

not come while her anger had lasted. But now it was stronger than ever before, perhaps because it came so unexpectedly, and it drew her to him, under the deep shadow of the elm tree that made strange reflections in their eyes,—moving reflections of fire when the lowering sun struck in between the leaves, and sudden still depths when the foliage stirred in the breeze and screened the glancing ray.

He had played upon her moods for an hour, as a musician touches a delicate and responsive instrument, and she had taken all for earnest and had been angry and hurt, and was reconciled again at his will. Yet he had not done a all to try his power over her, and surely not in any careless contempt of her weaknesses. He cared for her in his way, as he was able, and his love was great, if not of the most noble sort. He was strong, and she waked his strength into fire; he worshipped life, and her vital beauty thrilled the inner stronghold of his being. When she moved, his passionate intuition felt and followed the lines of her moving grace; if she rested, motionless and near him, his waking dream unfolded her in a deep caress. He felt no high and mystic emotion when he thought of her; he had never read of Saint Clement's celestial kingdom, where man and woman are to be one forever, and together neither woman nor man, for such a world could never seem heavenly to him, whose love was altogether earthly. Yet it was Greek love, not Roman; its deity was beauty, not lust; the tutelary

goddess of its temple was not Venus the deadly, the heavy limbed, with a mouth like a red wound and slumbrous, somber eyes, but Cyprian Aphrodite, immortal and golden, the very life of the sparkling sky itself sown in the foam of the sea.

The eyes of the Greek and the great artist met and looked long into one another in the shade of the elm tree on the lawn, as the sun was going down. Only a few minutes had passed since Margaret had been very angry, and had almost believed that she was going to quarrel finally, and break her engagement, and be free; and now she could not even turn her face away, and when her hand felt his upon it, she let him draw it slowly to him; and half unconsciously she followed her hand, bending toward him sidewise from her seat, nearer and nearer, and very near.

And as she put up her lips to his, he would that she might drink the soul in him at one deep draft—even as one of his people's poets wished, in the world's springtime, long ago.

It had been a strange love making. They had been engaged during more than two months, they were young, vital, passionate; yet they had never kissed before that evening hour under the elm tree at Versailles. Perhaps it was for this that Konstantin had played, or at least for the certainty it meant to him, if he had doubted that she was sincere.

To be continued next Sunday

## THE MYSTERY OF HATE

Continued from page 10

families in Calcutta, the famous Tagore family, lost caste about two centuries ago. Members of this family have received honors from the Government, have conferred great benefits upon city and country, and have been noted for their numerous charities and benefactions. One exerted himself all his life to further native education; another helped to endow Calcutta university. All are enormously rich, and all bear enviable reputations for goodness, honesty, and philanthropy. But the wall of caste has never fallen for them; they are still hated and avoided by their countrymen, exactly as they were at the beginning of their exclusion. In the streets of Calcutta is many a ragged artisan that would not sit on the same bench with a Tagore nor touch the end of his robe.

For more than one hundred years a Brahman family of Santipur has been outcast because one member fell in love with the daughter of a shoemaker. In justice to the Indians, it should be said that not all Brahmans live in Asia. There are unfortunately a few in Europe and America. It is this type of hate which magnifies insignificant differences out of all proportion and perverts all natural instincts, that cannot be denounced too bitterly. Twenty centuries have rolled away since the Preacher delivered His immortal sermon; since then, poets have put it in inspired verse, and scientists in learned and convincing prose; but the dream of honest Burns is still far from realization even in democracies. How difficult it is to wean our-

selves from the fleshpots of Egypt, is seen from the fact that no sooner is a democracy established and political aristocracy overthrown, than another, this time based on wealth, springs up, and we have our steel, copper, coal, oil, tobacco, sugar, leather, and other kinds of "kings" and "barons," who, when they lose their purses, have lost their names and everything else.

### The Mark of Real Culture

IT would only weary the reader to pursue this subject further and describe the various moral, esthetic, scholastic, and professional hates and prejudices. The difference between the normal, natural hates and the unnatural and vicious ones should already be clear. It should also be clear that many of our hates and prejudices are due to our unwillingness or inability to look beneath the surface differences and see the real fundamental resemblances. To recognize the fact that each one lives in a little world of feelings, tastes, and desires, thoughts and beliefs, all his own; that there are truths in each, not to be found in any other; that, as the poet says,—

"There are nine and sixty ways  
Of composing tribal lays,  
And every single one of them is right,"—

to be able to evaluate things at their proper worth and not mistake the shadow for the substance; to love and hate with moderation and reason,—these are the marks of the truly cultured mind.

## "SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S"

Continued from page 12

were then in Pall Mall. Liveried servants cleared a way for Chesterfield and escorted him to a throne-like seat on a dais, where a nod of commendation might be seen of all—and have its due effect on the bids.

### How He Got His Start

THE French Revolution was the ill wind that blew fortune toward Christie's. In 1792 many fugitives from France, Italy, and Holland made their way to London, and on arrival found their flight had been so precipitate that they were actually embarrassed for ready money. And that meant a sale of pictures and curios, furniture, jewels and plate. It was in this way that the British aristocracy became possessed of some of the loveliest works of art the world holds. In one day the Duke of Leeds bought in the famous rooms two tiny but marvelous Louis Quinze commodes, the property of a princely exile. They were of oak, veneered with king and tulip woods in floral design, and richly framed in ormolu. The artist must have spent a lifetime at the work. Charles Wertheimer, the famous dealer, himself the possessor of an art collection worth millions, bought the pair for the Duke for seventy-five thousand dollars.

High class furniture of this period is rarely seen in Christie's now. The most exquisite collection of all is in the Wallace Gallery in London. It is conservatively valued at twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars.

During the London season, from April to the end of June, Christie's palatial staircase and salons are thronged with men and women of rank and fashion from half a dozen nations. In 1893 the old place was practically rebuilt both inside and out. The principal sale room, a lofty and elegant octagonal apartment, is a copy of one built in the Adelphi by Adam. And the auctioneer's rostrum is one he used over a century and a half ago in the old rooms. In itself a work of art of great value, it is a superb specimen of Chippendale's own work.

### Outsiders Now in Control

THE old Christie family has quite died out of the house, which at present is run by men of high social rank and vast experience. One of the younger partners is Guy Laking,

son of Sir Francis Laking, private physician and intimate friend of King Edward, who is considered the greatest living authority on ancient arms and armor.

Sales are held three or four times a week. From the earliest days Saturday has been reserved for great pictures. Viewing the galleries before a sale begins, one will see leading men in statecraft and society, princes and princesses of royal blood, merchants of great wealth and influence, and visiting Americans, as well as agents acting for cultured countrymen.

Each sale furnishes some little romance of the art world. I was present when the Louis Huth collection of Oriental porcelain and silver came under the old ivory hammer; and the great sensation that day was the old Hawthorn pot picked up for three dollars in a Vienna barber's shop. It was the most lovely piece of porcelain I have ever seen; and was knocked down, after most spirited bidding between the dealers of three nations, for no less than thirty thousand nine hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Every picture seems to have a history. Here, hung in a grand light in the big saloon, is the "Family of Darius," which Paul Veronese painted during his convalescence from an illness in an Italian villa and left behind as a grateful token of favors and kindnesses received from his host. More than sixty-eight thousand dollars was paid for this picture in Christie's rooms one Saturday afternoon, as it hung in the midst of other paintings from ancient country houses and faded palaces of many lands.

One wonders whether the shades of the artists hang about this abode of romance. Did George Morland see his little "Dancing Dogs," which he was glad to paint for seventy-five dollars in hard times, find a buyer at twenty-seven thousand dollars? Did grim Sir Henry Raeburn hear J. Pierpont Morgan bidding forty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-five dollars for that charming portrait of his wife in white and brown? Or did starving John Hopper, born to grinding poverty in sordid Whitechapel, see a pair of his portraits go for forty-nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars?

These things are part of the romance of Christie's.

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