

will tell the Great Sahib more than our Sahib told him."

"Wherefore?" I asked.

"Because they are both Great Ones, and I have observed in my life that Great Ones employ words very little between each other in their dealings; still less when they speak to a third concerning those dealings. Also they profit by silence.... Now I think that the mother has come down from the room, and I will go rub his feet till he sleeps."

His ears had caught Agnes's step at the stair-head and presently she passed us on her way to the music room humming the Magnificat.

THE NEW KNIGHTHOOD

Who gives him the Bath?

"I," said the wet,

Rank Jungle-sweat,

"I'll give him the Bath!"

Who'll sing the psalms?

"We," said the Palms.

"Ere the hot wind becalms,
We'll sing the psalms."

Who lays on the sword?

"I," said the Sun,
"Before he has done,
I'll lay on the sword."

Who fastens his belt?

"I," said Short-Rations,
"I know all the fashions
Of tightening a belt!"

Who buckles his spur?

"I," said his Chief,
Exacting and brief,
"I'll give him the spur."

Who'll shake his hand?

"I," said the Fever,
"And I'm no deceiver,
I'll shake his hand."

Who brings him the wine?

"I," said Quinine,
"It's a habit of mine,

I'll come with his wine."

Who'll put him to proof?

"I," said All Earth,
"Whatever he's worth,
I'll put to the proof."

Who'll choose him for Knight?

"I," said his Mother,
"Before any other,
My very own knight!"

And after this fashion, adventure to seek,
Was Sir Galahad made--as it might be last week!

THE PUZZLER

I had not seen Penfentenyou since the Middle Nineties, when he was Minister of Ways and Woodsides in De Thouar's first Administration. Last summer, though he nominally held the same portfolio, he was his Colony's Premier in all but name, and the idol of his own province, which is two and a half times the size of England. Politically, his creed was his growing country; and he came over to England to develop a Great Idea in