

By MICHAEL ARLEN

These Charming People

The Green Hat

"Piracy"

The Romantic Lady

The London Venture

These Charming People

BEING A TAPESTRY OF THE FORTUNES, FOLLIES, ADVENTURES, GALLANTRIES AND GENERAL ACTIVITIES OF SHELMERDENE (THAT LOVELY LADY), LORD TARLYON, MR. MICHAEL WAGSTAFFE, MR. RALPH WYNDHAM TREVOR AND SOME OTHERS OF THEIR FRIENDS OF THE LIGHTER SORT: WRITTEN DOWN BY MR. RALPH WYNDHAM TREVOR AND ARRANGED BY

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II: WHEN THE NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKELEY SQUARE

THERE is a tale that is told in London about a nightingale, how it did this and that and, finally, for no apparent reason, rested and sang in Berkeley Square. A well-known poet, critic, and commentator heard it, and it is further alleged that he was sober. Some men, of course, now say that it was not a nightingale at all, but only the South wind singing in the trees of the square, but it is a fact that some men will say anything. And some men have formed a Saint James's Square school of thought, but it was in Berkeley Square that the poet, critic, and commentator, who was sober, distinctly heard the song of the nightingale, on a night in the heart of the drought of the year 1921.

In the drawing-room of a house midway on the entailed side of the square sat a lady and a gentleman silently. Or rather, the lady lay, while the gentleman sat, and the sofa on which she lay was far from the arm-chair in which he sat. The room was spacious; four shaded candles in tall candle-

sticks of ancient brass gave calm colour to its dimness; and four open windows, from which the curtains were withdrawn in slack folds of shining silver, gave out to the leaves of the trees, which murmured among themselves just a little.

At last the gentleman roused himself from the gloom of his chair in the recess of the room, and threw back his head and stretched his arms so that little things cracked behind his shoulders. But the lady did not stir nor look round at him, she lay still on the sofa by the windows, her head deep in the hollow of a crimson cushion, her eyes thoughtfully on the ceiling, which was high enough to refuse itself to exact scrutiny in the affected light of four candles.

The gentleman drew a cigar-case from his breast pocket, and a cigar from the case. He bit the cigar, and then he moved, to deposit what he had bitten from the tip of his finger into an ash-tray. Then he lit his cigar, thoughtfully, and he said: "Hell, it's hot!"

"Perhaps, dear, it's a rehearsal for same," said the lady.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, and stood with his back to the great Adam fireplace, and smoked his cigar. He was of medium-height, weathered looking, and broadly set:

getting a little stout lately, and his fair hair thinning at the top. A commonplace face, you might call it, but the nose was good: straight, short and sensitive, very English. This was Ralph Loyalty, whose aunt, the late "John Loyalty," had delighted our fathers with her books, which were of the sentimental-sophisticated sort and have now dated a good deal. Ralph Loyalty was more than usually happy in his aunt, for she had left him a fortune, a famous name, but, people said, only the more solid side of her good sense. He was a man who liked the company of men; his recreations were golf, joining clubs, auction-bridge, and dining with his wife; he enjoyed George Robey, and he admired other people's brains. Some people thought him rather solid and unimaginative—"estimable qualities," they said, "but rather heavy on the hand." But, as "Ralph" in half a dozen clubs meant Ralph Loyalty, other people said that popularity was his form of genius, and they were probably right. He was said to be in love with his wife. He tolerated rakes, cads, and correspondents among his acquaintance, but he never understood them. Effeminate men he laughed at rather shyly, and left it at that. He had no enemies, but most of his wife's friends disliked him. They would have

been surprised to see him at this moment, so miserable he looked, but they would not have been surprised at his wife's attitude on the sofa, for naturally she was bored to death with the man. His wife's friends had long since despaired of Ralph Loyalty ever seeing that his wife was bored to death with him, and that is why they would have been surprised to see him now, for it was obviously because he had realised that this evening, at last, that he looked so miserable.

"Well . . ." began Ralph Loyalty suddenly, and then very deliberately knocked the ash of his cigar into the fireplace, which was unlike him with an ash-tray at hand, for he was an orderly man. And then he said a wicked word and banged out of the room. The candles flickered madly in the sudden draught.

But it was as though Mrs. Loyalty did not hear the crash of the door, she did not stir. She did not sigh, nor did she instantly light a match for the cigarette which had lain for many minutes forgotten near her hand.

Joan Loyalty was dark, or rather her hair was dark, and darker than ever against the crimson cushion. But her face was fair, English fair; and many generations had gone to the establishing of her complexion

and the exact shaping of her delicate aquiline nose. But it was her eyes that were important, to the student of such things. Joan Loyalty belonged to the society of the day, and of that society her face, the oval sort, was, her friends said in their loose way, in the best way "typical." She was of the type early twentieth century, but her gestures, and lack of them, were ancient enough, for they were fully expressive of that which really differentiates men from beasts, the social quality of being tired. But beneath that manner, that classical insolence which is inadequately called affectation, lay a Joan who was as sudden and as simple as the first woman. And that is why her eyes were important, to the student of such things, for in them was that thing which defies the analysing of novelists and demagogues, the thoughtful look which may only be thinking of a walk in a field with a dog and a stick, the curious, absent look which can smell the sea from a long way off.

At last Mrs. Loyalty lit her cigarette, and she rose from the sofa, and for a few minutes she listened to the murmuring of the leaves in the square; and then she crossed the dimness of the room to a bell-button, and pressed it.

Smith came, and she said:

"Downstairs in the study you will find a book, probably on the small table by the window. A slim, blue book, by a Mr. Beerbohm. Please bring it to me."

The shadow of Smith hovered doubtfully among the shadows by the door.

"Mr. Loyalty is in the study, madam, and told me he was not to be disturbed."

"Ah," said Mrs. Loyalty softly. And she smiled, and when she smiled you understood why dogs liked her at once.

"All right, Smith," she said. "I will fetch it myself."

The shadow of Smith vanished in a flickering of candles, but Mrs. Loyalty did not follow him at once. She stood where Ralph Loyalty had stood, with her back to the great Adam fireplace; in a gesture of tired thought she clasped her hands behind her head, and from the motionless cigarette between her lips the smoke floated upwards without a curve until it faded, for she was forgetting to draw it. Then, suddenly, she dropped the half-smoked cigarette into the empty grate, an untidy habit of hers which her husband could not ever quite overlook, and left the room.

The quality of silence was very noticeable about the figure of Mrs. Loyalty: it had been favourably commented on by dis-

tinguished foreigners, who say that though foreign women are noisy talkers, English-women are noisy walkers; which, however, sounds like a generalisation, and should be mistrusted as such.

But silence was, in a particular way, a quality of Mrs. Loyalty's figure, just like its slimness. And when, a few minutes later, she re-entered the room with her book in her hand, it was almost as though she had not re-entered the room or had never left it; perhaps a shadow faintly stirred among the shadows by the door, but the draught of her coming in did not seem to disturb the sensitive light of the candles.

She moved one of them to the little table at the head of the sofa, she sat against the crimson cushion, and she read her book. But minutes passed and she did not turn over the page, so perhaps she was just pretending to read. Minutes passed, and then the light of the candles writhed across her page, and she looked up to see a great disturbance among the shadows by the door. She stared with very wide eyes at the dark apparition there, and her hand went to her heart in a still way she had, and she sighed curiously. The apparition came forward, and she stared at it with almost unbelieving eyes.

"Joan," the apparition said, "I never

thought I should live to see you look frightened!" A gay voice, rather shy.

He stood before her, a tall, very thin man, stooping a little, with feverish dark eyes set in a notably ascetic face, which had gained for him the comical name of "The Metaphysician." His face was as though a fever lay behind it, a kind of sombre restlessness, but every now and then it would twitch into a shy smile; his face looked as though it had suffered much pain, but had never got used to pain. He smiled down at her intimately, but also shyly, which made the smile very attractive.

"Well," she said up to him softly, "you did come in rather like a ghost, didn't you?" She seemed to examine him.

"Didn't Ralph tell you I was coming?"

That seemed to surprise her, but she only shook her head slightly.

"I saw Ralph at the club this evening and told him I might look in," he added.

"He didn't tell me," she said. "But why didn't you let *me* know?"

"You see, Joan," said Hugo Carr, "I've had as much as I can bear of this hole-and-corner business." A shy way Mr. Carr had; he would say firm things in a very shy voice, with the fever always behind his face. That's what makes him attractive to women,

people said. "Hugo lays down the law," once said George Tarlyon, "as though he were laying eggs and was afraid they might break."

He sat down on the sofa beside her, very close; on the edge of the sofa, sideways to her, with one knee almost on the ground. She lit a cigarette: and, seeing the appeal on his face, she smiled a little, her lips smiled, and she said softly:

"Forgive me, dear, but I feel very silent. The heat, perhaps. But go on with your speech—please do! And I'm hoping, too, that it will contain some inside information as to why you have not been to see me or even rung me up for a week. It's such bad luck for a woman," she said softly, "when a man of honour remembers his honour. Don't you think so, Hugo?"

Her eyes looked as though she had left them on guard somewhere, watching something for her. But he didn't notice that. He was one of those feverish men who never notice anything but other people's feverishness, at which they feel aggrieved.

"See, Joan," he began nervously. "You and I have been living a lie for two years. There's no getting out of it—for two whole years! We've drugged ourselves and each other with saying we couldn't help it——"

"You have," she murmured. "I don't need drugs."

"Yes, I have," he agreed quickly. "And you have let me. Because there was nothing we could do—so we said." And suddenly he broke off, and put his hand on her knee. "Do you love me, Joan?"

"Yes," she said, no more, for Joan's love was never expressed in words, she was not like that. But it was his particular effeminacy, to be intensely pleased to hear her say she loved him. He would glow, *de profundis*. One of two people in love must be effeminate, after all.

"That's been my one excuse," he said shyly. "And it's my justification now for what I must do—that we've loved each other for two years and still love each other. I'm going to ask Ralph to-night to give you your freedom . . ."

"So that's why you haven't been to see me for a week!"

"Yes. I wanted to be free to think. You influence me frightfully, Joan, you're stronger than I am, and so if I was to think our way out of this muddle I had to do it alone. Ralph was my best friend. And for two years you and I have been meeting each other secretly for lunch and for the afternoons, and at home you've been living this

lie with Ralph. You've sort of crucified yourself, Joan, because you didn't want to hurt Ralph. And I've let you! It's ghastly. And Ralph has always trusted us together, he's made it easy for us. It's ghastly, Joan."

"Yes, it's ghastly," she murmured from her heart.

"Joan," her lover whispered, "in the secret book in which our lives are being written, you will appear as an angel and I as a cad. For that is how it has been for two years . . ." And Hugo Carr of the sombre eyes and the thin face that looked as though a fever lay behind it passed a hand across his eyes; and her arm crept up round his shoulder, and she held his face very near.

"Poor darling!" she whispered. "You've suffered frightfully, haven't you?" And she did little things to comfort him.

"But you've suffered much more," he whispered into her hair. He kissed her hair. "And I've let you—go on not *hurting* Ralph! And what good has it done? Ralph suspects me. I know he does. It's difficult to explain . . ."

"But it will be all right now," Joan soothed his wretchedness.

He turned her face to him and looked into her eyes, the grave eyes that looked as

though she had left them on guard somewhere, watching something for her.

"So you do agree with me now, Joan?" he whispered gladly.

But she seemed to answer irrelevantly, with a peculiar little laugh she had, which stabbed his heart with a pleasure that was almost pain.

"To agree or to disagree—what does it matter to me, Hugo! Only you matter, sitting here. And I only matter because I am beside you. So let's be silent a little while, thinking of each other. . . ."

And she turned very wretched eyes on him.

"Do you realise, Hugo, that you and I have scarcely had a minute of silence together for two years—you and I, whose lives are spent in chattering, have had to go on chattering even when we were alone, we could never forget ourselves or Ralph, we had always to be discussing what we would do and how we would do it and when we would do it. Discussing and discussing and discussing! Oh, dear, our love has been one endless discussion! And we are not very young any more, my sweet! But now we will be just silent, thinking of nothing but each other—for the first time in two years, we won't think of Ralph, my dear,

we just won't! To please me, Hugo. . . ."

It was an unusual pleasure for him to see her so soft, she who was so essentially *fine* that her natural softness had been merged into a great calmness: a delicious thing in a woman, calmness, but rather frightening.

But this was a matter of honour to-night. He had betrayed his best friend for two years, and would not betray him any longer. It had come to a point of honour that he must tell Ralph Loyalty that he loved Joan. And so now, even as he thrilled at her sweetness, he would have liked to say to her that his business to-night was with a point of honour, but he was much too self-conscious to be dramatic. He smiled self-consciously, and only said:

"But I must see Ralph to-night, dear. When I came in I told Smith——"

"Oh!" she cut impatiently in. "Be silent, Hugo, be silent—let's enjoy ourselves while we may!" Nerves, of course. As she herself admitted immediately by asking, quite differently: "What did you say you told Smith? Didn't he just tell you I was up here alone?"

"Yes. But I asked where Ralph was, and he said in the study, and so I told him to tell Ralph in an hour's time that I was here. He said Ralph had given orders not to be

disturbed, but I told him he expected me—and so I suppose he'll be here soon."

"Ah," sighed Joan.

"God, it will be difficult!" Hugo muttered. "Dear old Ralph—the simplest man there ever was! What an unholy mess life is, Joan—that you and I have to fight our way to happiness over Ralph's body, just because you met him before you met me!"

"Don't say that!" she cried sharply.

"Nerves," she smiled away his bewilderment. "What I really meant was, don't say anything. For if you told Smith to tell him in an hour's time we've still half an hour or so together"—she held up her wrist to the candlelight—"yes, just about that, and then there will be quite enough talking and discussing. And I've got something important to tell you, too, before he comes in—but, dear, I must enjoy just a little peace before the storm that will set me free, my first bit of peace in two years." She pleaded with him, and it was delicious to hear Joan pleading, she who was usually so calm and sensible. And so they sat very close, hand in hand, like children.

But Smith's idea of an hour was influenced by a not unnatural desire to go to bed; and they had not enjoyed their peace for more than five minutes when it was tre-

mendously shattered by footfalls on the stairs.

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Hugo Carr. But rather comically, for, after all, it had to be got over some time.

Joan went queerly taut, and began to say something, very swiftly, but the door opened just then and he did not catch what it was.

Entered Smith—only Smith! And Hugo Carr breathed relief that his point of honour had not yet grown a point. Joan made no sign.

Smith came forward quickly. The candles flickered uneasily across his face. He addressed Hugo Carr.

"Sir," he said quickly, "I went in to announce you to Mr. Loyalty——" He broke off, and his eyes hovered over Joan.

"Yes, Smith?" she encouraged him softly.

Smith's eyes still hovered about her, he seemed very perturbed. He addressed the air between them.

"Mr. Loyalty's dead," said Smith.

Smith was not a heartless man. He was moved, and plunged again into the startled silence: "I went in and found him with his head laid across the writing-table and a little bottle empty by his hand. I shook 'im . . ."

"My God!" muttered Hugo Carr. But

still his eyes were fixed on Smith, he could not look at Joan.

An analysis of suicide was not among Smith's duties. He only added: "I have telephoned to Dr. Gay, madam, and as he was out playing bridge I asked Mrs. Gay to ring him up to come here, as it was very urgent." Wise Smith! What could be more noncommittal than "very urgent" for suicide?

"My God!" muttered Hugo Carr—and jumped up and strode away to the fireplace. He had not yet looked at Joan.

But Smith looked at her, and she back at him. Smith was a nice man, and he respected his mistress immensely, her *kind*.

"I am very sorry indeed, madam," said Smith.

Joan's lips scarcely moved.

"Thank you, Smith."

Smith went out softly.

"I never dreamt——" Hugo Carr burst out, then choked. It was as though he had swept his arm round to ward off an intolerable thing and had found the thing too intolerable.

Joan went to him.

"Hugo," she awoke him softly. And he looked at her for the first time since Smith's entrance, his eyes clung to her. A very fond

gesture took her hand to his shoulder—the tall, thin, stooping man whose white face took a word as visibly as it suffered a headache. Hugo Carr found many things quite unbearable.

His eyes seemed to cling to her for a support against his thoughts.

"It's ghastly," he whispered. "Joan, don't you see—it's ghastly! Poor old Ralph—down there, all alone! While we up here——" He passed a hand over his mouth to stop its twitching; and it was as though his hand had put on it a bitterness which was not there before. "While we up here were making love—his best friend and his wife!"

Involuntarily he put the best friend first, for Hugo Carr loved his friends; and, for him, friendship was one of the first principles of the civilised state. That is how he saw the civilised state.

"Poor, poor Ralph!" she said ever so softly.

His eyes tore away from her face. As though they hadn't been able to find there the support they needed.

"There are some things . . ." he began feverishly.

"Oh, my dear!" Joan protested miserably, as though against the unbearable philosophy

of it. But it is a mistake to protest against the unbearable philosophy of a man of honour.

"There are some things," Mr. Carr insisted with feverish violence, "that are unpardonable and unmendable. And there's no excuse big enough for them . . ."

He looked like a priest, a priest in the temple of friendship, burning incense to the ideal idea. . . . And Joan nodded, her eyes on him who saw nothing but the ruin of the ideal idea.

"God simply has not put enough excuses into the world to meet the crimes of the world." The words burst out of him. "And this is even worse, because it is a crime so big that there's simply no punishment been made to meet it. It's just betrayal . . ." And the force of that mediæval word, its ultimate meaning, broke him down. Hugo Carr sobbed.

"O my God, it's beastly, beastly! Poor old Ralph, down in that room, alone. Betrayed—by his best friend and his wife—and suspecting at last that he had been betrayed, only suspecting it—and not able to bear the suspicion. That's the horrible part of it—don't you see, Joan, don't you see? How could he bear it—dear old Ralph, who has never suspected any one in his life?

He simply wasn't made that way. And so . . . Oh, my God, while we were making love up here, we who've quibbled for two years whether we would hurt his feelings or not—his *feelings!* We've killed old Ralph . . .”

Her eyes were on him, but he saw nothing but the ruin of the ideal idea, and an odd little curve crept about her mouth. Perhaps it was from an odd little curve like that about the lips of a young princess of olden time that there sprang the many tales of young princesses who loved yet lashed their lovers. It was not contemptuous, it was much too little a curve for that. It was supremely dignified. Mona Lisa has it, though some say that Mona Lisa smiles. If Mary Stuart had seen the portrait of Mona Lisa she would have whispered: “She is thinking that men are but minutes in a woman's life, and she is right.”

“Hugo!”

But when he looked at her it was as though he was still looking at ruins.

“It is not fair to us to say we've killed him. And it's childish. Life killed him, Hugo! And you are not more sorry than I—who have tried so hard for eight years to make life sweet for him. Oh, my God, how I've tried!”

He thought out aloud, softly: “You are a marvellous woman, Joan!”

“It's only,” she said gently, “that I know what is worth while to me and you don't. That must make life very difficult for you . . .” That is all she said, and Hugo Carr stared at her, bewilderment joining the fever in his eyes.

“What do you mean, Joan?” he asked, miserably bewildered. Hugo Carr couldn't bear not understanding things.

A few yards separated them; and Joan crossed swiftly to him, and she took his arm and held it very tight. Some people said that Joan's hands were almost too thin, but what they held they held very tightly.

“Listen to me, Hugo—for if this mood of yours isn't met now, in this horrible moment, it may ruin our lives——”

“*May* ruin!” But she held his arm tight.

“Yes, dear, this is ruin—but why won't you face facts, why won't you face the bogey that life has shaped to frighten us, why won't you see that this is the culminating point of three ruined lives and that on the ruins of three lives we must now build a city for two? It won't be a very fair city, Hugo, but it's ours by right, by the

only real right in this wrong world—the right of misery . . .”

Now the eyes of a man who sees a wraith are more frightening than the wraith that he sees. That is why Joan Loyalty left her sentence in the air, for it had been snapped by his stare.

“But aren’t you—sorry?” he whispered dryly.

And she laughed—her nerves laughed through her mouth.

“Sorry! *You* dare to ask me if I am sorry! Oh, Hugo, is it absolutely necessary for the love of a man for a woman to be expressed in fatuous questions? Oh, God, what kind of thing is this love that it tricks a mind into loving a man!”

“I don’t know what you mean . . .” he muttered sulkily. Hugo Carr couldn’t bear not understanding things.

“You ask me if I am sorry—I, who have lived through a hell of boredom for eight years so as not to hurt Ralph’s feelings, not to break his heart! And now at last it’s broken. Yes, I am sorry. Frightfully sorry. And I am also glad—I feel as though I myself had died and that my soul had been freed from a long imprisonment. That is what I felt, as though it was I who was dead, when I saw him——”

He gaped at her idiotically.

“For Heaven’s sake, don’t stare in that idiotic way, Hugo! I’ve already had more than I can bear to-night, sitting here and thinking and thinking of poor Ralph downstairs and wondering what final thought it must have been that made him do it——”

Hugo Carr couldn’t understand. “But when—how?”

Had not she warned him that she had already had more than she could bear? And now her nerves rose up to meet his gaping stare.

“That is why I looked so frightened when you came in—I didn’t expect you, I didn’t know who it could be, and I was afraid. And that is why I was relieved when you said you had told Smith to go into the study in an hour’s time—because that would give me time to think, to realise the thing, and to tell you. Didn’t I say that I had something important to tell you before—before Ralph came in? I was going to tell you that Ralph would never come in, for I had seen him when I went downstairs to fetch a book——”

“You were reading when I came in!” he accused her queerly.

“Oh, dear, you are like a man out of every book that was ever written by men

about women! I was pretending to read. And then you told me you had come to see Ralph on a point of honour! At last you had summoned up your courage to see Ralph—on a point of honour. And that's why I wanted you to be silent for a while, for speech sometimes makes a tragedy unbearably idiotic. I wanted peace, Hugo! I wanted just to taste the peace between the old life and the new, the old life in which there was no honour and the new life in which there will anyway be happiness . . .” And she touched him, but with a blind gesture of his arm he swept her aside, and strode out of the room. She stared, wide-eyed, unrealising, at the panels of the door; she took two quick steps towards the door, she stopped, and then she ran madly to it and opened it and called, “Hugo, Hugo!” But, even as she cried his name, the door below slammed massively, like a knell from the bowels of the earth; and through the windows of the room behind her came the noise of swift footsteps striding away . . .

She went back into the room. Still she could not realise. She paced about the room, here, there, trying to think, trying not to think, wishing to give way to the intolerable moment, unable to give way.

The candles danced furiously in the gentle draught, for she had left the door wide open. She was but a shadow among a furious company of shadows—when, as she was by the windows, she saw one more in the open doorway. She screamed behind her teeth.

“I heard you call his name,” said Ralph Loyalty hoarsely from the door. “Have you quarrelled? D’you mean to say he’s gone for good?”

He came towards her as he spoke. But this was not the Ralph she knew, this was not the Ralph who had lived and died, this was a man with a furious face. He advanced on her. Her knees trembled, and she would have fallen but for a hand on the back of the sofa.

“D’you mean to say he’s gone for good?” he repeated again furiously. She nodded dumbly. She was going to faint.

Then Ralph Loyalty said a wicked word. “D’you mean to say that I’ve been shamming dead in a damped uncomfortable position for the last two hours for nothing?” he bawled at her. “Here have I been for months and months throwing you at each other’s heads and neither of you with the pluck to show your hand!” And he cursed the name of Hugo Carr for the name of a

fool and a coward. She was going to faint. He controlled himself a little. He appealed to her. "I didn't want to hurt your feelings, you see, Joan. I knew how you'd loved me for years, and I couldn't bear to hurt you, but I'd have given anything to let you see I wanted my freedom to marry some one else. And when I saw that you liked being with Hugo I thought there might be a chance of your liking him instead of me, and so I did my best to throw you together. But Hugo always was a coward—and as I couldn't bear going on as we were for another night I arranged this thing to-night, thinking that if anything would make Hugo show his hand or would throw you into Hugo's arms, this would." And again he said a wicked word. "I didn't want to hurt you, you see, Joan, and so I thought this would be the best way—and now the silly ass has gone and left us stranded . . ."

That was the night the nightingale sang in Berkeley Square. A nightingale has never sung in Berkeley Square before, and may never sing there again, but if it does it will probably *mean* something.

III: THE HUNTER AFTER WILD BEASTS

I

OUT of his loneliness, Aubrey Carlyle told me this story one night: not at Malmanor Park, where, with his sister Esther as hostess, he has entertained us all so often, for he said that he could not have told me this story at Malmanor, but in the library of his house in London.

Aubrey Carlyle, who is a man of middle years, had never told this story to any one before, and I can only think he told it to me because I had been a great friend to his wife Gloria. I have not seen Gloria Carlyle for three years, though I have very often wished to, for she is a lady of uncommon quality and was a very loyal friend. Of her George Tarlyon once said that she was a gentleman among women; "And that is a very rare thing," added Shelmerdene, "for the only advantage most women have over men is in the fact that they are not gentlemen." But that is as it may be.