

# F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

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M A N U S C R I P T S    V I

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## *The Vegetable, Stories, and Articles*

Part 2

INTRODUCED AND ARRANGED BY

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BABYLON REVISITED

by

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Spell Charley CHARLIE throughout

Helene is the dead wife Marion "sister-in-law"

<sup>And</sup> "Well, where's Mr. <sup>Campbell?</sup> DeLooy," <sup>asked</sup> Charley <sup>Wales,</sup>

~~finishing his drink.~~

"He's <sup>Mr Campbell's</sup> gone to Switzerland. ~~He's~~ a pretty sick

man, Mr. Wales."

"Oh, I'm sorry <sup>to hear that.</sup>"

~~Alex shook his head gravely.~~

"And George Hardt?" Charley inquired, ~~finishing his drink.~~

"Back in America, gone to work."

"And ~~Mr. DeLooy?~~ the snow-bird?"

~~Back in America too.~~

~~He had~~  
~~And the Gents de Berg.~~

in Paris."

"He was <sup>IN</sup> here last week. Anyway his friend Mr.

Schaeffer  
Coleman is here. And ~~Mr. Schaeffer.~~

Two long lists  
One familiar name<sup>s</sup> from the ~~last~~ days of two years <sup>a</sup> and a half ago. Charley scrubbed an address in his note book and ~~he~~ tore out the page.

"If you see Mr. Schaeffer" ~~said Charley,~~ "give him

~~scribble in~~  
~~his~~ ~~note~~ ~~book~~

he said,  
 this, "It's my brother-in-law's address. I haven't settled  
 on a hotel yet."

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*To just Paris was so empty*

He had ~~suspected they would be gone~~ and was not  
 really disappointed. But the stillness in the bar was ~~still~~  
*almost portentous.*  
 very strange, It wasn't ~~an American bar any more~~ -- he  
*Not*  
 felt polite in it and not as if he owned it, ~~any more.~~ It  
~~wasn't that~~ had gone back <sup>into</sup> to France. *He had felt the*  
~~The~~ stillness  
 he had ~~felt~~ from the moment he got out of the taxi and saw ~~the~~  
 doorman, usually in a frenzy of activity at this hour, stand-  
 ing by the servant's entrance further down the Rue Cambon  
 gossiping with a chasseur. *Passing Through*  
 In the corridor he heard only  
 a single ~~small~~ *bored* voice ~~in the silence of~~ <sup>in</sup> the once clamorous  
 woman's room. *When he turned*  
 turning into the bar proper he travelled  
 the twenty foot of green carpet with his eyes fixed straight  
 ahead by old habit, and then with his foot fixed firmly on  
 the rail <sup>he</sup> turned and surveyed the room -- ~~and encountered~~ *encountering*  
 only a single pair of eyes that fluttered up from a news-  
 paper in the corner. ~~The~~ *Charley asked for*  
~~He was startled at the change brought~~

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~~about a year and six months.~~ The barman in charge was  
~~a newcomer,~~ <sup>Charley the head barman,</sup> ~~but he asked for the well-known Paul,~~ who in the  
 latter days of the bull-market had come to work in his own  
 custom-built car -- <sup>disembarking</sup> which however with due nicety <sup>at the</sup> brought  
~~him no nearer than the~~ <sup>nearest</sup> corner. But Paul was at his country  
 house today and Alix ~~an old customer of the place~~ was giving  
 him his information.

<sup>No, no</sup> "No more, <sup>going slow</sup> ~~whichever,~~ I'm ~~pretty temperate~~ these days."

<sup>Alix congratulated him:</sup>

*Mr. Walter*

~~"Good for you, Mr. Walter,"~~ said ~~Mr. Walter~~ "Hope you

stick to it, <sup>couple of</sup> You were going pretty strong ~~about a year~~ and  
~~a half~~ ago."

"Oh, I'll stick to it all right," said Charley

*assured him,*

"I've stuck to it for over a year and a half now."

"How do you find conditions in America?"

"I haven't been to America for ~~two~~ months. I'm in

business in Prague, representing <sup>a couple of concerns</sup> ~~some American firms~~ there. <sup>They</sup>

*don't know about us down there,"*

~~serious stuff. Alas!~~ He smiled faintly, <sup>Remember</sup> ~~"You'll never~~

~~believe it.~~ Remember the night of George Hardt's bachelor

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dinner here? By the way — what's become of ~~Mr.~~ Claude  
*Fessenden*  
 Penotger?"

Alix ~~leaned~~ <sup>*lowered his voice*</sup> confidentially.

"He's ~~here~~ in Paris ~~Mr. Sales~~ but he doesn't come  
 here any more. Paul doesn't allow it. *He*

~~He~~ ran up a bill of thirty thousand francs, ~~day~~  
~~after day~~ for over a year charging all his drinks and his  
 lunches and usually his dinner. And when Paul finally  
 told him he had to pay he gave him a bad check."

Alix pressed his lips together and shook his head.

"I don't understand it, such a dandy fellow <sup>*Now*</sup> but  
~~now~~ he's all bloated up —" *He* made a plump apple of his  
 hands. ~~"gone to pieces."~~

A thin world, resting on a common weakness, <sup>*shredded*</sup> blown  
 away now like tissue paper. <sup>*Turning Charlie saw a*</sup> ~~▲~~ group of effeminate young

men ~~were~~ installing themselves in a corner. "Nothing

affects them," ~~Charlie~~ <sup>*he*</sup> thought, "Stocks rise and fall, people  
 loaf or work but they go on forever." The place oppressed



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Irish ~~mischievous~~<sup>mobility of</sup> in his face sobered by a deep wrinkle between his eyes. As he <sup>naug</sup> approached his brother-in-law's <sup>bell</sup> ~~apartment~~<sup>in the Rue de Valenciennes</sup>, the wrinkle deepened <sup>till it pulled</sup> pulling down his brows; and he felt a cramping sensation in his belly. From behind the maid who opened the door <sup>darted</sup> danced a lovely little girl of nine who shrieked "Daddy, ~~Daddy~~" and flew up struggling <sup>like a fish</sup> into his arms. ~~He held her quietly for a moment.~~ She pulled his head around by one ear and set her cheek against his.

"My old pie," ~~he said.~~  
~~"Oh, my darling," he said.~~

"Oh, daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, dads, dads, dads!"

Presently she drew him into the salon where the family waited, a boy and girl, ~~of about~~ his daughter's age, his sister-in-law and her husband. ~~When~~ He greeted his <sup>Marion</sup> ~~sister-in-law~~<sup>with</sup> his voice ~~was~~ pitched carefully to avoid either feigned enthusiasm or dislike, <sup>but her response</sup> Her ~~greeting~~ was more frankly <sup>tepid and she minimized her</sup> cool; her expression of unshakable distrust ~~she could only~~ conceal by directing her <sup>regard</sup> ~~look~~ toward his child. <sup>The</sup>

~~But~~ the two men clasped hands in a friendly way and Lincoln

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Peters rested his for a moment on Charley's shoulder.

The room was warm and comfortably American, although

the ~~furnishings~~ were French. The <sup>Three</sup> ~~two~~ Peters children and

Henriette moved intimately about, playing through the

yellow oblongs that led to other rooms; the <sup>cheer</sup> happy peace

of six o'clock spoke in the <sup>eager</sup> ~~cheerful~~ smack<sup>s</sup> of the fire, <sup>and</sup> the

sound<sup>s</sup> of <sup>French</sup> activity in the kitchen. But though he sat down

Charley ~~Wales~~ did not relax --- his heart sat up rigidly in

his body and he <sup>drew confidence from</sup> ~~was only faintly aware that he was stroking~~

~~the back of~~ his daughter who from time to time came and stood

close to <sup>him</sup> ~~his side~~, holding in her arms the doll he had brought

her. *Really extremely well*

"Beautifully," he declared in answer to <sup>Lincoln's</sup> ~~Lincoln~~

Peter's question, "There's <sup>a</sup> lot of business there that isn't

moving at all but we're doing even better than <sup>ever</sup> ~~two years~~ ago.

In fact damn well. I'm bringing my sister over from America

next month to keep house for me. *In fact*

~~"There's always business going here. By gosh, I've~~

~~been coming over to the city since 1918.~~



~~"It's not my salary," said Charley,~~ but my income is bigger than it was when I had money. You see the Czechs

---"  
*His boasting was for a specific*  
~~This was not casual boasting, he was putting every~~  
~~word to a purpose,~~ *but* and after a moment seeing a faint restiveness come <sup>in</sup> into Lincoln's eye he ~~backed off,~~ *changed the subject.*

"Those are fine handsome children of yours," ~~he~~  
~~said,~~ "Well brought up, good manners."

~~He~~  
~~watched them~~ *with worried eyes*  
~~a moment of hesitation he said,~~ "We think Honora's a <sup>great</sup> fine little girl too."

*Marion*  
Margaret Peters came back into the little salon. She was a tall ~~dark~~ *fair* woman who had once ~~had~~ *possessed a* fresh ~~very~~ *been sensitive to* American loveliness. Charley had never seen it and was

always surprised when people <sup>spoke</sup> of the <sup>how pretty</sup> type she had been. *From*  
~~Beyond everything else,~~ *The first time had been* there was some instinctive antipathy between them.

*Honora*  
"Well, how do you find your ~~daughter?~~" she asked.  
*Wonderful. I* was astonished how pretty

TYPEWRITER

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much she's grown in the ~~last~~ ten months. All the children look well."

~~"They've never stole"~~ "We haven't had a doctor for a year, ~~letting this damn challenge sink in the changed the situation~~"

*like being back in*  
"How do you find Paris?"

"It ~~is a curious feeling~~ *seems funny* not to see any ~~Americans~~ *so few* around."

*I'm delighted* ~~"A good thing too,"~~ *Paris said* ~~said Margaret vehemently,~~ *how* ~~"the~~

~~type that was coming over here a few years ago wasn't back at an advertisement for the country. Now at least you can go into~~

a store without their assuming you're a millionaire. We've *like everybody* suffered by the ~~break~~ but on the whole it's a good deal pleasanter."

*Charley said,*  
~~"I suppose so,"~~ ~~he growled.~~ "But it was nice while it lasted. *almost* We were a sort of royalty, ~~we were beginning to~~

be infallible, *with* ~~to have~~ a sort of magic around *us. In the Pitts* ~~we began to have little governing colonies everywhere. In the Pitts~~

Bar this afternoon —" He stumbled, seeing his mistake *"there*

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wasn't a <sup>man</sup> soul I knew."

She <sup>looked</sup> smiled at him <sup>easily</sup> <sup>keenly</sup>.

"I should think you'd have had enough of the Rytt's Bar."

"I <sup>only</sup> stayed <sup>only</sup> a minute. I take one drink every afternoon <sup>and</sup> no more."

~~"By the way,"~~ Lincoln asked <sup>quickly</sup>, "Don't you want a cocktail before dinner?"

"No, I take only one drink every afternoon, <sup>and I've</sup> had that

"I hope you keep to that," said Margaret. <sup>if</sup>

<sup>her dislike was evident</sup>

~~The avowed hatred~~ was in the coldness with which

she spoke but <sup>her very aggressiveness gave him an advantage</sup> Charley only smiled --- he had larger plans. <sup>had that</sup>  
~~and he knew enough to wait. He wanted them to~~  
~~But he wanted to wait a day or two, he wanted if it were~~

~~possible for them to~~ initiate the discussion of what <sup>They knew</sup> he had

<sup>brought him</sup>  
 come to Paris, for.

~~It was arranged that~~ Honoria was to spend the

following afternoon with him, <sup>at dinner he couldn't</sup> and her face lit up with <sup>decide whether she was most like him</sup> delight. ~~He saw at dinner how much like him she was and~~

~~at the same time how much like her mother.~~ <sup>of</sup> Fortunate if

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she combined <sup>didn't</sup> the ~~solid~~ <sup>more</sup> traits of both ~~instead of the ones~~ that had brought them <sup>to</sup> disaster. A great wave of love and protectiveness went over him. He thought he knew what ~~should be avoided and what should be thoroughly implanted.~~ <sup>to do for her.</sup>

He believed in character, he wanted to jump back a whole generation and trust in character again as ~~an~~ <sup>the</sup> eternally

~~valuable instrument, something almost universal for which~~ <sup>element,</sup>

~~there was no substitute.~~ Everything wore out now. Parents

expected genius, or at least brilliance, and both <sup>the</sup> forcing of children

and the fear of forcing <sup>them,</sup> ~~which is to say~~ the fear of warping

natural abilities, were poor substitutes for that long care-

ful watchfulness, that checking and balancing and reckoning

of accounts, <sup>the end of which was that</sup> ~~that assured~~ there would be no slipping <sup>ing</sup> below a cer-

tain level of duty and integrity. ~~That was the substructure~~

~~on~~ ~~for which great races were built.~~ <sup>That was what</sup> ~~parents~~ <sup>the elders</sup>

had been unable to teach plausibly since the great break

between the generations ten or twelve years ago...

He <sup>left soon after dinner</sup> ~~left early,~~ but not to go <sup>home</sup> to bed. He was curious

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to see Paris by night with ~~different eyes than those of two~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~years ago.~~ <sup>eyes clearer and more judicious</sup> It was late but ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> bought a strapontin for the Casino and watched Josephine <sup>Baker</sup> ~~Butler~~ go through her chocolate arabesques but ~~it seemed that she had lost her ground.~~ <sup>he felt that her stuff was gone.</sup> She was following <sup>ed</sup> the same contorted patterns ~~of five years ago~~ but now they lacked something. She needed America, she needed refreshment — ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> bloom was going because the roots were dry.

After an hour he had ~~enough~~ <sup>left</sup> and he strolled ~~along~~ <sup>toward</sup> up Montmartre, up the Rue Pigalle <sup>into</sup> toward the Place Blanche. The rain had stopped and there were ~~people in the streets,~~ a few people in evening clothes disembarking from taxis in front of cabarets <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> cocottes prowling singly or in pairs, ~~and~~ many negroes. He passed a <sup>lighted</sup> door from behind which issued music and stopped with the sense of ~~having seen it before.~~ <sup>familiarity</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>recognized</sup> — ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before.~~ <sup>before.</sup>

"

~~Then he remembered~~ it was Bricktops where he had parted with so many hours and so much money. A few doors further on he found another ancient rendezvous and incautiously put

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his head inside. Immediately <sup>an eager</sup> ~~a waiting~~ orchestra burst into sound, a pair of professional dancers <sup>leapt to</sup> ~~were on~~ their feet and a maitre d'hôtel swooped <sup>crying</sup> toward him "Crowd just arriving, sir." But he withdrew quickly, ~~depressed by the essential ugliness of a place with no other function, social function except a place of assignation.~~

"You have to be damn drunk," he thought, ~~"a man idiot. I was both."~~

Zelli's was closed, the bleak and sinister cheap hotels surrounding it were dark, up in the Rue Blanche there was more light and a local colloquial French crowd. The "Post" <sup>Cave</sup> ~~den~~ had disappeared but the two great mouths of the Café of Heaven and the Café of Hell still yawned <sup>even</sup> ~~—~~ devoured, as he watched, the meagre contents of a tourist bus, ~~some~~ a German, <sup>a</sup> a Japanese, and <sup>an</sup> an American couple who glanced at him with <sup>frightened</sup> ~~startled~~ eyes. <sup>TP So much for the effort</sup>

~~So much for the effort~~  
~~So much for the effort~~  
~~human ingenuity, and effort expended in one~~  
~~of one~~  
~~and ingenuity~~  
~~charities~~

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and ingenuity of Montmartre,  
~~real film or the painting of a single picture.~~ All this ~~the~~

catering to vice and waste was on an utterly childish scale and he suddenly realized the meaning of the word dissipate --- to dissipate into thin air. To make nothing out of something. In the little hours of the night every move from place to place was <sup>an</sup> enormous human jump, an increased <sup>of</sup> paying for the privilege of slower and slower motion. He remembered thousand franc notes given <sup>to</sup> an orchestra for ~~the~~ playing of a single number, hundred franc notes tossed to a doorman for calling a cab.

But it ~~had not~~ <sup>hadn't</sup> been given for nothing. It had been given, even the most wildly ~~thrown away~~ <sup>squandered</sup> sum, as an offering to destiny that he might not remember, ~~that he might not remember~~ the things most worth remembering, <sup>the things</sup> that now he would <sup>always</sup> remember ~~always~~ <sup>his</sup> the child who ~~had been~~ taken from his control, ~~and~~ his wife escaped to a quiet grave in Vermont.

In the ~~glaring~~ <sup>glare</sup> light of a ~~bistro~~ <sup>brasserie</sup> a woman spoke to him. He ~~took~~ <sup>took</sup> bought her some eggs and coffee and then, ~~giving~~ <sup>gave</sup> her ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> encouraging stare, gave her a ~~twenty franc note~~ <sup>twenty franc note</sup> and ~~took~~ <sup>took</sup> a taxi to his hotel.

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II.

*He woke upon*

~~It was~~ a fine fall day, ~~what in America would be~~

~~called~~ football weather. The depression that ~~of~~ ~~Stanley~~ had felt

yesterday was gone and he liked the people on the streets.

*At noon he sat*

~~Sitting~~ opposite Honoria at lunch at the Grand Hotel, ~~which he~~ *Vatel,*

~~had chosen because it was~~ the only restaurant he could think of

~~unnerved with the memory~~ of champagne dinners, ~~and~~ *and* long lunch-

eons that began at two and ended in a blurred and vague twilight,

~~to drift on to sugar-burnt, he felt the greatest happiness he~~

~~had known for years.~~

"Now how about vegetables, oughtn't you to have some vegetables?"

"Well, ~~but~~ yes."

"Well, ~~here's~~ here's epinards and chou-fleur and carrots and haricots."

"I'd like choux-fleurs."

"Wouldn't you like to have two vegetables?"

"I usually only have one at lunch."



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The waiter ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~and smiled, like all Frenchmen in-  
ordinately fond or~~ pretending to be inordinately fond of children.  
("Qu'elle est mignonne la petite --- elle parle exactement comme  
une française.")

"How about dessert? Or shall we wait and see?"

The waiter disappeared with the order. Honoria  
looked at him expectantly.

~~"Oh, how about drinking water. Do you like Brandy?"~~

~~"I don't care. I just drink plain water."~~ "What are

we going to do?"

"Well, <sup>F</sup>irst we're going to that toy store in the  
Rue St. Honoré ~~the~~ and buy you anything you like. And  
then we're going to the vaudeville at the Empire."

She hesitated.

"I like it about the vaudeville --- but not the toy-  
store."

"Why not?"

"Well you brought me this doll," She had it with her.

"And I've got lots of things. And we're not rich any more are we!"

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"We never were. But ~~were you, aren't you?~~ <sup>today</sup> ~~are~~ you to have anything you want."

~~"I don't want anything."~~

~~"You will and see."~~

"All right," she agreed resignedly.

He had always been fond of her but ~~in the old days~~ <sup>there had been</sup> when ~~she had~~ her mother and a French nurse he had been inclined to be strict; now he ~~felt~~ <sup>extended</sup> himself, ~~extending a little,~~ <sup>reached out for a</sup> ~~felt a~~ new tolerance; <sup>he must be both parents to her and</sup> ~~a sense that he must not shut any of her out from~~ communication, ~~with himself, as if he were father and mother both.~~

"I want to get to know you," he said gravely, "First let me introduce myself, My name is Charles J. Wales of number 326 Marsyrkstrasse, Prague."

"Oh, Daddy," Her voice cracked with laughter.

"And who are you, please?" he persisted and she accepted a rôle immediately.

"Honoris Wales, dix Rue Palatine, Paris."

"Married or single?"

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~~She said again.~~

"No, not married. Single."

He indicated the doll.

"But I see you have a child, Madame."

Unwilling to disinherit it she took it to her heart and thought quickly.

"Yes, I've been married but I'm not married now. My husband is dead."

He ~~winned~~ and went on quickly.

"And the child's name?"

"Simon; that's after my best friend at school."

~~He was doing pretty well he thought. "By the way I'm~~ <sup>FF "</sup> ~~very pleased that you're doing so well at school.~~

"I'm third this month," she boasted, "Elsie" ~~—~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~—~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ was her cousin — " is only about eighteenth and Richard is about at the bottom."

"You like Richard and Elsie, don't you?"

"Oh yes, ~~she hesitated,~~ "I like Richard quite well and I like her all right."

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~~As the argument of the dinner's foster parents flushed across his mind, and he asked cautiously and casually he asked:~~

"And Aunt Marion and Uncle Lincoln — which do you like the best?"

"Oh both — Uncle Lincoln I guess"  
~~"Oh, Uncle Lincoln — much"~~

He was increasingly aware of her presence, ~~minute by minute?~~ As they came in there ~~had been~~ a murmur of "What an adorable child" <sup>followed them</sup> and now the people at the next table bent all their silences upon her, staring as if she were something no more conscious than a flower. ~~He resented it.~~

"Why don't I live with you?" she asked suddenly,

"Because Mama's dead?"

"Oh, You must stay here and learn more French. <sup>It would have been hard for</sup> Daddy <sub>^</sub> wouldn't be able to take care of you so well."

"I don't really need much taking care of any more.

I do everything for myself."

Going out of the rest <sup>aurant</sup> ~~Charles was trailed~~ by a man and a woman ~~at table~~ <sup>unexpectedly</sup> hailed him.

"Well, the old Wales, ~~the old trunk!~~"

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"Hello there Lorraine... Hello Dunc."

~~They were~~ Sudden ghosts out of the past --- Duncan Schaeffer a friend from ~~back in~~ college. Lorraine carries a ~~something more.~~ ~~She was a~~ lovely pale blonde of thirty, one of a crowd who had helped them make months ~~and weeks~~ ~~stretch~~ into days in the ~~best~~ <sup>leisurely</sup> times of two years ago.

~~"I'm just here,"~~ she said in answer to his question,

"My husband couldn't come this year <sup>"↓" Well</sup> ~~we're~~ poor as hell, ~~and~~

so he gave me two hundred a month and told me I could do my ~~worst~~ <sup>worst</sup> damndest on that. ~~Is~~ <sup>T</sup> this your little girl?"

~~With a sort of instinct Charley put his hand on Honoria's back and drew her close.~~

"What about sitting down?" Duncan asked.

"Can't do it," He was glad <sup>for</sup> he had an excuse.

~~he had hovered on the edge of being in love with Lorraine; he~~  
~~felt her passionate provocative attraction now~~ but it <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ some-  
~~thing sinister rather than friendly.~~ <sup>Lorraine's</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>has own</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>rythm</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~different~~ <sup>now,</sup>  
~~His arm tightened on~~

~~Honoria's shoulder.~~

*she said judiciously,*

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"Well, how about <sup>dinner</sup> tonight?" *she asked.*

"I'm not free. Give me your adress and let me call you."

"Charley," ~~She leaned forward humorously,~~ "I believe you're sober." "I honestly believe he's sober Dunc. Pinch hám and see if he's sober."

*Charlie indicated Honoria with his head. They*  
~~He shook his head quickly indicating Honoria and~~

they both laughed.

~~"What's more," said Charley, "I've seen so for months, for ever a year."~~

"What's your adress?" said Duncan skepticy, "The Ritts Bar?"

He hesitated, unwilling to give <sup>the name of</sup> his hotel.

"I'm not settled yet. I'd better call you. ~~Now~~  
*We're* going to see the vaudeville at the Empire."

~~This was an unfortunate announcement for Lorraine~~  
~~suddenly said to Charley:~~

*said Lorraine said,*

"There! That's what I want to do." "I want to see ~~a~~ *Some*  
~~vaudeville~~ clowns and acrobats and jugglers. That's just

what we'll do, <sup>H</sup>True,

~~"Vanderbill" said Duncan doubtfully.~~

~~Charley saw him coming toward him not with a certain excitement, but he said in a matter of fact tone:~~

<sup>to do</sup>  
"We've got an errand first." <sup>and Charlie,</sup> "Perhaps we'll ~~will~~ see you there."

All right,  
you snob.

"Goodbye, beautiful little girl," said Lorraine.

"Goodbye," answered Honoria, bobbing <sup>ed</sup> politely.

*Somehow an unpleasant encounter*  
~~Such meetings were difficult,~~ Charley thought, as he

~~went out.~~ They liked him because he was <sup>functioning, because he</sup> ~~sever and behaving~~

*was serious,*

~~himself,~~ they wanted to see him each in a different way because

he was stronger than they were now, because they wanted to lean

<sup>a certain</sup> ~~on and draw sustenance from his strength.~~ <sup>As they</sup> He ~~was absorbed as~~

~~they walked along to the top, there was when he came to her now~~ <sup>less attention, and slowly</sup>

~~look to Honoria. They~~  
~~that the episode had made no impression on Honoria at all. She~~

~~had endured it as an interruption of her agreeably egotistical~~

~~discussion with her father.~~

*At the Empire Honoria*

~~She chose to go and went on to the Empire. Honoria~~

*proudly*

refused to sit <sup>up</sup> on his folded coat, ~~to see better and realizing~~

*individual with a code of her own and* ~~she was~~  
~~more intensely by this her strengthening individuality he became~~

*(Charlie*

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more and more absorbed by the <sup>desire</sup> ~~necessity~~ of moulding and gutting  
~~the rest of his own~~, putting a little of himself, ~~his own hard~~  
~~got~~ ~~them~~ into her before she crystallized utterly. <sup>It was hopeless</sup>  
<sup>hopless to try to know her in so short a time.</sup> ~~hoping~~  
~~his nature comments that~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~very~~ ~~month~~ ~~he~~ ~~dated~~.

*Between the acts*

~~In the intermission~~ they met Dunc<sup>24</sup> and Lorraine in the lobby where the band was playing.

"Have a drink?"

"All right," ~~he~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~they~~ ~~met~~ ~~up~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~bar~~.

"We'll take a table."

"The perfect father."

*Listening abstractly to Lorraine, Charlie watched Lorraine speak of the future, the value of the acts*

~~as he himself might have spoken of thirty years ago, but her words seemed unimportant to him, for he had been watching through~~

~~Honorata's eyes.~~ He saw Honorata's eyes leave them all, now and he

followed them wistfully about the room wondering what they saw.

He <sup>met them</sup> looked at her and she smiled.

"I liked that lemonade," she said.

What had she said? ~~She~~ ~~liked~~ ~~that~~ ~~lemonade~~. What

had he expected? *going home in a taxi*



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~~Going home afterwards, over the protests of Bernard  
and Duncan, he pulled Hanzia close until her head rested against  
his chest.~~  
*afterwards*      *her over*  
 and Duncan, he pulled Hanzia close until her head rested against  
 his chest.

"Darling, ~~do you ever think about~~  
 your mother?"

"Yes, sometimes," she answered vaguely.

"I don't want you to forget her. Have you got a  
 picture of her?"

"Yes, I think so. Anyhow Aunt Marion has. Why don't  
 you want me to forget her?"

"She loved you very much."

"I loved her too."

They were silent for a moment.

"Daddy, I want to come and live with you," she said  
 suddenly.

His heart leapt ~~in his~~ *he* ~~she~~ had wanted this and  
 he ~~had~~ wanted it to come like this.

"Aren't you perfectly happy?"

"Yes, but I love you better than anybody. And you

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love me better than anybody, don't you, now that Mummy's dead?"

"Of course I do, *But you won't always*  
~~be my daddy's little girl.~~

*like me best*  
~~and we're different~~ generations, honey. You'll grow up and meet somebody your own age and ~~go~~ marry him and forget you ever had a daddy."

"Yes, that's true," she agreed tranquilly.

He ~~didn't~~ *didn't* go in. He was coming back at nine o'clock

~~on the thing that had brought him to Paris, for the first argu-~~

~~ment~~ and he wanted to keep himself fresh and new *for the*  
*thing he must say there.*

"When you're safe inside just show yourself in that window," ~~he said.~~

"All right. Goodbye Dads dads dads dads." ~~She~~

~~kissed him (passionately)~~

He waited in the dark street until she appeared in the window above, all warm and glowing ~~like the lamps~~ behind her and kissed her fingers out into the night.

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## III.

They were waiting ~~for him~~. Marion sat behind empty coffee cups in a ~~black dignified~~ <sup>black dinner</sup> evening dress that just faintly suggested mourning. Lincoln was walking up and down with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> animation of one who ~~finished~~ <sup>finished</sup> a speech, he had already been talking. They were

~~"Give me your seat, show me your seat, I'm sitting out against Paris."~~

~~"Hello, Charley, I call Harry."~~

~~The first address came after only a few minutes.~~

they were as anxious as he was to get into the <sup>question</sup> ~~matter~~. He <sup>opened it</sup> ~~spoke~~ almost immediately.

"I suppose you know what I want to see you about ~~—~~ why I came to Paris, <sup>really</sup> ~~really~~. ~~It's about Honoria."~~

Marion fiddled with her glass grapes <sup>on her necklace</sup> ~~beads~~ and frowned at the carpet.

"~~The thing is~~ I'm awfully anxious to have a home," he continued, "And I'm awfully anxious to have Honoria in it. I appreciate your taking Honoria ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> for her mother's sake, ~~and~~"

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~~has~~ own but things have changed now ---" He hesitated and then continued strongly, "changed radically with me and I want to ask you to reconsider the matter. It would be silly for me to deny that about two years ago I was acting badly ---"

Marion looked up at him with hard eyes.

"--- but all that's over. As I told you I haven't had more than <sup>a</sup> ~~one~~ drink a day for <sup>over</sup> a year and I take that <sup>drink</sup> deliberately so that the idea of <sup>alcohol</sup> ~~drinking~~ won't get too big in my imagination. You see the idea?"

"No," said Marion succinctly.

"Well, <sup>It keeps</sup> It's a sort of stunt I set myself. ~~He looked~~ helplessly at Lincoln, <sup>the matter</sup> ~~It keeps it all in proportion ---~~"

"I get you," said Lincoln, "You don't want to admit it's got any attraction for you."

"Something like that. Sometimes I forget and don't take it. But I try to take it. Anyhow I couldn't afford to drink in my position, ~~and I'm satisfied with what I've done in a year and so on~~ the people I represent. I'm bringing my sister

*are more than satisfied with what I've done and*

*Burlington*  
~~Marion~~ ~~over~~ from Boston to keep house for me and ~~my~~ ~~family~~ *I want*  
*awfully* ~~to~~ have Honoria too. *You know that*  
~~I'm crazy about her, always have~~  
~~been~~ even when her mother and I weren't getting along well I  
never let anything that happened touch Honoria. I know she's  
fond of me and I know I'm able to take care of her and — well,  
there you are. ~~It's time to know~~ *do* how you feel about it?"

He knew ~~and~~ ~~understood~~ that now he would have to take  
a beating. It would last an hour or two hours and it would be  
difficult, but if he kept ~~his temper absolutely~~, ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~repaired~~ *disguised*

*modulated* his inevitable resentment *as to* to the chastened attitude of the re-  
formed sinner he might win his point in the end. "Keep your  
temper," he told himself, "You don't want to be justified. You  
want Honoria."

~~Marion spoke fifteen feet down the corridor.~~  
*Lucile spoke first*  
~~"Well, we've been talking it over~~ ~~and~~ ~~decided~~

"ever since we got your letter last month. ~~Of course~~ *We're*  
happy to have Honoria here, she's a dear little thing, and we're  
glad to be able to help her, but of course that isn't the  
question ---"

Marion interrupted ~~him~~ suddenly.

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"How long are you going to stay sober, Charley?"

she asked.

"Permanently, I hope," ~~he answered pleasantly.~~

"How can anybody count on that?"

~~Well~~ You know I never did drink heavily until I gave up business and came over here with nothing to do. Then <sup>Helen</sup> Josephine and I began to run around with ---"

"Please leave <sup>Helen</sup> Josephine out of it," ~~said Charley.~~ I can't bear to hear you talk about her like that."

He stared at her grimly --- he had never really been certain ~~about~~ how fond the sisters were of each other in life.

"My drinking <sup>only lasted</sup> ~~was confined to~~ about a year and a half --- from the time we came over until I collapsed."

"It was time enough."

"It was time enough," he agreed.

"My duty is entirely to <sup>Helen</sup> Josephine," she <sup>said</sup> ~~said~~, "I try to think what she would have wanted me to do. Frankly from the night you did that <sup>terrible</sup> ~~awful~~ thing you haven't really existed for me. I can't help that. She was my sister."

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"Yes," ~~he said~~.

"When she was dying ~~and you were going to pieces~~ she asked me to look out for Honoria. If you <sup>hadn't</sup> been <sup>in a sanitarium</sup> ~~reliable~~ then <sup>then it might have helped matters."</sup> ~~was the time to show it~~ ~~not now when it's too late.~~

<sup>had us</sup>  
He ~~didn't~~ answer.

"But I'll never in my life be able to forget ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> morning when <sup>Heleen</sup> ~~Marion~~ knocked at my door, soaked to the skin and ~~pale and~~ shivering, and said you'd locked her out."

Charley ~~stomach~~ gripped the sides of the chair. This <sup>more difficult</sup> was ~~harder~~ than he expected — he wanted to launch out into a long expostulation and explanation but he only said:

"The night I locked her out ---" and she interrupted.

"Oh, I don't feel up to going over that again."

After a moment's silence Lincoln said:

"~~But~~ We're getting off the subject. <sup>What</sup> you want is for Marion to set aside her legal guardianship and give you Honoria. I think the main point for her is whether she has confidence in you, or not."

~~"Of course,"~~ ~~agreed~~ Charley, ~~"and I don't blame her for~~  
<sup>do</sup> Marion," Charlie said slowly, "But I think

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My point is ~~that~~ she can have <sup>entire</sup> ~~never~~ confidence in me — I had a good record up to three years ago, and I've had a good record for a year. Of course its within human possibilities I might go wrong any time, ~~within the next ten years~~. But if we wait <sup>much</sup> ~~that~~ longer <sup>I'll lose</sup> then I've lost Honoria's childhood, <sup>and</sup> ~~I've lost~~ my chance for a home — ~~live simply~~ <sup>I'll</sup> ~~live~~ simply <sup>lose</sup> ~~lost~~ her, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Lincoln, ~~steadily~~.

<sup>asked</sup> "Why didn't you think of all this <sup>before</sup> ~~long ago~~?" Marion demanded.

"I suppose I did, ~~at~~ from time to time — but <sup>Heleen</sup> Josephine and I weren't getting along <sup>badly</sup> ~~well~~ when

~~"No," she said angrily, "You weren't getting along"~~

"When I consented to the guardianship, I was flat on my back in a sanitarium and the market had cleaned me out of every sou. I knew I'd acted badly and I thought if it would bring any peace to <sup>Heleen</sup> ~~Josephine in her sickness~~ I'd agree to anything. But now ~~it's~~ its different. I'm well, I'm functioning, I'm behaving damn well, ~~at~~ so far as ---

"Please don't swear at me," Marion said.



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He looked at her <sup>startled. With</sup> ~~incredulously~~ with each remark the  
 full force of her <sup>dislike</sup> ~~hatred~~ became more and more apparent.  
 She had <sup>built</sup> up all her ~~hatred, bitterness, resentment~~ <sup>with her</sup>  
~~resentment~~ against life into one ball <sup>wall</sup> ~~(correct)~~ and <sup>faced</sup> directed it  
<sup>toward</sup> ~~against~~ him. This trivial <sup>reproof</sup> ~~act~~ was possibly the result of some  
~~squabble~~ <sup>trouble</sup> with the cook several hours before. <sup>Charlie</sup> And he became  
 increasingly <sup>alarmed at leaving</sup> ~~aware of how awful it was to leave~~ Honoria in this  
 atmosphere of <sup>hostility</sup> ~~feeling~~ against himself. <sup>sooner</sup> Sooner or later it  
 would <sup>come</sup> ~~begin to slip~~ out, in a word here, <sup>a shake of the head</sup> ~~an omission~~ there, and  
~~then Honoria would begin to understand, and some of that distrust~~  
 would be irrevocably implanted in her. <sup>Honoria. But he</sup> He pulled down his  
<sup>down of</sup> temper out his face and shut it up inside him; ~~and then he~~  
~~had~~ <sup>he</sup> had won a point, for Lincoln realized the absurd-  
 ity of her <sup>Marion's remark</sup> ~~reproof~~ and asked her lightly since when she had ob-  
 jected to the word damn. ~~Charlie switched the subject abruptly.~~  
 "Another thing, <sup>Charlie said</sup> ~~but~~ I'm able to give her certain advan-  
 tages now. <sup>I'm going to take</sup> ~~I've considered the question of interrupting her~~  
~~French and I'll get around that by taking a French governess to~~  
 Prague with me. I've <sup>got</sup> ~~taken~~ a lease on a new apartment —"

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*He stopped, realizing*  
 Suddenly he realized that he was blundering. ~~They had~~  
 been ~~judging of his income several years ago and~~ *They* couldn't be  
 expected to accept with equanimity the fact that ~~it~~ *his income* was twice as  
 large as theirs <sup>own.</sup> ~~again. Lincoln had worked every day in a bank~~  
~~here for ten years.~~ *again*

"Yes, I suppose you can give her more luxuries than we  
 can," said Marion ~~bitterly~~, "When you were throwing away money  
~~wildly~~ we were living along watching every ten francs — now I  
 suppose you'll start doing it again."

"Oh, no," he said, *"I've learned. I*  
~~"No," he said firmly, "Never again. I worked hard you~~  
*ten* know for years, ~~ten years.~~ *you know — until* I got lucky like so many other ~~men~~ *in the market*  
 people. ~~It~~ *Terribly* lucky, ~~it was ridiculous to be so lucky and it~~ *it*  
 didn't seem ~~to be~~ any use working any more, ~~so~~ *so* I quit. ~~That~~ *It*  
~~was the whole trouble. It won't happen again."~~

There was a long silence now. All of them felt their  
 nerves straining and for the first time in a year Charley wanted  
 a drink. He ~~knew too that~~ *was sure that* now Lincoln Peters wanted him to have  
 his child.

Marion ~~shook herself~~ *shuddered* suddenly — ~~it was~~ *part of*

a curious

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Charlie's feet were planted  
on the earth now,

~~shuddered. Part of her saw that he was a different man, that his~~

~~feet were firmly planted, part of her, and her own maternal feelings~~

recognized the naturalness of his desire, but she had lived for

a long time with ~~another (picture), a picture founded~~ <sup>a prejudice - conception, a prejudice</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~curious~~ <sup>disbelief in her sister's happiness, and which</sup> ~~financial jealousy of her sister, and certain disastrous~~

~~every of their early light hesitations~~

~~with her own eyes, when in the new shock of one terrible night~~

~~had turned to hatred swinging toward him. It had~~ ~~and in the breaking up of the force, swinging quickly toward~~

~~turning sharply against all happened at a~~

~~life and death on him. It was the point in her life where the~~ ~~discouragement of ill-health and adverse~~ ~~through no fault of her own, acted upon upon herself by the cir-~~ ~~circumstances had made it necessary for her~~ ~~circumstances of ill-health and her husband's failure to prosper,~~

~~it had been necessary to turn her resentment upon~~ <sup>to believe in</sup> ~~tangible~~

villainy and a tangible villain.

"Oh, I can't help what I think," she cried out sudden-

ly. "How much you were responsible for <sup>Helena's</sup> Maxie's death I don't

know. It's something you'll have to square with your own

conscience."

An electric current of agony surged through him —

for a moment he was almost on his feet, an unuttered <sup>sound</sup> ~~whout~~

echoing in his throat. He hung on to himself <sup>for</sup> a moment, another

moment.

*Hold on there,*

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~~and the... the~~  
~~...~~

"~~Well, <sup>Helena</sup> ~~Josephine~~," said Lincoln uncomfortably, "I never thought you were responsible for that."~~

"<sup>Helena</sup> Josephine died of heart trouble," Charley said dully.

"Yes, heart trouble," echoed Marion, <sup>spoke</sup> as if the phrase had another meaning for her.

Then, in the flatness that followed her own outburst, she saw him <sup>plainly</sup> ~~plainly~~ and she knew he had somehow <sup>arrived at</sup> ~~attained~~ control over the situation. Glancing at her husband she found no help from him, and as abruptly as if it were a matter of no importance she threw up the sponge.

"~~Well, Do~~ what you like!" she cried, springing up from her chair, "She's your child --- I'm not the person to stand in your way. I think if it were my child I'd rather see her ---" She managed to check herself, "You two decide it. I can't stand this, I'm sick, I'm going to bed."

She hurried from the room; <sup>after</sup> ~~later~~ a moment Lincoln said:

"This has been a hard day for her. You know how

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strongly she feels ---" His voice was almost apologetic, "<sup>when</sup> ~~had~~  
~~strongly anybody feels when they get~~ <sup>a woman</sup> ~~an idea in their heads.~~ <sup>has</sup>"

"Of course, I ~~understand~~"

"It's going to be all right. I think she sees ~~that~~  
 now that you ~~straightened out and can~~ <sup>can</sup> provide for the  
 child <sup>and so</sup> we can't very well stand in your way, or Honoria's way."

"Thank you, Lincoln."

"I'd better go along and see how she is." ~~Her nerves~~  
~~aren't all they used to be.~~

"I'm going."

He was still trembling when he reached the street but  
 a walk down the Rue Bonaparte to the quai set him up and as he  
 crossed the Seine, ~~settled~~ <sup>settled</sup> with many cold moons, he felt exultant. <sup>But</sup>  
<sup>back</sup> ~~in his room~~ <sup>he</sup> couldn't sleep. The image of  
<sup>Helena</sup> ~~Josephine~~ <sup>him, Helena</sup> ~~Josephine~~ whom he had ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> loved <sup>so</sup> until they  
 had begun ~~senseless~~ <sup>senseless</sup> to abuse each other's love and tear it into  
 shreds. <sup>On that</sup> That terrible February night that Marion remembered  
 so vividly ~~and passionately~~ <sup>a slow</sup> ~~the~~ quarrel that had gone  
 on for twenty-four hours ~~and the scene at the Florida,~~ <sup>There was a</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>and then he</sup>

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attempts to take her home and Ted Wilder, <sup>Helena</sup> ~~the man she had kissed~~  
<sup>then her kissing</sup>  
~~at a table~~ <sup>in the taxi</sup> and what she had hysterically said. <sup>Charlie's</sup> ~~his~~ departure  
 and, on his arrival home, <sup>his</sup> turning the key in the lock in <sup>will</sup> anger.  
 How <sup>could he</sup> ~~was she~~ to know she would arrive an hour later alone, and ~~to~~  
~~confused~~ <sup>to go to hotel,</sup> that there would be a snow storm in which she wandered  
 about in slippers for an hour <sup>too confused</sup> ~~unable~~ to find a taxi. Then the  
 aftermath, her escaping pneumonia by <sup>a miracle</sup> ~~an eighth of an inch~~ of  
~~the pleural cavity~~ and all the attendant horror. They were  
 "reconciled" but that was the beginning of the end, and Marion,  
 who had seen with her own eyes and <sup>who</sup> ~~imagined~~ it to be one of many  
 scenes from her sister's martyrdom, never forgot.

Going over it ~~all~~ again brought <sup>Helena</sup> ~~Jeannine~~ nearer,  
 and in the white soft light that steals <sup>upon</sup> ~~into~~ half sleep near  
 morning he found himself talking to her again. She said that  
 he was perfectly right about Honoria and that she wanted her to  
 be with him. She said she was glad he was <sup>being good</sup> ~~behaving himself~~  
 and doing better. She said a lot of other things, very friendly  
 things, but she was in a swing in a white dress and swinging  
 faster and faster all the time so that at the end he could not  
 hear clearly all ~~that~~ she said.

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## IV.

He woke up feeling happy. The door of the world was open again. He made plans, ~~Plans~~,

~~Plans~~, vistas, futures for Honoria and himself, but

suddenly he <sup>grew</sup> was sad ~~for~~ he remembered <sup>ing</sup> all the plans he and Helen had made. She had not planned to die. The present was ~~every~~ <sup>the</sup>

thing, <sup>—</sup> work to do and someone to love. <sup>But</sup> not to love too much,

for Charley had ~~been~~ <sup>read in</sup> warned by D.H. Lawrence <sup>about</sup> as to the injury that a father can do to a daughter or a mother to a son by ~~attaching~~ <sup>attaching</sup>

them too closely. Afterwards out in the world the child would

seek in the marriage partner the same blind, unselfish tenderness

and failing in all human probability to find it, develop a deep

grudge <sup>love and</sup> against life.

It was another bright crisp day. He called Lincoln

Peters at the bank where he worked and <sup>asked if he could</sup> ~~suggested tentatively~~

<sup>consult on</sup> ~~that he take~~ <sup>ing</sup> Honoria with him when he left for Prague. Lincoln

agreed that there was no reason for delay, ~~the children would~~

~~be disappointed at losing a sister.~~ One thing — the legal

guardianship. Marion wanted to retain that a while longer, <sup>but she</sup>

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~~And he said?~~ She was upset by the whole matter and it would  
 oil things if she felt that the situation was still in her  
 control, for another year. Charley agreed, ~~the~~ wanting only the  
 tangible, visible child.

Then the question of a governess. Charley sat in a  
 gloomy agency and talked to a buxom Breton peasant whom he knew  
 he could <sup>not</sup> endure. There were ~~others on the agency's list~~  
 whom he could see tomorrow.

He lunched with Lincoln Peters at Griffons, trying  
 to keep down his exultation.

~~"I understand how you feel,"~~ Lincoln said, "there's  
 nothing quite like your own child." <sup>understand</sup> "But you see how Marion feels." <sup>too,</sup>

~~"It all goes back to that terrible night."~~  
~~forgot something else.~~ "She's forgotten how hard I worked  
 for seven years there." <sup>Charley said</sup> "She just remembers one night."

"There's another thing." Lincoln hesitated. "You <sup>while</sup>  
~~see~~ wife you and Helen were tearing around Europe throwing  
 money away, ~~and you weren't the only ones~~ — we were just get-  
 ting along. I didn't touch any of the prosperity because I



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never got ahead enough to carry anything but my insurance. I think Marion felt there was some kind of injustice in it — you not even working and getting richer and richer."

"It went just as quick as it came," said Charley,

~~in~~

"A lot ~~of~~ did. And a lot of it stayed in the hands of chasseurs and saxophone players and maitres d'hôtel — well, the big party's over now. I just said that to explain Marion's feeling about those crazy years. *If you drop* ~~You come~~ in about *six* <sup>o'clock</sup> tonight, before Marion's too tired and we'll just settle the details on the spot."

Back at his hotel Charley *took from his pocket* ~~remembered~~ a pneumatique that Lincoln had given him at luncheon. It had been redirected ~~probably~~ by Paul ~~x~~ from the Ritts Bar.

Dear Charley:

You were so strange when we saw you the other day that I wondered if I did something to offend you. If so I'm not conscious of it. In fact I have thought about you too much for the last year and it's always been in the back of my

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mind that I might see you if I came over <sup>here</sup> ~~this time~~. We did  
 have such good times that crazy spring, like the night you and  
 I stole the butcher's tricycle and the time we tried to call on  
 the president <sup>and</sup> ~~when~~ you had the old derby and the wire cane.  
 Everybody seems so old lately but I don't feel old a bit.

Couldn't we get together some time today for old times' sake.

I've got a vile hangover for the moment but will be feeling better  
 this afternoon and will look for you about five at the Ritts.

Always devotedly

Lorraine.

His first feeling was one of awe that he had actually,  
 in his mature years, stolen a tricycle and pedaled Lorraine all  
 over the Etouille between the small hours and dawn. <sup>In retrospect it</sup> ~~It seemed~~ <sup>was</sup>  
~~terrible new to him~~ a nightmare. How many weeks <sup>or</sup> months of  
 dissipation to arrive at that condition of utter irresponsibility.

He tried to picture how Lorraine had appeared to him <sup>then</sup>  
 — very attractive, so much so that Helen had been jealous.

Yesterday in the restaurant she had seemed trite, blurred, worn

locking out Helen didn't get us with any other act of his life  
 but the tricycle accident did — it was one of many.

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He *emphatically* did not want to see her away. ~~The idea of seeing her was repellent~~ and he was glad

no one knew at what hotel he was staying. It was a relief to

think again of Honoria, to think of future Sundays spent with

her, ~~to think of saying good night~~ <sup>and</sup> to her ~~every night~~ <sup>morning</sup> and to ~~know~~ <sup>of</sup> she was there in his house <sup>at night,</sup> breathing quietly in the

darkness.

At five he took a taxi and bought presents for all the Peters, a piquant cloth doll, a box of Roman soldiers, flowers for Marion, big linen handkerchiefs for Lincoln.

He saw <sup>when</sup> immediately he arrived in the apartment that Marion had accepted the inevitable. She greeted him ~~if not~~ <sup>now</sup> warmly ~~at least~~ <sup>as though</sup> as though he were a recalcitrant member of the

family rather than a menacing outsider. Honoria had been told ~~she~~

<sup>was going</sup> and he <sup>Charlie</sup> was glad to see that her tact was sufficient to conceal <sup>her</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>excessive</sup> happiness, ~~she felt, at going with him.~~ Only on his lap

did she whisper her delight and the question "When?" before she slipped away.

He and Marion were alone for a minute in the room

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and on an impulse he spoke out boldly.

"Family quarrels are bitter things, aren't they? *They*  
They don't go according to my rules. They're not like aches  
or wounds, they're more like splits in the skin that won't heal  
because there's not enough material. I wish you and I could  
be on better terms, ~~but it looks as if there's nothing for me  
to do about it.~~"

*she answered*  
"Some things are hard to forget." "It's all a question of  
confidence. If you behave yourself in the future I won't have  
any criticism." There was no answer to this and presently she  
asked, "When do you propose to take her?"

"As soon as I can get a governess. I hoped the day  
after tomorrow."

"That's impossible. I've got to get her things in  
shape. Not before Saturday."

He yielded. Coming back into the room Lincoln  
offered him a drink.

"I'll take my daily whiskey," he said.

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It was warm here, it was a home, people together by a fire. The children felt very safe and important, <sup>the</sup> mother and father were serious, watchful. They had things to do for the children more important than his visit here. A spoonful of medicine was <sup>after all</sup> more important here than the <sup>strained</sup> relations between Marion and himself. They were not dull people but they were very much in the grip of life and circumstances and their gestures as they turned in a cramped space lacked largeness and grace. He wondered if he couldn't do something to get Lincoln out of that rut at the bank.

There was a long peal at the doorbell; <sup>the</sup> The maid crossed the room and went down the corridor. The door opened upon ~~voices~~ <sup>and their voices, and the</sup> and another long ring, three in the salon looked up expectantly — Lincoln Jr moved to bring the corridor within his range of vision and Marion <sup>rose</sup> stood up. Then the maid came along the corridor closely followed by the voices, <sup>which developed</sup> ~~and into the~~ <sup>under the light into</sup> doorway came Duncan Schaeffer and Lorraine Quarrels. They were <sup>gay</sup> happy, they were <sup>hilarious</sup> absurdly happy, they were

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roaring with laughter. For a moment Charley was astounded —  
 then he realized they had gotten <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ address <sup>he had left at</sup> from the Ritts Bar,

~~the only one he had left there.~~

"Ah-h-h!" Schaeffer <sup>Duncan wagged</sup> ~~wagged~~ his finger

roguishly at Charley, "Ah-h-h!"

They both <sup>slid down</sup> ~~went off~~ into another <sup>cascade</sup> ~~peal~~ of laughter. *Axious*

*and at* a loss for a moment Charley shook hands with them both quick-

ly and presented them to Lincoln and Marion. Marion nodded, <sup>scarcely</sup> ~~but~~

<sup>speaking</sup> ~~coldly~~ She had drawn back a step toward the fire; *Her* ~~her~~

little girl stood beside her and Marion suddenly put an arm

about her shoulder.

With growing annoyance at the intrusion Charley

waited for them <sup>to explain themselves. After some concentration</sup> ~~but in their current state of slow motion~~ they

~~saw no necessity.~~ Finally Duncan said:

"We came take you to dinner. Lorraine and I insist

that all this ~~shi-shi~~ ~~all this~~ shi-shi, cagey business ~~we~~ *got*

got to stop."

Charley <sup>came</sup> ~~leaned~~ close to them, as if to force them

backward down the corridor.

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"Sorry <sup>but</sup> I can't. Tell me where you'll be and we'll call you in half an hour."

This made no impression. Lorraine sat down suddenly on the side of a chair and focussing her eyes on Lincoln Jr. *cried*

"Oh, what a nice little boy. Come here little boy." Lincoln Jr. glanced at his mother but did not move. With a perceptible shrug of her shoulders Lorraine turned back to Charley, ~~as if she had at least tried to be courteous.~~

~~Lowering her voice she said:~~

"Come on <sup>out</sup> to dinner. Be yourself, Charley. Come on."

"How about a little drink," said Duncan to the room at large.

Lincoln Peters who had been somewhat uneasily occupying himself by swinging Honoria from side to side with her feet off the ground, ~~glanced at Marion who shook her head.~~

"I'm sorry <sup>but</sup> there isn't a thing in the house." <sup>he said</sup> "We just this minute emptied the only bottle."

"All the more reason coming to dinner," Lorraine assured Charley.

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"Listen, I can't," said Charley almost sharply, "You two go have dinner and I'll phone you."

"Oh, you will, will you," Her voice became suddenly *unpleasant disagreeable*. "All right, we'll go along. But remember ~~we~~<sup>g</sup>

~~She shook her finger at him,~~ <sup>when</sup> when you used to hammer on my door in the middle of the night I used to be enough of a good sport at least to give you a drink. Come on Dunc."

Still in slow motion, with blurred angry faces, with uncertain feet, they retired along the corridor.

"Good night," ~~said~~ Charley *said*.

"Good night!" ~~said~~ <sup>responded</sup> Lorraine emphatically.

When he went back into the salon Marion had not moved, only now her son was standing in the circle of her other arm.

*Linnole*  
~~Her husband~~ was still swinging Honoria back and forth like a pendulum from side to side.

"What an outrage!" Charley broke out, "~~My God,~~ *What an* *absolute* ~~an~~ outrage!"

Neither of them answered. Charley dropped into an



armchair, picked up his drink, set it down again, <sup>and said:</sup> ~~He said~~

<sup>I haven't seen for</sup>  
"People ~~we used to see~~ two years ago having the  
colossal nerve --- "

He broke off. Marion had <sup>made the sound</sup> ~~said~~ "Oh!" in one swift,  
furious breath, turned her body from him with a jerk and left  
the room.

~~"Is she mad at me?" demanded Charley in sudden~~

Lincoln set down Honoria carefully.

"You children go in and start your soup," he said, and  
when they obeyed, ~~uncomprehending but somewhat subdued by the~~  
atmosphere, he <sup>said to</sup> answered Charley.

"Marion's not well and she can't stand shocks. Those  
kind of people make her really physically sick."

"I didn't tell them to come here. They wormed this  
address out of Paul at the Ritts. They deliberately ---"

"Well, it's too bad. It doesn't help matters. Excuse  
me a minute."

Left alone Charley sat tense in his chair. In the  
next room he could hear the children eating, talking in mono-

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monosyllables, already oblivious to the scene among their elders.

He heard a murmur of conversation from a farther room and then

the ticking bell of a phone picked up, and in a panic he got

up and moved to the other side of the room *and out of earshot.*

*In a*  
~~Three~~ minutes later Lincoln came back.

"Look here, Charley, I think we'd better call off  
dinner for tonight. *Marion's* ~~Honorias~~ in bad shape."

"Is she ~~any~~ angry with me?"

"Yes, *sort of,*" he said, almost roughly, "She's not  
strong and ---"

"You mean she's changed her mind about Honorias?"

"She's pretty bitter right now. I don't know. You  
phone me at the bank tomorrow."

"I wish you'd explain to her I never dreamed these  
people would come here. I'm just as sore as you are."

*d*  
"You couldn't explain anything to her now."

~~Against~~ Charley got up. He took his coat and hat and  
started down the corridor. Then he opened the door of the

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diningroom and said in a strange voice, "Good night, children."

Honorina <sup>rose</sup> ~~got up~~ and ran around the table to hug him.

"Goodnight sweetheart," he said vaguely, and then trying to make his voice more tender, trying to conciliate something, "Good night, dear children."

V.

Charley went directly to the Ritts Bar with the <sup>in any case</sup> ~~idea~~ <sup>serious</sup> ~~idea~~ of finding Lorraine Quarrels and Duncan Schaeffer <sup>they were not there</sup> but ~~before he~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~got there~~ he realized <sup>that there was nothing he could do. He</sup> ~~the undignified position that any outbreak~~ ~~against them would place him in.~~ ~~He would be careful not to~~ ~~see them again but he saw that they were closely linked in a~~ ~~chain.~~ ~~Something which he could not do was intended him to pay~~ ~~for something which he was not even sure he was responsible for.~~

He had not touched his drink at the Peters and now he ordered a whiskey and soda. Paul ~~saw him~~ and came over to say hello.

"~~Yes,~~ <sup>he said sadly,</sup> Its a great change." "We do about half the business we did. So many fellows I hear about back in the States lost

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everything, maybe not in the first crash but then in the second and ~~then~~ <sup>now</sup> when everything keeps going down. Your friend George Hardt lost every cent, I hear. Are you back in the States?"

"No, I'm in business in Prague."

*"I heard you lost a lot"*

~~"You did lose everything you had in the crash."~~

*and he added grimly,*

*did*  
"I lost ~~a lot,~~" ~~He hesitated,~~ "But I lost everything

I wanted in the boom."

"Selling short."

"Something like that."

*Again the memory of those days swept over*  
~~When Paul left he thought again about those days, try~~

*him like a night mare — the people they had*  
~~ing to him, rather the hysteria in which he had so deeply par-~~

~~ticipated.~~ *mat*  
~~He remembered the people who were travelling in this~~

~~style in those last days of twenty-eight and twenty-nine, people~~

who couldn't add a row of figures or speak a coherent sentence.

The little <sup>man</sup> Brooklyn Greek ~~man~~ when Helen had consented to dance with

at the ship's party ~~on the Park,~~ who had insulted her ten feet

from the table, the human mosaic of pearls who sat behind him *them*

at the Russian ballet and when the curtain rose on ~~certain~~ *a scene*

remarked to her companion: "Luffly, just luffly. Zomebody

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*break this TP. Four dots on the end  
of one TP + four at the beginning of next*

ought to baint a bicture of it." He had <sup>personally</sup> witnessed scenes in Paris that Petronius <sup>would have witnessed</sup> ~~never dreamed of~~. People with the human value of bivalves, goats, cretins, pekinese... *P*....Men who locked their wives out in the snow, because the snow of twenty-nine wasn't real snow. If you didn't want it to be snow you just paid some money.

He went to the phone suddenly and called the Peters' appartment, Lincoln himself answered.

"~~Hello~~, I called up because <sup>as</sup> you can imagine, this thing is on my mind. Has Marion said anything definite?"

"Marion's sick," Lincoln answered shortly, "Look, I know this thing isn't altogether your fault but you'll ~~just have to drop it for awhile~~ I can't have her go to pieces about this. I'm afraid we'll have to let it slide for six months --- I can't take the chance of working her up to this state again."

"I see."

"I'm sorry as hell, Charley."

He went back to his table. His whiskey glass was

empty <sup>but</sup> and he shook his head when a <sup>Alex</sup> waiter looked at it question-  
ingly. *There*

There wasn't much he could do now except send Honoria

some things, he would send her a lot of things tomorrow. *He thought*  
~~rather angrily that that was just money - he had given so~~ ~~his head to himself. It was always money.~~  
*many people money.*

"No, no more," he said <sup>another</sup> ~~aloud~~ to a waiter. "What do

I owe you?"

He would come back some day — they couldn't make him  
pay for ever. But he wanted his child and nothing was <sup>much</sup> ~~made~~ good ~~now~~  
beside that fact. He wasn't young any more with a lot of nice  
thoughts and dreams to have by himself. He was absolutely  
sure Helen wouldn't have wanted him to be so alone.