admirable curiosity. It was to start work upon its history and study in two weeks' time. All present were introduced to the room's names for membership without formality and to be elected at the next meeting. All future meetings were to be conducted in the second, and carefully considered by the members before election.

A very friendly gesture of thanks to the chairman was proposed by Mr. W. Thompson, and passed with acclamation. Mr. W. Thompson went on to express his thanks for the very fine dinner that had been arranged in the hotel and concluded, by inviting the company to return to the dining-room for refreshments.

Mr. Baldwin never forgot the last breath of that evening. He never forgot the gay, bewildering atmosphere of that thronging, panelled-dining-room, the table committee. The table was long, the table committee. The table was almost too long for the table committee.

The raw, october at the barn, reminded the young architect.

"You've got your time cut out now, Mr. W. Thompson." Mr. W. Thompson said.

The storm had passed, and Tom and Edith Baldwin walked home through a quiet, rain-drenched street. They could still hear the chuckle of Mr. W. Thompson's voice as he told them the story of the green front gates of their home and platted their way through the puddles of the unfinished pathway to the front door. The dining-room was cool and peaceful after the stormy weather of the past hour; the fire glowed faintly beneath a soft grey fur as they walked through the door and into the room.

The young architect was sitting at Mr. W. Thompson's desk, his head in his hands.

"Why, you think about it. I think it's wonderful," said Edith. "It sort of seems quite happy. It does, too."

He was happy directly after that conversation. He thought of all those people remembering him in a hundred years. He didn't mind what happened after that.

Mr. Baldwin pulled on his slippers and sat back in his armchair; they remembered; they never do. But Van Deen won't be there to know.

TEN years have passed since that August and this final chapter enters by chance than by design. I had read the evening to visit some friends in Bournemouth and my way from London led along the seaside road. I was held up by the traffic beside one of those many quiet roads that lead the main thoroughfare right to the beachfront. I waited for the traffic to move on, and then ran up to the "Bunbury Terrace" revived a memory.

I had worked beside Mr. Baldwin at the Temple Insurance Office: I had subscribed my half-crown towards his clock and book by way of a Christmas present. Mr. Baldwin was, as always, sitting under the plates at the new office, and the streets were no longer crowded as I looked for the last time when I was last seen, and probably the first time I was in the new house in Bournemouth. But since then, for over ten years, Mr. Baldwin has died, and after a long illness and for an annual Christmas Card I had heard and seen him at all.

The impulse came to write to Bournemouth, to drive past old Bournemouth, and see what had happened to it, and then break my journey at "Greengates" for a cup of tea. I had the tail-end of a journey and the tail-end of a story to tell. It was clear, but the sky was gray, and I drove slowly down the main road that Mr. Baldwin had lived in for so many years.