The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

—18—

"Yes—like fits I will!" retorted the mine owner. "I told you once, John, that I was in this thing to a finish, and I meant it. Go on giving your orders."

"Very well; you've had your warning. The next thing is the auto. I want to catch Judge Warner before he goes to bed. I'll telephone while you're getting a car."

Starbuck had no farther to go than to the garage where he had put up his car, and when he got it and drove to the Kinzie building, Smith came out of the shadow of the entrance to mount beside him.

"Drive around to the garage again and let me try another phone," was the low-spoken request. "My wire isn't working."

The short run was quickly made, and Smith went to the garage office. A moment later a two-hundred-pound policeman strolled up to put a huge foot on the running board of the waiting auto. Starbuck greeted him as a friend.

"Hello, Mac. How's tricks with you tonight?"

"Th' tricks are even, an' I'm tryin' to take th' odd one," said the big Irishman. "'Tis a man named Smith I'm lookin' for, Misther Starbuck—J. Montague Smith; th' fi-nancial boss av th' big ditch comp'ny. Have ye seen 'um?"

Starbuck, looking over the policeman's shoulder, could see Smith at the telephone in the garage office. Another man might have lost his head, but the ex-cowpuncher was of the chosen few whose wits sharpen handily in an emergency.

"He hangs out at the Hophra House a good part of the time in the evenings," he replied coolly. "Hop in and I'll drive you around."

Three minutes later the threatening danger was a danger pushed a little way into the future, and Starbuck was back at the garage curb waiting for Smith to come out. Through the window he saw Smith placing the receiver on its hook, and a moment afterward he was opening the car door for his passenger.

"Did you make out to raise the judge?" he inquired, as Smith climbed in.

"Yes. He will meet me at his chambers in the courthouse as soon as he can drive down from his house."

"What are your hoping to do, John? Judge Warner is only a circuit judge; he can't set an order of the United States court aside, can he?"

"No; but there is one thing that he can do. You may remember that I had a talk with him this morning at his house. I was trying then to cover all the chances, among them the possibility that Stanton would jump in with a gang of armed thugs at the last minute. We are going to assume that this is what has been done."

Starbuck set the car in motion and sent it spinning out of the side street, around the plaza, and beyond to the less brilliantly illuminated residence district—which was not the shortest way to the courthouse.

"You mustn't pull Judge Warner's leg, John," he protested, breaking the purring silence after the business quarter had been left behind; "he's too good a man for that."

"I shall tell him the exact truth, so far as we know it," was the quick reply. "There is one chance in a thousand that we shall come out of this with the law—as well as the equities—

"The Tricks Are Even."

on our side. I shall tell the judge that no papers have been served on us, and, so far as I know, they haven't. What are you driving all the way around here for?"

"This is one of the times when the longest way round is the shortest way home," Starbuck explained. "The bad news you were looking for 'has came.' While you were phoning in the garage I put one policeman wise—to nothing."

"He was looking for me?"

"Sure thing—and by name. We'll fool around here in the block streets until the judge has had time to show up. Then I'll drop you at the courthouse and go hustle the sheriff for you. You'll want Harding, I take it?"

"Yes. I'm taking the chance that only the city authorities have been notified in my personal affair—not the county officers. It's a long chance, of course; I may be running my neck squarely into the noose. But it's all risk, Billy; every move in this night's game. Head up for the courthouse. The judge will be there by this time."

Two minutes beyond this the car was drawing up to the curb on the mesa-facing side of the courthouse square. There were two lighted windows in the second story of the otherwise darkened building, and Smith sprang to the sidewalk.

"Go now and find Harding, and have him bring one trusty deputy with him; I'll be ready by the time you get back," he directed; but Starbuck waited until he had seen Smith safely lost in the shadows of the pillared courthouse entrance before he drove away.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Race to the Swift.

Since Sheriff Harding had left his office in the county jail and had gone home to his ranch on the north side of the river some hours earlier, not a little precious time was consumed in hunting him up. Beyond this, there was another delay in securing the deputy. When Starbuck's car came to a stand for a second time before the mesa-fronting entrance of the courthouse, Smith came quickly across the walk from the portal.

"Mr. Harding," he began abruptly, "Judge Warner has gone home and he has made me his messenger. There is a bit of sharp work to be done, and you'll need a strong posse. Can you deputize fifteen or twenty good men who can be depended upon in a fight and rendezvous them on the north-side river road in two hours from now?"

The sheriff, a big, bearded man who might have sat for the model of one of Frederic Remington's frontiersmen, took time to consider. "Is it a scrap?" he asked.

"It is likely to be. There are warrants to be served, and there will most probably be resistance. Your posse should be well armed."

"We'll try for it," was the decision. "On the north-side river road, you say? You'll want us mounted?"

"It will be better to take horses. We could get autos, but Judge Warner agrees with me that the thing had better be done quietly and without making too much of a stir in town."

"All right," said the man of the law. "It that all?"

"No, not quite all. The first of the warrants is to be served here in Brewster—upon Mr. Crawford Stanton. Your deputy will probably find him at the Hophra House. Here is the paper: it is a bench warrant of commitment on a charge of conspiracy, and Stanton is to be locked up. Also you are to see to it that your jail telephone is out of order, so that Stanton won't be able to make any attempt to get a hearing and bail before tomorrow."

"That part of it is mighty risky," said Harding. "Does the judge know about that, too?"

"He does; and for the ends of pure justice, he concurs with me—though, of course, he couldn't give a mandatory order."

The sheriff turned to his jail deputy, who had descended from the rumble seat in the rear.

"You've heard the dope, Jimmie," he said shortly. "Go and get His Nobs and lock him up. And if he wants to be yelling 'Help!' and sending for his lawyer or somebody, why, the telephone's takin' a lay-off. Savvy?"

The deputy nodded and turned upon his heel, stuffing the warrant for Stanton's arrest into his pocket as he went. Smith swung up beside Starbuck, saying: "In a couple of hours, then, Mr. Harding; somewhere near the bridge approach on the other side of the river."

Starbuck had started the motor and was bending forward to adjust the oil feed when the sheriff left them.

"You seem to have made a ten-strike with Judge Warner," the ex-cowpuncher remarked, replacing the flash-lamp in its seat pocket.

"Judge Warner is a man in every inch of him; but there is something behind this night's work that I don't quite understand," was the quick reply. "I had hardly begun to state the case to him when the judge interrupted me, 'I know,' he said. 'I have been waiting for you people to come and ask for relief.' What do you make of that, Billy?"

"I don't know; unless someone in Stanton's outfit has welshed. Shaw might have done it. He has been to Bob Stillings, and Stillings says he is sore at Stanton for some reason. Shaw was trying to get Stillings to agree to drop the railroad case against him, and Bob says he made some vague promise of help in the High Line business if the railroad people would agree not to prosecute."

"There is a screw loose somewhere; I know by the way Judge Warner took hold. When I proposed to swear out the warrant for Stanton's arrest, he said, 'I can't understand, Mr. Smith, why you haven't done this before,' and he sat down and filled out the blank. But we can let that go for the present. How are you going to get me across the river without taking me through the heart of the town and giving the Brewster police a shy at me?"

Starbuck's answer was wordless. With a quick twist of the pilot wheel he sent the car skidding around the corner, using undue haste, as it seemed, since they had two hours before them. A few minutes farther along the lights of the town had been left behind and the car was speeding swiftly westward on a country road paralleling the railway track; the road over which Smith had twice driven with the kidnapped Jibbey.

"I'm still guessing," the passenger ventured, when the last of the railroad distance signals had flashed to the rear. "And then? "What's the frantic hurry, Billy?"

Starbuck was running with the muffler cut out, but now he cut it in and the roar of the motor sank to a humming murmur.

"I thought so," he remarked, turning his head to listen. "You didn't notice that police whistle, just as we were leaving the courthouse, did you?—nor the answers to it while we were dodging through the suburbs? Somebody has marked us down and passed the word, and now they're chasing us with a buzz-wagon. Don't you hear it?"

By this time Smith could hear the sputtering roar of the following car only too plainly.

"It's a big one," he commented. "You can't outrun it, Billy; and, besides, there is nowhere to run to in this direction."

Again Starbuck's reply translated itself into action. With a skillful touch of the controls he sent the car round at top speed, and for a matter of ten miles or more held a diminishing lead in the race through sheer good driving and an accurate knowledge of the road and its twistings and turnings. But the road would soon become a cart track in the mountains; there was no outlet to the north save by means of the railroad bridge at Little Butte station, and from somewhere up the valley and beyond the railroad bridge came the distance-softened whistle of a train.

Starbuck set a high mark for himself as a courageous driver of motor-cars when he came to the last of the three road crossings. Jerking the car around sharply at the instant of track-crossing, he headed straight out over the ties for the railroad bridge. It

"You've Heard the Dope, Jimmie."

was a courting of death. To drive the bridge at racing speed was hazardous enough, but to drive it thus in the face of a downcoming train seemed nothing less than madness.

It was after the car had shot into the first of the three bridge spans that the pursuers pulled up and opened fire. Starbuck bent lower over his wheel, and Smith clutched for handholds. Far up the track on the north side of the river a headlight flashed in the darkness, and the hoarse blast of a locomotive, whistling for the bridge, echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

Starbuck drove for his life. With the bridge fairly crossed, he found himself on a high embankment; and the oncoming train was now less than half a mile away. Somewhere beyond the bridge approach there was a road; so much Starbuck could recall. If they could reach its crossing before the collision should come—

They did reach it, by what seemed to Smith a margin of no more than the length of the heavy freight train which went jangling past them a scant second or so after the car had been wrenched aside into the obscure mesa road. They had gone a mile or more on the reverse leg of the long down-river detour before Starbuck cut the speed and turned the wheel over to his seat-mate.

"Take her a minute while I get the makings," he said, dry-lipped, feeling in his pockets for tobacco and the rice paper. Then he added: "Holy Solomon! I never wanted a smoke so bad in all my life!"

Smith's laugh was a chuckle.

"Gets next to you—after the fact—doesn't it? That's where we split. I had my scare before we hit the bridge, and it tasted like a mouthful of bitter aloes. Does this road take us back up the river?"

"It takes us twenty miles around through the Park and comes in at the head of Little creek. But we have plenty of time. You told Harding two hours, didn't you?"

"Yes; but I must have a few minutes at Hillcrest before we get action, Billy."

Starbuck took the wheel again and said nothing until the roundabout race had been fully run and he was easing the car down the last of the hills into the Little Creek road. There had been three-quarters of an hour of skillful driving over a bad road to come between Smith's remark and its reply, but Starbuck apparently made no account of the length of the interval.

"You're aiming to go and see Corry?" he asked, while the car was coasting to the hill bottom.

"Yes."

With a sudden flick of the controls and a quick jamming of the brakes, Starbuck brought the car to a stand just as it came into the level road.

"We're man to man here under the canopy, John; and Corry Baldwin hasn't got any brother," he offered gravely. "I'm backing you in this business fight for all I'm worth—for Dick Maxwell's sake and the colonel's, and maybe a little bit for the sake of my own ante of twenty thousand. And I'm ready to back you in this old-home scrap with all the money you'll need to make your fight. But when it comes to the little girl it's different. Have you any good and fair right to hunt up Corry Baldwin while things are shaping themselves up as they are?"

Smith met the shrewd inquisition fairly.

"Give it a name," he said shortly.

"I will: I'll give it the one you gave it a while back. You said you were an outlaw, on two charges; embezzlement and assault. We'll let the assault go. But the other thing doesn't taste good."

"I didn't embezzle anything, Billy. I thought I made that plain."

"So you did. But you also made it plain that the home court would be likely to send you up for it, guilty or not guilty. And with a thing like that hanging over you . . . you see, I know, Corry Baldwin, John. If you put it up to her tonight, and she happens to fall in with your side of it—which is what you're aiming to make her do—all hell won't keep her from going back home with you and seeing you through?"

"Billy, I may never see her again. I said I wouldn't tell her—that I loved her too well to tell her . . . but now the final pinch has come, and I—"

"And that isn't all," Starbuck went on relentlessly. "There's this Miss Rich-acres. Your hands ain't clean, John; not clean enough to let you go to Hillcrest tonight."

Smith groped in his pockets, found a cigar and lighted it.

"Pull out to the side of the road and we'll kill what time there is to kill right here," he directed soberly. And then: "What you say is right as right, Billy. Once more, I guess, I was locoed for the minute. Forget it; and while you're about it, forget Miss Richlander, too. Luckily for her, she is out of it—as far out of it as I am."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Freedom.

On the northern bank of the Timanyoni the Brewster street, of which the wagon bridge is a prolongation, becomes a country road, forking a few hundred yards from the bridge approach to send one of its branchings northward among the Little Creek ranches and another westward up the right bank of the stream.

At this fork of the road, between eleven and twelve o'clock of the night of alarms, Sheriff Harding's party of special deputies began to assemble. Under each man's saddle flap was slung the regulation weapon of the West—a scabbarded repeating rifle; and the small troop bunching itself in the river road looked serviceably militant and businesslike.

An automobile rolled silently down the mesa road from the north and came to a stand among the horses. The sheriff drew rein beside the car and spoke to one of the two occupants:

"Well, Mr. Smith, we're all here."

"How many?" was the curt question.

"Twenty."

"Good. Here is your authority"—handing the legal papers to the officer. "Before we go in you ought to know the facts. A few hours ago a man named McGraw, calling himself a deputy United States marshal and claiming to be acting under instructions from Judge Lorching's court in Red Butte, took possession of our dam and camp. On the even chance that he isn't what he claims to be, we are going to arrest him and every man in his crowd. Are you game for it?"

"I'm game to serve any papers that Judge Warner's got the nerve to issue," was the big man's reply.

"That's the talk; that's what I hoped to hear you say. Was Stanton arrested?"

"He sure was. Strothers found him in the Hophra House bar, and the line of talk he turned loose would have set a wet blanket afire. Just the same, he had to go along with Jimmie and get himself locked up."

"That is the first step; now if you're ready, we'll take the next."

Harding rode forward and the advance began. For the first mile or so the midnight silence was unbroken save by the subdued progress noises and the murmurings of the nearby river in its bed. Once Smith took the wheel while Starbuck rolled and lighted a cigarette. It was Starbuck who harked back to the talk which had been so abruptly broken off.

"Let's not head into this ruction with an unpicked bone betwixt us, John," he began gently. "Maybe I said too much, back yonder at the foot of the hill."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOGS TO REDUCE FOOD WASTE

Municipal Piggery Declared Equally as Sanitary and More Profitable Than Garbage Reduction Plant.

When food is in such present and prospective demand as it now is, waste should be kept down to the irreducible minimum and unpreventable food waste utilized to the maximum. Do their very best in food saving, urban populations pass immense volumes of waste food materials to the garbage can every day.

The hog volunteers to utilize municipal food wastes in the quickest, simplest, cheapest and most profitable manner, or if preferred he will subsoil to selective draft or indiscriminate conscription. A ready market offers $18 per hundredweight for the end product.

The hog is not a very sentimental animal, but there has been no end of sentiment against utilizing him for garbage disposal. Quite aside from war emergencies, it is high time that this kind of sentiment gave way to common sense and scientific knowledge, says the Engineering News Record.

If a modicum of the scientific knowledge required to design, build and operate a garbage-reduction plant were devoted to a municipal piggery, the sanitary results would be at least equally good, while it is possible that the profits per ton of garbage would be considerably higher.

For years past the garbage of many American cities has been successfully fed to hogs. The practice would have been adopted in many other cities and continued where abandoned, had it not been for zealous but ignorant opposition on the ground that the practice is unsanitary.—Engineering News Record.

English Objector Won Case.

An appeal by a conscientious objector, Clarence Norman, from an order by Justice Low striking out his action against Lieut. Col. H. Brook on the ground that it was frivolous and vexatious, was allowed by the court of appeals, says the London Chronicle. Mr Norman said the action was brought for damages for alleged assault committed upon him by the order of the defendant, an commandant of Wandsworth detention barracks, on various dates in May and June last year. The assaults consisted of spitting at the appellant, ordering him to be put in a straight-jacket, causing him to be forcibly fed, and threatening him.

Its Merit.

"You call this portrait of your wife a beautiful work of art? I must say it is not a speaking likeness of her."

"That's the beauty of it."

AMERICAN TROOPS TRAPPED IN TRENCH

THREE DEAD, EIGHT WOUNDED, TWELVE CAPTURED, FIRST CASULTY LIST.

NO DETAILS GIVEN IN REPORT

Pershing's Brief Dispatch Merely States That Men Were Cut Off By Barrage Fire.

Washington—American troops captured by the Germans in the trench raid November 3 probably were trapped in their dugouts and forced to surrender or be blown to pieces with hand granades without a chance for their lives.

This is the only explanation which occurs to army officers lacking any details of the fight.

General Pershing's brief report merely stated that the German artillery had dropped a heavy barrage fire about a sector of the trench, cutting the men off from help, killing three, wounding five and capturing 12.

The fact that one wounded German was captured, however, indicated that the trench had been reoccupied by the American forces.

Trench Was Advance Post.

Presumably the American trench raided was an advance post. With only about 20 men in it, it could not have had a front of more than 50 or 60 feet. Possibly it was the head of a sap driven out into No-Man's Land at right angles with the general trench line, to be used as a listening and observation post.

First announcement of the capture of "North Americans" was made by Berlin Saturday. It was stated a "reconnoitering party" brought them in from a point on the Rhine-Marne canal. This would indicate that Pershing's men are on one of the main roads to Lorraine, where the Germans advanced in 1914 and where, early in the war, some of the fiercest fighting of the period took place. For two years the sector has been quiet.

Germans Now Know U. S. Is Fighting.

The principal point, war department officials say, is that all Germany now knows Americans are in the front line trenches—a fact that Germany has been trying to keep secret. The German attitude is indicated by her succinct statement that "North Americas" were prisoners, not specifying that they were the first captures of Pershing's men.

The war department is taking steps to assure that future reports on engagements in which Americans figure reach this country from American headquarters first—not by way of official communiques from Berlin.

"BLACKHAND" AT MT. PLEASANT

School Boys Had Organization to Extort Money By Threats.

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.—Sheriff E. E. Coon, of Isabella county, with the aid of Detective V. T. Twyning, of the Halloran National Detective agency, Grand Rapids, succeeded Monday in completing evidence against six school boys here, ranging from 15 to 17 years of age, for blackmailing prominent men of Mt. Pleasant.

The boys, called themselves the "Black Four." Only four boys were at first members of theorganization.

The charter of the "Black Four" is in the hands of the sheriff and reads as follows:

"We do hereby promise to be loyal to our gang and risk even death for its honor and glory, and to the traitor, death."

The boys are from prominent families of the city and four of them formed the black hand secretly a year ago. They adopted the charter February 15, and June 8 admitted two new members. The blackmailers had evidently gone at the business in earnest and cited a case in Detroit where a man was shot about a month ago for ignoring their mail.

DIAZ CAPTURES MEXICAN CITY

Revolutionists Defeat Carranza Army, Villa Again Active.

El Paso—With 6,000 soldiers General Felix Diaz, head of the army of the Cientifico revolt against the Carranza government, has captured Puebla, one of the largest cities in Mexico, according to a report brought here by a Carranza colonel arriving from Mexico City.

General Diaz was moving against Mexico City with a force estimated at 30,000 men, the officer declared.

Villa Followers Blow Up Train.

Juarez—Villa followers dynamited a north-bound passenger train on the Mexican Central railroad at Armendaris station, 50 miles south of Chihuahua, Sunday.

Sixty federal train guards were killed, a number of passengers wounded and 110 bars of silver bullion belonging to an American mining company were taken.

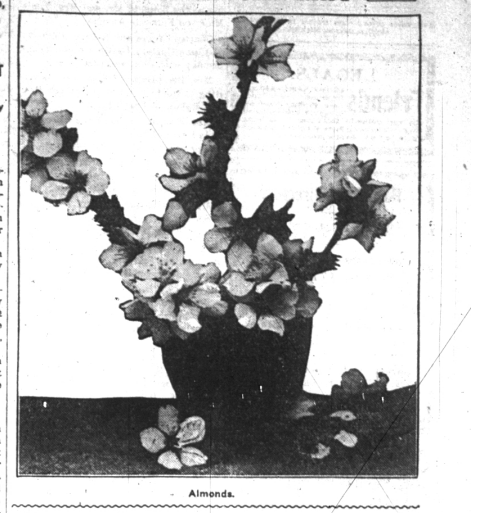
The passengers on the train were robbed and several executed, according to Americans who arrived here Tuesday on the train from Chihuahua City. Villa is said to have been near at the time of the robbery.

War Gardens Good Investment.

East Lansing—The department of boys' and girls' club work of the M. A. C. has been advised that $1,000 has been appropriated by the board of supervisors in Saginaw county to continue garden enterprises in 1918. This is the first and largest appropriation reported for 1918. The board's appropriation was a result of its findings that through an investment of $700 last summer, boys and girls in the county were encouraged to produce garden crops valued at more than $7,000.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation



Almonds.

PLAN FOR FUTURE BEAUTY

By LIMA R. ROSE.

We who grow plants in our rooms do so for the beauty of their foliage, flowers, or both, and get the pleasure from them to just the degree that we can bring them to their utmost perfection. To attain this, (with plants of any kind) one must know their characteristics and requirements and consider whether available conditions in the home are adapted to the plants desired.

If a plant standing in the open beds, or in sunny southern windows is making a grand showing of flowers, or brilliantly colored foliage do not get one like it expecting the same results unless it can have similar conditions. The same results cannot be secured if the plant is put into a shaded or northern window.

On the other hand primulas and other plants that produce perfect flowers in cool, semi-shaded rooms will not prove satisfactory in a place adapted to those needing more tropical conditions. The plant-lover who expects to have all sorts of plants grow and bloom in the same window will certainly be found wondering why some of them do not come up to expectation.

Even the texture of the foliage needs to be taken into consideration for rough-leaved plants, that are injured by frequent washings have no chance to develop beautiful foliage in a room where furniture needs dusting every day.

Space is another factor that makes for satisfactory window-gardening, for certainly half a dozen plants developed to perfect form and good size are vastly more beautiful than twice that number of deformed specimens crowded into the space.

The question as to whether plants should be turned or not is frequently asked, and some people say: "Oh, don't turn them, they will not bloom," and so on. After years of working among plants I hold this opinion on the subject: Plants grown solely for their beauty as seen from the outside will serve the purpose better if never turned, leaving foliage and flowers drawn towards the glass, but ordinarily they are grown for the adornment of the room and the enjoyment of those inside and should be turned often enough to keep them symmetrical in shape, for a lop-sided plant showing all its stalks (to those in the room) is not very ornamental.

Very often plants are bedded out for the summer and then potted for the winter garden window, and almost as often the potting is delayed until the plants must be taken in or frozen; and the result is a lot of plants that need a good share of the winter in which to recuperate.

If they are growing where crowded, sacrifice a few branches from the surrounding plants in order to give them space for shapely development, then pinch out the ends of the branches of the selected plants to force the formation of lateral branches. These lateral branches furnish the blooming points on geraniums and most flowering plants, and the more of them that can be forced to start, the more flowers one has during the winter.

Do not select plants that have bloomed profusely during the summer for it is against nature to expect them to keep it up during the winter. Above all, after deciding which plants shall be potted for the winter display, keep all the buds pinched out—do not let a single blossom develop until the plants are established in winter quarters.

Do not leave plants in the bed until forced by cold weather to take them in. Plan to pot them while the weather will permit having the house open, making the change a gradual one, for plants lifted and taken at once into closed fire-heated rooms must show the effect of the treatment.

Another thing to be considered is this: Plants growing in the open ground make a root-growth that very soon goes far beyond the limits of an ordinary pot, or tub. To crowd these roots into a pot too small for them is to bruise them and cause decay. The better way, by far, is to cut down all around the plants with a sharp spade or knife, ten days or two weeks before the plant is to be potted. The sharp, clean cut heals quickly and if the soil is well watered (soaked) before attempting to lift the plant, one gets a complete ball of sound roots, well covered with soil that goes into winter quarters with very little evidence of having been disturbed.

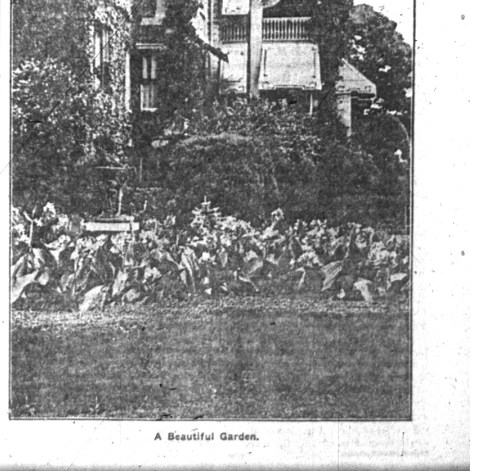
Each of these points taken singly will seem a little thing, but each has a decided bearing on the beauty of the mid-winter floral display, and for that reason each is, in reality, an important point.

Some State Flowers.

One of the most fitting and beautiful of state flowers is the moccasin flower, or lady slipper, the emblem of Minnesota, one of the loveliest of orchids, as well as the commonest. Another fine and appropriate selection is California's golden poppy, or Eschscholtzia—charming and decorative. Equally appropriate is Colorado's blue columbine, the beautiful rosy bitter-root of Montana, the peach blossom of Delaware, the wild sunflower of Kansas, Louisiana's magnolia, Nebraska's goldenrod, Utah's Mariposa lily, the Texas blue bonnet and Dakota's purple pasque flower, or pulsatilla. West Virginia has pre-empted the rhododendron, and while New Mexico and Arizona have both taken the cactus, Arizona's is the giant cactus, with a white blossom, and New Mexico's has a beautiful rose-colored bloom, altogether unlike the other.

Quality of Love.

Let our never ceasing care be to better the love that we offer our fellows. One cup of this love that is drawn from the spring on the mountain is worth a hundred taken from the stagnant well of ordinary charity.—Maeterlinck.



A Beautiful Garden.