do with him?"

Marsden looked at the heavy and incompetent Duke, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid," he said, "that that is your business, but I will try and help you to-morrow."

"Right," said the Duke. "I think I will have a smoke. Cecilia, it is time you were in bed."

"Personally," said Marsden, coldly, "I think if I were in your place I would thank Cecilia for the great service she has done us. She has been the heroine of to-night's work. If only the country knew it, it owes her its gratitude."

Once again the colour crept into Cecilia's tired face. After all her task was not so ungrateful.

The Duke kissed her on the cheek in an absent-minded way, and Marsden kept her fingers in his

## Torfeldt takes a Hand

own a little longer than was necessary. The action was quite involuntary.

Cecilia cried a little before she slept.

Now, while the Duke and Marsden congratulated themselves on the possession of Mymms, a great deal had happened.

The little man who had come out from the shadows and reviled, with wonderful and wondering German phrases, after he had beheld the arrival of Mymms in Curzon Street, went on running and reviling till he came to Torfeldt's house.

Court Torfeldt of the German Embassy loved his ease and his pleasure. Above all he loved to loom large in the centre of an admiring circle. But when it came to working, Torfeldt simply worked, forgetting everything else in the world.

He was working to-night.

Torfeldt was scientifically and Teutonically thorough.

Because he happened to know that Mymms was for the moment in the possession of Levi Lygons, he did not confine his attentions solely to that financier.

Levi Lygons had stolen Mymms from the *Wire*, therefore he was a thief. Marsden, on behalf of England, and Potomac, on behalf of America, were also would-be thieves. But of the various thieves Torfeldt was the most determined. So

## The Man who Dreamed Right

he watched not only the thief that was, but the thieves that hoped to be.

Hence the presence of the little man who, hour after hour, squatted in the shadows hard by Marsden's door in Curzon Street.

Torfeldt was a man who went through life on the principle it is better to finish one's work first and get married afterwards, so he lived very quietly in bachelor quarters in Half Moon Street. He was phlegmatic both by birth and up-bringing, but his heart beat just a shade faster when he heard the bell tinkle as though it had a mission to wake the dead.

It beat even faster as he heard steps ascend the stairs, and faster still as he read, with one quick glance, the news in the little man's face.

Torfeldt did not expect this particular emissary, but he made no remark on that score.

"What are you doing here?" he asked with the anxious air of one who questions another's judgment.

The little man burst out in German at a fearful speed.

"I have seen Mymms, your Altess," he said. "Mymms, without a doubt of it. As you know, I was stationed on Lord Marsden's doorstep. I remained there in accordance with orders. At eleven o'clock to-night, a car drew up to the door.

## Torfeldt takes a Hand

Lord Marsden alighted. He hustled a man into the house. The man was Mymms."

Torfeldt, without an atom of expression on his face, flicked the ash from the end of his cigar.

"At eleven o'clock," he said slowly. "That was ten minutes ago. What happened to Lord Marsden?"

"Lord Marsden came out and went away in the car."

"Where?"

"I do not know, I came to your Altess at once."

"Good!" Torfeldt flicked more ash away from his cigar, and reached out his hand for the telephone.

He gave a curt order for his car.

Torfeldt was one of the best-dressed men in London, but he was well-dressed by force of circumstances. It was necessary for him, of course, to keep a valet, but it was far more imperative that he should keep within hail of his bedside a man who could be trusted to act in ways which would astonish the average man-servant.

So it was generally supposed—and he had as a consequence to live up to the reputation of being a dandy—that Torfeldt kept two servants. But the second man was Hartmann, who was accustomed to perpetrate any crime in the calendar at his master's bidding. To some extent Hartmann

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

was shielded from his sins by the power and influence of his country.

The little man, Torfeldt practically ignored. He almost kicked him out. To Hartmann, however, he gave certain concise instructions as they stood in the hall, side by side, waiting for the car.

Five minutes later they were in Curzon Street.

Torfeldt gave a peal which had an imperious ring to it.

A maid-servant answered the summons.

Torfeldt smiled and asked for Marsden.

Lord Marsden, it seemed, was out.

"I want his servant," Torfeldt said.

The maid sped away.

Shorter came down the stairs stiff and suspicious. He glanced from Torfeldt to Torfeldt's servant, and back again from the servant to Torfeldt.

"I have come for Mymms," said Torfeldt.

Shorter became more stiff and suspicious than ever.

Torfeldt cast a quick glance up the stairs and along the passage. The maid had disappeared.

Then he was quick to action. He hurt Shorter a good deal.

Shorter, with an antimacassar in his mouth and each hand hobbled to a leg, rolled on the floor of the hall-way dumb and impotent.



## Torfeldt takes a Hand

Torfeldt marched upstairs.

He found Mymms, and accosted him without ceremony.

“ You’ve got to come with me,” he said.

Mymms gibbered—there is no other word for it. In his vague and foolish mind he was beginning to wonder what the end of it all would be.

“ My dreams must have a price,” he thought to himself.

For a moment he was defiant.

“ ‘Oo sent you ? ” he asked.

“ That is no business of yours,” said Torfeldt.

“ Isn’t it ? ” said Mymms doggedly.

He continued, in a complaining voice : “ First of all it’s the *Wire*. They signs me on at twenty quid a week. I dream my dreams, and goodness knows how much money they makes.

“ Then it’s Levi Lygons, the great financier. He buys me hup. I goes to Richmond ; I ’as a good time.”

“ Then in comes a gent ”—Mr. Mymms was so excited that he was forgetting his clerkly grammar—“ and sez I broke faith with the *Wire*.

“ So I had—but what’s the matter with that ?

“ If you’ve got the power, you’ve got the money,” he went on, “ and I have got the power. I tell you, sir—whoever you may be—I have got the power to dream. I’m worth money.”

## The Man who Dreamed Right

Torfeldt laughed. But he laughed quickly ; he was in a hurry.

“ So long as you are alive to dream.”

Mymms quailed.

Torfeldt laughed again ; but this time it was not at Mymms, but at the delightful notion that he was being melodramatic. With affectionate care he drew a revolver with a .380 bore from his pocket.

“ Would you like to die ? ” he asked.

Had Mymms possessed the physical capacity, he would have screamed. As it was, he trembled.

“ Not much,” he said in a whisper.

“ Then you come with me,” said Torfeldt with decision.

“ Where ? ”

Torfeldt pulled out his watch and was for the moment anxious. However, he decided he had time to dally.

“ Don’t worry about that,” he said, “ I am going to take you where money is more plentiful than it is now. If you don’t agree—if you are going to kick up a fuss and be troublesome—well, there won’t be any more money.”

“ Are you English ? ” asked Mymms.

For there had come home to him in some round-about way that he was a *power*, and as such the nations of the earth might desire him. And he

## Torfeldt takes a Hand

was deadly English, even to the habit of dropping his aitches.

Torfeldt's accent was perfect.

"Suppose we think of that later," he said.

Mymms was also English to the extent of wanting money.

"Orlright," he said. "I'll come. But mind, if you are not English, it's no go. I am a *power*. I can dream."

So while Shorter muttered strange words behind the antimacassar, Torfeldt and Mymms drove to Carlton House Terrace.

The German Ambassador was entertaining people—English people—but he was not too busy to see Torfeldt.

When he came into the room in which Mymms sat huddled in a chair, his eyes lit up.

"So!" he said. And there was a long accent on the "o."

Torfeldt, with a dread of the meek Mymms' patriotism, explained to the Ambassador in a corner.

"It is a matter for His Imperial Majesty to deal with," he said.

The Ambassador nodded.

"Yes," he agreed, "but time is short. Marsden may be home by now, and then—and then we shall have all the resources of this country working against us."

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

“ Yes,” said Torfeldt ; “ but Marsden dare not tell the story.”

The Ambassador looked uneasily at Mymms, and laughed a little.

“ Yes,” he said ; “ but he would be able to tell quite enough to prevent the escape of Mymms from England. It reminds one of the saying of Bismarck : ‘ You can land a hundred thousand men in England to-morrow, but how are you going to get them out ? ’ ”

“ Mymms,” he continued, “ will be discovered in a moment. And Mymms will be held up on every possible Continental route by one pretext or another.”

“ Pardon me, your Excellency,” said Torfeldt ; “ but there is a way that has not been tried.”

## CHAPTER VII

### TO THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY

“**A** WAY that has not been thought of?” The Ambassador raised his eyebrows and smiled half in amusement and half in annoyance. He rather resented that Torfeldt should think of a way he could not see for himself.

“Yes,” said Torfeldt, “and it is an easy one. We will start at once for Poole by car, from Poole we will take the train to Weymouth, from Weymouth we shall catch the mid-day boat to St. Heliers, from St. Heliers there is a boat to Saint Malo, from Saint Malo there is a train to Dol, from Dol——”

The Ambassador cut him short. “I see,” he said, “and an excellent way, too.”

“Yes,” Torfeldt assented with complacency, “I hardly think there could be a better one. In a couple of hours, of course, Marsden will find that Mymms has been stolen for the second time to-night.

“I don’t think Marsden’s man knows me, but the description will put him on the trail. Every

## The Man who Dreamed Right

man that the Home Office can spare will be on the hunt for us, but I don't think they will imagine that we shall be starting for Jersey. They will centre on the Hook of Holland, the Harwich, and the Calais and Folkestone routes. That is where we get our chance."

During this conversation Mymms had remained huddled up in his chair watching Torfeldt and the Ambassador with much anxiety and distrust.

He wondered who they were. Torfeldt, of course, he remembered he had seen at the Duchess of Mold's; but there had been no introduction, and he did not even know his name. At last Mymms broke out:

"Here, I say, what's all this mean?"

"It means, my little man," said Torfeldt, with the geniality of an elderly person addressing a small boy, "that we are going to start on a journey."

"A journey? Not me! If I am not going back to Mr. Hastie Brighton, I'm going home."

"So you shall go home," said Torfeldt; "but we will make a little trip first. Come along!"

He took Mymms by the arm and practically lifted him out of the chair. Mymms struggled.

"Let me go," he whined. But Torfeldt only increased his grip, and Mymms winced and went.

The car which carried Torfeldt and Mymms to

## To the Emperor of Germany

Poole started at a great pace and gradually gathered speed.

Mymms was too frightened and too perplexed to say much at first. He sat back in the corner of the car and stared out of the window.

His little soul was in anguish and his little mind pretty nearly unbalanced. Only his over-weening conceit, his poor little vanity, saved him from utter collapse. He was being hustled about in a manner which was strange and new, but he derived a certain comfort from the reflection that he was at least a *power*. People wanted him for his dreams.

Well, they should have them if they were ready to pay for them and let him alone. But he was not going to dream for people who treated him like this, not he. It was not a bit upsetting. Oh, no—not 'arf.

Then he grew afraid again.

Was this big man about to wreak some awful vengeance on him for not having played the game to the *Wire*? Perhaps it had been a bit shabby for him to go off with Lygons; but that was the fault of Hammers—Hammers was on the *Wire*, and Hammers should not have tempted him.

If Mr. Hastie Brighton had snatched him back from Lygons he could have understood it. But where did Lord Marsden come in?

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Marsden was a stumbling-block. Marsden, he knew, was a "toff," and in some peculiar manner served the Government. Perhaps this was a bit of the Government's business. They did many rummy things on the quiet he had been told, did the British Government.

"My hat!" he thought to himself. "Perhaps this chap's a secret service agent."

If he was, then life was not worth living. He wished sincerely he had never left Tottenham. Tottenham was not such a bad place anyway. Mymms thought about the Honourable and Reverend Roy Roland Skeffington. He came to the conclusion that he would rather attend church three times on Sunday than be tossed about the world in this manner.

Mymms thought about his landlady. She was a bally thief, but not a bad sort, he reflected. After all it had been kind of homely in Fairview Crescent.

Mymms heaved a tired little sigh and turned his thoughts in the direction of the "King George." They were not bad pals, he pondered, those fellows at the "King George." He wished, he did, that he was back at the bar sipping a glass of bitter.

He had always known, he reflected further, that he was not cut out for Society.

He always used to think, he rambled on to



## To the Emperor of Germany

himself, that them Drury Lane dramas was a bit thick—a bit over-drawn.

But were they?

*Sins of Society* and *Marriages of Mayfair*, he muttered to himself. Why, the horrors of these sensational plays were as nothing to the wickedness of the real upper classes he had met in the last few days.

“No Socialism for me,” he thought, “if I have got to mix with people like this here.”

The more brilliant lights of the West End were replaced by the lesser lights of the suburbs. It was only when he found that the lights had disappeared altogether and that they were rushing through the country that Mymms gathered himself together with an effort and spoke.

And he only spoke now because of his exceeding terror. Mymms was a Londoner born and bred, and the country at night scared him. It seemed full of horrible possibilities.

“What are you doing with me?” he demanded.

“If I tell you the truth,” said Torfeldt, preparing to lie on a splendid scale, “will you believe me first and keep your counsel afterwards?”

“I’ll do anything,” Mymms muttered, “if you’ll only tell me what all this means.”

Torfeldt paused for the purpose of achieving a

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

dramatic effect. Then he spoke very kindly, but with great emphasis.

"Mymms," he said, "you are such a modest kind of chap that I don't believe you realise what a tremendous power you are."

Mymms felt a little comforted.

"If you can dream what the results of races are going to be and what stocks will rise in the morning, you can dream what is going to happen when diplomats meet. You would be able, even, to dream the result of a war."

Mymms' vanity warmed his courage.

"I believe I could," he said, "in fact, I am certain I could."

Torfeldt patted him on the knee. "Of course you could," he said, "of course. That is why the country wants you."

"The country?"

"Yes, the country, your country, my country—England!"

"England wants me!" repeated Mymms, in a pleasurable stupefaction. "England wants me!"

"Yes, England wants you badly, and there are other countries which want you too. You don't know it, but half the countries of the world were trying to discover your whereabouts after Levi Lygons had got hold of you. Germany had spies

## **To the Emperor of Germany**

and agents all over the place looking for you. The Americans fixed up a plan to kidnap you. The Russian folk in London got orders to secure you at all costs. The only people who were not bothering much were the French—and they were not bothering because they did not know. That is why we are going to France.”

“Going to France?” cried Mymms. “What for?”

“To get out of the way, my dear chap, to get out of the way. You will be safer there than in England. The British Embassy in Paris is a little bit of England. They cannot touch you there.”

“Oh!”

“So be a sensible man and just do what you are told. You would not care, would you, for instance, to have to dream what the Americans told you to dream.”

“I wouldn’t do it,” cried Mymms. “Not for all the money in the world.”

Torfeldt laughed good-naturedly and patted him again on the knee.

“That’s right,” he said, “that’s the proper spirit. So if you want to get out of the other people’s clutches just stick tight to me. We shall be in Paris before long.”

“All right,” said Mymms, who was drowsy; “I think I will go to sleep.”

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

Now this was precisely what Torfeldt did not want Mymms to do. There was no accounting for Mymms' dreams, and it might lead to all manner of complications if Mymms dreamed what would happen to-morrow.

"No, no," he said roughly, "you must not do that. You have got a big strain waiting for you to-morrow.

"I daresay," he continued, "that you have not been through half the big strains that I have. If you had, you would realise that the worst thing you can possibly do is to sleep now. You will be just in the thick of your slumbers when you have to turn out, and you will feel like a dead man. Stop awake."

The suspicion which had for the moment terrified Torfeldt did not enter the mind of Mymms. He was fully persuaded indeed that Torfeldt was an astonishingly honest person.

So he promised to do his best.

Hour after hour he remained upright in the leaping car under the watchful eye of Torfeldt. And whenever he gave any indication of nodding, Torfeldt nudged him vigorously in the ribs and made some banal remark.

It was after sunrise when they reached Poole. On the borders of the town, Torfeldt stopped the car and half-lifted Mymms out of it.

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The giant and the dwarf set out on a tramp to the railway-station. There they excited no comment whatsoever and Torfeldt took two third-class tickets for Weymouth.

The train jolted along on its laborious way and Torfeldt, with some misgiving, allowed Mymms to doze between the jerks of its stoppings and startings.

Torfeldt, always scientifically careful, had brought a goodly-sized bag with him. Therefore, no suspicion attached to the wayfarers when they arrived at Weymouth and Torfeldt booked two steerage passages to St. Heliers.

It was a rough day—the sort of day when March goes out like a lion and generally shakes up spring just to remind her that she is not summer.

Mymms was pitifully sick, and Torfeldt, as he rounded off a substantial lunch by indiscreetly ordering a jam omelette from the saloon, congratulated himself on the fact.

At St. Heliers, Torfeldt immediately abandoned his steerage manner and his steerage method of travelling. He went straight to the Hôtel Pomme d'Or and booked two of the best rooms available. He also was careful to pay a deposit sufficient to allay the suspicions of any hotel manager on earth.

Utterly tired in body and mind, Mymms fol-

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

lowed Torfeldt's long strides like a faithful and well-whipped dog as Torfeldt immediately afterwards left the hotel and went down to the quay, where he took two second-class tickets on the packet for St. Malo.

Mymms was too tired to ask questions, but Torfeldt from time to time fed his flagging mind with pleasant little insinuations as to the work they were doing for the splendid British Empire of which Mymms was part and parcel.

Thus they came to St. Malo and thence booked, third-class, to Dol.

Here they slept for the night in a modest hotel a hundred yards from the station. Yet, after all, it is somewhat perverting the truth to say they slept. Torfeldt was wary and watchful. A dozen times that night he broke into Mymms' room and playing a part that ill-fitted him, complained that he was a prey to nerves and anxiety. His one idea was to keep Mymms roused.

By five o'clock in the morning, Mymms was distinctly fraternal and patronising towards Torfeldt.

But Torfeldt was not so upset as not to catch the train—the slow, lumbering, jolting train that took them to Paris.

Torfeldt put Mymms into the waiting-room much as he might have deposited a parcel.

## To the Emperor of Germany

Three minutes later he was back with a telegram in his hand.

"Mymms," he said, in a cheerful kind of tone, "we have to go to Namur."

Mymms yawned and said, "Oh, yes."

They started for Berlin.

Torfeldt was wise in that he did not take an express. They got to Berlin the following morning. Mymms slept in the train and Torfeldt did not worry. He recognised that Mymms was too tired to set his mind on anything sufficiently for successful dreaming.

When the train bustled into the vast station of Cologne, Torfeldt roused Mymms roughly and lugged him out of the carriage on to the platform.

Mymms, with his blue and staring eyes, looked about him vaguely.

"Is this Namur?" he asked.

He called it "Naymor."

Torfeldt laughed at him brutally.

"No," he said, "it's Cologne."

"Cologne?" echoed Mymms, "Cologne? Why, that's in Germany."

With a heavy hand Torfeldt thrust Mymms back on to one of the benches that decorated the waste of platform.

"Yes, Mr. Mymms," he said grimly. "I want you to realise you are in Germany. Germany

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

now has possession of you. You are Germany's—body and soul."

Mymms went white to the lips.

"But you said you was English," he bleated.

Again Torfeldt laughed.

"Where am I going—where are you taking me?" asked Mymms faintly.

Rising from his seat Torfeldt looked laughingly down on the cringing Mymms.

"You are going to interview the Emperor of Germany," he said, "at the particular request of his Imperial Majesty."



## CHAPTER VIII

### MYMMS' FRIEND, THE KAISER

**T**ORFELDT'S words struck him like a blow. Both mentally and physically he collapsed and remained sitting on the lone platform of the railway station at Cologne quite two minutes before he spoke.

He was utterly overwhelmed by a sense of his forlornness and his helplessness.

This wholesale deceit of Torfeldt's was a species of iniquity with which Mymms had not been even on a bowing acquaintance before.

"His Imperial Majesty," he repeated in a dull voice.

"Yes," said Torfeldt helpfully.

Somewhere down the line an engine let loose a hideous scream. The shock of it brought Mymms back to a coherent state of mind.

And with the recovery of coherency there flamed up in his little heart a strong passion of patriotism.

"You beast!" he shouted in his high, piping voice. "You beast! You are a liar! You've done me down."

## The Man who Dreamed Right

The words were not refined, but they were eloquent, and for a space of time, incalculably brief, Torfeldt suffered a fleeting spasm of shame.

However, he said nothing.

The innate idea of Law and Justice which every Englishman imbibes with the particular patent food on which he is brought up, came to Mymms' rescue now. For a few minutes he was bold.

"You've done me," he cried. "Done me brown; but I'll be hanged—yes, I'll be hanged if I'll give my country away. Why—why, you're a blooming German."

Mymms stared at Torfeldt with an almost shocked amazement. Mymms bristled; the hairs of his mild head stood up.

"Hang me if I stand it!" he cried. "Hang me if I do. I'm off for the British Consul—that's what I am going to do."

Unconsciously, but none the less deliberately, Torfeldt had played up to this scene with a subconscious intention.

Now he whistled—whistled a couple of bars of a tune which was strange enough to cause Mymms' proud heart to quiver.

From the other end of the platform there strolled up a brace of big men with disgracefully Imperial moustaches.

## Mymms' Friend, the Kaiser

They strolled up arm in arm, and, for aught that a mere onlooker might gather, they discussed the weather with sublime friendliness.

Now by this time Torfeldt had loosed the rein of his dramatic instinct to the utmost, and, so to speak, he checked his emotionalism on the curb.

Mymms had risen and stood tottering on his feet.

Torfeldt caught him a back-handed butt on the chest and sent him reeling back on to the bench.

"Look here," he said in the street parlance of London, "admit it's a fair cop'."

The homely words had their due effect. Mymms sat shivering and submissive.

But not so submissive that he asked a further question.

"Wot cher going to do with me if I make a scene?"

Torfeldt had been looking for this query—being, so to say, a lightning psychologist—and had his answer to it.

"You are crazy," he said. "I do not mean that seriously, but for my purpose you are crazy."

"Those men"—he jerked a cigar-encumbered right hand towards the two men who strolled arm in arm down the platform with their backs to him—"are your keepers."

"If there is any scene at all," Torfeldt con-

## The Man who Dreamed Right

tinued, "it will end in your being driven to the asylum. The asylum is not far from here. And once you are in a German Asylum your British Government cannot help you. You will have to see the Kaiser all the same."

Mymms had sanity enough to take time for thought. And his straight, broad patriotism rescued him from indiscretion.

"This Kaiser," he thought to himself, "this chap with the moustache that has made its mark on hair-dressing—is he a rotter?"

Mymms thought again.

"No," he decided in his own mind, "he is not. Of course he's German, and he will do the English down if he can; but he's not a rotter."

This train of thought led Mymms on to further conjectures.

"Torfeldt," he decided, "is a rotter. I hate him! But the Kaiser is a gent—that's what he is. I'll trust him. He don't take no stock in traitors, and I'm not a traitor. Lemme get along-side of him. I'll show him. And if he's the gent I think him, he'll see me fair."

Therefore, it was with a comparatively serene countenance that Mymms stood up again and looked at Torfeldt.

"Orlright!" he said. "I'll see your bloomin' Kaiser."

## Mymms' Friend, the Kaiser

The very serenity of Mymms' face upset Torfeldt. His acquaintance with politics and diplomacy was of long standing. He had learnt that the serene man was the most difficult to deal with.

It was necessary, however, for him to ascertain Mymms' attitude. He was, in fact, forced against his will to ask the question.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going," said Mymms, with disconcerting equanimity, "to see the Kaiser."

Troubled in his mind, Torfeldt sat beside Mymms as they travelled towards Berlin.

When they got to the Friedrich-strasse Station, Torfeldt was distinctly worried.

He did not like Mymms' general air of placidity and calm.

Hiring a common first-class cab he drove at once to the Chancellerie.

Mymms, now heroically determined, even ventured to grin as the cab swept past the black and yellow sentry-box which guarded the Chancellor's gates.

He was tremendously British was Mymms—which is only another way of saying that he was desperately patriotic.

He would not dream for those blooming Germans, not he, even if they put him on the rack.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

Now, the man who comes to the rack only comes there by accident.

"It is all done by kindness," is an old saying, but a true saying. Kindness is horribly disconcerting to the determined man.

Mymms met with infinite kindness at the Chancellerie.

Torfeldt took him into a long room, lined with books, in the middle of which were two tables—or, rather, to be precise, two desks.

At one of these there was working a grey-haired man. His head was bent over his work, so that Mymms did not appreciate the rosiness and kindness of his face until he lifted his chin and looked up.

The grey-haired man came forward with outstretched hand and a disarming smile.

"So this is Mr. Mymms?" he said.

Torfeldt held himself as a man who finds that he has to render account to his superior.

Then Torfeldt made the mistake of ignoring Mymms.

He told the plain, uncompromising truth in hard, crisp words.

The grey-haired Chancellor listened to his story with outward unconcern. When Torfeldt had finished speaking, he turned to Mymms with the most friendly air in the world.

"Mr. Mymms," he said in excellent English,

## Mymms' Friend, the Kaiser

"I am afraid you must think we have treated you very badly. Perhaps we have, but I don't want you to think we have taken an unfair advantage of you. You must sleep."

Torfeldt, having a lesser brain than the Chancellor, started.

"But——" he got no further, the Chancellor cut him short.

"Mr. Mymms," he said, "is tired out and must sleep. Let him sleep."

"Mr. Mymms," he continued, turning towards the astonished and half-sleeping little clerk, "you do not fear us, and we do not fear you. You are too tired to dream. Let me see that you are put to bed."

Mymms was utterly overwhelmed. He decided in his own mind that the Chancellor was a "gent."

By the time that he found himself in an unaccustomedly luxurious bedroom and had pulled off his boots, he had, with that fatally sporting instinct of the Englishman, decided that it would be unfair to try to dream.

He climbed into the high-set bed and slept the sleep of a child.

When he was roused, he looked instinctively at the clock and saw that it was eleven in the forenoon.

A German servant, who seemed in some mys-

## The Man who Dreamed Right

terious way to have acquired the subtle politeness of an English valet, helped Mymms' toilet through from bath to hair-brush.

Mymms was conducted downstairs, and in the hall found the grey-haired Chancellor.

The grey-haired Chancellor smiled in an affable and brotherly manner.

The grey-haired Chancellor's mien suggested this was not his affair.

"You are off to see the Kaiser," he said in the voice of one who tells a man he is about to embark on an hour of pleasure.

Mymms, lost in the midst of such subtlety, chuckled feebly and without hesitation entered the carriage into which he was waved.

Mymms could not have described the difference, and yet he was enormously struck by the aspect of the streets through which he travelled, as compared to the high roads of London.

The carriage swept him from a thoroughfare of palaces into a great avenue.

Mymms did not know that its name was Unter den Linden.

Torfeldt sat by his side but said nothing. He was content to let Mymms travel without interruption up the long length of roadway, the meaning of which few people understand.

Only the eye of an American possessed of a



## Mymms' Friend, the Kaiser

romantic spirit can appreciate the fact that Unter den Linden reconciles the Old to the New.

The little grey house on its western side, on the balcony of which William I. stood and received the plaudits of his people at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, speaks of the Old.

The mammoth hotels and the gorgeous chain of expensive flats which beset it, talk of the New.

Only the eye of a psychologist can see how the modern spirit of commerce is fettered to the old spirit of romance in Unter den Linden.

But Mymms was no psychologist—only a plain, stupid little Englishman who was rather cowed by the uncompromising and sombre aspect of the Kaiser's castle.

The horses which drew Mymms' carriage clattered into the court-yard.

Mymms, who had once beheld the impressive sight of motor-broughams awaiting outside Buckingham Palace, was upset by the strictly disciplined and Imperial aspect of things at the Palace.

His spirit indeed dwindled within him as he was led through long corridors, ranged on either side with statues, towards a large, forbidding door.

Outside the door stood an officer.

Torfeldt spoke to the officer, and Mymms was thrust into a vast room—alone.

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A gentleman, clad in a casual sort of uniform, came forward to meet him.

Mymms recognised by this inoffensive-looking officer's moustache that he stood in the presence of the Kaiser.

The Kaiser shook him by the hand as though he were an equal, and Mymms was dangerously impressed.

"Sit down," said the Emperor.

Mymms sat down like a child.

"Mr. Mymms," said the Kaiser, "I am afraid we have treated you very badly."

Mymms started.

"You are an Englishman," the Emperor went on. "That is a fine thing to be. There is only one thing finer in the world, and that is to be a Prussian—a German."

Mymms still stared, listening and wondering.

"Of course," the Kaiser went on gently as he helped himself to a cigarette, "we have been unfair; but still, we are not so unfair that we cannot be just. I won't treat with you as an Englishman—you see you are not really an Englishman. You are a man apart—a man who can dream the dreams you dream does not belong to any country in the world. He is just a miracle."

The Emperor laughed a little and shrugged his shoulders confidently.

## Mymms' Friend, the Kaiser

"But still, in spite of the fact that you are a miracle, you were born English, and so there is just a strain of prejudice in your veins. Your British bulldog spirit resents your being brought here. Of course it does, and that is perfectly right and natural, too.

"I want you to help me," the Kaiser continued. "I want you to serve the German Empire."

Mymms stared—and stared—and stared.

He did not know that a diplomat is a diplomat the wide world over, whether he be an Emperor or what is euphemistically termed among the criminal fraternity "a copper's nark."

He could not fathom the Emperor, and the Emperor knew it.

"If," continued the Kaiser in a pleasant voice, "I were to bully you, your bulldog British spirit"—here the Kaiser took friendly stock of the poor little figure of Mymms—"would immediately defeat my object.

"If," he went on, "I were to offer to buy you, I should be met and defeated by your unimpeachable English honesty. I know that."

Mymms was beginning to like the Kaiser. Never in his life had he met a man who so justly appreciated his good attributes.

"Now, Mr. Mymms, I really am not a fool. You are a great *power*—as compared to you, I

## The Man who Dreamed Right

count for nothing. I am only a man, although I happen to be an Emperor. You—you are a miracle . . .”

The Kaiser paused. Then he said dramatically :

“ . . . And I want you to shape Germany’s destiny.”

Mymms was so befogged that even his innate patriotism forsook him. He found himself in the presence of surroundings and ideals with which he had never before rubbed shoulders. He was even doubtful at that moment whether, after all, England were the greatest country in the world.

He looked at the Kaiser piteously.

The Emperor drew a chair towards the chair in which Mymms sat and, dropping into it, leaned towards the poor little prophet, with a confidential smile.

“ Have you ever,” he asked, “ seen such majesty, such order, such discipline as you have seen in Berlin ? ”

Mymms was now afraid.

“ I don’t know,” he said feebly.

“ No,” said the Kaiser reflectively, “ perhaps you don’t. You have not been here long enough. But you shall see the wonderful science and organisation and completeness of the German State—the German Empire.

“ My people shall show it you.

## Mymms' Friend, the Kaiser

"I don't want to seduce any man from his own country, but I do want you to become German. When you have become German in spirit, you will become German in fact.

"It is just as well," the Kaiser continued, "to speak the truth even if it appear a little immodest. I am a great man, but you are a greater man than I. Together we could——" the Kaiser broke off and spread out his hands.

Such was the Kaiser's influence that some chord in Mymms' being responded. In a blind, unseeing way he realised that he was standing in the presence of a dreamer of dreams even greater than he was.

A little thing brought him back to his patriotism with a shock. As his eyes wandered round the room they chanced to alight on a gilt-framed portrait of Queen Victoria.

Mymms struggled in a stupefied condition out of his chair.

"Look here, sir," he said in common English, "give me a chance to think it over."

"Mr. Mymms," said the Kaiser earnestly, "I have no other desire."

He shook hands with Mymms warmly.

Torfeldt kept Mymms under sour observation as the carriage whisked Mymms back to Wilhelmstrasse.

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

As they flashed past the Bristol Hotel, the plate-glass splendour of the place attracted Mymms' wandering gaze. On the door-step there was standing the figure of a well-dressed English gentleman.

Mymms gasped.

"Lord Marsden," he said to himself.

And then—

"I'm hanged if I'm a bloomin' German!"

## CHAPTER IX

### A PROPOSED ALLIANCE

WHEN the very particular butler, Mr. Lawson, opened the door of the Duke of Mold's house for Lord Marsden to pass out, the freshness of the night, for some strange physiological reason, endowed Lord Marsden with an entirely unaccustomed frame of mind.

Till that moment he had lived his life on facts—hard, indisputable facts. Now facts had failed him, and he was filled with some sorrow and a little shame for the part he had caused Cecilia to play.

Why? Cecilia was an old friend.

Marsden had many old friends, and he treated them all alike—indifferently, callously, with one set purpose—for the benefit of his country. For himself he cared nothing.

Ah! Perhaps it was because Cecilia was a woman?

“No, that couldn't be it,” he reflected. Many women had served Marsden's purpose for the sake of his country.

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No, that couldn't be it.

Marsden was seldom given to self-analysis, but self-analysis beset his spirit now.

A still small voice seated somewhere in the interior of his being said plainly, "It is because Cecilia is Cecilia."

"Great Scott!" Marsden stopped dead in his walk, and looked across the Park.

Did Cecilia really matter? Of course not, he decided. It was ridiculous. Cecilia was merely an old friend.

He repeated this to himself severely several times as he turned briskly into Curzon Street and made towards his rooms. He put on a bold front, but all the time his heart was telling him that it was Cecilia, simply Cecilia, and nothing else but Cecilia that really mattered.

This was awkward.

Then Marsden mentally capitulated.

"Diplomacy is diplomacy," he said to himself, "and love has no part in diplomacy."

"Hasn't it?"

Marsden stood with indecision on his doorstep, poising his latch-key in preparation for onslaught on the keyhole.

"Anyway," he decided, "it won't do."

The door opened easily, and he moved towards his sitting-room on the right of the passage.



## A proposed Alliance

To his surprise it was locked.

But the key was still in the lock, and he turned it. Immediately he learnt what had happened.

It was the work of a few seconds to pull the antimacassar out of his servant's mouth.

"Go on, tell me all about it," he ordered, brusquely, as he proceeded to cut the dog-leashes which bound Shorter's hands and feet.

Shorter, with a dry tongue, spluttered out his story.

Marsden cut him short half-way through it and went to the telephone.

"I will speak to you in ten minutes," he said to his servant. And the dutiful servant departed.

Above all things in the world, the Duke of Mold hated the telephone. He never hated it more than now.

Marsden's message was crisp and to the point. "He was catching the midnight mail for Berlin."

The Duke asked questions. Marsden replied by hanging up the receiver.

Every second counted. He and Shorter threw things into bags. On the stroke of midnight they caught the train. It was a placid night and Marsden, during the crossing, stayed on deck to smoke and turn over in his mind the troubles that were ahead of him. He had not an atom of doubt as to where Mymms had gone. But he wondered, and wondered again, how he was to get Mymms

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back to England after he had run him to earth in Berlin.

It was horribly annoying that Cecilia would creep into these speculations.

Cecilia, Marsden argued, had played for a time her little part in this peculiar international story, and had for the moment ceased to exist. The absent Cecilia, however, asserted insistently that she had not.

It was still thinking of Cecilia that Marsden reached Berlin.

He drove at once to the British Embassy, and spoke with freedom and even some eloquence to the Ambassador.

The Ambassador, who got his English papers late, and, with the exception of heavy articles in the heavier publications dealing with High Politics, read these newspapers without care, was astonished at Marsden's news.

"Do you think that Mymms is here?" asked his Excellency, when Marsden had finished his narrative.

"No," said Marsden, "I don't. But I think he will be here directly.

"It is, of course, impossible to say by which route Torfeldt will bring Mymms to Berlin. It is, however, certain he will take him to the English coast by motor-car. After that, for all I know,

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they may have a yacht hanging about to make the abduction the more complete and secret.

"I feel perfectly certain that I am ahead of Mymms, but where the Kaiser is, there Mymms will be found; and the Kaiser is in Berlin."

The Ambassador nodded his grey head with an air of infinite wisdom and condescension.

"I am putting up at the 'Bristol,'" Marsden continued, "and at the 'Bristol' I shall wait. I trust that you will allow me to do all I can in the morning."

Again the Ambassador nodded.

Marsden bade him a polite, and even deferential, good-night, and went back to the hotel feeling far from happy.

In spite of his confidence in himself, Marsden knew that his task was well-nigh impossible. He knew the tenacity of the Prussian grip, and knew that, if Mymms ever came into Berlin, it would be easier to move mountains than to get Mymms home.

Such agents as the British Embassy possessed, Marsden set to work. They discovered nothing.

Marsden did his best to learn all the movements of the Kaiser. He felt certain that if the Kaiser went on a journey, his Imperial Majesty would go on that journey for the express purpose of seeing Mymms.

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The Kaiser went on no journey. The Embassy learnt nothing, and Marsden took to loafing on the steps of the "Bristol."

It was standing there that he saw Mymms flash past him in one of the Emperor's carriages.

When the carriage had turned the corner of the Wilhelm-strasse, Marsden moved thoughtfully into the hotel, and did his best to enjoy a cocktail and a cigarette.

What should he do?

Should he go back to the Embassy and, secure in the knowledge that Mymms was now in the keeping of the German Emperor, demand the safe delivery of Mymms to the British Government on the score that Mymms was a British subject?

No! That was impossible.

Beyond ocular demonstration, which would count for nothing, Marsden had no proof that Mymms was in Berlin. Certainly he had no complaint from Mymms that he was kept a prisoner against his will.

Marsden dined alone, and dined with care. Over his liqueur he consumed cigarette after cigarette, but could come to no final decision.

It was plain, however, that there was no immediate reason for haste, and he decided to follow the excellent English habit of sleeping over things.

So he slept.

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The abstraction of Mymms soon became obvious to all who were concerned with the little prophet.

Potomac, of the American Embassy, and Murphy, of the *New York Flare*, learned the bitter truth first.

They found Levi Lygons' men gagged and bound in the shrubbery of the Blue Pavilion at Richmond.

They left them there and returned to London, perplexed and angry.

Levi Lygons learnt the truth next, and there was no sleep for him that night. He was thinking of the money which he must lose on the Stock Exchange in the morning.

He lost that money, and at once Mr. Hastie Brighton, of the *Wire*, knew of his losses, and knew, therefore, that Mymms had been removed from Lygons' sphere of influence.

Who had stolen Mymms? Mr. Hastie Brighton set to work to ascertain.

In the meantime, Potomac and Murphy met in the forenoon, and discussed what had best be done.

They were armed for discussion by the knowledge that Torfeldt had stolen Mymms. Murphy's "star" reporter had discovered that by the simple "process of exhaustion."

The American journalist and the American

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

diplomatist had each his own schemes to pursue. They clashed. But each man had hidden his own schemes so cleverly that both were for a little while deluded into the belief that they were acting in concert.

Potomac did not care what lie he told Murphy, provided he could only lay hands on the vanished Mymms. Murphy was of the same way of thinking as he confronted Potomac.

"Seems to me," he said, "that the best thing to do is to cable all the facts of the case over to New York. That will force Great Britain's hand. When the truth is known, it won't be possible for England to allow Mymms to remain in Berlin. They will have to ask for his body, dead or alive."

"From what I know of the Kaiser," said Potomac, "they will probably get it dead. And cold meat is not of much use to me in my present line of business."

Potomac had been a traveller for a Chicago canning house before he dealt in diplomacy.

Murphy shifted his eternal cigar from one corner of his lips to the other, and whispered confidences into Potomac's ear through the only available portion of his mouth.

These confidences were based on sane lines of argument, and Potomac brightened.

"Guess we had better see the Duke," he said.

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Murphy agreed. "Yes," he said, "but it won't do to go to the Foreign Office. You have got to remember that the existence of Mymms is pretty well known by now, and that in all probability the agents of different countries are camping out in Downing Street. We don't want them to see us."

"Quite right," said Potomac. "We will get him at home."

Potomac used the telephone to considerable effect. Murphy and he called on the Duke in Park Street.

The scheme that they were about to explain was Murphy's; but Potomac did the talking.

"Mymms," said Potomac to the Duke, as he concluded his lengthy statement, "is the greatest Power on earth. The proposition which I have got to put to you is this :

"If we can think of any way to get Mymms back from Germany, we go half shares in the result."

It has already been pointed out, more than once, that the Duke of Mold was a heavy man with the club habit. He had been indulging in the club habit before he met Potomac and Murphy, and was particularly heavy now.

He sadly missed the support of Marsden's keen brain.

Fortunately, he fell back on the expedient of

## The Man who Dreamed Right

pleading complete inability to understand, in the hope that Potomac's further explanations would give him time for thought.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Simply this," said Potomac, "that Mymms is an Earth Power."

When he was excited he became Americanly American. He talked like the advertisement of a patent food.

The Duke was not given to reading advertisements of patent foods, and scarcely understood him. It was really rather a pity that the polite and cultured chiefs of the American Embassy in London gave Potomac so much rope.

Potomac, as a matter of fact, came very near to hanging the American Republic with the rope that was granted him.

"We are Anglo-Saxon," he went on, "and Mymms is a Britisher. If Great Britain and the United States of America go into partnership, we shall practically own the earth. I will get Mymms back for you on the understanding that what he dreams is dreamt for the benefit of the English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic."

With remarkable restraint the Duke repressed a yawn, and tried afresh to understand the situation.

"Have you any authority for this?" he asked.

"None," said Potomac curtly; "but I will get it."



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In his slow mind the Duke thought that authority might be rather hard to obtain. However, he did realise that the possession of Mymms was apparently of enormous value to any State.

In his ponderous, but none the less thorough, way the Duke worked along certain lines conveniently laid down for him by his Permanent Under Secretary. Now, in his post-prandial reflections, he grasped the fact that Potomac was practically proposing an offensive and defensive alliance with America, founded on the possession of Mymms.

That might or might not, the Duke ruminated, be of advantage to England.

It would upset many things. It would disturb the *entente cordiale* with France. It would certainly result in an open breach with Germany, and would decidedly damage the understanding with Japan.

For a few minutes the Duke felt miserably incompetent.

He sighed for five minutes of Marsden.

But the very recognition of his incompetence served him at this crisis.

"Of course," he said, "you must understand that this affair is solely in the hands of Lord Marsden, and Lord Marsden is at the present moment in Berlin."

This was a slip of the tongue, of which the Duke instantly repented. It was a slip of the tongue

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

which had its instant effect on Potomac and Murphy.

It told them everything.

The Duke recognised his error, and did his best to cover it up.

“ I will send for Lord Marsden at once,” he said, with a vast amount of importance, “ and you can discuss the matter with him. Till then I think it will be just as well not to compromise our respective countries.”

Potomac and Murphy did not relish the idea of dealing with Marsden, but at the same time realised that the sheer incapacity of the Duke made Marsden England’s spokesman.

They agreed to the Duke’s proposal, and left him, professing an earnest desire for Marsden’s immediate return.

When they had gone, the Duke sat smoking in a most perturbed frame of mind. He admitted to himself that he was hopelessly beyond his depth, and that if Marsden did not return to his aid he would inevitably drown in the troubled sea of politics, through which he could not swim to safety. Despair made him bold, and he wired to Marsden in Berlin the brief order : “ Come back at once ; most urgent.”

Marsden received the wire as he loafed at the entrance to the Bristol Hotel in Unter den Linden.

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He carefully folded up the telegram and placed it in a waistcoat pocket.

"Willie doesn't know what to do," he said to himself.

"After all," he reflected, "there is not much to be done here. One might as well try to imprison a sunbeam as filch Mymms from the Chancellerie.

"Unless, of course, Mymms is to be made an *International Affair*. And if Mymms is to be made an *International Affair*," he reflected further, "then Mymms is going to be the cause of an International War.

"It's an awful nuisance," he thought to himself, "that England's Foreign Minister should be such a confounded fool."

It was because England's Foreign Minister was a confounded fool that Marsden took the first train home.

"All the world is drifting into war," he said to himself, "and there are not twenty people who know it."

Meantime, Mymms, who if his courage had been equal to his patriotism could have saved the world from general conflict by cutting his throat with his "made in Germany" pocket-knife, which bore the inscription, "Present from Margate," was sightseeing in Berlin under the auspices of the Kaiser.

## CHAPTER X

“NO,” SAYS MYMMS, “I WON’T”

“**I** AM hanged if I’ll be a bloomin’ German!”  
Mymms repeated this to himself at least seven times before the swift carriage which belonged to the Kaiser brought him to the door of the Chancellerie.

“I am hanged——” he began for the eighth time to himself.

And then he saw two sturdy sentries who presented their inexorable arms outside the black and yellow-striped sentry boxes which guarded the Chancellerie gates.

“I am——”

He got no further. Six Herculean Prussians helped him to alight and practically coerced his entrance into the vast, forbidding building, which stood for the Might and Majesty of Germany.

Successfully the huge Prussians guided little Mymms up to his room.

When he found himself alone he attempted to break out again.

“I——” he said, but he got no further.

## **"No," says Mymms, "I won't"**

He heard the key turn in the lock and found himself alone with his patriotism. To a puny man like Mymms his patriotism was not very sustaining.

Still, it is unjust to laugh at him. Throughout the days of trial which were to come, he put up a greater fight than his poor little body and poor little spirit might have led one to expect.

Marsden, when he realised it long after, saw that only a very brave coward could have screwed himself to the pitch of courage which Mymms exhibited to the distressed and worried German Emperor.

The Kaiser had long set behind him his old autocratic methods. Wisdom had taught him the value of the Fabian doctrine of ingratiation and permeation.

He did his Imperial best to ingratiate himself with Mymms, and to permeate him with the magnificence of the Prussian ideal of a State. With Fabian astuteness he filled Mymms' eyes and brain with the surpassing cleverness and Power of Germany.

The Kaiser deliberately set himself to map out for this poor little man a tour of Berlin and Potsdam which combined not only the subtle suggestions of the Kaiser's own Imperial mind, but the completeness of Thomas Cook and Son.

Day by day Mymms saw and wondered—

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

wondered at the pale, calm, almost sublime front of the huge monotonous houses and the pale, calm monotony of their phlegmatic tenants.

Day by day Mymms was taught to wonder at the sobriety and discipline of the German people. Day by day Mymms was inculcated with the idea that German masses were well fed, well dressed, well shod—well cared for.

For five days the Kaiser let Mymms alone to absorb into his impressionable mind the extraordinary and scientifically controlled well-being of the German nation.

For five days Mymms' hours were so crowded, so full of new impressions, that he forgot to dream. His mind was, paradoxically, thrown into chaos by the very order of the over-methodical life paraded before him.

The Kaiser was a bolder and a larger-minded man than Torfeldt. His Imperial Majesty did not fear lest Mymms should dream; he rendered dreaming impossible by the mere kaleidoscopic force of the changing panorama with which he hedged the dreamer in.

Mymms found coherent thought impossible and resigned himself, night after night, against his better—that is to say, more patriotic—judgment to dreamless sleep.

He was, in fact, too tired to dream. From the

**"No," says Mymms, "I won't"**

first the Kaiser had judged that this would be the case, and on the fifth day, when Mymms was mentally a wreck, he sent for the little prophet.

The Emperor received him in the same room in which he had met him first and greeted him with the same show of friendliness.

"And how are you feeling?" he asked.

"Tired—bloomin' tired. I beg your Majesty's pardon."

The Emperor laughed. "Are you too tired," he asked, "to appreciate the greatness of Germany?"

Mymms was worried. His patriotism still tugged at his heart-strings, but his mind and body were fagged out.

"No, your Majesty, I am not."

"You find it——?" the Emperor broke off, and eagerly searched Mymms' face.

"I find it very wonderful," said Mymms wearily.

"Perhaps," said the Emperor almost gently, "you might find it in your heart to become one of us."

There was a long pause during which Mymms stared with his wide, foolish blue eyes at an unbleached circular spot on the embossed wall-paper of the Emperor's room.

There had hung *on* that unbleached spot a portrait of Queen Victoria which, at his first inter-

## The Man who Dreamed Right

view with the Kaiser, had called Mymms suddenly back from his new-born, pro-German sentiments to feelings combatively British. With his keen eye the Emperor had understood, passing well, why Mymms had proved so difficult at the close of that first interview, and had ordered the portrait of Queen Victoria to be taken down.

But his genius had not been sufficient to recognise that the unbleached spot of wall-paper which the removal of Queen Victoria's portrait laid bare, would still have effect on Mymms.

But it did, and he saw, and noted, and understood. Queen Victoria—England—was being carved away from him, and his worm-like spirit turned. Involuntarily he got out of his chair. The Kaiser mistook his movement.

"So you will join us?" asked His Majesty.

"No," said Mymms, sturdily, "I won't."

He added weakly. "I beg your Majesty's pardon," but the Emperor merely laughed and shook Mymms by the hand. He felt satisfied that the victory could be won.

It was noted that at dinner His Majesty was in great spirits.

Mymms, however, was harassed and perplexed. The immense size of his urbane gaolers had ceased to awe him, but he felt the largeness and loneliness of his room when he returned to the Chancellerie.



**"No," says Mymms, "I won't"**

With a cry of pitiable despair he flung himself on his bed. "Gawd make me true to England," he cried in the anguish of his troubled little spirit, and fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Marsden reached Victoria he sent Shorter to Curzon Street with his bag and took a taxi to the Duke of Mold's.

There he was greeted by Mr. Lawson, the very particular butler, with a hypocritical smile of welcome and a tinge of disapprobation. Mr. Lawson, however, was charged with an urgent mission and could afford little play to his own personal feelings.

"The Lady Cecilia," he said in Marsden's ear, "is waiting for you in the 'little room.'"

Marsden had been fighting all the way back from Berlin—was still fighting—against this constant intrusion of the thought of Cecilia into his affairs of State.

Therefore the news that she awaited him to some extent disturbed him.

His heart began to beat a little faster to a species of quadruple beats, which hammered and pounded the words Cecilia—Ce-ci-li-a—Ce-ci-li-a.

It was disgustingly annoying.

In the "little room"—which was the rough and

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tumble room of the Duchess of Mold's household—Marsden found Cecilia pretending to read a book.

Without the slightest cloaking of her feelings, she threw the book aside as Marsden entered and came swiftly towards him. She made no attempt to greet him, and merely nodded a proud, grave, and daring face in the direction of the library.

"I want to speak to you," she said, "before you see Willie."

"Yes?" Marsden said, hat in hand.

Cecilia's face grew crimson. "Of course," she said, "I am a woman and therefore I am a fool—but my woman's foolishness teaches me that you will not be able to carry through this business without my help."

"Why not?" Marsden's voice was level and even hard.

Now Cecilia grew pale. No woman ever tells the truth when it is directly asked of her that she should. But she suffers all the same.

Now she ignored the question. "Potomac and Murphy are with Willie," she said, "and they are waiting for you. They are going to propose a scheme in which I shall play a part."

"Oh! And why?" Marsden's voice was still level, and harder than before.

"Because," said Cecilia with a rush, "they know

**"No," says Mymms, "I won't"**

that I was dragged into this business before—and what one has begun one must finish."

"I hope," said Marsden gravely, "that it will be unnecessary for you to be contaminated by this affair any longer."

"Can one be contaminated by one's country?" asked Cecilia.

Marsden found it difficult to look into her pretty eyes. He found it rather hard to look at the quivering pluck of her parted mouth. He found it desperately hard to behold the sedate waves of her neatly parted hair curling back from either side of her determined temples.

He sought refuge in compromise. "Let us see what they have to say first," he suggested.

"No, no!" cried Cecilia. "Let us see what they have to say last—at the last you will find that they need me."

Marsden was miserably uncomfortable. "I can't go on dragging you along through the mire of this rotten diplomatic business," he protested.

"Why not?" There was a simple directness in the question which caused Marsden to look at Cecilia's face suddenly and then glance hurriedly away. Cecilia, too, looked away. She had learnt the reason for his silence.

With an effort Marsden pulled himself together.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

Then something, peculiarly double-barrelled in its effect, broke down Marsden's preconceived notions as to the part which women should play in life. It was a thought which destroyed his primæval belief that all women should be sheltered from danger because they are not strong enough to withstand it; it was a thought which did away with the idea that a woman should not be called upon to make a sacrifice. He saw—and it came as a revelation to him—that women are making sacrifices all the time, and one sacrifice is not much worse than another.

Imbued with this sudden idea, he walked across the hall and entered the library.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE COUNCIL OF FIVE

**I**N spite of his fat and placidity, the Duke rushed to meet him. "Georgie," he cried, "you have come in the nick of time."

Marsden stared with unnecessary superciliousness at Potomac and Murphy in the endeavour to live down his nick-name.

The Duke's obvious faith in him, however, so touched him that he did his best to be genial. And geniality was not Marsden's strong point.

"You are in a bit of a hole?" he asked under his breath.

The Duke's massive back was turned towards the Americans, and he indulged in a wink.

"Can't make 'em out," he breathed heavily.

Then Marsden took possession of the situation. He nodded to Potomac and he nodded to Murphy. He knew them both, and when men have business to deal with they do not waste time in shaking hands.

Marsden moved towards the square, solid-legged table in the middle of the library and instinctively sat down at its head.

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He motioned Potomac and Murphy to seats on his right-hand, and beckoned the Duke to a seat on his left.

The Duke, however, he ignored. He turned his blue, mild gaze upon the Americans. "You have something to propose?" he asked.

"Yes," said Potomac briskly, "and we have something to ask. What is the position in Berlin?"

Marsden shrugged his shoulders. "The position in Berlin," he said, "is not what it should be; but for the moment it is fairly happy."

In a manner which he could not account for he had come to regard Potomac and Murphy as friends, and dealt with them from this standpoint.

"You mean——?" Potomac's voice was suggestive.

"I mean," said Marsden, "that as far as I can see, Mymms is being educated up to the belief that it is a highly desirable thing to become a German—I should say, a Prussian."

Potomac and Murphy looked at each other, but their glance did not escape Marsden.

"What is your proposal?" he asked.

Potomac was what might be termed "a rough customer," but his astuteness was phenomenal.

"It's very simple, Lord Marsden," he said, "and I congratulate you on your courage in asking

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what we propose to do. I know you think that we have a scheme which will come off, whereas you have no scheme at all—otherwise you would not have returned from Berlin.”

Marsden smiled pleasantly, and fixed his eyeglass a little more firmly into his eye.

“Suppose we cut the obvious,” he said, “and get to ‘a cold proposition.’”

Marsden’s mind in reality worked on American lines when it came to sheer business.

Again Potomac and Murphy looked at each other, and again Murphy, being the wiser man of the two, left Potomac to speak.

“We’ve got a plan,” said the free-lance American diplomat, “which seems to us pretty good, but its success depends on Lady Cecilia.”

The Duke removed his cigar from his mouth and stared wide-eyed at Potomac.

The horror of having his women-kind made use of froze Marsden to his marrow; but this refrigerating process only reduced him to coolness.

“Yes?” His voice was gently inquiring.

“The Kaiser,” said Potomac, “has a nephew of the name of Prince Hans-Joseph. He’s a hot ‘un.”

Marsden winced. He was thinking of Cecilia.

“Yes?” His voice was more gently insinuating than before.

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“ Well ”—Potomac dwelt a long time over that “ well ”—“ Prince Hans-Joseph is an honest boy, though hot-headed. He is always in love, and, in spite of the fact that he is a Prince, goes on the right lines. The greater the beauty he falls in love with, the greater his soul is. Some boys get it that way.”

Potomac paused and, without permission, helped himself to a cigarette.

“ Now there can't possibly be anyone else in the world with what I may call the ‘ soul beauty ’ possessed by Lady Cecilia.

“ Next week there is an early regatta at Kiel. Prince Hans-Joseph is mad on sailing, and if we can get Lady Cecilia there he will fall in love with her straight away.”

Marsden felt the blood creeping at the back of his neck. He would have liked to meet Potomac alone. Cecilia was not to be employed for such base usage as this.

Yet, while he resented Potomac's cold way of summing up the power of Cecilia, Marsden was conscious of the sickening knowledge of his personal defeat. His heart told him truthfully that Cecilia did matter after all.

“ Yes? ” he said, and his voice was as cold as steel.

“ Well,” Potomac went on, “ if we can get that



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boy to fall in love with Lady Cecilia till he's crazy, it is all as plain as pie. We can get him to borrow Mymms. Murphy here"—he jerked his thumb towards the London correspondent of the *New York Flare*—"has got a yacht handy. It's the *Universe*, owner, Mr. Silas P. Higgins, proprietor of the *New York Flare*. All we have to do is to get His Royal Highness aboard the yacht. Then Mymms is ours!"

"And you mean by ours——?"

"By ours," said Potomac stolidly, "I mean that you and I will have to share Mymms between us, which is about as much as saying that Mymms will be the joint property of the United States and England. Mymms will dream for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon people, and America and England will own the earth."

Marsden knew that Potomac was speaking the truth, but did not intend to allow America to steal England's birth-right even though the American found the way of winning Mymms back from Germany.

It was, however, Cecilia who presented herself as a stumbling-block. Marsden revolted against the idea that Cecilia should be asked to play the part of a lure.

The Duke was possessed of the same angry resentment and puffed out purple and protesting

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cheeks. It was left to Marsden to speak and when he spoke, he uttered, not merely his thoughts, but his mind and his heart.

"Mr. Potomac," he said, "you will have to think of a way which does not include the services of Lady Cecilia."

Now, so intent on their business had the four men been that they were unconscious of the fact that Cecilia had come into the room quietly and had softly closed the door behind her. She stood now with her back against it.

"Pardon me," she said, and her voice caused the four men to start, "but the Lady Cecilia declines to be omitted from the matter."

At the sound of her voice, the four men turned their heads and stared at her dumfounded.

"As soon as Mr. Silas P. Higgins' yacht is ready," cried Cecilia, "I am ready to sail in her."

\* \* \* \* \*

The quiet voice of Cecilia declaring placidly that she intended to sail in Mr. Higgins' yacht for the purpose of winning Mymms back to dream for the English-speaking races of the earth, had its immediate effect on the four men who listened to her.

The Duke stared at her open-mouthed, angry, and perplexed; Marsden looked at her with a

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great admiration; Potomac smiled the grin of triumph, while Murphy, with his customary caution, wondered to what extent Lady Cecilia would make good her boast.

It was Marsden who spoke first. "Cecilia," he said, "I am sure that we are all very grateful to you, but really this is not a matter in which you should interfere."

Cecilia's eyes blazed.

"You don't think that!" she cried. "You merely think that this is a matter with which you would rather I did not meddle. But I tell you I *will* play a part in it!" She broke off, and stamped with emphasis on the carpet.

"But, Cecilia——" the Duke began.

"You have nothing to do with it," said Cecilia, turning on him in wrath, "nothing to do with it at all. This is Lord Marsden's business, and Mr. Potomac's and Mr. Murphy's."

The Duke spluttered with rage.

"But——" he protested again.

Again Cecilia cut him short. As she surveyed the indignant countenance of the Duke she was moved to laughter. "Really, Willie," she said in a half-hysterical chuckle, "this isn't your affair at all. Please allow Georgie to settle the matter."

Marsden searched Cecilia's face, feeling miserably

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unhappy. He knew that he had come to a crisis, when it would be folly to blink at facts. It would be simply absurd to deny any longer that he loved Cecilia.

Of course he loved Cecilia. His heart prompted him to keep her apart from this disagreeable business. He stood, as it were, on the balancing-point of a see-saw, which fluctuated, as his heart beat faster or slower, at the thought of the girl who was sacrificing so much to help him. Now Cecilia was the heavier consideration, and now the weight lay in his determination that his duty to the country must triumph over his love.

It was a humiliating position for Marsden to be in—Marsden who, in his quiet and stealthy way, had hitherto always marched straight forward in his country's interests.

Through sheer distress of mind he removed his eyeglass from its resting-place, between his eyebrow and his cheek-bone, and polished the monocle thoughtfully.

As he did so he looked full into Cecilia's face, and read there an incalculable courage and a wholly disinterested fixity of purpose.

Once more he went through a short, sharp struggle with himself. After all, he reflected, love should be where honour is ; and great honour was due to Cecilia for this self-abasement.

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But jealousy struggled hard—and he knew that jealousy would fight harder and harder as the days went by. For he saw that if Cecilia sailed in Higgins' yacht for Kiel that he must be left behind.

It is unfortunate, but necessary, that if one deliberately chooses to make enemies, those enemies will remember one's face. And Marsden was known, not merely to the polite upper crust of the diplomatic world, but to the dregs of the diplomatic pie; and the dregs of that diplomatic pie would inevitably haunt Kiel.

Thought is swift; but not so swift that it can quite out-distance the thoughts of other men. Marsden found himself confronted by four pairs of eyes.

Three of these pairs of eyes he ignored. Into Cecilia's eyes he looked openly and honestly.

"You cannot go to Kiel alone," he said, "in the yacht of a man you have never seen, in the company of men whom you scarcely know. How do you propose to overcome this difficulty?"

Marsden's voice was completely cold and business-like, and for the moment Cecilia shrank within herself at the callousness of his tones.

Had this man no heart at all? she wondered. For Cecilia had a heart, a heart which was shamed and sore. It was one thing to abase oneself for the honour and credit of one's country; it was

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another to have that abasement treated as a thing of nought by the man she loved.

She had crept into the room and intruded herself upon this little conference, which was to decide the fate of many nations, not merely from a sense of duty and patriotism, but because her heart was tender. And now the heart which she had exposed to the gaze of strangers was wounded, and wilted beneath the lash of Marsden's cold indifference.

There came to her, however, just as Marsden intended it should—a hard, inflexible pride in duty, which stopped the shaking of her lips and dried the hot tears which she felt creeping their burning path towards her defiant eyes.

As he watched the struggle in Cecilia's face Marsden suffered in a manner which made his own face grow grey. He felt that he was a brute to put a woman to such a test ; and yet he knew that to win his every trust Cecilia must pass through this ordeal. Almost sick with pain, he wondered how she would emerge from it.

Now, Cecilia had not Marsden's capacity for turning an expressionless face to the world in moments of great anguish.

She was emotional in every fibre, and now she chose the emotion which was easiest, because it was the most pronounced anti-climax to tragedy.

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She sought refuge in humour, and laughed. But her laughter sounded a little strained to Marsden.

"Of course," she said, while Marsden surveyed her with admiration, and Potomac with amazement, "it would be horribly indelicate on my part to risk my reputation on such an expedition unless I were properly chaperoned. But that is easily arranged.

"Dear old Aunt Jemima—I don't suppose I am betraying anybody's secrets if I say that Aunt Jemima will do anything in the world, provided she is only paid sufficiently—shall be my chaperon."

At this, upset though he was, the Duke managed to laugh.

Aunt Jemima—to be precise, Lady Jemima Skeffington—was a sponger of the worst description.

For many years she had disgraced herself, when unable to raise loans on her relatives, by introducing wealthy Americans into fairly polite English society.

Marsden, though his laughter hurt him, laughed too. "The very person," he said.

So the matter was arranged at this Council of Five. It was decided to buy up Aunt Jemima that very afternoon. And that very afternoon Aunt Jemima would have to pack her trunks.

On the following morning Cecilia was to start

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for Southampton with Lady Jemima. Potomac and Murphy were quite prepared to go aboard the *Universe* at once, in order to be ready to receive them.

Beyond this, of course, little could be planned, except that by some expedient Prince Hans-Joseph was to come aboard at Kiel and fall in love with Cecilia.

Potomac and Murphy, both being without any sentiment, departed from Park Street well pleased.

The Duke grumbled not a little, and prated still more of the family name.

But this protest took place in the "little room," where Cecilia felt herself at liberty to speak her mind. When she had made herself quite clear, the Duke spluttered out a half-apology, and betook himself to the Athenæum.

As the door closed behind him, and Marsden found himself alone with Cecilia, he stretched out his hands to her.

"Cecilia!" he cried.

But Cecilia turned on him in a blaze of wrath.

"Don't speak to me!" she shrieked, "don't dare to speak to me! Some men never know when to be grateful, and—and you are one of them. Some men never understand. Some men——"

She broke off abruptly and gave a little gasp and, swinging out of the room, banged the door



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behind her. When she found herself alone, Cecilia cried her heart out.

When he found himself alone, Marsden stood thoughtfully rubbing his chin. Cecilia's rage had angered him; her outburst had left him cold.

"I always told you, my boy," he said to himself when he found himself in the street, "that you cannot mix love and diplomacy—it doesn't pay!"

"Doesn't pay? Good God!"

Marsden set out at a terrific pace for Piccadilly, as though he would out-distance the unpleasant thoughts which pursued him.

On the morrow Aunt Jemima protested—protested long and vehemently. "She had never heard of such a preposterous proposal in her life. The thing was not to be thought of. Go aboard a yacht she knew nothing of with Cecilia—the thing was not to be thought of!"

It fell to Cecilia to make the bargain; and Cecilia was tired and hard. She was resentful of the manner in which she had been treated by Marsden.

She sat in Aunt Jemima's drawing-room at Aunt Jemima's bureau with a blank cheque signed by the Duke before her. Out of the corner of her shrewd old eyes Aunt Jemima observed the blank cheque, and gravitated towards it.

"It is simply ridiculous and abominable!" cried the old woman.

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Because her heart was well-nigh broken, Cecilia was brutal and business-like, too.

“ How much shall I make it out for ? ” she asked.

Lady Jemima hesitated for a few minutes, and then named a price. It was so large that Cecilia derived some satisfaction from writing the amount. When the Duke got his pass-book he was furious.

But by that time Cecilia was on board the *Universe*, and did not care.

The yachting party—if such it can be called—was a strange one. From first to last Aunt Jemima fussed and grumbled.

She complained that her particularly spacious state-room was stuffy. She did not like the food, and made no secret that she loathed the sight of her shipmates. She was so sour and cross and vindictive that Cecilia regretted bitterly that the old woman was so good a sailor. For, as the yacht lurched its way from the Channel into the North Sea, Lady Jemima sat on the heaving deck and grumbled unceasingly in her high, complaining voice.

Without the slightest regard for appearance, Cecilia left Lady Jemima to herself, and deliberately chose the weather side of the deck cabin for the mere sake of being alone.

Potomac and Murphy steered as clear of the

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vicious old lady as they could, and finally ended in leaving her severely alone.

In their cold-blooded way they were more or less grateful to Cecilia, and from time to time they approached her in a conciliatory spirit, humbling themselves in order to win her good graces. But Cecilia treated them as she might have treated dogs for whom she had no liking.

So during the voyage to Kiel there grew up on board a restless and antagonistic spirit. Even Potomac and Murphy came to loggerheads, and abused each other roundly for Lady Jemima's ill-timed tempers and incivility.

The *Universe* came to Kiel.

It was fortunate, both for Potomac and Murphy's plans, and also for their comfort, that the blustering weather which had attended them from Southampton now gave place to a gently moving sea and a serene sky.

As soon as they had dropped anchor, Potomac and Murphy went ashore, and, after a little nosing about, discovered where Prince Hans-Joseph had moored his cutter. A brief but diplomatic intercourse with the Harbour Master resulted in their being able to anchor the *Universe* close alongside.

Potomac, in the course of his wanderings, had met Prince Hans-Joseph before, and, being buoyed up by his business, made no scruple in instantly

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forcing his way to the deck of the Prince's yacht.

The Prince was young, foolish, open-hearted, and indiscreet. Potomac's credentials were in order, and the young Prince made himself polite; he accepted an invitation to dinner.

Potomac, complete diplomat that he was, had failed to give the Prince any idea as to the yacht's household.

When, therefore, the Prince descended into the saloon, swinging his cap in his muscular hand, and talking in a loud, cheerful, and confident voice, he was rather taken aback to behold the vision of an elderly lady and a young and exceedingly beautiful girl doing fancy work side by side.

So taken aback was he, indeed, that he blushed to the roots of his distinctly auburn hair, and mumbled apologies as he bent, with clumsy Teutonic gallantry, over Cecilia's hand. Princes are not in the habit of being taken aback. It is carefully arranged for them through life that they shall not be taken aback. When they are—they resent it.

Secure in the knowledge of the advantage which his position gave him, Prince Hans-Joseph did not mince matters with Potomac. Potomac, of course, was all apology and regret.

For the first time he explained the situation.

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"He was," he said, "merely a guest aboard the *Universe*."

Murphy, he pointed out, was practically in control of the yacht, which belonged to Murphy's proprietor. The *Universe*, Potomac explained further, had been placed at the disposal of Lady Cecilia. Murphy was merely there to represent Mr. Higgins' hospitality.

He, Potomac continued, speaking humbly of himself, simply happened to be there for the purpose of bearing Murphy company.

The explanation was good, and in its way understandable. Yet Prince Hans-Joseph was not entirely satisfied until he found himself seated on Cecilia's right hand at dinner. Then he was satisfied to the full.

Prince Hans-Joseph, as fast as he bolted his food, bolted new ideas and new ideals. By the time they had come to the dessert, Cecilia was to him the Queen of Heaven.

Cecilia played her part well. Every woman is every man's master when it comes to the business of hearts. A girl knows this the moment she is put into long frocks. A man never knows it till he gives up his Ideals about women. The Prince was only half way through his series of Ideals.

Cecilia had come aboard the *Universe* in an almost savage frame of mind to serve her country,

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and now she used the knowledge of her womanhood to the full. She had been in the habit of receiving the homage of boys, and was quite capable of dealing with the Prince.

But it cost her a pang of shame, and a distinct feeling of resentment against Marsden, when she realised, just as the sweets were being removed, what her duty was now.

Beneath her eyelids Cecilia had been paying very close attention to the story written, more or less plainly, in Prince Hans-Joseph's eyes. She saw that he had not fallen in love with her with the foregone conclusion that she would be an elder sister to him.

Certainly he had not fallen in love with her with the notion that she was a hardened woman of the world who was to be melted by a passionate boy's love.

Prince Hans-Joseph—it was perfectly clear to Cecilia—was looking for a Saint in Heaven. Cecilia callously proposed to supply that Saint.

Prince Hans-Joseph consumed quite as much champagne as was good for him, and, when he found himself on the deck with Cecilia, bubbled up his soul. He talked of dreams, of visions, and life on mountain-tops with the one feminine soul which was an affinity to his.

Cecilia, pale to the lips with shame, gently in-

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sinuated to His Royal Highness that she was the One and Only feminine Soul who would ever understand him.

From this point she led the conversation on to Dreams. And from Dreams their talk drifted quite easily to the subject of Mymms. With an aching heart, Cecilia cast her eyes dramatically up to the stars.

"If only that funny little man could foretell my future!" she sighed.

"*Our* future," said the Prince huskily.

"Hush!" murmured Cecilia. And the Prince politely hushed.

"If Mymms could dream *Our* future," said Prince Hans-Joseph, with characteristic and sudden-born tenderness—"and if Mymms foretold that you and I might some day be great friends—would you believe Mymms?"

Cecilia sighed heavily. Her heart was breaking, but, to use a sporting phrase, she was "game." "Yes," she said slowly, and looked out at the blinking lights of Kiel.

Prince Hans-Joseph nearly choked in his eagerness.

"Then I'll manage it," he said. "I've got a friend in the Chancellerie who will be able to arrange it for me. He is a friend—well, he expects me to help him—you understand?"

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Cecilia understood only too well.

“Yes,” she said; “but I am afraid it will be too late! You see, we are supposed to sail to-morrow.”

“Sail to-morrow!” The Prince’s voice was desperate.

“Unless,” said Cecilia—and the break in her voice was really due to the actual tragedy of things.

“Unless?” said the Prince earnestly, “I could make certain of bringing Mymms aboard?”

“Then, of course,” murmured Cecilia, thoughtfully, “I might arrange to wait.”

The Prince’s face was scarlet. “Then I’ll bring him aboard,” he cried. “I give you my word, I will bring him aboard!”



## CHAPTER XII

### TO NEW YORK

PRINCE HANS-JOSEPH had sufficient intelligence to recognise that anything he might say, after his proud boast that he would bring Mymms aboard the *Universe*, would merely come as an anti-climax.

So without any more ado he bade Cecilia good-night.

His heart was beating fast, as his men, who had for an hour or so been bobbing in their dinghy alongside the gangway of the *Universe*, rowed him sullenly back to his yacht.

When he stood on his own deck Prince Hans-Joseph was sufficiently cooled to appreciate that he had placed himself in an exceedingly difficult position. For a few minutes he was rather resentful with himself that he should once more have fallen a victim to a woman's charms.

But he argued down this disloyal thought with fervour and with heat, though he was reduced to the expedient of all hot-headed lovers, of swearing

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that Cecilia was quite different from every other girl he had ever met.

Cecilia might be different, but the difference of Cecilia did not free Prince Hans-Joseph from his difficulties. Every male member of his line did his best to live up to his word. Most of them failed egregiously ; but Prince Hans-Joseph stood hard and fast by the abortive family tradition, with the result that he was reckoned the fool of his tribe.

He had promised to take Mymms to the *Universe*, and take Mymms there he would.

But how ?

As Prince Hans-Joseph ordered a bottle of mineral water he sat down to examine his chances of success.

One extremely awkward fact stared him in the face. If Mymms were to be brought to Kiel, then he must go to Berlin to fetch him.

That meant a certain amount of separation from Cecilia. The journey from Kiel to Berlin occupies a considerable amount of time when a man is in a hurry.

And Prince Hans-Joseph was in a hurry.

He was in such a hurry that he changed his clothes, called out the crew of his dinghy again, and went ashore. The sea was choppy and, as the dinghy bumped on the top of the short waves, the

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little craft pounded a certain amount of common-sense into the Prince's head. But it did not alter his foolish and heroic determination to take Mymms on board the *Universe*.

It was no joy to Prince Hans-Joseph that he had to wait five hours for a train. He spent the interval in the waiting-room writing, and immediately afterwards tearing up, notes to Cecilia.

His main trouble was that he could not conveniently calculate when he would get back to Kiel. Cecilia was hardly likely to wait in that dreary harbour day after day for the purpose of seeing Mymms.

Finally, he hit upon a suggestion which seemed to him good. He wrote a plain and quite business-like note reiterating his fixed determination to bring Mymms aboard the *Universe*, but pointed out that two or three days must elapse before this project could be achieved. He suggested that Cecilia should, in the meantime, sail to Copenhagen, spend a day or two there, and then return. On her return Prince Hans-Joseph pledged his word that Mymms should be in readiness for an audience.

The Prince concluded the letter by asking Cecilia to wire her wishes to the Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin.

Having dispatched the note, Prince Hans-Joseph caught the morning train and went upon his way

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grimly determined to live up to his reputation for honesty and straight-dealing.

Cecilia received Prince Hans-Joseph's note at breakfast-time, and was not a little moved. It seemed a shame to drag such an honest boy to destruction through his very honesty.

For at least half an hour indeed Cecilia sat in her cabin turning the note over and over again as she studied Prince Hans-Joseph's proposals in every line.

Was it fair, was it right, was it just, she asked herself, to make this lad a dupe?

For if Mymms ever set foot aboard the *Universe*, then Mymms would never return to Germany. And if Mymms never returned to Germany, then this hot-headed boy, Hans-Joseph, must suffer the degradation of being branded as a fool and a traitor.

It was not a very pleasant position for Cecilia to be in. It began to dawn on her that Marsden was right in his chivalrous desire to keep all women out of diplomatic matters. And at the thought of Marsden there came into Cecilia's mind an entirely new and perplexing problem as to the morality of diplomacy.

Slowly she came to see that to be a diplomat one must be a Jesuit. It was necessary, not only to place one's country first, but to make that

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first last. She saw that it was imperative not only to have faith but to harbour fanaticism. So she crushed down every doubt, every scruple.

Now, this was because Cecilia had only half learnt her lesson—the lesson that, even for the sake of a faith, a woman can never be quite inhuman. Weeks afterwards there was to come a touch of Marsden's hand which made Cecilia wonder that she ever scrupled to employ Hans-Joseph—not for her country's sake, but for Marsden's.

The interval was long, and cold, and bleak. Cecilia, as she lived through it, began to wonder how a man could have a creed, could have an aim, so fascinating as to exclude human consideration—human love.

Cecilia was indeed for the time left, as it is most conveniently if most commonly called, cold. It was in a cold mood that she showed the Prince's letter to Potomac and Murphy. It was in a cold rage that she battled with their little fears that Mymms might escape them if they left Kiel. It was in a cold passion that she ordered the yacht to sail for Copenhagen. Her dealings with the complaining Lady Jemima were icy.

Murphy and Potomac, it might be said, huddled together. Cecilia overawed them and left them afraid. Yet, even as they tried to seek comfort

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in each other, they quarrelled. They had long, hot, and bitter arguments as to the wisdom of this Copenhagen trip.

The passengers of the *Universe* began to hate each other with an almost deadly hatred. They met only at meals, and then they were gloomy and antagonistic.

The skipper of the yacht was so amazed at the proceedings that he took the chief officer into his confidence and asked him what he thought of it.

The chief officer could think of nothing by way of explanation and so annoyed his captain. Thus life, on board the *Universe*, became more and more unpleasant.

Prince Hans-Joseph in the meantime had no opportunity of cultivating ill-temper. He was too busy.

On the evening of the day on which he started for Berlin, he arrived at the Chancellerie unshaven, unwashed, and generally unkempt.

He rushed into the room of his second cousin, the Graf von Hessen, a large, blond and placid person, who acted as steward to the Chancellor's household.

The Graf von Hessen was frankly amazed at Prince Hans-Joseph's flushed face and disordered appearance.

"Bet he's got a new girl," he said to himself.

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"Thought so," he muttered as the Prince poured out his story.

The Graf von Hessen was fortunate in the possession of the splendidly mediæval idea that a wife is only a species of legalised cook. The Graf von Hessen didn't take any stock of women, his heart was entirely engrossed—and this in more ways than one—with the importance of the dinner-table.

He made no secret that he could scarcely understand his hot-headed cousin's ravings. He could not make out how any girl on earth could have Madonna-like features and yet arouse one's feelings.

It was unfortunate that, while the Prince was all soul, his cousin was all stomach.

However, the Graf von Hessen was obliging. He had certain doubts in his mind as to the wisdom of the step, but he agreed to breathe into the Chancellor's ear the suggestion that Mymms could be taught a further lesson as to the Might and Majesty of Germany by being introduced to the German High Sea Fleet now anchored off Kiel. Loyal friend that he was, the Graf von Hessen made no mention of his cousin's latest love affair as he put the proposal to the Chancellor.

The Chancellor, as a matter of fact, was delighted at the notion. He went away chuckling to himself, happy in the belief that his aristocratic

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gentleman housekeeper was not quite the ass he thought him.

Mymms was, by this time, sufficiently dazed to be submissive. He took it quite as a part of the day's work when he was politely but authoritatively informed that he must set out for Kiel.

Prince Hans-Joseph, as he hustled Mymms into a private saloon at the Potsdamerhof-Bahn, could scarcely conceal his frantic joy.

A thousand times during the run to Kiel it was on the tip of his tongue to ask Mymms if he knew Lady Cecilia Skeffington.

This was a temptation which in the end he could not resist.

"Do you know the Lady Cecilia Skeffington?" he bashfully inquired of Mymms.

Mymms sat with bulging blue eyes staring at the Prince, half in terror, half in joy.

The colour crept into his little face as his heart beat faster beneath his frail little ribs.

"Lady Cecilia Skeffington!" Mymms repeated with a shaking voice. It came suddenly home to Mymms, and his weak little heart beat all the faster, that Lady Cecilia might in some mysterious way be contriving his escape from the grip of Prussia. Mymms was conscious that the Prince's feverish eyes were devouring his face. With an effort the little man pulled himself together.



## To New York

"Lady Cecilia Skeffington," he said slowly, "isn't she, in some way, related to the Duke of Mold?"

"Yes, yes! that's it," cried the Prince eagerly.

Should he or should he not claim acquaintance with Lady Cecilia? The natural cunning of his street-bred mind served him in good stead. If Lady Cecilia were working to save him, he argued, then she was working in secret—and he must keep her secret.

Together with his natural cunning, however, Mymms harboured a fair amount of snobbishness. It wounded his vanity a little to have to deny acquaintance with anyone included in Debrett.

So he shook his head with regret. "No, sir, I don't know the lady," he said.

"But she has heard of you," urged the Prince.

"Has she?" Mymms' prominent blue eyes bulged again.

"Yes," said the Prince. "She has heard of your dreams. She wants you to dream for her now."

"Is that why I'm going to Kiel?" asked Mymms.

The Prince nodded.

"Orlright," said Mymms, "I'll dream for her."

## The Man who Dreamed Right

The *Universe* had fetched anchor off Kiel a few hours before the Prince arrived with Mymms. His Royal Highness immediately commandeered an Admiralty launch and set out for Higgins' yacht.

Potomac had already received a wire notifying him of the Prince's return with Mymms. On the receipt of it he had danced about the deck like a cat on hot bricks and could have embraced Murphy with joy.

But Cecilia was crushing. "You have done better than I thought you would," she said, and that was all.

Lady Jemima was not informed how matters stood. Neither Potomac, nor Murphy, nor Cecilia had any desire to increase their troubles.

The launch came alongside the yacht, cutting a clean way through the water.

Murphy, the reticent, drew Potomac, the talkative, on one side. "Say," he said, "it will be kind of awkward, won't it, if Mymms comes aboard and gives the game away by showing that he's seen Lady Cecilia before."

Potomac looked at him with contempt.

"Do you think," he asked, "that that young fool, Hans-Joseph, will be hanging about the gangway while we make introductions? We've only got to tell him that Lady Cecilia is waiting

## To New York

for him in the saloon and he'll be off like a rocket. We can tell Mymms what to do during his Royal Highness' absence."

Thus they arranged it between them, and Potomac was right. The Prince, all hot and anxious, came blundering up the gangway. Potomac stretched towards him a cool American hand.

"Lady Cecilia," he said, with an air of flattering confidence, "is waiting for you in the saloon."

The Prince rushed aft. Murphy grabbed Mymms by one arm while Potomac seized him by the other. They told him their story, briefly, but with point.

Mymms, of course, was utterly befogged, but he recognised that his feet now stood on planks that were not Prussian, and in his own peculiar way he gave glory to his particular God.

Mymms had *not* learnt much, but he had learnt that he must at least keep his tongue still. So, when he came into the presence of Cecilia, he stammered and blushed, but said nothing.

At the suggestion of Cecilia, Prince Hans-Joseph had sent the launch to lie alongside his own yacht. Luncheon was served in the saloon and, half-way through, Prince Hans-Joseph became convinced that the *Universe* was in motion.

He looked up and glanced through a port-hole.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

"Hullo," he said, "where on earth are we off to?"

He turned his eyes on Cecilia's face, but Cecilia's face was a blank.

The flushed countenance of the Prince grew pale. "I say," he cried, rising from his chair and speaking loudly and distinctly, "where are we off to?"

No answer was vouchsafed him.

The horrible notion that he had been trapped overwhelmed Prince Hans-Joseph.

He moved towards the companion-way, but Murphy got there first. The American slammed the door and planted his plump back against it.

"*Not* that way, your Royal Highness," he said. The Prince looked in turn at each man and woman in the saloon. Lady Jemima was muttering to herself, Cecilia was staring at her folded hands. Mymms was gibbering in excitement, while Potomac sat alert and calm, fumbling the stem of a wine-glass.

Potomac lifted his wine-glass to his thin, neatly-shaven lips, and drained it.

"It just depends," he said, "but *we*"—he laid stress on the "*we*"—"are on the way to New York."

## CHAPTER XIII

### A COMPACT BROKEN

**I**MMEDIATELY after Torfeldt had inveigled Mymms to Germany, the position in London became at once curious and acute.

The public knew nothing, but all the people who really mattered knew only too well what had happened. And according to their different positions they were cast into varying depths of perplexity and despair.

The two persons who had dropped on the scent and followed it up successfully were, as we know, Potomac and Murphy. But there were many others who found themselves merely facing a blank wall. One of these was Mr. Hastie Brighton, the Editor of the *Wire*. For the first time in his life he had to acknowledge himself completely out-generalled, and baffled to such an extent that he could not, for the moment, see any means of escaping utter defeat.

The proprietors and editors of rival journals

## The Man who Dreamed Right

were quick to guess Mr. Hastie Brighton's Sedan, and chuckled with huge delight.

At the same time, their joy was far from unalloyed, for they saw that they themselves had lost the potentialities of Mymms.

The working diplomats of London also found themselves in strained relations with their own particular Ambassadors and Ministers. The inmates of the different Embassies and Legations were, indeed, extremely miserable and distraught.

But the most unhappy man of all was Marsden.

Before she had sailed in the *Universe*, Cecilia had worked out with him a simple but effective code, and by that code Marsden had received the information that Prince Hans-Joseph had been caught.

Afterwards Marsden received a further message, stating that Prince Hans-Joseph had left for Berlin, and why, together with the tidings that Cecilia was departing on a forced cruise to Copenhagen.

The thousand and one little things which beset the business man encompassed Marsden at the moment. With cool haste he swept them all aside, and for the time he lived only for the great matter of Mymms.

It was possibly wise of Marsden to free himself from these odds and ends of diplomatic detail,

## A Compact Broken

which could but distract his thoughts. But the very lopping off of all these widespread and different interests only served to emphasise the miserable inactivity which he was now compelled to endure.

Marsden, who frequented at least a dozen clubs, and night after night dined out, with the regularity of the most wretched slave to fashion, took to holding himself aloof from even these casual meetings with his fellow men.

So harassed, indeed, did he become that he sought refuge in long rides into the country. And his big, upstanding, and patient cob began in its dull mind to wonder at the nervousness and irritability of his master's temper.

For sometimes, when tortured by his anxiety as to Cecilia's whereabouts, Marsden would spur his horse into a three-mile gallop. So the days wore on, and, to indulge in alliteration, Marsden the debonair became Marsden the dejected.

A score of times he figured out in the quiet of his room the course which the *Universe* would take from Kiel to Copenhagen and back. He measured the distance over and over again till the chart became an eyesore. He would sit for the hour together with a red-backed Continental Bradshaw in his hand, looking up the trains from Kiel to Berlin and from Berlin to Kiel.

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Suspicion in all its aspects had haunted Marsden's mind, but even Marsden did not expect to be confronted with such treachery as Murphy deliberately proposed to employ. Through all the negotiations Potomac had appeared to be the leading spirit, and certainly Potomac had appeared to play the leading part. So clever had Murphy been that even Marsden never guessed that Potomac was, in the end, to be overwhelmed and overruled by the silent but persistent journalist.

For a day and a night following the hour at which Marsden had calculated that Prince Hans-Joseph would put Mymms in touch with Cecilia at Kiel, Marsden stayed in his rooms counting every second, a prey to the most horrible inquietude.

At midnight he went down to Fleet Street, and, entering the offices of the *Wire*, asked for Mr. Hastie Brighton.

Now, Mr. Hastie Brighton had been half-expecting him, and received him at once with affability and outward unconcern.

"You have come to talk to me about Mymms," the Editor suggested, as he rose to meet his guest.

"Yes," said Marsden; "I am getting a little anxious."

"Ah!" Mr. Hastie Brighton gave a quick, keen glance at Marsden, and instinctively divined



### **A: Compact Broken**

the truth. "Indeed," he said, "then you must have been working with the Americans."

Marsden was considerably taken aback, but made not the least sign of his astonishment.

"Quite true," he said.

Mr. Hastie Brighton surveyed him with approval. This man, he thought, was obviously honest. He had come to consult him.

"Don't you think, Lord Marsden," he said, "that you had better tell me the whole story?"

"Yes," said Marsden, "I do ; but, of course, it is on the condition that you publish nothing until you have my leave."

Mr. Hastie Brighton nodded his agreement to these terms, and then, with a contented, smiling face, listened to Marsden's tale.

At the close of it Mr. Hastie Brighton laughed.

"In normal times," he said, cheerfully, "diplo-mats, for some extraordinary reason, have a horror of newspapers. But there is always a moment in store for them when they are glad to ask the newspapers to help them. You haven't asked me in actual words to help you now, but I quite understand the drift of your thoughts, and—I can help you."

Marsden bowed with a distant politeness.

"Of course," Mr. Hastie Brighton continued briskly, "we are not quite sure how far matters

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have gone. If, as you seem to suspect, Murphy, as the representative of Higgins, has used the *Universe* to kidnap Mymms, we shall know of it very shortly. Even Murphy would not dare to carry a real live Prince across to the States. The Prince will by some means be taken back to Germany, and then we shall know the truth.

“And when these all-important facts come into our possession,” continued Mr. Hastie Brighton, “we can circumvent Mr. Murphy very nicely. I know the London correspondent of the *New York Hemisphere* well. He will be only too glad to cable over an account of the whole affair, and in this way Murphy’s little plan will be brought down to the ground.”

Even as they talked, extremely private messages as to Murphy’s exploit were coming into the offices of the *Wire*.

For after Murphy had declined to let him go from the saloon of the *Universe*, Prince Hans-Joseph had found himself in sore straits. And when a Prince of the Blood finds himself in sore straits it is not very long before all the little people of the earth hear of it.

Prince Hans-Joseph was held to be a reckless but brave young man ; and when he realised that the smiling Murphy was holding him a prisoner in the saloon of the *Universe* he immediately

## A Compact Broken

decided to put up a fight. And he was determined to make it a thorough fight, a fight to a finish, because he was quick-witted enough to see that he was faced with ruin.

The Prince went habitually armed, and his hand instinctively moved to his hip pocket ; but, again, Murphy was quicker than he.

At the sight of firearms Lady Jemima indulged in the luxury of hysterics, which were fashionable during the early Victorian days, but are now, by modern people possessing taste, accounted vulgar.

No one, however, paid any attention to Lady Jemima.

Mymms understood vaguely how matters were going, and hugged himself with pleasure. He, poor little soul, could not tell the misery that was in store for him. He only realised that in some strange way he was being delivered from the tyranny of Prussia. He sat on his swivel-seat and hugged himself with his thin little arms.

Cecilia was like a woman who has been suddenly frozen.

Murphy walked slowly forward till the muzzle of his revolver was about three inches from the Prince's head.

"Your Royal Highness has nothing to fear," said Murphy.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

"Except disgrace," answered the Prince through clenched teeth.

Murphy chuckled. "Believe me," he said, "we will do our best to make it a very creditable disgrace.

"Meantime," he continued, "I had better tell you our plans. We shall steam right ahead for the next hour, and then pick up a second yacht. To this yacht you will be transferred and conveyed back to Kiel."

The Prince's gaze wandered hopelessly about him till it alighted on Cecilia.

Then he cried out, and in his voice was an anguish which the girl never forgot.

"Lady Cecilia!" he cried, "have I laid my heart at your feet only for this?"

A sense of purgatorial shame overwhelmed Cecilia. She got unsteadily out of her chair, and walked to the door of the saloon. Nobody stayed her path, and she went out. Lady Jemima tore madly after her. With a guttural, choking exclamation, the Prince sank back into his chair, and, resting his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands.

Potomac was beginning to grow a little uneasy, and looked at Murphy with swift and sharp distrust.

In the presence of the Prince, of course, he

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could not ask inconvenient questions, and, for the very purpose of preventing questions being asked, Murphy decided to remain within shooting distance of Prince Hans-Joseph.

While the Prince sat with his head buried in his hands, Potomac made effort after effort to lure Murphy into whispered conversation ; but Murphy would have none of it.

Murphy would not even whisper back to him. Thus was spent an amazing and a trying hour. Not once did the Prince lift his face from his hands. Not once did Murphy relax his hold on his revolver. Not once did Potomac endeavour to speak that he was not rebuffed.

A sudden stopping of the engines brought about a swift change in the situation.

Murphy went over to Potomac and spoke into his ear. "When we have got rid of the Prince," he said, "we will talk together."

"I don't understand this second yacht business," grumbled Potomac.

"But you will," said Murphy pleasantly. "You will understand it very soon."

"What do you mean?"

"Wait till I choose to tell you," answered Murphy, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes.

Then he went over to the Prince and clapped him on the shoulder.

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"Prince," he said, in his blunt American way, "own up you are beaten to the world. I like you. You're a good kind of a boy, and I'm sorry to have to put you through it. But it had to be. Take my advice now, recognise you have been beaten on a square deal, and quit this ship like a gentleman.

"I should feel pretty mean," Murphy continued, "if I had to put you off it with a six-shooter—but off you'll go, and you may as well go like a gentleman."

The Prince lifted his face from his hands. It was drawn and white and haggard.

The Prince was full of bitter thoughts concerning the perfidy of women. He was quite of the opinion that he would never be able to trust a woman again, and it was quite true that he would not be able to till he met the next girl who tempted his indiscreet heart.

However, all said and done, Prince Hans-Joseph was a gentleman, and it suddenly came home to him that he was being so sentimental as to suggest that he was under-bred.

Against this idea the Prince revolted, and now, as he faced Murphy, he became cool and self-assured.

"There are times," he said affably, though his face was still white, "when even a Prince has

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to behave sufficiently like a coward and a cad to satisfy his snobbishness that he is behaving like a gentleman. I assure you that I shall leave this yacht with considerable pleasure, and without offering the slightest resistance."

Murphy knew the Prince spoke the truth, and he pocketed his six-shooter.

Together he and Potomac watched the Prince rowed away towards the second yacht, at the stern of which floated the Stars and Stripes. Side by side, the diplomat and the journalist noted the growing distance between the ships.

Then Potomac turned to Murphy. "We've got Mymms all right," he said, "and we never thought we should get him. So far so good, but I guess we had better get below and think out what we are going to do with him."

Murphy looked superciliously down from his plump height at the wiry and perturbed Potomac. The sight moved him to laughter, but suddenly his smiling face grew hard.

"Five minutes ago," he said, "Prince Hans-Joseph was my prisoner. You're my prisoner now."

"What do you mean?" asked Potomac, and his heart sank within him.

"Simply this. That Mymms is the property of the *New York Flare*, and that if you don't come

## The Man who Dreamed Right

along without raising a fuss you'll only make a fool of yourself. This ship is owned by Mr. Higgins, the proprietor of the *New York Flare*, and to the offices of the *New York Flare* I'm taking Mr. Mymms."

"But Marsden," cried Potomac, "you cannot go back on your deal with him! You can't play England and America false!"

"Can't I?"

Murphy looked at Potomac with a malicious grin. Then with unkind deliberation, he strolled across to the compass and squinted into it sideways. The *Universe* was slipping along her course from the North Sea to the English Channel, beyond which lay the Atlantic—and America.



## CHAPTER XIV

### MYMMS REACHES AMERICA

**I**T is a hard thing to set out to encompass another man's destruction and then find that one has destroyed oneself.

This was the position of Potomac now.

The quiet voice of Murphy telling him that he was a prisoner suddenly cut away from under him all the ground on which Potomac thought he had firmly planted his feet.

Potomac looked across the water towards the fast-vanishing yacht, aboard which Murphy had shipped the deluded and disgraced Prince Hans-Joseph. Then he turned and surveyed the plump back of Murphy as that unscrupulous journalist bent over the compass. "Yes," he said to himself, "I'm a prisoner all right."

But, fortunately for Potomac, the American spirit has the composition of an indiarubber ball—the harder one dashes it to the earth, the greater is its rebound.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

After a second of crushing despair, Potomac's indiarubber American spirit soared sky high.

At the worst the *Universe*, under the instructions of Murphy, was sailing towards the States. When they reached the States, Potomac reflected, he and Murphy would nominally stand on equal ground. But Potomac, because of his diplomatic position, would possess, as he thought, an advantage which Murphy could not fight.

So he laughed and shrugged his thin shoulders, and, turning to Murphy, dug the journalist in his plump ribs.

"All right," he said, "we will see how things go. Anyway, we're bound for God's country, and that is something to an American."

"Am I to suppose," asked Murphy, "that you are not going to raise any trouble this trip?"

Potomac nodded. "What's the use?" he inquired. "This ship's yours, isn't it?"

"That's so," said Murphy; "and we may as well be friends."

"As to that, we shall see," said Potomac, and with a deliberate and entirely undisturbed manner he slowly bit off the end of a most desirable cigar.

Murphy knew well that the peace between Potomac and himself merely savoured of a truce. However, he accepted it with the aplomb of the victor.

## **Mymms reaches America**

"Seems to me," he said, "that you and I have got to stand together and wrestle it out with the old girl." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the saloon, in which at the moment Lady Jemima Skeffington was earnestly engaged in denouncing all things and manners modern.

Potomac laughed with keen relish at the humorous side of the situation.

"It looks like it," he agreed.

Murphy grew suddenly grave. "Of course," he said, "the old girl will be troublesome, but what is worrying me a good deal more is the case of Lady Cecilia."

Potomac indulged in the smile of a man who sees difficulties ahead which he knows do not belong to him.

"I guess," he said coolly and with some malice, "that that is your funeral."

"So it may be," said Murphy, "but it's not myself who is going to be buried at sea."

It now occurred to Murphy that in order to avoid complications it would be better to get below. He was not the man to procrastinate when faced with difficulties. He preferred to go straight ahead and flatten his troubles out—or be flattened out himself. He went down to the saloon, full of an overbearing confidence begotten of the knowledge that the odds were on his side.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

Now, while Murphy had talked with Potomac on deck, Cecilia had found herself face to face with extraordinarily uncomfortable problems below.

First, it was necessary to rescue Lady Jemima Skeffington from complete prostration following on hysterics. Cecilia solved this particular problem by handing over the raving old woman into the safe keeping of a strong-minded American stewardess, whose methods were, to say the least of it, drastic.

But Lady Cecilia was not to be disposed of in this fashion, and Murphy required all his cold, impertinent audacity to face Cecilia now.

Of Mymms he took no account; and Mymms remained, cringing and cowering and muttering, on one of the couches in the saloon.

It was not necessary for Cecilia to demand an explanation. Her instinct revealed to her the whole truth. It revealed the whole truth to her so plainly and so completely that Murphy was somewhat taken aback by her first question.

"What do you propose to do with me when we reach America?" she asked.

For a second or so Murphy was at his wits' end to find an answer. Finally he hedged by saying: "It just depends."

"It just depends," suggested Cecilia, "whether I am troublesome or not?"

## **Mymms reaches America**

Murphy actually blushed. He was not in the habit of cornering lady members of the English aristocracy.

"I reckon," he said uneasily, "that that's about the size of it."

It is hard for a man, and much harder for a woman, to pass suddenly from one phase of life to another, and Cecilia felt bitterly and resentfully the situation in which she was now placed.

She recognised that she was a prisoner on board an American ship. She appreciated with an entirely womanly shame that she had played a base and disgraceful trick upon an honest man. She was greatly distressed as to what might be the fate of Prince Hans-Joseph.

To add to her distress of mind, she felt that she was entirely cut off from any communication with the one man who might have given her support. She realised, with a sudden knowledge of her own impotence, that it was Marsden, and Marsden alone, who had possessed her of courage. And now, to crown her despair, it seemed that Marsden had been outwitted to an extent which wiped him out.

It seemed to her that Marsden had been gambling with his country's safety when he made this compact with Potomac and Murphy. Cecilia was very near to weeping, but she knew that if

## The Man who Dreamed Right

she indulged in this perfectly legitimate luxury England's stake would be entirely lost. She gave one swift glance at Mymms, and understood that it was now necessary for her to play the man.

So she steeled her heart and strengthened herself by clinging only to her patriotism. And to cling to patriotism only is the hardest task in the world for a woman, because the patriotism of all women is based on confidence in some wretched—and probably wholly inadequate—little male.

With a deliberation that turned her heart to ice Cecilia set aside all friendship for Marsden, all reliance on Marsden. She felt that she was her country's Joan of Arc, and it was in this mood that she turned on Murphy.

"You," she cried—"you are a traitor through and through. You have broken your word to Lord Marsden, you have broken your word to England. You are nothing but a fraud and a petty thief! You are a liar and a pettifogging blackguard!"

Cecilia was eloquent when she was roused, and she was roused now.

Murphy crumpled up. He did not understand women, and did not want to. And Cecilia was armed with the might of her country's wrongs.

"You can take me where you will," she con-

## **Mymms reaches America**

tinued, "and take Mymms where you will, but Mymms, I can assure you, will only be a dead weight on your hands."

The vigour and bitterness of Lady Cecilia's attack on Murphy served to brace Mymms.

"She is only a woman," thought Mymms to himself condescendingly in the shallowness of his little mind, "but she's right. I'm not going to be a Yank, any more than I was going to be a German."

"The lady is right," Mymms cried aloud. "I'm an Englishman, and you can do what you like, but I'll be an Englishman still."

There are times when a rough interpretation of "discretion is the better part of valour" means that a man had just as well hold his tongue. Murphy held his tongue now. He could afford to be silent.

He walked out of the saloon and gave certain orders to the chief officer of the yacht. As a result Mymms was taken to the main deck and isolated in Mr. Higgins' own private cabin.

The voyage from this moment was uneventful.

Prince Hans-Joseph was sufficiently a man to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth when he set foot on German soil.

The truth and the whole truth was immediately wired to the Kaiser.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

What the Kaiser thought and what the Kaiser said it is unnecessary to record. Prince Hans-Joseph, however, immediately retired to a fortress, and certain ships in the Kaiser's Navy sailed for the Channel and thence for the wide Atlantic.

But Mr. Higgins, being a millionaire—and a multi-millionaire at that—possessed a yacht which had the heels of any warship afloat. So while grim German stokers sweated in the suffocating interiors of German warships, the *Universe* insolently shook off pursuit.

Murphy found himself faced by many awkward matters. One of them was the fierce and hec-toring curiosity of Lady Jemima as to the *Universe's* destination. At last he told her the truth, and Lady Jemima's wrath was overpowering. But Murphy did not care; all his efforts were concentrated on preventing any communication between Cecilia and Mymms. Potomac, assuming an indifferent attitude, took to smoking Mr. Higgins' cigars, and, like Brer' Rabbit, lay low and said nothing.

The skipper of the *Universe*, who had a certain affection for the yacht's engines, protested against the speed urged upon him by Murphy. But Murphy, with an anxious and watchful eye astern, paid no attention to his protestations.



## Mymms reaches America

On the fifth day after they had passed the blinking, flaring lights of Grisnez the *Universe* ran into an uncomfortably thick bank of fog, and her skipper found it necessary to speak to Murphy with the diffident authority of the seaman who finds himself running counter to the wishes of his landsman master.

Captain MacDonald roused Murphy from a fit of slumber at four o'clock in the morning. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but you're doing an almighty fool's trick by running this old packet at twenty knots an hour through such a fog.

"I reckon—as far as I can make out—that Atlantic City lies right ahead. But I tell you this, sir," the skipper continued, "if this fog doesn't lift by six o'clock, I'm going to stop right dead. I calculate by that time we shall be within a biscuit throw of the coast."

Murphy knew that the Germans could not catch him now. "All right," he grumbled, "have it your own way." And he turned over to doze again.

Captain MacDonald walked, grumbling, towards the bridge, and for the next two hours tried to pierce the blanket of fog which enveloped him. At six o'clock by his watch he rang the engines down to "stop."

At five minutes past six the fog suddenly lifted,

## The Man who Dreamed Right

and the triumphant eyes of the *Universe's* skipper discerned the coastline not two miles away.

Captain MacDonald sent down for Murphy. Murphy slipped into his clothes and came on deck. He ordered the skipper to stand in as close along shore as was possible, and then had the long-boat put overboard.

Next he roused Mymms. Mymms was all of a flutter as he came on deck, and yet was inclined to be disputative. He clamoured for Lady Cecilia.

Murphy, however, was in no mood for trifling, and ordered Mymms down the gangway to the long-boat. Then, having given certain instructions to Captain MacDonald, Murphy stepped into the stern-sheets of the long-boat, too, and sat himself down on the seat beside Mymms.

In summer Atlantic City is a very pleasant place. Its innumerable hotels and boarding-houses hum with vigorous and assertive American life. But in the early spring it is the apotheosis of desertion and hideous gloom. At such a time, indeed, it is a very city of the dead; and the chill and desolation of the place overcame Mymms as he was rowed towards the thundering and dangerous surf which beat upon Atlantic City sands—sands which are only sands of pleasure when the stifled New Yorker comes to the Brighton

## **Mymms reaches America**

of America for change of excitement and for keener air than hangs over his own skyscraper-ridden city in the summer months.

The long-boat, under the guidance of Captain MacDonald's first officer, hung sullenly on the unbroken crests of big rollers and then dived down sickeningly into valleys between long wall-like waves.

The little craft came to broken water, and, as the foam-crowned breakers curled flush with the gun'el, Mymms' heart was in his mouth.

Then they were literally flung on to the yielding sand. The long-boat had had some of her ribs stove in, but the crew dragged her into safety. Mymms faced seawards, and looked back, wondering and fearful. The soft sands seemed to be sucking the shoes off his feet.

Murphy took his arm and led him up the beach.

"You're in God's country now," he said, "and Heaven help you if you still feel British!"

## CHAPTER XV

### WHEN YANK BEATS YANK

WHEN one says that a man has sense, it sometimes means that he has dignity. Only a sensible man never places himself in the position of appearing ludicrous. It was the desire to avoid incidents which would certainly make him absurd that prompted Potomac to remain quiescent when Murphy took Mymms ashore from the *Universe*.

It required a good deal of self-control on the part of Potomac to stand by and make no protest against this perfidy. His efforts at self-control, however, were entirely successful, and gained for him Murphy's mental declaration that he was a man of sound common-sense.

But the fact that Murphy, as he was taking Mymms up the beach at Atlantic City, regarded him with approval was of small consolation to Potomac. Potomac realised that his common-sense merely dictated that he should not wriggle in the meshes of a net, which would only close the tighter about him the more he wriggled.

## When Yank beats Yank

Abandoning, therefore, for the time being the process of wriggling, Potomac resigned himself to the extent of going below and then bringing up on deck a pair of strong field-glasses.

Through these, with outward placidity but with inward perturbation, he watched the unfortunate Mymms being dragged inch by inch up the cloying sands to the promenade. Though his hands shook, Potomac held the glasses to his eyes with sufficient firmness to note, while his heart sank, the disappearance of Murphy and Mymms through an aperture between a giant hotel and a dwarf saloon.

The final disappearance of Murphy and Mymms from view left Potomac in a most miserable and dejected frame of mind. He was filled, to a certain extent, with self-reproach that he had not made a scene. If he had made a scene, Cecilia might have come on deck, and then—Potomac smiled grimly—things would have shaped themselves differently.

For Lady Cecilia was, as he knew, an awkward person to deal with at an awkward time. Now Potomac pocketed his field-glasses and went down to look for her. He came face to face with her in the saloon.

And so woebegone and so entirely defeated was the appearance of Potomac that one glance was

## The Man who Dreamed Right

sufficient to enable Cecilia to guess the drift of things. She had half expected what would happen, and now she laughed mirthlessly.

"Murphy has taken Mymms away," said Potomac feebly by way of explanation.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Cecilia, and her black eyes grew tawny yellow like a tiger's, "that you have let him make away with Mymms?"

Potomac could not face the wild, almost savage, eyes of Cecilia. He looked aside and hunched his meagre little shoulders.

"Sit down!" Cecilia's voice was imperative and harsh.

Potomac sat meekly down.

"So it comes to this," said Cecilia—"that you, you the clever American who outwitted Lord Marsden and myself, have in turn been outwitted by a fellow-countryman more shrewd than yourself?"

Potomac made no answer.

"What a lesson—what a lesson to you and me! What a lesson in the good faith of an American!"

The words stung Potomac like a whip.

"It wasn't my fault!" he half screamed. "I tell you it wasn't my fault! I meant to play fair—I meant to play honest, and Murphy is——"

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"A villain?" suggested Cecilia.

"A villain! Of course he's a villain," cried Potomac, with concentrated hate and heat, "and doubly a villain, because he not only lied to Lord Marsden, who represents England, but to myself, who represent America."

Cecilia shrugged her shoulders. "A pretty tale to tell," she said, "but one which does not convince me. Do you mean to try and persuade me," she continued, "that if you and Murphy had not fallen out England would have been treated fairly?"

With the foolish courage of despair, Potomac endeavoured to look Cecilia in the eyes. His gaze fell away.

All this time Cecilia had been standing, but she now sank down into a swivel-seated chair and unconsciously placed her hand against her heart. She thought of Marsden, and so, indirectly, of England and her country's need.

"God give me strength!" she prayed to herself, and swung round in the chair again to face Potomac.

Potomac was not so overwhelmed by disaster that the despair of Cecilia's little gesture escaped him. Immediately he sought to profit by it.

With the unerring intuition of the born liar, he realised that the moment had come to speak the truth.

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"I will confess," he said brokenly, and the break in his voice was really quite natural, "that I didn't mean to play fair. But I'll play fair now," he cried—"I'll play fair now!"

"Even," said Cecilia coldly, "if it is for the mere purpose of what you would probably call 'getting your own back on Murphy.'"

"That's so," said Potomac, with the frank honesty of the American thief—"that's so."

Cecilia turned away with disgust. Potomac entreated her to listen to him, but she would not hear him.

In her own mind it was clear that she and Potomac were literally in the same boat; they were the playthings of the absent Murphy.

Captain MacDonald, of the *Universe*, treated both Potomac and Cecilia as he might have treated infantile lunatics.

The yacht stood out to sea till she had travelled fifty miles from the coast. Then Captain MacDonald tramped the waters of the Atlantic from north to south and from south to north with the imbecilic but dutiful precision of a soldier chained to sentry-go.

A hundred times Potomac strove to lure him into conversation. A hundred times Cecilia endeavoured to beat him into submission by sheer superiority of birth. But Captain MacDonald



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was a hard man, who earned hard money by hard work. Moreover, he had the upper hand—and he was resolved to keep it.

So the *Universe* thrashed her way north and then south ; and then north and then south again, at the same rate of speed through every species of weather that the infinite imagination of the North Atlantic could invent. The yacht became to Cecilia and to Potomac nothing less than a peripatetic gaol.

Potomac reviled the *Universe*, and Cecilia beneath her breath denounced it.

But the skipper of the *Universe* held undeviatingly, callously, on his course from south to north and north to south, and back again.

Mymms, when he felt the hand of Murphy heavy on his shoulder and his breath hot against his ear, had struggled for a few seconds with the small, silly little rage which possesses a rat when the terrier's teeth close on him.

However, that characteristically British spirit of self-preservation, which was strong in him, prompted Mymms to give up the struggle before the life was shaken out of him. By the time, indeed, that they had come to the promenade Mymms was briskly submissive so far as his outward actions went ; but in his mind there was working that mule-like obstinacy which the English

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people have translated into the notion that they never know when they are beaten.

As a matter of fact, this English, mule-like obstinacy on the part of Mymms practically rendered him invulnerable.

Mymms, as he stumbled by Murphy's side, swiftly reviewed his life from the time that the enterprise of the *Wire* had snatched him from his quiet home in Tottenham down to the straits in which he now found himself.

Throughout all that time Mymms saw that he had been fought for, and won and lost, by people who were more clever and resourceful and powerful than himself.

Yet—and this was the reflection upon which Mymms screwed his small courage to the sticking-point—these people all depended on him. If he refused to dream for them, then they were no better off when they held him captive than when they had been without him.

At this thought the British mule in Mymms grew stronger than ever. "I'm not going to dream for these Americans," he said to himself.

And he meant it.

He was so determined that he resolved to be silent. He said not a word when Murphy booked a private saloon for New York, and still remained speechless as that private saloon swayed and jolted

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at the tail of the train which carried them to New York.

On board the train Murphy ordered lunch, and Mymms ate heartily, almost greedily, but still said nothing.

His very silence disturbed Murphy, who tried to get him into conversation. Mymms, however, successfully resisted all attempts in this direction.

So they came to New York.

As everyone knows who has visited that most astonishing city, the railway stations are most inconveniently placed. Mymms, indeed, could scarcely realise that he had arrived in New York when he found himself standing on the desolate and peculiarly suburban-looking station, which, Murphy told him shortly, represented the end of their journey.

There followed a long ride in a motor-car through endless streets hedged in on either side by tall, forbidding, and architecturally soulless buildings.

A swift turn of the street suddenly brought them into Broadway, and then Mymms' heart leapt with wonder at the cruel and crushing splendour of the place.

They seemed to be travelling through a very narrow valley, the hills of which were enormous buildings, inhumanly illuminated.

New York was utterly different from anything

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which Mymms had yet beheld, and the sight of it overawed him.

He leant forward and looked out of the window of the motor-car at the buildings, which seemed to tower for miles above him.

Everywhere there were lights, lights, lights!

The glare was horrible and terrifying. Now they flashed beneath a bridge over which an unseen train hurtled and crashed. Now they rushed past a building which was one huge blaze of light, only to swing and swerve harmlessly into another long thoroughfare through which enormous street-cars threaded their way with an unceasing ringing of electric bells.

Once, and once only, did Mymms manage to breathe a little spirit of home—a little touch of London. The car rushed past a church, the tall spire of which, black and unlit, reared its pitiful height between two vast and brilliantly-lighted sky-scrapers.

Then the car came to a startlingly sudden standstill. Murphy lugged Mymms out of the automobile and led him across a pavement thronged with busy, hurrying people.

Mymms felt himself in a wonder-world, and that thought for a moment almost lost him to England.

“What a place to dream in!” he exclaimed.

Then he found himself in a circular marble hall,

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round which were ranged various gilt-edged elevators.

Into one of these Murphy hustled him, and Mymms instantly wondered how many thousands of miles he had left his stomach beneath him. The elevator stopped with disconcerting suddenness; Mymms was astonished to find himself speculating as to how many thousands of miles above him they were shooting that poor little stomach which a few seconds before he thought had been left thousands of miles below.

Mymms stepped out of the lift under the vague impression that he had landed in some way in the Seventh Heaven. The sombre and ill-lighted passage which greeted his astonished eyes might, however, have been the Seventh Depth of Hades.

Along this passage Murphy piloted Mymms through swing-doors, into a long, wide room. Mymms had to think of cathedrals before he could quite appreciate its size.

Across this vast place there were alley-ways bordered on either side by desks, and at each desk there was a man writing under the glare of a couple of electric lights. Down the main alley-way Murphy conducted Mymms, till they came to another set of swing-doors.

These swing-doors Murphy thrust open with his foot, and then pushed Mymms forward. Mymms

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found himself in a small, bare room, confronted by a short, broad, red-faced man, who was chewing on the stump of an extinguished cigar.

The short, squat, red-faced man had a pair of tiny, steely, piglike eyes, which glittered at the sight of Murphy.

"So you've got him!" cried the fat man, with infinite satisfaction. Then he turned to Mymms.

"Mr. Mymms," he said, "allow me to welcome you to the offices of the *New York Flare*. We will settle on terms in the morning, but we'll get to business at once. You've got to dream for us to-night."

Mymms looked about him in a dazed way. Aloud, yet to himself, he said: "This is America and these are Americans—and they want me to dream for them.

"But I am English——" Mymms broke off, and, unable to understand things as they were, pinched himself on the arm to see if he were really awake.

"Yes, I'm awake," he said to himself. "I'm awake all right, but I'm not going to dream for these Yanks. No, I'll be hanged if I do!"

Mr. Kennedy, the pig-eyed Editor of the *New York Flare*, bustled towards him. "You'll have to get to work right now," he said. "We're waiting for your dreams."

"Then you'll have to wait!" said Mymms; and his face was the face of a mule.

## CHAPTER XVI

### MYMMS' TERRIBLE DREAM

**I**N his time Mr. Kennedy, the Editor of the *Flare*, had "hustled." But early in life he had hustled so much that he now found himself in the position of being able to "sit around and grow fat" while he superintended the hustling of others.

This ability to grow fat and watch the hustling of others represents the ambition of every really hustling American. If he fails in this ambition to superintend adiposely the endeavours of others, the ambitious American becomes thin, and ends his days in a madhouse.

Fortunately for himself, Mr. Kennedy was one of the minority who grow fat.

But Kennedy was not so fat that he was not occasionally anxious ; and now all his anxiety lay in the direction of Paris, in which distant city dwelt Mr. Higgins, the proprietor of the *Flare*.

For twenty years or more Mr. Higgins had not visited New York.

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But for twenty years, with the assistance of the cable, Mr. Higgins had held a close grip on his affairs in New York. For twenty years Mr. Higgins had hired men in New York from Paris ; and for twenty years he had sacked men in New York from Paris.

Every day for twenty years the housekeeper of the *Flare* had placed fresh-cut flowers on Mr. Higgins' table. Every day for twenty years the bedroom which Mr. Higgins kept in the offices of the *Flare* had been dusted and the bed made anew. For twenty years the door-keeper had stood waiting on the step, carefully scanning each visitor, anxious lest he should not be in time to salute Mr. Higgins when Mr. Higgins actually arrived.

Every day for twenty years Mr. Higgins might have walked into the offices of the *Flare* unexpected and unannounced. He never came, but the very fact that he did not come only the more firmly convinced every one of his employees that he would suddenly appear out of space and once more take charge of things in person.

Now, even as he confronted Mymms, Mr. Kennedy found himself thinking that it would be a horrible thing if, on a sudden, Mr. Higgins walked into the office and found him perplexed and undecided as to what to do. Terror of the



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never-arriving Mr. Higgins disturbed the Editor of the *Flare* now.

He decided to brow-beat Mymms.

"We've been expecting you," he said, ignoring the little man's protestations, "and we have made every preparation for you. Come this way," he continued, and he caught Mymms by the arm.

Obstinate in mind, though complacent in body, Mymms followed him. Kennedy manœuvred him into a room which had been furnished with considerable luxury as a sleeping-place.

Kennedy waved his fat hand towards a bed which promised pleasant slumber.

"All I want you to do," said Kennedy to Mymms, "is just to undress—have a bath if you want to—turn in, and sleep. But you must dream what's going to be the biggest thing that is to happen to-morrow."

Mymms' face was white and drawn. He was dead tired, but the mule in him was stronger than his fatigue.

"Get out," he screamed in his high-toned voice, "and leave me alone. I'll be hanged if I'll dream for you—or for any other infernal American who ever lived!"

Kennedy had looked for stubbornness, but had not expected ferocity. However, he was not in

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the least taken aback. It was his business never to be outwardly upset.

He drew near to Mymms and placed his fat hand on Mymms' thin arm. "You're kinder upset," he said. "Just get cool and turn in. You're tired."

Mymms' eyes were heavy with sleep, and he tottered back to the edge of the bed and sat there glaring.

"No, I'm not!" he said. "No, I'm not! Don't you think you can play any of your games with me, because you can't."

Murphy, who had been standing by, would have intervened, but Kennedy with uplifted finger checked the words on his lips.

"Mr. Mymms," said the Editor of the *Flare*, turning to the weary little man, "you're over-tired—you're overdone. I don't want to be unfair, I don't want to be unkind. I'll leave you alone to-night—I won't ask anything of you. I want you to be fresh and smart to-morrow, so I'm going to send a doctor to you."

He beamed fat and rosy kindness on Mymms.

Mymms waggled his aching head and nodded his thanks. For the moment he believed in the kindness of Kennedy. It was a pity that he could not have seen Kennedy's face after the Editor of the *Flare* had pulled the door to behind him.

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It was the most unpleasant face that one could possibly imagine—the determined face of a fat man who is cruel.

Kennedy led the way back to his own room and beckoned Murphy to follow him. Then Kennedy employed the telephone to some purpose.

Murphy, indeed, had scarcely concluded his report to the Editor of the *Flare* when there arrived a man of that peculiar skeleton-headed type which figures so largely in American advertisements of hypnotism.

This was Dr. Long, a tall, spare, cadaverous man of that dangerous kind which reaches cold-hearted middle age while it is still young.

Dr. Long possessed a clean-cut jaw, hollow cheeks, a bald head, and dark, black, brooding eyes set in cavernous sockets. In manner he was insinuating and gentle; in practice he was ruthless, with the ruthlessness of the educated demon.

Dr. Long's practice was considerable and remunerative, but not so remunerative that he could afford to despise the retainer paid him by the *Flare* to tell people when to wear warm clothes and when to live on fruit and temperance drinks.

He was, however, so unscrupulously loyal that the Editor of the *Flare* could afford to treat him with confidence. Kennedy told him the truth

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now, and the doctor's eyes lit up like lamps in their death's-head cavities.

"He's in such a state," said the Editor, speaking of Mymms, "that you'll find the job pretty easy. A little kindness will work wonders—but, mind you, we've got to have him dream to-night."

"All right," said Long. "Leave him to me."

Kennedy nodded agreement.

On thin, stealthy feet Long went down the passage to the room in which Mymms sat huddled at the bedside.

Long opened the door and crept in. Mymms looked up at him stupidly.

Every abnormal nature, either good or evil, works in extremes. The saint is always open to the temptation of becoming unusually vicious. The criminal is always open to the opportunity of becoming sentimentally good. Long might have been a spiritually-minded saint; as it was, he chose to be criminally scientific.

With the confidence born of the knowledge of his mental, physical, and professional superiority, Long went over to Mymms and picked up one of his frail hands.

For a few moments this half-satanic doctor lightly touched with his fingers the pale, anæmic skin which covered the pulse of Mymms. With

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saturnine cleverness Dr. Long suffused his cruel eyes with kindness.

"Why, you are tired out!" he exclaimed.

"You're the doctor?" asked Mymms faintly.

Long nodded.

Now, in the life, the English life, which seemed so far away, Mymms had known doctors, and learned to trust them. He trusted Long now.

"I think I'd like to go to bed," he murmured.

Long said not a word, but began quietly and with deft fingers to undress Mymms. He got Mymms into bed, and the Hope of England sank wearily back among the pillows.

"Look at me," said Long softly.

Instantly Mymms looked, and unconsciously he gave up the mine of his mind's wealth to Long.

For five seconds Long held the eyes of Mymms.

"Now look there," said the doctor, "and sleep."

Mymms stared at the top of the wardrobe which confronted him, and began to breathe quietly with the quiet breath of sleep.

Long went back down the passage to Kennedy's room.

"It is all right," he said. "If you want him to dream, now's the time."

Kennedy beckoned Murphy with his eyes, and the three men went back to Mymms.

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They stood at Mymms' bedside and looked at the little man, who stared at the top of the wardrobe and breathed the quiet breath of sleep.

"What shall I tell him to dream?" asked the doctor.

"Tell him," said the Editor, "to dream the biggest thing that's going to happen to-morrow."

Long bent his face over the face of Mymms and caught his eyes.

"Tell me," he said quietly, "what is the biggest thing that is going to happen to-morrow."

Mymms' face had been quiet in sleep, but now it grew creased with horror.

"Not that; it's too horrible!" he said in the voice of the man who talks in his sleep. "I hardly like to tell you."

"Tell me," said Long gently.

"Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn Bridge," murmured Mymms, and he broke off.

"Yes," said Long, "Brooklyn Bridge. Tell me what is to happen to Brooklyn Bridge."

Mymms sat upright in bed and glared with fascination into Long's eyes. "At half-past three to-morrow afternoon," he said, "Brooklyn Bridge is going to collapse."

"Men," he continued wildly—"men and women are tramping over Brooklyn Bridge. Brooklyn Bridge is black with hurrying men and women.

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"I can see the bridge," he continued, "quite plainly. It is huge and vast and grey. It spans a great stretch of water. It hangs over the water on which sail ships."

"Yes, yes!" said Long softly.

Kennedy glanced at Murphy. Murphy was taking notes.

Suddenly Mymms stared fixedly into Long's eyes.

"There is a dreadful noise—a crashing, grinding noise. Brooklyn Bridge gives way. It parts in the middle," he shouted.

"Oh, it's a horrible thing! The black masses of men and women are sliding down the two chutes which lead to the break in Brooklyn Bridge. The great, strong cars which cross Brooklyn Bridge slide down, too. They meet with a horrible noise in the middle. I can hear—oh, I can hear so plainly—the death screams of men and women!

"Two thousand men and women! Two thousand men and women! Two thousand men and women! That is the death toll of Brooklyn Bridge."

Mymms' voice had grown quieter. "Cars slide down the chute and fall like stones in the water," he muttered. "Hundreds of women scream horribly. Men fight and cling and yell. But Brooklyn Bridge sags in the middle into the water of death."

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"Yes, yes! Go on!" said Long in a fierce, imperative whisper.

"There is an awful time," Mymms rambled on, still staring into the doctor's eyes—"a dreadful time. The police put out in boats and pick up the dead. Oh, oh, it's terrible! I see children there in the water, with their poor little faces lit up by the fading light of the sun—the cruel, cruel light of the sun.

"Great crowds," Mymms continued in his sleep, "gather at either end of the bridge. There are policemen to keep them back. They cannot keep them back. The police use their clubs; they batter in the faces of the living who are looking for their dead.

"But the living sweep them back down the chute into the river, and the police are drowned. The force of the crowds behind sweep those in front down into the river to join the dead."

Mymms paused.

"And then—and then?" suggested Long in a slow, kind voice.

But the eyes of Long had ceased to hold Mymms; he lay back among the pillows in dreamless sleep. The doctor turned from the sleeping Mymms to look at the Editor of the *Flare*.

"How's that for a dream?" he inquired.



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Kennedy turned to Murphy and asked quietly if he had got it all down.

Murphy nodded.

The Editor of the *Flare* turned to the doctor. "Is that going to happen to-morrow?" he asked, and he nodded his fat head towards Mymms, who now lay snoring.

"Search *me!*" said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm not here to tell you whether a man's dreams are going to come out straight. I'm simply here to make him dream."

Kennedy balanced himself for a few seconds on the balls of his fat feet. Every night the Editor of a daily paper has to take a risk. It was a big risk which the Editor of the *Flare* had to take now—and he dreaded to take it. But he put a bold face on it.

"I'll print that dream in the morning," he said crisply, "and if it comes true—well, we've got more power at our elbow than all the Governments in the world. If it doesn't——"

Neither Long nor Murphy appreciated the look which the Editor of the *Flare* gave them.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE DREAM'S FULFILMENT

MURPHY stood fumbling the notebook which he held in a plump and shaking hand. Dr. Long scratched his dark, bald head.

"I'll print that," Kennedy said once more. "Get on with it."

This order concerned Murphy, and Murphy hurried away. Without another word Kennedy strolled down the passage and through the crowded room in which sat men busy on the work of getting out the morrow's issue of the *Flare*.

Some men are paid to put up bluffs. Kennedy was one of these. And the man who is paid to put up bluffs never lays an easy head upon his pillow.

But Kennedy was far from his pillow. He was faced with an actual dilemma. He had told Long and Murphy in cold and callous tones that he intended to print Mymms' dream; and his determination had seemed adamant and final.

Once in his own room, however, Kennedy

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allowed himself the luxury of doubt as he realised the awful consequences that must befall him if Mymms should not have dreamt true.

But would the consequences be so awful? Kennedy gained confidence from a fresh and subtle thought.

If Brooklyn Bridge did not collapse on the following afternoon, Kennedy reflected, then Mymms was merely a pricked bubble, and it would be to the glory and credit of the *Flare* to have burst the most bloated bubble that ever disturbed a bubble-ridden world.

In sheer joy at the discovery of this way of escape from his difficulties, Kennedy laughed aloud. He rang the bell and dispatched a species of super-office boy with instructions that Mr. Murphy was "to get a hustle on him." But Murphy was a bad man to "hustle." When he had finished his "story," it was really a masterpiece of modern journalism.

Even Mr. Kennedy felt a little uncomfortable as he read it through, poisoning his editorial pencil above the hastily-scrawled "copy."

Then as time went by, and, fatly seated in the editorial chair, Mr. Kennedy heard the hum of the great printing machines beneath him, he felt himself in the clutch of an almost boyish anticipation of coming triumph.

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He instructed the most polite office boy—and all the office boys of the *Flare* were polite, because the City Editor, when he hired them, informed each one that he would some day become a reporter—to telephone home to his wife and notify her that he would not be home that night.

Mr. Kennedy waited tremblingly till the first copy of the *Flare* was brought up to him. Then he neglected his duty, which was to scan the pages through, to devour every word of the amazing story which Murphy had built up on Mymms' dream. He read this story through four times before, with a sigh, he folded up the paper and placed it in his pocket.

With a springier step than he had known for many a day the Editor passed out of the office, took a car up town, and loafed into that dim and half-mysterious temple of the higher drink—the bar of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

There he remained, sipping cocktail after cocktail and smoking cigar after cigar as he conversed with men whom his reporters would be badgering later in the day.

At six o'clock in the morning Kennedy decided that sleep was impossible. He engaged a room, undressed himself, took a bath, and sent one of the bell-boys out for a clean shirt,

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At seven Kennedy went down into the hall of the "Waldorf-Astoria," and with the deliberation born of a fixed idea seated himself in a corner to watch the effect of the bomb which the *Flare* would shortly cast into the wealthiest and yet most Bohemian hotel in all the world.

Porters and bell-boys and liftmen got the great news first. The half-sleepy booking-clerks got the news next. Early-rising business men got the news after them.

The early-rising business men were so staggered at the announcement in the *Flare* that they rushed for the lifts to wake their drowsy families and tell them of the coming disaster.

For all credulous New York believed in the *Flare*. It lied on such a magnificent scale that its lies were taken for truth.

Before long the news was all over the city. Mail-clerks made excuse to bury their grandmothers; office boys openly played truant to hang about the vicinity of Brooklyn Bridge.

There is not an Editor in the world who does not know that if he says, often enough and insistently enough, that there will be a crowd at a certain spot at a certain time, that that crowd will be there.

So it was now. Three hours before the prophesied disaster was due the open spaces on either

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side of the river bank were black with eager and expectant men and women.

The main characteristic of the American people, indeed—the desire, the fixed determination to appear fearless—served Kennedy in good stead. Among all the thousands who sought to cross Brooklyn Bridge at three-thirty that afternoon there was not a man, not a woman, not a child, who did not laugh away the possibility of disaster, who did not express a determination to be in the thick of that disaster should it by some chance occur.

Kennedy, with trained forethought, had hired a room which gave directly on to Brooklyn Bridge. Tired and feverish, he remained for two hours watching the battling crowds.

The room in which the Editor of the *Flare* stationed himself was the ordinary, comfortable, commonplace bedroom of the minor American hotel. Yet it came as a shock to Kennedy when he heard the clock behind him chime the half-hour.

Instinctively he braced himself for the horror which was to come ; at the same time he offered up a prayer to the Heaven which he had no right to address that his reporters might be well placed and able to take full note of the catastrophe.

But even as he mentally prayed for the success

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of the evening editions of the *Flare*, Kennedy's heart stood still.

There rushed up to him the sound of a dreadful, rending, grinding crash, and the long shout of thousands who were at once astonished and dismayed.

"My God!" cried Kennedy, and leaned far out of the window of the hotel.

It occurred to him, even at that moment, that what he beheld was a miracle; but his staring eyes could not deny the truth of what he saw.

Brooklyn Bridge gave way in the middle, and just as Mymms had foretold that they would, the two strips of sagging roadway became two paths to destruction.

Down, down those awful slopes there slipped tramcars, carriages, and cabs; and down, down into that hideous space between the sagging bridge and swiftly-moving water there slipped a black human mass.

"They're like flies—like flies!" said Kennedy to himself.

Would that sickening stream of men and women and children never cease from sliding down those chutes to mingle in a hideous jumble below? A roar went up from the multitude on the New York bank and the Brooklyn bank.

Like a man in the grip of a nightmare, Kennedy

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was conscious that burly policemen lifted their clubs and brought them crashing down on the heads of screaming men and screaming women.

The barriers of police that had been drawn across the approaches to the bridge were broken down. The force of numbers told. The enormous pressure of the crowds swept to destruction those who were nearest to the broken bridge.

Those who stood on the brink of death fought frantically and with the strength of savages for their lives. But the weight of their mad fellow-men hurled them downwards. Men, women, and children were swept down the chutes, blaspheming, praying, howling, sobbing.

Even to Kennedy the sight became too horrible to witness longer. He turned and buried his white face in his hands.

So he remained for some moments, listening to the awful noise, which rose up continuously and pitilessly to assail his guilty ears.

But his instinct came to his aid.

It is written in Holy Scripture, "Woe to the man who shall laugh at calamity." But, after all, if a man happens to be a journalist, it is not entirely his fault if he is appreciative of calamity which brings grist to his mill.

Where sickness is, there the doctor goes. Where there is war, there the soldier goes. Where



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there are quibbles to be fought out, there the lawyer goes.

Wherever on this earth there are tears or joy, or laughter or destruction, there the journalist goes.

Kennedy braced himself to remain true to his instinct and to his business. "I'll have to get back," he said to himself, "and see we get our evening editions out in time."

By sheer brute strength he fought his way, puffing but irresistible, through the crowds till he came to the offices of the *Flare*.

In the entrance-hall he met Long. Kennedy grasped him by the arm, crying: "Come with me; let's tell Mymms that it has happened."

Long sought to resist him, but failed.

Kennedy burst into Mymms' room only to find him fast asleep. He roused the little man roughly and screamed into his ear.

"It's happened—it's happened just as you said it would!" he yelled.

Mymms lifted himself into a sitting posture on the bed and stared at Kennedy's bloated and excited face.

"Has it?" said Mymms in a faint little voice. "Then God forgive me—I couldn't help it."

"Leave him to me," said Long, and he put Kennedy out of the room and ordered Mymms to sleep again.

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Kennedy did his work too well. Within an hour of the collapse of Brooklyn Bridge the newsboys of Washington were screeching themselves hoarse. Within an hour and five minutes the President of the United States was staring like a man who is dazed at the enormous headlines of the *Washington Evening Star*, which was run in conjunction with the *New York Flare*.

The President had seen the morning edition of that large-typed paper, and, in his animal and good-natured way, had laughed over it consumedly. Now the fact that the wild story of Mymms had come true struck him like a well-directed blow.

"It's the fault of the wise man," he said to himself, "that he is never fool enough to believe the talk of children."

The President paced up and down the room, unconsciously walking off that superfluity of energy which occasionally obscured the clarity of his vision. Then he went to the telephone and talked briskly—it might be said brutally—to the Governor of New York.

"And, mind you," the President continued, "I want that fellow Mymms here by special train—at once."

Twenty minutes later, when the Editor was employing one half of his staff to stave off congratulations on his "scoop" and the other half to

## The Dream's Fulfilment

"write up" in full the miracle which had fallen into the lap of the *Flare*, Kennedy received a sudden call to face an unwelcome visitor.

The summons came in the shape of a modestly-printed visiting-card which bore the simple inscription "Mr. John P. Hayden."

If you are strong enough, you can afford to ignore little men. If you are very strong, you can afford to ignore your equals; but when there happens along a stronger man than yourself, it is just as well to receive him—even if he presents himself by deputy.

And a stronger man than himself now knocked at the Editor's door by proxy. Kennedy knew well that Mr. John P. Hayden represented the President of the United States. He did not in the least desire to see Mr. John P. Hayden, but was forced to admit him.

"Show him in," said Kennedy to the boy who had brought up the card.

A moment later Mr. John P. Hayden stood before the Editor of the *Flare*.

John P. Hayden was a quiet young man quietly dressed in quiet tweeds. He knew Kennedy, and did not bother with any of the formalities of polite life.

"I am here on instructions from the White House," he said, without a word of greeting.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

" So I guessed."

" Yes ? "

The stout heart of Kennedy became as water within him. " What do you want ? " he asked.

" I want Mymms," said John P. Hayden with that softness of accent which always distinguishes a really determined American man.

" You can't have him," said Kennedy.

" I guess I can," said John P. Hayden as softly as before, " unless you wish to be gaoled for manslaughter. There are a good many deaths at your door, Mr. Kennedy."

For a few seconds the Editor's swift mind lighted on Paris. What would Mr. Higgins say if he let Mymms go ? On the other hand, what would Mr. Higgins say if he, Kennedy, Editor of the *New York Flare*, were gaoled ?

" Guess you've got to have him," he said at last, and led the way down the passage to Mymms' room.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### AT WHITE HOUSE

WHEN Kennedy opened the door of Mymms' room for the second time that evening, he again found Mymms asleep.

The brown-faced Dr. Long sat gently swaying himself in a rocking-chair, with his bright eyes fixed on the sleeper.

Mr. John P. Hayden understood matters at a glance.

"Dr. Long," he said—he knew Long—"your services with the *Flare* are ended. The United States need you."

Kennedy's habitual calm suddenly gave way to furious rage. He turned on Hayden and spluttered at him.

"Mymms," he shouted, "is no concern of mine, because Mymms is an Englishman. He got here by chance, and by chance he goes. But Dr. Long is a member of this staff, and you can't take him from me."

## The Man who Dreamed Right

Hayden shrugged his shoulders and turned his grey eyes on Long.

"Are you going to quarrel with the President?" he asked. "If you've got any kind of hold over Mymms, you had better come along, too. Mymms is wanted at the White House."

Long got out of his rocking-chair and looked from Hayden to Kennedy. He decided to brave the wrath of the absent President rather than increase the passionate anger of the Editor. "I'll wake Mymms up for you," he said to Hayden, "but I decline to come to Washington."

Long roused Mymms from his sleep. On the way to Washington Mymms implored his latest captor to let him go. Over and over again he appealed quaveringly to Hayden's humanity. But apparently there was no humanity in John P. Hayden.

Hayden spoke cold truths to Mymms. "You are not the kind of man," he said, "who can go running about the earth in the charge of irresponsible persons. A man who possesses the power you do has got to belong to a State."

"I'm English," said Mymms weakly.

Mr. Hayden laughed coldly and without mirth. "Perhaps," he said; "but that has still to be proved. You are in America now, and you will

## At White House

probably find it to your advantage to do what the Americans wish."

Mymms shrank from the gaze of the President's emissary. He was nigh upon tears.

"I didn't want to dream that dream," said Mymms to himself, thinking of Brooklyn Bridge. "I wouldn't have dreamed it for nuts if I'd known it was going to come true. Not me; I don't want no 'orrors! I've had enough of them."

He leaned back against the cushions of the swaying railway-carriage and tried to think coherently. "It seems an awful time," he said to himself, "since I left Tottenham. I wish I'd never left it. I wish that I'd never dreamed. Why can't one's brain leave a man alone? That's what I'd like to know."

"You know, Mymms, my boy," he rambled on to himself, "you're no blinking good at all. You're no good in the world. You ain't doing yourself any good, and you ain't doing your fellow-men any good. Of course you ain't. Why can't you stop it?"

Then fear came suddenly home to Mymms' heart.

"Stop it!" he cried to himself in anguish.

"Good heavens, I can't stop it!"

"But what's going to happen? I'm English first, then I'm collared by a Jew. I'm hustled off to Germany, and then I'm swiped from Germany

## The Man who Dreamed Right

to America. And what's the good of it all? I only go on dreaming beastly things. I wish to goodness I couldn't dream."

Under his tow-lashed eyelids Mymms shot a vengeful glance at the imperturbable Hayden. "I should never have dreamed at all," he continued to himself, "if it hadn't been for that cove Long—hang him!"

"He looks into your eyes," Mymms went mumbling on to himself, "and makes you do what he tells you. He is a hypnotist, that's what he is, and I'm being hypnotised."

The train of thought which he was following perplexed Mymms dreadfully. "But if he's a hypnotist," he argued to himself, "he can't hypnotise the future. And I dream of the future. Can he hypnotise me?"

"Suppose I says to myself that I won't be hypnotised, that's no good; but suppose I says to myself that I won't dream—that I'll just go to sleep and dream nothing? What'll happen then? I don't know, but I'll try it, anyway."

Mymms grew silent, and his very silence to some extent disconcerted Hayden, just as it had worried Murphy. In his efforts to break Mymms' silence Hayden asked him foolish questions, such as how he liked America and what he thought of New York.



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But Mymms, with his new-found independence, curled himself up in his corner and looked steadily out of the window.

So they came to the White House.

Hayden had made it perfectly clear to Mymms where he was being taken. He had impressed Mymms with the fact that he was shortly to stand in the presence of the practically despotic ruler of eighty millions of people.

In the days, which now seemed so far off—in the days of the “King George” at Tottenham—Mymms had read of the White House, and had been impressed by the drastic methods with which its ruler dealt with the undisciplined American people.

America had always dazzled the mind of Mymms, and the White House had become to his imagination a place of peculiar power and splendour.

Great, therefore, was his disappointment when the White House of actual fact loomed up before him. It reminded him of the residence of a retired grocer he knew who lived on Clapham Common.

But when he stood in the presence of the dictator of the White House, Mymms realised that he was not confronted by a retired grocer. And Mymms had the profound respect for all retired grocers which possesses every Englishman incapable of carrying on a grocery store himself.

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For some peculiar psychological reason Mymms, when he found himself in the presence of the President, suddenly remembered an incident of his innocuous childhood. In a flash he recalled the fact that he had once, quite by accident, discovered himself in the same field with a determined and energetic bull. He remembered how horribly distant had seemed the hedge which separated him from safety. But if the Bovine Bull had been terrible, the Human Bull which now glared at him through gleaming eyeglasses was infinitely more awful.

Mymms gave a wild glance round. There was no hedge which offered safety. The high, bleak walls, hung with rigid-looking maps, hemmed him in.

The Presidential Bull advanced on him with a roar.

It seemed to Mymms that the President fell on him like a whirlwind. Mymms felt the slight bones of his little hand being crushed by a relentless grip. A loud, resonant voice armed with a formidable accent beat terrifyingly on the drums of his ears.

Mymms found himself staring at a double row of large, powerful white teeth, which exercised over him an even more formidable fascination than the sombre eyes of Dr. Long.

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"I hear," the Human Bull bellowed at him, "that you have been doing great stunts, Mr. Mymms."

The voice of the Human Bull was loud and cheerful, and even tinged with laughter.

Mymms shrank back. "It's been very horrible," he said wretchedly.

The Presidential Bull's next action was alarming, and yet fraught with comfort. Mymms felt his bottle-neck-shaped shoulders encircled by a huge arm, and he half shuddered as he noted that a hairy hand clasped the padding of his coat.

"I know, I know," said a strong voice in his ear—"I can guess exactly how you felt. But you won't have to go on feeling like that. This people is a great people. It is a strong people, a mighty strong people, and I want them to go on feeling mighty strong and cheerful. I want you to understand that things like the disaster this afternoon don't concern us very much. They're sad, of course, and very disquieting—but that's not everything."

The hairy paw on Mymms' shoulder guided Mymms into a chair, the huge arm remaining round his shoulders with a brotherly grasp.

"When you have been with us a little longer, Mr. Mymms," continued the President, "you will understand us better. You will understand that

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we are a nation full of 'get up and go.' We don't look at calamities, we keep our eyes fixed on the future—a mighty great future, full of strength and the joy of life !

"And you've come to us," the President went on, "at a time when we need you most. You have come right to the very heart of the American people to dream great dreams which will show them the way to become the greatest people in the world."

"No, no !" piped Mymms. "I'm English, you know."

"English !" The President withdrew his arm from Mymms' shoulders, and sat down opposite him and dug him with playful kindliness in the ribs. "Of course you're English," the President laughed. "Of course you are. But surely you're not so English as to deny that the people on this side of the Atlantic are Anglo-Saxon just as much as you are ? We talk English, don't we ?"

The President asked this question in an accent which would have astonished Chaucer.

"We—here on this side—don't wish the English any ill ; we wish them good. Believe me, it doesn't matter one little bit whether you serve the Anglo-Saxon race on the English side of the Atlantic or on our side of the Atlantic. Some day we are

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going to be one people. Don't you feel it—don't you feel it in your English bones ? ”

Mymms stared blankly at the President's strong white teeth, which were exposed in a friendly grin. Before he could answer the President clapped him on the back.

“ Of course you feel it ! ” he cried. “ Come and see the kids ! ”

The President led Mymms from the formidable room in which he had talked to him into a still more formidable corridor, at the end of which was a door thickly set with crude coloured glass.

Flinging the door open, the President dragged Mymms into a pleasant garden, on the lawn of which there was gambolling and playing a distinctly well-supplied quiverful of children. All the children—as far as Mymms could gather—were playing a highly exciting game of Teddy Bears. The bull-like President roared with joy at the sight of them. He buffeted the boys and swung the girls shoulder high.

Then he turned to Mymms with a comparatively grave face.

“ This,” he said, sweeping a strong, hairy hand in the direction of the children, “ is meant to be a little lesson for you. I want all the Anglo-Saxon people to play in the gardens of the earth together. Only, of course, we have got to possess ourselves of

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the gardens of the earth first, and that's where you can help us—it's up to you to dream how we're best to get them ! ”

There was a spirit of freedom and blunt good humour about the place which was entirely new to Mymms. Against his will he felt himself being dragged into the vortex of this laughing life.

The face of Cecilia crossed his mind's gaze, and he struggled against the desire to become one of these healthy, hearty animals who were to possess themselves of the world's fair places.

And he resisted this desire, though they appealed to him far more than did the austere, scientific, and ruthless Germans.

“ We don't expect you to get to work at once,” said the President, as Mymms stared about him. “ We don't expect you to dream to-night. We want to absorb you into ourselves first. We want to make you one of us, and to that end we are going to treat you as one of the family. Come along and see your room.”

Mymms followed the bulky and bustling body of the President breathless, but half content to follow.

The President rushed upstairs and thrust open the door of a simple yet comfortably furnished bedroom, into the centre of which he pushed Mymms.

## At White House

“What you want to do,” said the President, “is to get a wash and brush, and then come down to supper. We all have supper together, you know.”

The President swung out of the room and banged the door. Mymms found himself alone. Yet in some subtle way that he half distrusted he felt happy with the happiness of a man who knows that he is part and parcel of a jolly family.

Mymms knew—knew, and yet for the moment fought strongly against the knowledge—that he was already in a fair way to become absorbed into the family circle of White House.

After all, Mymms reflected, England was very far away. Come to think of it, England seemed a little place and rather a tame place.

It must be remembered that Mymms was born and bred and had lived in Tottenham all his little life.

The refreshing atmosphere of the White House half intoxicated him. He felt his poor, tired little spirit gathering new strength. With almost a laugh on his lips, he stepped across the room and flung up the sash of the window.

He looked out, and saw that there was a carriage coming up the drive. The carriage drew up immediately beneath him, and from out of it there stepped a tall, clean-built, well-groomed figure.

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“Holy Moses,” said Mymms, “but it is Lord Marsden !”

The new-born light in Mymms’ eyes faded and the new-born smile on his lips vanished.

All the claims of England, his little England, that had seemed so far away, grew on him once more.

As he leaned dangerously out of the window and looked down on the neat bowler hat of Marsden he swore to himself with an ugly oath.

Just as at the sight of Marsden in Berlin Mymms had vowed that he was no German, so in America he vowed to the Almighty God of England that he was no American.

The neat bowler of Marsden vanished into the Presidential porch.

“I’m hanged if I’m a Yank !” said Mymms.



## CHAPTER XIX

### MARSDEN AGAIN

IT was unfortunate for England that the two Englishmen, Lord Marsden of the Foreign Office and Mr. Hastie Brighton of the *Wire*, did not trust each other.

Even as Marsden walked down the narrow lane which led from the offices of the *Wire* into Fleet Street, Mr. Hastie Brighton was pouring with rapt attention over the cable which informed him of the whereabouts of Mymms.

Marsden, dissatisfied, but by no means despairing, made his way back to his rooms in Curzon Street. There he was informed that his friend, Mendip, was awaiting him.

Instinctively Marsden felt a promise of better things to come, and he turned quickly into his modest sitting-room on the ground floor.

Mendip rose to meet him and, without a word, placed in Marsden's hand the type-written copy of a dispatch.

Marsden read it through, and through, and

## The Man who Dreamed Right

through again. Mendip watched him with careless curiosity. "Anything I can do?" he asked as Marsden raised his eyes from the paper and looked at him.

"A good deal," said Marsden shortly. "I'm going now to see the Duke. To-morrow I shall be gone—I might as well say, be lost."

"You will be on the way to New York?" Mendip suggested.

"Quite so," said Marsden; "but if you can possibly continue to imagine that you see me in different parts of London and can contrive to tell people you have met me at such and such a place—well, so much the better."

Mendip laughed. "That won't be hard," he said; "you're well known for a gadabout."

"To-morrow," said Marsden, ignoring the remark, "I shall sail in the *Campania*. It will take me five days to get to New York, and then I shall have to go on to Washington. Do you think that you can account for my existence in London during that time?"

"I have accounted for more difficult things than that," said Mendip.

"Thanks," said Marsden.

Mendip and he shook hands and walked out of the house together. They nodded "Good-bye" to each other on the door-step.

## Marsden again

Mendip strolled home to lay his head on an easy pillow. Marsden, with determination in his eyes, took a cab to Park Street. He told his tale to the Duke, but the Duke of Mold only stared at him with dull, uncomprehending eyes.

"I can't follow you," his Grace complained.

Marsden knew that, but refrained from saying so.

However, he was not in the best of humours. "At least," he said wrathfully, "you can appreciate that the *Universe* has disappeared, and if the *Universe* has disappeared, she can only have one destination—America. The Germans will follow her, but they will never catch her. She has the heels of them."

"Good gracious," said the Duke, wagging his fat jaw, "and Cecilia is on board."

"Of course," said Marsden shortly, "and there is also Mymms."

It would have wounded Cecilia to the quick had she known that Marsden thought of Mymms at such a moment; but he thought of Mymms none the less.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Duke.

"I am sailing for America in the morning. It is my own impression that as the *Universe* belongs to Mr. Higgins, Murphy has stolen Mymms from Potomac. On that point, of course, one can only

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theorise. One fact, however, is certain. If Mymms is landed in the United States we can claim him as a British subject."

"And go to war with America?" suggested the Duke.

"Go to war with the whole world—or nobody," snapped Marsden.

Without another word he swung out of the Duke's room and slammed the door behind him. Once more he and his man Shorter threw things into bags.

The *Campania* made a good passage, but she broke no records. Marsden spent five miserable days endeavouring to master the situation.

He built up theory after theory as to what would happen when he landed in America for the express purpose of being able to grapple with every conceivable combination of events.

But while Marsden over and over again did his best to prepare himself for the difficulties which he knew must come, the under-world of politics was seized with panic. Yet no one dared tell the truth—not even Mr. Hastie Brighton.

From a newspaper point of view, the editor of the *Wire* would have been glad to do so; but Mr. Hastie Brighton was fortunately a patriot as well as an editor, and though he felt a little aggrieved when he discovered that Marsden had mysteriously vanished from London, he still forebore to con-

## Marsden again

fide the story of Mymms to Murphy's rival, Spong, of the *New York Hemisphere*.

Still, truth will out, even if it only comes out in drips. The truth leaked out over Europe, and so over the world.

Wild, fantastic stories of the powers of Mymms thrilled the readers of obscure papers in Lisbon and Belgrade.

Fortunately, the newspapers of England, Germany, France, and America restrained their desire to create sensations because they were not certain of their facts. So in that five days' interval, between the time that Marsden sailed from England and the hour at which he arrived in New York, the world, as a whole, got to know very little.

For it must be remembered that Marsden was hard on the heels of Mymms, and that while he and Mymms were lost to human ken on the high seas of the Atlantic, the world could only speculate and wonder.

So hard was Marsden on the heels of Mymms that no difficulty was thrown in his way when he sought to land on American soil. From this he guessed, shrewdly enough, that Mymms had not so far preceded him as to arouse the active hostility of the United States Government towards England.

Marsden lost no time by dallying in New York. He went straight through to Washington and

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

immediately called on the British Ambassador. His Excellency gave him a note which secured the passage of his cab through the gates of the White House, and so we come to the moment at which Mymms looked out of the window and observed Marsden's neat bowler hat vanishing under the President's porch.

So swiftly and so suddenly had Marsden descended on Washington that when the note from the British Ambassador was brought to him, the President was taken aback. But he was not the man to boggle at difficulties or possible dangers.

The note had been brought up to him as he stood in his dressing-room, with his coat off, washing his hands.

"All right," he said to the messenger. "I'll see him at once."

As he went downstairs, pulling his frock-coat into position about his redundant figure, the President, in his go-ahead method of thinking, hit on a plan for taking Marsden by surprise.

With his hands still reeking of highly-scented soap, he hustled into the room in which Marsden was waiting. He had never set eyes before on Marsden, though he knew his reputation well enough. It was unfortunate for the President that he did not know it better.

"Welcome to White House, Lord Marsden," he

## Marsden again

cried. "Welcome to White House. I suppose you have come to ask about Mr. Mymms?"

Marsden was subtle as a serpent, and now brought the subtleness of his mind to ensnare the blunt bluntness of the President.

"No," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, "I cannot say that Mr. Mymms is my immediate concern. I have come from the Foreign Minister of England to ask what has become of his niece, Lady Cecilia Skeffington."

"Lady Cecilia Skeffington!" The President stared at Marsden in blank amazement. "Lady Cecilia Skeffington. What has she to do with Mymms or me?"

Marsden searched the President's face.

"Much," he said, "if not everything."

"I am afraid I don't understand," said the President stiffly. And Marsden saw that he spoke the truth.

"Of course," said Marsden suavely, "you know that Mymms was first inveigled to Germany, and then removed from Germany by the instrumentality of Mr. Murphy, the London correspondent of the *New York Flare*."

The President smote his mighty thigh with a mighty hand.

"You don't say so?" he shouted. "This is extraordinary—most extraordinary."

## The Man who Dreamed Right

"It was arranged in London," Marsden continued, "by a person who I am given to understand is in the employ of the United States Government, and who rejoices in the name of Potomac, that when Mymms had been recovered from Germany, Mymms should be regarded as the joint property of England and America."

"Never heard a word of it!" cried the President.

"None the less," said Marsden, "it is an actual fact."

"The Embassy in London," declared the President, "has been very remiss. This is the first I have heard of this remarkable story. Why, the thing is almost inconceivable. Potomac had no authority to take a step of this sort."

"That is quite possible," answered Marsden. "But occasionally quite insignificant people assume to themselves authority which they do not possess. In this respect I was on a par with Potomac. He made the agreement with me, and I am one of the least of England's servants."

The President, alert and keen, glared with curiosity at Marsden through his formidable *pince-nez*.

"Potomac," continued Marsden, "was probably in the same unfortunate position as myself. I mean, to put the matter plainly, he had a chief in



## Marsden again

London who was a fool. We settled this business between us, and, for the sake of mutual convenience, got Mr. Higgins, of the *New York Flare*, to lend his yacht, the *Universe*."

"Good God!" shouted the President. "I see it all as clear as daylight now. It was from the *Flare* that we got Mymms after he had foretold the disaster of Brooklyn Bridge. I might have guessed that Higgins was at the bottom of it. But where is the *Universe*?"

"That's what I've come to ask you," said Marsden.

"Who can tell us?"

"Murphy, I fancy," said Marsden.

"We will find him, we will find him at once." The President rang a bell sharply, and when a servant appeared told him to summon Mr. Hayden immediately.

Mr. John P. Hayden came in with the habitual calm of the man who is never upset or perplexed. He raised his almost hairless eyebrows at the President in interrogation.

The President flooded him with explanatory words.

"Mind you," the Ruler of the United States continued, "there is to be no nonsense about this business. You and Lord Marsden will go back to New York at once. You know how you induced

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Kennedy to give up Mymms? Well, you may use any means you wish, to discover the whereabouts of the *Universe*. This detention of Lady Cecilia is an outrage which cannot be tolerated for a moment. See to it that this monstrous piece of business is put a stop to."

The President had worked himself into a perfect passion of righteous indignation.

Marsden hid a smile of amusement with his hand as he delicately stroked his moustache into its proper position.

Mr. John P. Hayden was polite and grave as he arranged for Marsden's return to New York. These two quiet young men dined quietly together in the restaurant-car of the lurching express. They said little, but none the less they understood each other well enough to appreciate each other's manner.

"Pardon me," said Hayden at last, as he made a deferential little bow across the table; "but may I ask whether this chase of ours is entirely a matter of politics?"

"I know nothing of politics," said Marsden; "but this little expedition of ours is certainly only a question of diplomacy."

"I see," said Hayden politely. He saw that Marsden lied, and deftly turned the conversation into another channel.

## CHAPTER XX

### MYMMS MAKES A STAND

WHEN Marsden had gone the President was the most harassed and perplexed of men. For the first time in many years he sent out a curt message to the effect that he did not propose to take dinner with his family. The family was thunderstruck, but sufficiently well-disciplined not to ask questions. They ate in comparative silence.

"I wonder," asked the President's youngest son, with his mouth full of melon, "where dad is?"

His mother frowned at the President's youngest son as if he had committed sacrilege.

Dad, as a matter of fact, was in the garden, raging furiously up and down, chewing the stem of his corn-cob pipe into shreds between his strong, white teeth.

The gravel walk up and down which the President raged was not a particularly long one, but the President managed to put in a good many miles' walk before he was sufficiently calm to realise that

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

he had ruined an excellent pipe. He pocketed the ruined pipe with an exclamation that was uncommonly like an oath. With his pipe he pocketed his rage and marched into the house.

But though he had pocketed his rage, the President was by no means in his normal state of high spirits. His secretary did not like the look of him.

However, he was sufficiently his normal self to "hustle." His perspiring secretary had never known his imperious and volcanic master to hustle at such speed before.

And with the return to his hustling, the President to a very great extent returned to his joviality. But even in his joviality he was not a man to be trifled with. A good many high officials were uneasy that night after the autocrat of the United States had done bellowing through the telephone.

Some of the high officials talked, and talked unwisely, so that before the night was out there was a good deal of speculation abroad as to why certain United States warships were rapidly coaling, and why certain regiments of United States troops were being recalled from distant posts.

The people who said nothing and thereby suffered the most, were the members of the United States Diplomatic Service. The people who were most upset and most blasphemously vindictive were certain high placed persons in London who began

## Mymms makes a Stand

to regret the amount of rope that they had given Potomac.

In fact the world began to hum.

By the time he had finished with his secretary, even the enormous physical energy of the President was temporarily exhausted.

He threw himself on to his camp-bed and there soon lay snoring with the serenity of a pig and the exuberant vitality of a steam-engine.

In the morning the President rose early, undressed, took a bath, and dressed again.

As he grappled with an uncompromising collar he realised that he had to some extent given himself away on the night before. However, with the yell of a cheerful savage, he hustled into the bare dormitory in which his various youthful sons were sleeping, and bundled them out of bed.

The President and his sons had a fine gallop that morning. Dad, the boys reckoned, was in great form.

Breakfast over, Dad sent for Mymms. Mymms entered the room pale and shaking. All through the night he had lain awake with his pitiful little mind riveted on the vision of Marsden's neat bowler as it had vanished beneath the presidential porch.

Mymms stood in grave peril of under-rating England's claims. It had seemed to him that England was always being beaten in the struggle

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

that was going on for the possession of himself. Yet, in a vague way, Mymms appreciated the fact that so far no one had profited by acquiring his services.

And always at the eleventh hour there was that calm and yet sudden appearance of Marsden which immediately resulted in a swift change of events.

All through the night poor little Mymms had sat bolt upright in his bed wondering what change was coming now.

He was enormously impressed with the vastness and the apparently unscrupulous strength of America. Was it possible that Lord Marsden, the quiet, and the gentle and dandified, could outwit the crashing and crushing forces in the midst of which Mymms now found himself?

And then, fortunately for England and for Mymms, the humbleness of his birth guided his instinct. "Lord Marsden's a gent, that's what he is," said Mymms to himself, "and I reckon an English gent is better than all these blessed Germans and blooming Yanks."

It was with his soul sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the capabilities of an English "gent" that Mymms faced the President after breakfast.

"How have you slept?" asked the ruler of the United States.

## **Mymms makes a Stand**

"I ain't slept a wink," said Mymms. This small piece of information disconcerted the President more than he liked to admit. A man who has been awake all night is rather hard to handle.

The President walked over to Mymms, flung his great right arm about him, and dragging him towards a map, waved a huge hand at it.

"Just have a look at the extent of the United States of America, Mr. Mymms," he said.

Mymms looked sullenly at the map.

"It is a great, strong country," the President continued, "a mighty fine sort of country. Look here!"

The autocrat of America pulled Mymms back towards a desk on which were neatly laid out several documents. "How would you like to be an American, Mr. Mymms?" he asked.

With sudden violence Mymms wriggled himself free from the President's grasp and faced round on the big man in passionate indignation.

A thousand things to say jostled each other in Mymms' feeble mind, and any one of the thousand things he might have said would certainly have perplexed the President. But nothing which he might have said could so have disturbed the President as the actual words which he employed.

"I saw Lord Marsden last night," he cried.

There was no sense in saying this, but none the

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

less the full import of the words came home to the President at once. He had already come to look on Mymms as a species of mild lunatic whose mildness would be all the more tractable if humoured.

He tried to humour Mymms now. "Did you?" he exclaimed. "Well, any way, you're quite right. Lord Marsden is here. What of it?"

"Only that he's English," said Mymms, "and so am I."

"Tut, tut," said the President.

"Where's Lord Marsden now?" asked Mymms fiercely.

"He's gone on a journey," said the President.

"Where?"

The President shrugged his huge shoulders.

"Don't you try to come any of your Yankee bluff on me," shouted Mymms. "I can see through you easily."

"Mr. Mymms," said the President severely, "you ought to have slept last night."

"Yes," shouted Mymms. "I ought to have slept last night to dream. Something that would have been of advantage to you and the United States! I don't think! Not me! You can't come all that twaddle about the Anglo-Saxon people over me again, you know. I've had some of that once—and that's enough."



## Mymms makes a Stand

The President abandoned bluster and took to blarney. Now a cunning bull is an unpleasant animal to deal with, and the Bovine President was cunning.

"Look here, Mymms," he said, "I'll be honest with you. You are practically a prisoner. All your King's horses and all your King's men, and, what's more, all your King's ships couldn't get you away from the United States if they tried——"

"And all your infernal Yankee horses, and all your infernal Yankee men, and all your infernal Yankee ships," Mymms burst in, "couldn't make me of any use to you if they tried—unless I wanted to be of use. I have seen some of your methods before. You don't catch me looking into anybody's eyes. No, I'm jiggered if I do, not if I drop dead for want of sleep, I won't be hypnotised again."

"My dear fellow," laughed the President, "be sensible, be reasonable. No one has asked you to go to sleep, no one has asked you to dream. We may be a bit rough in our methods; but, believe me, when you come to deal with the real soul of the American people, you find it pretty honest. We don't want to be mean and take advantage of people who cannot help themselves.

"It's not your fault," the President continued, "that you can dream the future, any more than

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it is our fault that we were looking after ourselves enough to take you in charge. And we don't want to reap unfair advantage from it. It's no use your getting angry and shouting that we are talking twaddle about Anglo-Saxon races—we are not !

“ Give that idea a chance ! If you see your way to it, dream for the benefit of England and the United States ; but you've got to remember that you will never dream for England alone—not so long as you live ! You have either got to dream for the Anglo-Saxon races, or never dream again.”

“ Then I'll never dream again,” said Mymms, white to the lips, “ never, so long as I can keep awake, unless—unless——”

“ Unless what ? ” asked the President.

“ Unless I was bloomin' well sure that you was playing the game.”

“ How on earth am I to prove that ? ”

“ Why, I'd believe you,” said Mymms slowly, “ if Lord Marsden said it was right, or if——”

“ If what ? ”

“ Or if Lady Cecilia said it was right.”

“ Oh,” said the President, thoughtfully. “ It is like that, is it ? ”

“ Yes, it's like that,” said Mymms sullenly.

“ Lord Marsden has gone to fetch her,” said the President.

“ What ? ”

## Mymms makes a Stand

"Yes, that's a fact—a dead sure fact. Lord Marsden has gone to fetch her."

Mymms heaved an enormous sigh of relief.

"All right," said he. "When Lord Marsden and Lady Cecilia come here I'll do what they tell me even if it's to dream for the Anglo-Saxon races, as you call them; but mind you—you've got to leave me alone!"

"Very well," said the President, "I will. You are at perfect liberty to come and go as you like, provided you don't leave the grounds. I'm not going to ask you to go to sleep—certainly I am not going to ask you to dream. I may seem very like a dog in the manger, but I don't care what you do so long as nobody else has got you. I will leave you to think things over."

The President went out and Mymms did his best to come to some sensible conclusion. But the British mule in him was very wide awake and kicking. It kicked against the truth now, which was a pity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Marsden found Hayden quite to his liking.

He admired the entirely cool and capable way in which, when they had got to New York, Hayden put the fear of the President into the permanent night official at the Admiralty Building. The manner, too, in which Hayden, civilian though he

## The Man who Dreamed Right

was, took charge of the cruiser which carried them out to sea, was also to Marsden's liking.

Thanks to telephonic energy radiating from the White House, the eastern sea-board of America was by this time alive with warships.

Hayden, smoking a long cigar, sheltered himself from the wind in the lee of a ventilator, and listened ceaselessly to the smash, smash of the wireless telegraph instrument. Marsden smoked in silence beside him.

He did not dream of asking questions. He was not the kind of man to interfere in another man's business, and he knew it was Hayden's business to find the *Universe*. Hayden made not the slightest sign of moving from the shelter of the ventilator, and smoked cigar after cigar. Marsden gave no sign of being either bored or curious. He, too, smoked cigar after cigar under the shelter of the ventilator.

At two in the morning, after an extra loud smash, smash on the part of the wireless instrument, an officer came up with a strip of paper in his hand. Hayden glanced at it and threw his cigar stump overboard.

"I think, Lord Marsden," he said, "we had better turn in now. We shall come up with the *Universe* at about half-past eight—say just in time for breakfast."

## CHAPTER XXI

### MARSDEN BOARDS THE "UNIVERSE"

HAYDEN'S announcement that the cruiser would come up with the *Universe* just about breakfast-time, in no way surprised Marsden.

He was ignorant of the particular code which the cruiser's wireless instrument was employing, but he knew that the never-ending smash, smash of the instrument told that the search for the *Universe* was going merrily ahead. And he was glad, in his quiet way, to hear that the yacht had been found.

In his joy he even allowed himself to ask a question. "How far distant do you reckon she is?" he inquired.

"As far as I can judge," said Hayden, "about one hundred knots. I am reckoning on our steaming at about twenty knots an hour, so that five hours' steaming should bring us pretty well abreast of her. That would make it seven o'clock. But it's not an entirely easy matter to pick up a ship

## The Man who Dreamed Right

on the open seas, so I'm allowing another hour, or even hour and a half, to get us alongside."

Marsden nodded his head, more or less by way of admiration for Hayden's calculations. The two went below together and each made his way to his own cabin to lie down to sleep. And Hayden slept the sleep of a child, but to Marsden sleep was impossible.

Marsden was thinking of the coming encounter between Cecilia and himself, and his mind was kept busy and awake because he saw that from the moment of their meeting there must begin all over again that conflict between a strict and uncompromising attachment to duty and his new-born love for Cecilia which had distressed him before.

He reproached himself over and over again for his original weakness as he lay in his narrow bunk; he reproached himself that he had ever permitted Cecilia to take part in this affair of Mymms; he reproached himself still more that, when he had seen how matters were coming about, he had not resolutely declined to allow Cecilia to continue in the adventure.

He told himself that his lack of ingenuity must have been deplorable in the first instance if he could not have thought of any means of recovering Mymms from Levi Lygons without Cecilia's aid.

## Marsden boards the "Universe"

It was that first fatal error which had resulted in this miserable business, with its heart-aches and its heart-searchings.

Now he realised too, bitterly enough, why, having first gone to Cecilia for aid, he had been compelled to seek her assistance a second time when it became necessary to rescue Mymms from the hold of Germany.

Where would it end? It was Marsden's unhappy and growing conviction that the end was still far off, and that the end, when it came, would be tragic and fraught with great disaster for the world.

For, isolated though he had been, Marsden was able, from his knowledge of diplomatic affairs, to guess that the Courts of the great Powers—not only in the West, but in the East—would, by this time, be greatly agitated.

The train of dynamite, laid for the world's undoing, merely awaited the match. How would that match be applied? Marsden remembered the disappointed and angry editor of the *Flare* and fancied that he knew; nor was he wrong in his surmise.

He was still turning matters over in his mind when a servant knocked at the door and Marsden jumped out of his bunk and hurriedly bathed and dressed. When he went on deck, he found Hayden

## The Man who Dreamed Right

there before him leaning over the rail scanning the horizon through his glasses.

Hayden heard Marsden's footsteps and turned round. "I think we have her," he said, and he pointed to the north-west. There, hull-down on the horizon, was a steamer whose raking masts marked her as a steam yacht. Hayden gave certain orders; the wheel was put over and the cruiser swung round and made for the distant yacht.

They were now steaming at a great pace and it was not long before the long white hull of the steam yacht appeared over the ocean's edge. Then there was no longer any doubt that the vessel they were chasing was the *Universe*. As they drew near to her, the cruiser signalled the yacht to come to. And at first, judging from a consultation on the yacht's bridge, it seemed doubtful whether the *Universe* intended to obey the signal without making some show of resistance.

Through his glasses Marsden watched the burly figure of the yacht's skipper run down the steps from the bridge and then walk aft. Then he perceived that the captain was in altercation with a small and angry man.

"Potomac," said Marsden to himself as he trained his glasses on the smaller figure.

Suddenly, from the companion-way came the



## Marsden boards the "*Universe*"

form of a woman. "Cecilia," said Marsden to himself, and, taking his glasses from his eyes, rested them on the rail.

It was Hayden's voice which caused Marsden to put up his glasses once more. "It seems to me," Hayden was saying, "that the lady is captain aboard that ship."

And when he had looked through his glasses again Marsden agreed with Hayden, but he said nothing.

The yacht fetched up, and the cruiser's pinnace was piped away. In her went Marsden and Hayden. The yacht's gangway was put out for them and then Marsden and Hayden politely differed with each other as to who should first board the *Universe*.

"No, no!" cried Marsden, motioning Hayden to the gangway. "This is your business."

"I am not so sure," said Hayden with a quiet laugh; "but let us, at any rate, try to anticipate Lady Cecilia's wishes. It would be awkward if I went aboard first as I have not the pleasure of knowing her."

So Marsden stepped from the boat on to the platform of the gangway and ran up the steps to the deck.

As Marsden stepped aboard the *Universe*, Poto-mac's face was all aglow with pleasure, and for

## The Man who Dreamed Right

the moment he thought that the American would rush at him with outstretched arms. But Potomac stood aside for Cecilia.

She came forward slowly, and it pained Marsden to see that her face was pale and her eyes tired.

Captain MacDonald and Hayden instinctively drew on one side. It did not seem to them that it was their affair.

Marsden, however, was sufficiently alive to the necessary conventions of the occasion to wave an introductory hand towards Hayden. "Mr. Hayden, who represents the President," he said.

Cecilia bowed to him and raised her eyebrows.

"The President?" she said in a low voice to Marsden. "What has happened now?"

"Wait a minute," said Marsden, "and I will tell you."

Then he spoke to Hayden. "Do we go back to New York in the cruiser or in the yacht?" he asked.

"Just as Lady Cecilia wishes," said Hayden. "It makes not the slightest difference to me."

"I think we had better choose the yacht," said Marsden, and Cecilia agreed with him.

As the vessels swung westward Marsden took Cecilia on one side. "First tell me about yourself," he said.

Cecilia laughed a worn-out kind of laugh.

## Marsden boards the "Universe"

"There is not very much to tell," she answered, "as I expect you know about Mymms being taken to New York and what has happened since then. Here on board, it has simply been dull and oppressing and heart-breaking. Half a dozen times I have felt so angry that I could have strangled Captain MacDonald. But, after all, it was not his fault; he was only obeying his orders. As for Lady Jemima, well——" she broke off and laughed her tired laugh again.

Marsden laughed, too. "Yes," he said, "I can quite imagine what the old lady has been like."

"When did you first suspect that Murphy had played us false?" asked Cecilia.

In very few words Marsden told her of his brief but angry interview with the Duke of Mold; of his journey to New York, and his meeting with the President. "Up to the present, you see," he added, "I have worried very little about Mymms. Mymms is at least in safe keeping—that is to say, he can do England no injury. I rather disarmed the President last night by founding my complaint on what can only be termed your illegal detention in the *Universe*."

"That was good of you," said Cecilia in a low voice.

The situation which Marsden had foreseen came about now.

## The Man who Dreamed Right

"No, no," he said quickly, "you must not misunderstand me. My move in that direction was made for purely diplomatic reasons. Of course," he added lamely, "I was extremely anxious about you, but at the same time—as you have always done yourself—I set the business of our country first. You were merely the excuse which meant a means to an end."

Cecilia flushed. "Thank you," she said.

"Don't misunderstand me," Marsden pleaded again, but this time in a different voice. "The position is very difficult. I think, sometimes, it is really doubly hard on me because I have to appear to you in the guise of a heartless person, pursuing relentlessly a path dictated merely by diplomacy.

"I assure you," he went on, "I lay awake and thought of this all last night. Still, you know, I have always held that it is impossible to introduce women into diplomacy. It is most unfortunate, but at the same time true, that the moment one introduces women into such matters some little affection of the heart is almost bound to arise."

For a few moments Cecilia looked away and then turned on Marsden almost fiercely. "Suppose we leave that out," she said; "it doesn't seem a necessary consideration to you!"

"I quite agree," said Marsden wretchedly. "Let

## Marsden boards the "Universe"

us continue just as we have been—the best of friends. Let us remember that in the safety of Mymms is wrapped up the safety of Great Britain, without exaggeration we might say the safety of the British Empire. We must, if possible, get Mymms away from New York. Let that be our first and last consideration—our only aim."

"Believe me," said Cecilia, "I am entirely with you." But her voice had a strangled sound.

It was rather hard on Marsden to be compelled to face alone the wrath of Lady Jemima. However, he fended off her fury as best he could and pitched a remarkable tale which finally pacified the screeching old lady. They lunched together more or less amicably. It was dusk when they came to New York and then, much to Hayden's surprise, Marsden elected to remain there for the night. True, he chose to stop at an hotel a little off the beaten track; but even so, a host of reporters discovered his whereabouts.

But to all of them Marsden denied himself because it was impossible for him to tell the truth, and he was not in the mood for lying, even if lying could have served his purpose. Hayden pointed out to him that the less he said the more the reporters would manufacture an interview. But Marsden had his own reasons, which he kept to himself, for wishing the newspapers of New York

## The Man who Dreamed Right

to be as inaccurate as they could. One exception, however, he did make in his series of refusals to see any of the New York newspaper men. This was when a bell-boy brought to him the name of Kennedy of the *New York Flare*.

Kennedy came in rather like a fractious tornado and, without ceremony, hurled his hat and gloves on to the table. "I want a few words with you, Lord Marsden," he said, and his little, pig-like, steely-blue eyes glittered in his fat face.

"I shall be charmed," said Marsden. "Won't you sit down?"

"No," said Kennedy, "I won't." A short, tubby man is seldom dignified when he stands up, and he is hopelessly undignified when he sits down. And Kennedy knew this.

"First of all," said Kennedy, "I want to know how you have dared to bring the *Universe* to New York against her owner's orders."

"I will refer you to the President," said Marsden.

"Ah!" Kennedy sucked in a deep breath and glanced sideways at Marsden with wicked suspicion. "So it is to be an alliance!" he exclaimed. "The United States and Great Britain are going into partnership with Mymms. Is that it?"

"All I can tell you," said Marsden, as politely as before, "is that Mr. Mymms is in the keeping of the President and I am satisfied that this should

## Marsden boards the "Universe"

be so. As for the relations existing between the United States and Great Britain, I must really refer you to Washington. I know nothing about them."

Kennedy was beginning to grow uncomfortable.

"Surely," he cried, "you, as the representative of England, are not going to stand idly by and raise no protest against the detention of one of your countrymen by the United States?"

"All I can say," said Marsden, "is that I have complete confidence in a Government which had the wisdom to remove my fellow countryman, Mr. Mymms, from the guardianship of such a person as yourself. You must remember that Mymms was not stolen by the United States, but by you. And if you choose to look on Mymms as a piece of stolen property, I will not disagree with you. I am much obliged to the United States Government for removing Mr. Mymms from the possession of a thief."

Kennedy had not looked for this. He had half expected that Marsden would be so enraged by his interference that he would blunder out some statement which would commit him. This callous, insolent indifference on the part of Lord Marsden irritated him beyond measure.

"You had better take care, Lord Marsden," he cried. "You had better take care! Remember

## The Man who Dreamed Right

that all the facts of the case are in my possession, and that if I wish to publish them it would set the world by the ears."

"The responsibility is yours," said Marsden. More he declined to say.

"All right," said Kennedy, "just you wait and see what I will do to you. I will have this story at the ends of the earth to-morrow—mark my words."

"Personally," said Marsden, as blandly as before, "I have no objection to publicity. England has done no wrong. I can say no more than that."

In the morning, Marsden sent a little anxiously for a copy of the *Flare*. To his surprise it contained not a single word appertaining to Mymms. And this silence on the part of the *Flare* was all the more noticeable because in every other New York journal there appeared the wildest fabrications as to the identity and doings of the Dreamer.

Marsden pointed out this peculiar silence on the part of the *Flare* to Hayden, who smiled grimly.

"We shall know all about that," he said, "when we get to Washington. Kennedy is a dangerous man, and when he does print anything he will print the truth, and the whole truth. Meantime, I would not mind betting my bottom dollar he is hanging on to the telephone and trying to get hold of the President. He is a determined man, is Kennedy, and it is certain he will make one last



## Marsden boards the "Universe"

bid for a share in Mymms. I cannot, of course, guess what proposals he will make ; but I expect he will try and make a bargain. Probably he will offer to withhold publication on some points if the President will agree that the *Flare* shall become the official organ of the White House when it is necessary to publish the dreams of Mymms."

"Do you think," asked Marsden, "that the President is likely to fall in with such a suggestion as that?"

"Now that is what I cannot say," answered Hayden. "There is no accounting for the President. He gets an idea into his head all of a sudden and then clings on to it like grim death. It might suit his purpose to do a deal with Kennedy, but I rather doubt it. Anyway, I think the odds are against it."

At Washington Hayden thoughtfully put Marsden and Cecilia into a carriage by themselves that they might drive to the White House alone. He did not wish to intrude on any arrangements which they might have to make. Both Marsden and Cecilia were grateful to him.

They had nearly reached the White House before Marsden spoke.

"You are quite sure," he asked gently, "that you have not repented of your decision to see this thing through to a finish?"

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

“ I am not a child,” said Cecilia.

“ Then,” said Marsden, as he touched Cecilia’s hand for a moment, “ it will be your duty to practically take possession of Mymms. Be so kind to him that he will do nothing without your consent, and your help. It is only in this way that we can keep him for England.”

“ Very well,” said Cecilia coldly, “ I will do it.”

## CHAPTER XXII

### SEEKING A WAY OUT

**A**LTHOUGH the President, as a rule, possessed the manners of a galvanised bull, there were times when his gentleness was the gentleness of a sheep, and his tact the tact of a woman.

It was so now.

His rugged heart had been not a little touched by the pitiable anxiety of Mymms, as that small man worried through the hours which separated him from the return of Marsden and Cecilia.

Notified by telegrams as to the time at which Marsden and Cecilia would arrive, the President had, in his clumsy way, made quite nice arrangements for their reception.

The servants were told to take Cecilia and Marsden straight in to Mymms. This they did, and, at the sight of his English friends, Mymms rose from the chair in which he was cowering and rushed to meet them.

Suddenly he stopped. The sense of caste closed

## The Man who Dreamed Right

down upon him in a flash and left him blushing, stuttering, and perplexed. He was not in the habit of shaking hands with earls and the sisters-in-law of dukes; and even the present emergency did not strike him as a fitting time for presumptuous familiarity.

Cecilia guessed at once the cause of Mymms' hesitancy, and drew near to him, holding out her hands.

Mymms caught them and kissed them, and fell on his knees and cried—cried as though his heart would break—from relief and joy at the sight of her.

She raised him up and led him to a sofa, and then bade him sit down. She sat opposite him and soothed him, talking to him in a low, soft voice; while Marsden stood looking out of the window.

It was altogether a pathetic and heart-rending little scene.

After a while Mymms openly dried his eyes on a highly-coloured pocket handkerchief and, choking back his emotion to the best of his ability, began to talk in a fairly rational way.

"I thought you would never come," he said. "I thought you would never come. And you can't guess what I have been through. It seems years and years since I was dragged from Totten-

## Seeking a way out

ham and chucked from pillar to post by Levi Lygons, and Hammers, and the Kaiser, and the rest of them. It was horrible in Germany—simply horrible—until you came on the *Universe*.

“Then things seemed to brighten up a bit ; but it was far more awful than even being in Germany when they took me away from you on the *Universe*.”

Mymms clung to Cecilia’s hand with the passionate vehemence of a child, and looked into Cecilia’s face with a dog-like adoration.

“I suppose,” he continued brokenly, “it seemed all the worse because I had been with you on board the yacht.

“It was not my fault—it really was not my fault,” Mymms went on, “that they made me dream at the *Flare*. It was not my fault that Brooklyn Bridge broke down. I didn’t mean to kill anybody. I don’t see how dreams can kill.”

Mymms drew away from Cecilia and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Then he giggled rather feebly.

“I feel better now—and safer,” he said. “I feel almost as though I was back in England, and, you know,” he added earnestly, “I want to be English.”

Marsden came over from the window and sat

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down beside Mymms. He looked at the small man thoughtfully. Mymms seemed a miserable little object on which to build the hopes of a country. Mymms was beginning to look very old and faded.

However, Marsden saw that he had practically recovered from his panic, and sought to brace him to further efforts by frightening him just a shade once more.

"Still," he said, "we are not in England. I wish we were. And, to tell you the truth, Mymms, we are in a bit of a pickle, Lady Cecilia, and you, and I. Unfortunately, too, it is not only we three who are in a mess. England is in a very bad mess, indeed—and all because of you! We want you—we need you very sadly, and if possible we mean to get you. If we cannot get you back to England to dream for England, we shall have to make the best terms we can."

Mymms went pale to the lips again.

"You don't mean," he almost screamed, "that there is any chance of my having to stop here! You don't think, do you, I shall be taken away from you again?"

"No, no," said Marsden. "Have no fear on that score. If they won't let you go we propose to stay."

"Do you mean that?" Mymms looked eagerly,

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hungrily, from Marsden to Cecilia and back to Marsden, and then to Cecilia again.

"Whatever happens," said Cecilia, "I promise you, I give you my word, that Lord Marsden and I will stand by you. We won't allow you to be taken from us."

"And there is no reason why you should be," added Marsden. "We can prevent your giving up your dreams to anyone else, you know. So long as you are faithful to us and to England, you cannot damage our country. But you must be true, just as we are going to be true."

"Of course, of course," said Mymms. "I shouldn't think of being anything else."

Again he caught Cecilia's hand.

"You won't go," he pleaded. "You promise not to go?"

"I won't," said Cecilia. "I promise you I won't."

And she smiled very kindly.

Now there came a loud rapping at the door, and Marsden mechanically said "Come in."

The President, rosy from exercise, strode into the little room.

He stood still, swinging his riding-whip in his big brown hand, and glancing benevolently about him through his terrifying eye-glasses. He bared

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his strong, white, determined teeth in a friendly smile.

"Well," he said, "now all you people are reunited, I suppose you feel better?"

Mymms chuckled with the chuckle of an infant. "I'm not afraid of you any more," he said in his foolish way.

The President stretched out a hand and patted Mymms on the head just as he might have patted a frightened child.

"Quite right," he said. "Quite right. Only you know there never was anything to be scared of. Now let's get some dinner."

Marsden and Cecilia were shown to their rooms, and Mymms, his heart bursting with delight, scampered upstairs to his own apartment.

"This is a bit of orl right," he said to himself, as he gave a fascinating curl to his tow-coloured quiff.

The party at dinner was a curious one. The President, cracking uproarious jokes, cut huge chunks of meat from the joint for the benefit of his numerous progeny. On his right hand sat Cecilia, and next to her was Mymms. Far away down the table, on the right of the President's wife, sat Marsden, serene and smiling.

That silent man, John P. Hayden, found himself between two of the President's children, who



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plied him with questions on all things under the sun, while the President's tame secretary sat beside the baby of the family, nervous and alert.

Then the President, having returned thanks for the boiled mutton and caper sauce and the enormous huckleberry pie, pulled out a corn-cob pipe. He stuffed it to the brim with tobacco, and rummaged through his pockets for a match.

"So!" he said to Marsden. "I feel pretty good. In fact I am in about the best of humours I could possibly be in. Suppose we get to business. We have got to settle this matter of Mymms, and settle it as soon as we can."

Marsden bowed his assent, and Cecilia, disengaging herself from the sticky clasp of the junior members of the President's family, laid a hand on Mymms' shoulder.

"I think," she said, "that you had better include me in the discussion."

The President stared at her with considerable surprise.

"But this, you know," he said, "is an affair of diplomacy."

"I know it only too well," returned Cecilia. "I have been in this particular affair from the first, and with your permission I do not propose to leave it now."

"Besides," she went on, "I think Mr. Mymms

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has need of me. You would rather I went with you, Mr. Mymms, would you not ? ” she asked.

Mymms in a fresh fright clutched at her arm.

“ Yes, yes,” he said hastily. “ Don’t leave me.”

So the President, scratching his head in perplexity, led the way to that bare and forbidding room wherein he had first interviewed the Hope of England.

He, himself, took the chair at the head of the plain table in the centre of the room, and motioned the others to be seated. Marsden sat on his right hand and Cecilia on his left. Mymms huddled beside Cecilia.

“ Now what are you going to do, Lord Marsden ? ” asked the President, with a friendly smile.

“ Surely,” said Marsden, “ I must leave that to you. After all, we are practically prisoners.”

“ Prisoners ! ” shouted the President. “ Nothing of the kind ! ”

“ Are we free to go ? ” asked Marsden, slowly. “ Can Lady Cecilia, Mymms, and myself take our departure at once and return to England ? ”

The President winced, and his face grew apoplectic.

“ Not exactly,” he said.

“ Very well, then,” said Marsden, “ I think it is your move.”

## Seeking a way out

The President juggled with a paper weight, which he finally crashed on to the table.

"Of course," he began, "we are in a bit of a quandary. This is a free country"—here Marsden smiled disconcertingly—"and I can't put a muzzle for ever on Mr. Kennedy and the *Flare*. He proposed to do a deal with me, but I turned him down. I expect by to-morrow we shall see some highly-coloured accounts of what has happened to-day, and then—and then——"

"And then, I presume," said Marsden, "all the fat will be in the fire."

"Quite so. And I think the best thing we can do is to put Mr. Mymms to bed and ask him to dream for us what is going to happen. It is just as well to be prepared."

"Just as well," said Marsden drily; "but at the same time you and I must come to some understanding before we pledge our respective countries in this matter."

"Suppose," continued Marsden, "I make representations to London which result in a demand being formulated for the immediate return of Mymms to England—what then?"

"Then," said the President, with a dangerous snap of his eyes, "I should not listen to it. No, don't make any mistake, Lord Marsden, Mr. Mymms is not going back. Whatever happens, the United

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States is going to keep its hold on Mymms, so it's for you to say whether or not you will stand in with us."

"It seems to me," said Marsden coldly, "that you are playing rather fast and loose with the rest of the world. If, by this unreasonable attachment of Mymms, you cause an open breach between our two countries, you may be sure that the rest of the civilised world is not going to stand by while we fight the matter out. It will be just as important for France, and for Germany, and for Russia, and even for Japan, to have possession of Mymms. And if England by herself cannot recover possession of Mymms, then England will be compelled to make such an alliance as will insure the defeat of America."

"Not so fast! Not so fast!" cried the President. "Surely this is a matter for compromise. If only the United States and Great Britain will hang together we can afford to defy the rest of them."

Marsden shrugged his shoulders.

"That remains to be proved," he said. "You will pardon my saying so, of course," he added, "but the New Diplomacy, of which you are the principal exponent in the United States, does not seem to appreciate the touchiness of various nations with which, if you have your way, we shall certainly have to deal."

## Seeking a way out

"Well, anyhow," said the President curtly, "what is the use of wrangling about this business when by the simple process of putting Mymms to sleep we can find out what is going to happen?"

Mymms had been listening to this conversation with a scared face and wide-open eyes. Now he clutched Cecilia by the arm.

"Don't let them make me do that! Don't let them make me do that! Not to-night, anyway; it will kill me," he quavered.

He put his poor thin little hand to his head and rocked himself in his chair.

"I almost feel as though my brain was going!" he cried. "I wasn't made to stand this sort of thing. I can't stand it! I must have rest; if I don't have rest, I shall go mad!"

Then it was that Cecilia intervened. Her heart was enraged against the President, but she crushed back her anger and smiled at him pleasantly enough.

"I think Mr. Mymms is right," she said, "and that we shall gain nothing by pressing him. Cannot you see," she added, "that he is utterly worn out? It is cruelty to keep him awake, but it would be infinitely more cruel to ask him to dream. Let him have at least one night's rest and peace."

"All right," said the President gruffly. "So be it. Good-night."

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He rose and went out of the room abruptly.

Marsden and Cecilia looked at each other half in despair and half in perplexity.

Both of them could see that Mymms was on the verge of collapse. The pupils of his eyes were abnormally dilated, and his hands shook. He could scarcely walk when Cecilia half-lifted him out of his chair.

At the door of his room Mymms bade Cecilia good-night, clinging in a pathetic and childlike way to her hands.

"You won't let them take me away from you, will you?" he cried again in a piteous voice.

And again Cecilia said: "No, no, I won't; I promise."

In the morning Mr. Kennedy, of the *Flare*, did his worst. He told the entire story of Mymms from the start to the finish. He hid nothing, suppressed nothing. Every detail of the story of Mymms went out to an astonished world.

All the day cables were busy. By night there was not a town in the United States, or in Japan, or in Australia, or in Europe, in which the story of Mymms was not common property.

Instantly the diplomats of the world took action.

In Downing Street there was an endless pro-

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cession of ambassadors and ministers, who pressed the dumfounded and muddle-headed Duke of Mold for a declaration of policy.

Fortunately the Duke had a strong ally in the person of the Permanent Secretary, Sir Christopher Tozer.

Sir Christopher dealt with the situation as best he could, and cabled to Marsden for advice. Marsden cabled back in code, but with an uneasy feeling that the key to that code might be known at Washington.

Three days passed, and life at the White House outwardly jogged along on the same boisterous, happy lines as before. The children, who were holiday-making, never ceased their hilarious gambols in the garden. The President seemed to be holiday-making, too; for he denied himself to all visitors.

New York was in a perfect ferment, and, guided by Mr. Kennedy, of the *Flare*, howled for an alliance with Great Britain.

The patriotic newspapers of the United States prated of Justice and Fairness, and the great breach of faith it would be if England were not given the opportunity of sharing with America the advantages of the dreams of Mymms.

But, in spite of the universal shriek for Justice and Fairness, not one suggestion was put forward

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that Mymms should be immediately handed back to the Government of Great Britain.

The President made no effort to check the scream. Rather he encouraged it. Deliberately indeed he set himself to affront the ambassadors of such friendly Powers as France, Germany, and Russia. He even went out of his way to systematically insult the representative of Japan.

Marsden, whenever he asked for an audience, was granted one, and spent many weary hours endeavouring to persuade the President from the mad course which he was pursuing.

But the President only brushed these protests on one side and continued to stir up strife among the nations.

At the end of three days, the position was most grave.

Thanks to the utter fatuity of the Duke of Mold, England was reduced to the position of being a meek little hanger-on to the United States.

Profoundly disgusted with this attitude, France forgot the *entente* ; Japan frankly repudiated her alliance with such a back-boneless state ; Russia was rife with officially-inspired and sinister threats as to the fate of India ; while the whole of Germany boldly blustered of war.

As far as he was able, Marsden kept the state of



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affairs from Cecilia ; but he could not keep the newspapers from her, and Cecilia gradually grew to learn the worst.

Indeed, the only unruffled person in the whole of the troubled world was the miserable little individual who was the cause of all the turmoil.

Mymms was childishly happy. He even plucked up sufficient spirit to play the rough and tumble games affected by the President's children, and, when exhausted with them, he would sit hour after hour by Cecilia's side, amusing himself with comic papers, or prattling on absurd things such as the Lady Cecilia's curate brother and his landlady at Tottenham.

By the morning of the fourth day, the President had effected his purpose.

England was isolated, cut off from every civilised nation other than the United States.

But he had effected his purpose too well, and the news which began to pour into the White House from every point of the compass now at last alarmed him.

All the great Powers were turning contemptuous backs on Great Britain and showing vindictive teeth to America.

That evening the President drew Marsden on one side.

" I'll own up," he said in his blunt way, " that

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I'm getting a bit scared. I thought that possibly we should get the nations splitting up into groups, all anxious to go for each other ; but it seems that instead they have all got their knife into us."

"I warned you of that," said Marsden.

"True. But this is not the time for saying 'I told you so.' We have got to act, and we have got to act at once. I reckon by now that Mymms is a new man, certainly he ought to be rested up ; and the best thing we can do is to put him to sleep to-night and tell him to dream what is coming of all this business."

Marsden was of the same opinion—had, indeed, been of the same opinion for the last two days ; but he had forborne to make any advances. He at least, as the representative of Great Britain, did not propose to plead guilty to panic.

The news of the President's requirements was broken to Mymms by Cecilia, and he received the intimation that he must dream in a cheerful spirit. Truth to tell he had so recovered his nerve and his sense of physical health that he felt a little flattered.

"All right," he said, "I'll do my best."

That night Cecilia prayed for Mymms ; Marsden, as he quietly composed himself to slumber, hoped for the best ; the President, his thoughts inter-

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rupted every other moment by the arrival of dispatches, paced up and down the room in which he transacted his business, until the small hours.

It had been agreed that in the morning the President, Marsden, and Lady Cecilia should meet before breakfast and simultaneously receive the result of Mymms' dream.

The hearts of the three of them beat a little faster as Mymms, just as the clock was striking eight, first fumbled at the handle of the door and then came into the room.

Mymms' face was pale, and he was smiling foolishly as he moved towards them.

"I don't know what's up with me," he said with a sheepish grin; "but though I slept like a blinking top, I dreamed simply nothink—simply nothink!"

## CHAPTER XXIII

### AN INTERNATIONAL CRISIS

WHEN Mymms declared with brevity and without grammar that "he had dreamt nothink—simply nothink," Lady Cecilia, the President, and Marsden stared at each other in dismay. Of the three, the President was the most upset. On the other hand, he was the first to recover.

"Are you sure," he asked Mymms—"are you sure?"

Mymms nodded his head. "Ab-so-lute-ly," he said.

Without a word the President walked out of the room.

Cecilia crossed over to Mymms and placed her hand on his shoulder. "Never mind," she said—"never mind. I expect you haven't quite recovered from all the fatigue you have been through."

"I expect that's it," said Mymms wretchedly. "I really would have dreamt for your sake if I could have done it, but I didn't have control

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over things at all. I just slept like the dead, and when I woke this morning and found that I hadn't dreamt, I was just about as distressed as I could be. I'm really awfully sorry."

"Never mind," said Cecilia again. "Try and pull yourself together, try and get a little of your strength back. You see, we may need you."

And Cecilia was right, for with the morning came all manner of disturbing news. By some mysterious means the Editor of the *Flare* had possessed himself of the information that Mymms had been requested by the President to dream and had succeeded in dreaming nothing at all. This negative result, however, was denounced by the *Flare* as bluff. The *Flare* yelled that Mymms had dreamed, but that the President had decided that the purport of his dreams should be hidden.

Most great crises arise in a hurry. Now in a flash the world found itself faced with the most complicated and general crisis it had ever known. The nations leapt to arms, and America and Great Britain found themselves suspected of all the peoples of the earth.

At the discovery of the perfidy of England, Russia and France fell with simultaneous haste and enthusiasm into each other's arms. But Germany—Germany, who already possessed some knowledge of Mymms—took the lead. Germany,

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in the twinkling of an eye, persuaded Russia and France into the belief that His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser was the only fit and proper person to deal with the international cataclysm which had so suddenly come about.

And in the wake of Prussia the Kaiser not only dragged the multifarious German States, but Austria and the hot-headed people of the Balkans, who practically admitted the sovereignty of either Austria, Russia, or Turkey. Nor was Japan left out in the cold.

Japan had a thousand grievances to be wiped off her diplomatic slate. Her subtle Ministers invented a thousand excuses for extending a friendly hand to Russia and falling into line with Europe, as Europe rose as a single Power against Great Britain and America for the possession of Mymms.

Great Britain's plight was indeed parlous. Within the next forty-eight hours it became evident that Russia's threats as to India were not merely the breath of boasting. The armies of the Tsar began to creep eastwards and southwards, till the ruler of Afghanistan found Russian troops streaming across the northern frontier.

It was all very well for Great Britain to mobilise her fleet—a score of fleets left port to meet that mobilisation.

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German warships held the North Sea. Turkey, all her friendship with the English suddenly forgotten, opened wide the Dardanelles to let the Black Sea Fleet pass into the Mediterranean. The Black Sea Fleet made for Toulon, and there found the French fleet. Cherbourg and Brest became as hostile as Kiel. Worse still, Japan, regarding England and America as a common enemy, decided to strike a blow where it would be most felt by the Anglo-Saxon alliance.

Instead of seeking to avenge a long series of insults which the United States had heaped upon the people of the Mikado, the main portion of the Japanese fleet ostentatiously set sail for North Australia! The British Government cabled frantically to Marsden, and Marsden cabled briefly back after he had faced the President.

The President was obstinate and impossible.

"You don't want to get scared, Lord Marsden," he said. "I tell you the United States and England can whop the earth."

"Of that," said Marsden drily, "I have my doubts. It's not my business," he continued, "to argue about the extremely foolish policy of certain of our statesmen which has laid England open to attack. But suppose we look at the matter as calmly as we can. The British Navy is going to be hard put to it to prevent the invasion of

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England if the fleets of Germany and France combine against us in the North Sea and the Channel, and if the Austrian, Italian, and Russian fleets are allied against us in the Mediterranean.

“ Personally,” he continued, “ though I am as great a believer in England’s lucky star as any man, I say that if we have to face such a combination as this, it will be impossible to stave off defeat.”

The President sneered, and Marsden flushed.

“ It is all very well for you to sneer,” said Marsden, fairly hotly for him, “ but America will not have to stand the brunt of the fighting. Japan, as you know, has sailed for Australia, the Russians are at the Indian frontier. This obstinate refusal of yours to give up Mymms is simply furnishing an excuse for the Powers of the world to break up the British Empire. They will settle with us first, and then you may be sure that they will settle with you. And, in view of these undeniable facts, I cannot see how you can any longer pretend that you wish for the friendship of Great Britain and for an alliance with my country.”

For once the President was cowed. “ I admit, Lord Marsden,” he said, “ that matters have not quite worked out as I should have wished. But what would you have me do ? If I give up Mymms to England now it will not affect the present issue ; it will merely rob England of our assistance, be-



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cause, if we give Mymms up, then the Powers of the earth will devote all their attention to Great Britain and leave America alone. So how we are to help you now I can't see."

Marsden shrugged his shoulders. "Certainly," he said, "things seem pretty desperate, and, as they are desperate, we must take desperate measures. Poor little Mymms is all knocked to bits, but we must make him dream to-night. Of course, he will not dream unless Lady Cecilia asks him to, and I must make one stipulation. You must promise—you must give me your word as President—that you will stand by any decision which Mymms comes to."

The President was now greatly troubled, and was only too glad to accede to Marsden's one condition. That night, therefore, Lady Cecilia took Mymms on one side and spoke to him gravely and earnestly. The little man wagged his head as it was brought home to him how great was his responsibility.

As on the previous occasion, Cecilia, the President, and Lord Marsden met together in the President's room before breakfast to await Mymms' announcement as to his dreams.

As he walked in they all noticed that he was paler and shakier than before, but there was the light of triumph in his eyes.

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"I pulled it off orl right this time," he said, as he nodded to the President and Marsden and then turned his gaze on Cecilia, "and it seems to me that my dream will give you a straight tip."

"Well, what was it?" asked the President eagerly.

"Well," said Mymms thoughtfully, "it was not very clear, but I managed to make out this much, that you"—here Mymms looked at the President—"agreed to submit all the bother that I have caused to a conference of the Powers. I saw perfectly clearly in my dream that the whole business was settled by general arbitration."

Cecilia, glancing from the President to Marsden, saw that the two men were looking fixedly at each other. She took Mymms by the arm and led him out of the room.

When the door closed behind them, the President rose wearily from his chair. "I suppose it is the only thing to be done," he said.

"I am afraid so," said Marsden.

Faced again with the necessity for immediate action, the President to a very great extent recovered his former spirits.

In this matter he really had to take the lead, but he found Marsden an ungrudging and entirely helpful ally.

The cables were set to work,<sup>E</sup> and within the

## **An International Crisis**

next twenty-four hours the rising tide of anger against America and Great Britain was slowly stemmed. In spite of the vulnerability of Britain's vast and straggling Empire, the rulers of the different Powers were still somewhat afraid to attack her.

Moreover, the huge and dominant and massive territory of the United States loomed in the background, large and formidable and dangerous.

Three more anxious and busy days passed by, each busy and anxious day followed by a busy and anxious night. Through these nights Mymms—now carefully sheltered from any news which would disturb him or distress him—slept without dreaming.

Finally all the arrangements for arbitration were made. The Powers, great and small, sent delegates plenipotentiary to The Hague on the understanding that Mymms was to be regarded, not as the possession of England or America, but as an International Asset. Against this decision the President at first struggled, but finally he agreed to it, after stipulating that until the conference of the Powers had met and come to some decision, Mymms should remain in the safe keeping of America and England.

But this stipulation was not so fair as it seemed, for while the President raised not the slightest

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objection to Marsden holding what might be termed a watching brief on behalf of England, he insisted that an American warship should convey Mymms to The Hague, and that Mymms should be lodged at the American Ministry there during the negotiations.

Against this determination of the President, Marsden protested in vain. In the end he had to be content with sailing in the same ship—the United States cruiser *Kentucky*—as Mymms. As a great concession Lady Cecilia was permitted to accompany them.

The very tedium of the voyage increased the anxiety of Marsden and Cecilia. But for her pride, Cecilia would have gone to Marsden a hundred times for counsel and comfort. Marsden, on the other hand, kept as aloof from Cecilia as he could ; he possessed a chivalrous dread lest she might think that he was turning the difficulty of her position to his own advantage.

A gloomy spirit hung heavy on the whole ship's company, but, curiously enough, Mymms was quite lively and quite cheerful. He did not in the least seem to understand that he held the balance between war and peace.

The *Kentucky* thrashed her way up the English Channel in the teeth of half a gale blowing from the north-east, to pitch and toss across the North

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Sea as she fought her way along the brilliantly-lighted coast of Belgium.

On the night before they were due to cast anchor off Scheveningen, Marsden sought out Cecilia.

"I don't think," he said, "that it would be taking an unfair advantage of either America or the other Powers if we were to quietly arrange with Mymms that he should dream for us to-night."

Cecilia looked at him with sparkling eyes.

"Curiously enough," she said, "the same idea struck me to-day."

So presently they took Mymms apart and explained to him—as lucidly as they could—what they required of him.

Mymms nodded and chuckled. "Orl right," he said; "I'll do my best, just as I did that night about arbitration. If we can do the old country a good turn—well, so much the better. You leave it to me."

In his childish joy Mymms actually winked at Cecilia.

At five o'clock the next morning, when the *Kentucky* was rolling badly, the door of Marsden's cabin was flung open with a crash, and Mymms tumbled in, white to the lips, short breathed, and half fainting.

He rushed over to Marsden's bunk, and clung there sobbing.

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Marsden did his best to quiet him, and presently Mymms grew calmer. "I dreamed—I have dreamt all right," he stuttered, "but it's too horrible—too horrible to tell you. I won't tell you! I daren't tell you what it is, because I've got an idea in my head that if I tell you it will come true."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE GREAT POW-WOW

MARSDEN braced himself to withstand the flood of thought which for a moment threatened to overwhelm his mind. He clutched, as a drowning man might have clutched, at the outstanding fact that he must save Mymms. So, all else forgot, he laid hands on the little man tenderly and laid him on the tiny couch which ran along half one side of the cabin.

He soothed him as he might have soothed a child, and wrapped him in a blanket. And all the while Mymms cried like a baby suffering from the onslaughts of an unintentional pin.

Marsden bellowed for a sailor and sent him for the mess-man. The mess-man came grumbling, but Marsden cut his grumbles short and sent him away for brandy.

Presently the mess-man came back, and Marsden administered heroic doses of the best Martell to the shivering and the sobbing Mymms. Marsden realised that this was a moment before which minor considerations of morality must melt. His

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

sole idea was to reduce Mymms to drunkenness, and so to slumber. And in this desperate endeavour he succeeded passing well.

Mymms gurgled for a time, and then snored with the blissful snore of childhood. Mechanically Marsden looked at his watch. It was five o'clock. For three hours more he sat by the side of Mymms, turning over and over again in his mind the possible results of Mymms' mental collapse.

But always his thoughts strayed to Cecilia, and thereby he learned a lesson. After all, the help of a woman was necessary.

At eight o'clock he summoned a servant and bade the man dress Mymms as best he could. Then he went on deck and sought out Cecilia. To her he told quite simply the events which had happened so swiftly in the small hours.

"It seems to me," he concluded by way of explanation, "that the whole world is relying on a very broken reed. It will be a miracle if Mymms is of any use to us. The poor little man was not born to stand a strain of this kind. In fact, I am perfectly certain that only gentleness can pull him through, so we must rely on you."

For days a dreadful and an icy fear had been growing in Cecilia's heart. The whole situation was so supremely absurd as to be abnormally terrible. Only the frail body, and apparently



## The Great Pow-wow

frailer mind of Mymms, held back all the nations of the world from war.

Cecilia went down to Marsden's cabin, to find Mymms dressed and propped against pillows, pale and panting.

There was a horrible fear written in the small man's eyes, and he clutched at Cecilia's hands with a pathetic confidence.

"I dreamed," cried Mymms. "I dreamed all right, but I can't tell you what I dreamed. I'm awfully sorry to be in such a funk, but I can't help it. I wish I could tell you, but I can't—I simply can't.

"If you were in my shoes," wailed Mymms, "you would be the same as me. I'm a coward. I am, and that's true. I don't pretend I'm not. I'm such a coward that I don't care what's going to happen to all the world as long as I get off scot-free myself, so don't ask me to tell you."

Cecilia looked at him long and gravely. It seemed to her that what little mind Mymms possessed was fast giving way. So she treated him as she might have treated a baby.

And presently Mymms slept, starting now and again in his sleep in a manner which filled Cecilia with distress and perturbation.

In the forenoon the *Kentucky* fetched up off Scheveningen, and without delay the captain of the cruiser made arrangements for putting his

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civilian passengers ashore ; but it was not until they reached the little jetty of the fishing village at Scheveningen's western edge that Marsden realised how utterly England lay in the grip of America's power, and how unscrupulously the President was wielding the advantage of his strategic superiority.

Marsden had wondered at the idle way in which the *Kentucky* had crossed the Atlantic and lurched up the English Channel into the North Sea. Now he wondered no longer, for there on the jetty, waiting to receive him, was that silent man, John P. Hayden. Hayden's task of explanation was obviously distasteful to him, but none the less he carried it out to the full.

Mymms, he explained, would be lodged at the American Legation ; for Marsden and Cecilia rooms had been engaged at the Hotel Vieux Doelen. At the intimation that he must be separated from his friends Mymms behaved in a manner not calculated to reflect credit on the stoicism of the British race. To tell the truth, he wept.

But his weeping availed him nothing, and, scarce comforted by the promises of Cecilia that she would not desert him, he was driven away by Hayden to the dull, flat-fronted building, over which floated the Stars and Stripes.

## The Great Pow-wow

Hayden, before he drove away with Mymms, assured Marsden and Cecilia that no obstacle would be placed in the way of their seeing their fellow-countryman whenever they felt so disposed. Nor were they slow in availing themselves of this intimation.

Meantime, as they drove towards the "Vieux Doelen," both Marsden and Cecilia felt a little awkwardly placed. The complaining and violent-tongued Lady Jemima had been shipped back from New York by the first convenient liner, and the fact that they required a chaperon had not dawned upon Cecilia and Marsden till they landed at Scheveningen.

But, fortunately for the peace of their conventional minds, the Duchess of Mold had grasped the difficulties of the coming situation while they were still tumbling across the Atlantic. And Mary, Duchess of Mold, was waiting to receive her sister when they arrived at the hotel.

Plump and tearful, the Duchess descended in a whirl of furbelows and laces on Cecilia's neck.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed more times than it is necessary to record, and tears of genuine emotion welled from her large blue eyes.

Cecilia kissed her coldly. Cecilia, indeed, was in grave peril of forgetting that she was a woman. Everything had conspired to turn her mind from

## **The Man who Dreamed Right**

its proper way of thinking. Marsden, through his own cold devotion to his country's business, had become merely a companion in a long and heart-destroying fight.

Only a still, small voice, at times inconveniently distinct, told Cecilia that Marsden yet deserved any consideration, any pity, any love. But she knew that his task was hard, knew that he did his duty well; and so, against all the promptings of her being, she decided to work on, side by side with him throughout this bitter business in a purely platonic spirit.

It was only stupid little conventional thoughts, such as the dread of being without a chaperon at The Hague, which reminded her that even diplomacy could not wholly wipe out sex. And it was a sub-conscious thought of this description that in the end warmed her heart towards her sister, and made her glad to be with her, and drink tea with her, and tell her how her hat suited her, just as she might have done in Park Street.

And yet when she found herself alone in her own room Cecilia was not quite sure that her sister's presence was not a disturbing element.

Marsden, Cecilia, the Duchess, and two extremely garrulous and feeble old gentlemen, who represented two-thirds of Great Britain's delegates, dined together that night.

## **The Great Pow-wow**

The other third of Great Britain's delegates was represented by Mendip, who had won his spurs as an administrator and a statesman during the earthquake of London.

Afterwards, as these English people sat in the hall of the hotel, sipping coffee and talking small talk, while their minds were in reality turning over the matter of politics, a messenger came in haste from the American Legation.

It seemed that Mymms was ill. In the presence of this crisis conventionality was forgotten. Marsden and Cecilia rose together and drove away to comfort Mymms.

They found him in bed, wide-eyed and half-delirious, and were compelled to remain with him two hours before he was satisfied with Cecilia's promises that she and Marsden would not desert him.

There followed several anxious days while the representatives of the various Powers, great and small, were gathering at The Hague to wrangle for the possession of Mymms.

And because the antiquated system of seniority still holds good to a great extent in diplomatic matters, the Powers sent the very worst people that they could possibly have found to discuss the possibilities of war in that vast building, which is ironically termed "The Palace of Peace."

Marsden, as he strolled through The Hague

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and dropped into the different hotels, began to despair of these senile diplomats. He was in no mind to haggle with the toothless old gentlemen who had come prepared to wrangle on for months while the armies of the world slept in trenches.

His very despair to some extent softened his utterly careless heart. Against his better diplomatic judgment he found himself delighted to walk with Cecilia in the old box-hedged gardens of the "Vieux Doelen."

Sometimes, while the secretaries of the toothless but great old men were disputing over matters of precedence, he and Cecilia would ride over to Scheveningen, and, putting up their horses at an hotel, stroll down to the beach.

It was now early summer-time, and the trees were preparing to replace with young green leaves the abundant apple and pear and peach blossoms which mark Holland's spring.

More or less from design Marsden begged Cecilia to ride over to Scheveningen with him on the day before the first meeting of what he called "the Great Pow-Wow."

He was weighed down by the sense of the coming of some great event—an event greater than any decision which would result from the palaver of Europe's toothless diplomats.

Why he suffered from this conviction he could

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not say. Indeed, he was rather angry with himself for harbouring it; it was so instinctive as to be almost reprehensibly feminine.

Now he found himself sitting on the shingle hard by the jetty at which he and Cecilia had landed a few days before, looking out over the sea—a blue sea and a serene sea, but a sea thick with the warships of the world.

“Do you realise,” he said, turning to Cecilia, “that when these old gentlemen at The Hague have finished talking those ships out there may turn and rend each other?”

“And I would not mind if they did—only, I am afraid, as far as England goes, we are rather outnumbered. If it comes to scrapping we may put up a pretty good fight, but I fear that the conclusion is foregone. Still, it all hangs on Mymms.”

“Does it?” asked Cecilia, and her voice was hard, and she looked out at the sea with hard eyes.

“What do you mean?”

Cecilia’s face grew crimson, and Marsden never knew whether the flush was due to anger or to shame.

“I mean,” cried Cecilia, “that if I had been a man I would have settled this business long ago.”

“How?”

“Does the life of one miserable little creature matter?” asked Cecilia, still steadfastly looking

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out to sea. "Is that miserable little life to be preserved at the cost of lives infinitely dearer and far more necessary to the human good?"

The purport of Cecilia's speech came home to Marsden like a well-directed blow. It was in his heart to cry out, but he held his peace. And his silence wounded Cecilia far more than any words could possibly have done.

"Oh, yes," she cried; "of course, you can blame me. I am only a woman, but I know, as a sensible woman, what I should have done."

Marsden was still silent. All his mind revolted at the suggestion which Cecilia made. He was in danger of ceasing to regard her as a woman at all.

Then the real woman in Cecilia saved the real man in Marsden. She threw herself forward, buried her face in her hands, and began to cry.

"Poor little Mymms," she sobbed. "Poor little Mymms."

Marsden, sedate and correct, was painfully perplexed. For several moments, which seemed to him incalculably long, he knew not what to do. Then he decided to cast diplomacy to the winds.

Just as any Margate tripper might have done, he threw his left arm about Cecilia's waist and drew her towards him. No musical comedy hero could have been more tender as he breathed the words: "Don't cry, little girl; don't cry."



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"Don't cry," he continued. "It is only suspense that is distressing you. To-morrow we shall know the best—or the worst. And you and I can face either. You and I have been bred up to enjoy the good things of this life, and we have been bred up to face the worst.

"And somehow, I can't tell why, I don't think we shall have to face the worst. After all, though I am a very minor person in this affair, I shall have to do most of the talking. And I mean to insist from the first that this council of the wise men of the diplomatic world shall not dispute about trivial things.

"I have the full authority of our Government to make the suggestion that to-morrow night Mymms shall be put to sleep to dream the result of the conference, and to urge all the delegates to abide by that dream of Mymms'.

"Then," Marsden continued, "matters will be greatly simplified. Mymms may dream of peace or he may dream of war. If it is peace, then my work is ended; if it is war, then my work will be almost ended, too.

"Of course, being an Englishman, I shall have to fight—I don't think you would wish me to do otherwise; but, on the other hand, the business of fighting is extremely simple as compared with the business of keeping people in the paths of peace."

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Cecilia dried her eyes with the back of her bare fingers and looked out to sea again. Marsden, it seemed, was not wholly a diplomat, after all. And yet, as she recognised this, Cecilia suffered a slight pang of disappointment. The very fact that Marsden was not wholly wrapped up in his profession cost her just a fleeting pang of dissatisfaction. But, then, it is to all men's content that one woman should be attractively unreasonable.

"When this affair is settled one way or another," Marsden continued, "I shall consider that my diplomatic work is finished. I have come to learn that I must continue to work and concentrate all the thought I can on you. When this is over I hope——"

Cecilia rose suddenly and devoted all her energies to a hairpin.

\* \* \* \* \*

The precious Mymms was escorted by Dutch troops to the Palace of Peace. Under the direction of Marsden he was seated in a comfortable chair in an obscure corner of the conference hall. The President of the Conference, an elderly gentleman, who happened to be the Premier of the Netherlands, then proceeded to occupy four hours with a long-winded and wholly unnecessary speech.

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He summed up, it is true, very ably, the whole history of Mymms and the extraordinary situation which the dreams of Mymms brought about. When at last he sat down there was some applause, and then a long silence.

Marsden rose and claimed priority of speech on account of the nationality of Mymms.

"I have," he said, after he had made his position clear, "nothing to suggest except this—that all discussion will be useless, all words will be wasted, all quarrelling will be futile. We are gathered together here to await the result of a dream of Mymms'. Let us agree to say nothing, and to do nothing, until we have heard the verdict of Mymms' sleep.

"Mymms," Marsden went on to explain in French, "has come here to do his best. Let us ask Mr. Mymms to sleep and to dream, and let us abide by whatsoever he dreams."

The different members of the conference took counsel together, and finally assented to Marsden's proposal; at any rate, as an experiment.

It was Cecilia who met Mymms in the marble passage of this cold Palace of Peace, and led him to the little room which Marsden had taken the precaution to have fitted up as a bedroom.

For three nights Mymms had not slept. His skin was dry and his eyes feverish and his heart

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feeble as he lay down to dream THE DREAM which was to decide the fate of the world. But, high-strung and nervous and excited though he was, exhausted nature at last demanded its own respite. Mymms was heavy with sleep. Cecilia, as she sat at his bedside, smoothed Mymms' tow hair as she might have smoothed the hair of a child.

And, unconsciously, Mymms dropped into slumber.

The conference adjourned for four hours, and then met again. After conversation on general matters the President called for silence. Then, after some wrangling, the delegates of America and Great Britain and Russia and France and Germany were deputed to wake Mymms and bring back the message for which the world was waiting.

Marsden led the way down the passage to the little room in which Mymms lay. He opened the door softly, and slowly walked across the room towards the bed. He bent over Mymms, and then drew away sharply with a catch in his breath.

Mymms lay on his back, pale and rigid and cold, his staring blue eyes wide open, fixed on the ceiling.

Mymms was dead.

THE END