

this battle, this slaughter and stress is life, why have we this craving for pleasure and beauty? If there is no refuge, if there is no place of peace and if all our dreams of quiet places are a folly and a snare, why have we such dreams? Surely, it was no ignoble craving, no base intention had brought us to this: it was love had isolated us. Love had come to me with her eyes and robed in her beauty, more glorious than all else in life, in the very shape and color of life, and summoned me away. I had silenced all the voices, I had answered all the questions—I had come to her. And suddenly there was nothing but war and death."

I had an inspiration. "After all," I said, "it could have been only a dream."

"A dream!" he cried, flaring upon me. "A dream—when even now—"

For the first time he became animated. A faint flush crept into his cheek. He raised his open hand and clenched it and dropped it to his knee. He spoke, looking away from me, and for all the rest of the time he looked away. "We are but phantoms," he said, "and the phantoms of phantoms, desires like cloud shadows and wills of straw that eddy in the wind; the days pass, use and wont carry us through as a train

"And she had been shot through the heart."



carries the shadow of its light—so be it! But one thing is real and certain, one thing is no dream stuff, but eternal and enduring. It is the center of my life, and all other things about it are subordinate or altogether vain. I loved her, that woman of a dream. And she and I are dead together!

"A dream! How can it be a dream when it drenched a living life with unappeasable sorrow, when it makes all that I have lived for and cared for worthless and unmeaning?"

"Until that very moment that she was killed I believed we still had a chance of getting away," he said. "All through

the night and morning that we sailed across the sea from Capri to Salerno we talked of escape. We were full of hope, and it clung about us to the end, hope for the life together we should lead, out of it all, out of the battle and struggle, the wild and empty passions, the empty, arbitrary 'thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not' of the world. We were uplifted, as though our quest was a holy thing, as though love for one another was a mission. . . .

"Even when from our boat we saw the fair face of that great rock Capri—already scarred and gashed by the gun emplacements and hiding places that were to make it a fastness—we reckoned

nothing of the imminent slaughter, though the fury of preparation hung about in puffs and clouds of dust at a hundred points amidst the gray; but, indeed, I made a text of that and talked. There, you know, was the rock, still beautiful for all its scars, with its countless windows and arches and ways, tier upon tier, for a thousand feet, a vast carving of gray, broken by vine-clad terraces and lemon and orange groves and masses of agave and prickly pear and puffs of almond blossom. And out under the archway that is built over the Piccola Marina other boats were coming; and as we came around the cape and within sight of the mainland another little string of boats came into view, driv-

ing before the wind toward the southwest. In a little while a multitude had come out, the remoter just like little specks of ultramarine in the shadow of the eastward cliff.

"It is love and reason," I said, "fleeing from all this madness of war."

"And though we presently saw a squadron of aeroplanes flying across the southern sky, we did not heed it. There it was—a line of little dots in the sky—and then more, dotting the southeastern horizon, and then still more, until all that quarter of the sky was stippled with blue specks. Now they were all thin little strokes of blue, and now one and now

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