person. I'm not only a sacred kind of tree, you know; I come of a very special family. My own grandfather is the famous Bo-Tree at Anuradhapura, with a big platform round him and gifts and pilgrims every day from every airt of the four winds; and his father, as you know, was the great tree of Buddha-Gaya, under which the Buddha sat when he attained emancipation. So you being connected with Wotan, my dear, I'm quite glad to think I have such a pretty little niece." (It must have been the tree talking; Sieglinda wouldn't have made up a thing like that about herself, would she?) "I must say," the voice went on, "I don't at all like the idea of one of us working; our business has always seemed to me to be beautiful, and enjoy life, and praise God. I think the best way will be for you to forget your troubles for a little while; I feel a breeze in my hair, and perhaps I will be able to sing you to sleep. Then I'll have a talk with the wind; perhaps between us we may be able to do something." So Sieglinda settled herself more comfortably, and in a little while was fast asleep. When she woke up the sun was already low over the Hudson; so she picked herself up and went home. She had forgotten all about the old man, and only remembered that she must buy an "Evening Telegram" and hunt through the advertisements for another job.

II.

Things went from bad to worse with the twins. No one seemed to want a typist. Sieglinda was pretty and clever enough for the chorus; but she read the American Sunday papers, and knew that as a merely modest girl, she had no chance of an engagement. New York managers, it appeared, insisted on a type of Virtue so rigorous that it left Lucrece, Penelope, and the mother of the Gracchi among the also rans. She had seen chorus-girls, too, and even heard them discuss Virtue; anyhow, for one reason or another, she did not apply for an engagement.

Siegmund's inspirations, too, failed him even as her purse shrank; he spoilt paper at an alarming rate. One day when she came in from a vain search for work she caught him in the very act of dashing another failure to the floor. "Oh tosh! infernal beastly tosh!" he yelled; "really, Sieglinda, you must learn to keep your mouth shut!" "What have I done now?" she laughed. "It's that ghastly tune you've been humming for a month; "Broadway Bliss" it comes from, I suppose, by the sound of it; I wrote it down to feast my eyes upon the ghastly spectacle; and upon my soul and conscience, I think it's too bad even for Broadway." "I'm sorry, boy; I didn't know I was annoying you. I don't usually hum, do I?" "Never heard you before; it's that eternal search for work. Oh my God! I wish I could have learnt to push a car. The music I'm writing now-a-days sounds rather like one, too; a Ford, on a country road, with a tyre gone. Lord! I think I'll send it round as a Futurist Opera!"

Nearly a month later, Sieglinda declared that she had found a job. It was not regular work, apparently; she was in and out at all hours, sometimes extremely tired. It went on for nearly six months before Siegmund noticed anything wrong. Then he asked her what her work was. She told him that she had turned her good taste to account, and had been employed to decorate and furnish a house on East 63rd street for a very rich man. She deserved more pay than she was getting; perhaps he might do more for her later on. "Do you see him often?" "Every day." "Ever make love to you?" "Oh no! He takes no more notice of me than if I were a piece of wood. And he never spends a penny except on this fad of having a fine house. I go shopping for him in a seven thousand dollar car; and I hate to take the subway home. He's musical, by the way; I've done him the finest music-room in America; perhaps I'll be able to interest him in your work, one day." "I don't work. I can't work. A chunk of cheese has more ideas than I've had for the best part of a year!" "Oh well, inspiration will come. If we could only get out of this horrible struggle to live from day to day! If that house were only mine instead of his! It ought to be. I made it. I took a common mass of brick and stone, and turned it into Paradise. And all I've got out of it — six months and more living like a slave — has been about four hundred dollars! And the house will be ready in three weeks or so — and then what shall I do?"

Ten days later she came to him in tears. "Siegmund," she cried, "the man wants me to live in his house." "Don't do it, girl!" said her brother; "don't forget the oak, and the three greyhounds, and the bend or!"

It was another month before the house was finished. On the day, she came home at noon, jubilant, "What do you think," she said, "I've got a whole hundred dollars extra as a bonus, and the promise of another job; and we're going to have a Day in Fairyland. Come along; we're going to lunch downtown, and then I'll take you to see the house, and then we'll come home and dress for dinner for the first time in a year, and I've got seats for Die Walküre tonight, and then we'll go on to supper at a cabaret! There!"

Two hours later they had finished a lunch at the Knickerbocker which was a landmark in the life of the head waiter. Sieglinda was not going to spoil a Day in Fairyland for ten dollars one way or the other.

So, with very threadbare cloaks tight over poor worn clothing, these waifs of fortune faced the ice and snow of Manhattan's coldest February, and made their way to East 63rd street, the good wine tingling in them till they laughed merrily at the bitter wind of winter, as it cut into their young faces.

The house in 63rd street stood well away from either avenue. It was taller than its immediate neighbors, and the woodwork was of the same dull red as the granite of which it was built. Sieglinda produced a key, and they entered.

The hall was remarkable for the waved stripes of tawny yellow and black, the tiger-heads that lined the walls, and the tiger skins that covered the floor.

Sieglinda led the way into the room on the left, which extended the whole depth of the house. One could hardly give a name to such a room. Walls and ceiling were covered with a Japanese paper of old gold; the floor was of mahogany, and the only furniture in the room was dull red lacquer, cabinets and trays and little tables. In the centre of the floor was a great rug of blue without a pattern, raised from the floor by mattresses to the height of about a foot. At the far end of the room stood a great golden figure of Buddha, between two monstrous vases of porcelain, of the same deep thrilling blue as the rug. Siegmund gasped his glory. "I thought this would inspire you," said Sieglinda. They went into the opposite room. Here all was in perfect contrast. The whole room was panelled in ebony; in the centre stood an oblong table of the same wood, with ancient tall-backed chairs, evidently of the same craftsman's handiwork. Against the walls stood oaken chests, black with