"This is a lie, not an it, Williams," observed his master.

"Beg pardon, sir, I thought you said 'it' yourself."

"I referred then to the responsibility, not to the tyke," retorted the man. "But of one thing I am certain, I shall not lay him on the bench. He pleases me better where he is; besides, I judge that he must have trudged a long way, and I have no doubt that he is a lost baby."

"Then, sir," stated Williams, relieved, "the only thing is the police-station."

The man looked at him, shocked. That might be the proper course to pursue with other babies, but with this particular one it seemed impossible. He recoiled at the thought of taking this wayside blossom to the same haven where the wicked and the unkempt were lodged.

"You see, Williams," he elaborated, "this doesn't look like that kind of a baby." He smiled, and added: "We might go parading up one street and down another, crying him out like a huckster with his potatoes."

It was Williams's turn to look shocked. Williams had no sense of humour.

The man's whimsical suggestion, however, provoked an idea.

"Tell you what you do, Williams," he suggested. "You just drive very slowly around the streets bordering the park. I have no doubt that if this baby is lost and belongs in the neighbourhood, we shall find someone, if not several people, out looking for him."

"Very well, sir," replied Williams. "Shall I lay it on the back seat?"

"No!" replied the man decisively. "I shall hold him!"

He resented very much the idea of having Williams touch this baby, much less take it out of his arms. Williams would not appreciate the honour that was being conferred upon him; Williams did not understand babies; Williams had no soul. He had often contemplated discharging Williams.

The programme that he suggested was carried out. He got in, holding Tyke. The machine had just started when something white came hurling over the side-door and landed in the tonneau with them. It was the dog.

Slowly Williams drove around the edge of the park, but there were no signs of the commotion that would be occasioned by somebody and all her neighbours looking for a lost baby. Having made the circuit of the park, Williams stopped for further orders.

"Just drive up the street ahead of you for about ten blocks," the man suggested. "One street will do as well as another. I should judge. We have still an hour to spare before it will be necessary to go—to leave it any place." He was reluctant even to say "police-station."

V.

For nearly the full hour they had chugged about the streets radiating from the park, when suddenly the big man saw a former friend—one with whom he had not been on speaking terms for nearly a year—come frantically along the sidewalk. The former friend was peering from right to left as he strode on, and nothing escaped his eye. Suddenly he left the sidewalk and came running toward the automobile. He had not seen the man in it nor the chauffeur who drove it. He had, however, seen Tyke.

"Stop!" he cried. "That's my baby!"

The automobile stopped very promptly, but the big man in it never moved, except to fold Tyke a little more closely in his arms by way of a reluctant goodby.

"Hello, Smith!" he calmly cried.

Mr. Smith looked up at the sound of the voice and recognised the big man.

"Oh!" he said in amazement, and for an instant the two looked at each other as men do who have cause each to wonder what is in the mind of the other. Both were reluctant to break the ensuing embarrassed silence. The big man, as became him, was the first to give in. He was the "soulless corporation," practically.

"By George! Smith, I don't envy you your last hour or so," he said in the tone of old. "I was fortunate enough to pick up your little one in the park, and having been driving around the neighbouring streets for the past hour, hunting the centre of the fuss that I knew must exist somewhere. Jump in and I'll run you both home."

"Very kind of you, Davidson, I am sure," replied Mr. Smith. "I live only a few blocks from here, but since the boy is asleep I shall take advantage of your offer with pleasure."

Mr. Davidson, considering the comfort of Tyke, made no move to open the door of the tonneau. Mr. Smith opened it himself and clambered in. Mr. Davidson moved over carefully to give him room, but he made no start toward relieving himself of his burden.

The machine turned to a side street at the direction of Mr. Smith, who then turned his attention to Robert Walsingham. The paternal arms had a peculiar ache in them, but he stood it as long as he could—for the space of possibly two or three blocks—and then he suddenly held out his arms with a gesture so imperative that Mr. Davidson drew a long breath. He was compelled to recognise Mr. Smith's rights in the case. Slowly, reluctantly, gently, he laid Robert Walsingham Smith in his father's embrace.

Another silence of more or less embarrassment ensued. Mr. Davidson looked curiously down at his own left arm which he held, even yet, in the position that it had retained for the past hour or so. He could still seem to feel that warm little body cradled within it. He looked over at the baby hungrily, then he cleared his throat.

"I say, Smith," he observed, "I have been thinking about you quite a bit here lately. I have got a splendid berth for a man of your ability, that I think will be better in the long run than the business we—er—induced you to relinquish some time ago. Plenty of room for advancement, old man. And say, we haven't seen you for many a long day over at our place. Suppose you and Mrs. Smith drop over and call on us—and, by the way, bring that tyke along with you, will you?"

Sham and Super-sham.

A writer who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Z" makes a deliciously fierce attack on Mr. George Bernard Shaw in "Blackwood's Magazine," a periodical long famous for its plain speaking.

The writer, who, in a feeble, un-Blackwood jibe, calls Mr. Shaw throughout Mr. George Shaw, dubs him, among other things:—

An ideal polytechnic playwright.
Our little charlatan.
This ignorant jackanapes.
This feeble imitator of such diseased eccentricities as Nietzsche.

The following are a few characteristic passages in this whole-hearted indictment:—

"He has tried everything, from posing as an agitator at Hammersmith to being photographed as a living statue."

"Any scholarly critic . . . with a real knowledge of the broader fields of philosophy and literature, could smash a charlatan like Mr. Shaw in a very few pages, if it were worth the trouble—smash him beyond all hope of repair."

"We are tired of watching him hop over the graves of the illustrious dead, and skip like a blue-behinded ape upon the trees of Paradise. For this man is not in earnest."

Flashes of hypocritical and perverted sentiment, every pair of which are mutually destructive—these things have misled a few stupid but really earnest people into thinking him a stern moralist in disguise, or a philosopher of some hitherto unknown sort."

"Decadence and perversion are writ large over everything that comes from his pen, and he has not even the redeeming quality of genius."

"Even his morality is a morbid and exaggerated reaction, partly imitated—as to its pose—from the worst side of Tolstoy."

"It is useless to take his wild charges against the Elizabethans as anything more than an amusing commentary on his own shallow and conceited intellect."