









# RED DAWN

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BOOKS BY PIO BAROJA

THE CITY OF THE DISCREET

YOUTH AND EGOLATRY

CAESAR OR NOTHING

THE QUEST

WEEDS

RED DAWN

[These Three Novels Complete the  
*Struggle for Life Series.*]

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# RED DAWN

BY  
PÍO BAROJA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH  
By ISAAC GOLDBERG



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## PROLOGUE

### Juan Deserts the Seminary

**T**HE two boys had gone for a stroll through the outskirts of the town. On the way back they had sat down upon a stone wall by the road and at long intervals exchanged a casual remark.

One was a tall, strong youth with grey eyes and a jovial expression; the other was stunted, weakly, his face spotted with rash, his look sullen and somewhat gloomy.

Both, in their black clothes—the one still beardless, the other clean-shaven—looked like theological students. The taller was carving with his penknife various designs and ornaments in the bark of a twig; the other, his hands on his knees, in a melancholy pose, half absorbed and half absent-minded, sat contemplating the landscape.

It was an autumn day, damp and dreary. In the distance, squatting upon a hill, one could make out the village with its blackish cottages and its towers blacker still. Into the sky, which was as grey as a sheet of unpolished steel, thin spirals of smoke rose languidly from the chimneys of the town. The air was silent; the river, hidden behind the woods, murmured indistinctly amidst the solitude.

There was a tinkling of sheep and cattle-bells and, farther off, the pealing of a church-bell. Soon the piercing whistle of the locomotive rent the air; then white clouds of smoke were visible among the trees, soon dissolving into a thin mist.

"Let's be going," suggested the taller of the youths.

"Come along," replied the other.

They rose from the wall on which they had been sitting and set out in the direction of the town.

A filmy, melancholy haze began to settle upon the country-side. The cart-road, like a violet ribbon spotted by the yellow and red of the dead leaves, wound in and out among the tall trees that had been stripped bare by autumn, until its vast curve was lost to sight in the distance. The gusts of wind shook the dry leaves off the branches and sent them scudding along the road.

"Morning after next we'll be back there again," said the well-built youth in a merry voice.

"Who knows?" queried his companion.

"What do you mean—who knows? I know, and so do you."

"You may know that you're going back. As for me, I know I'm not."

"You're not?"

"No."

"And why not?"

"Because I've made up my mind not to become a priest."

The youth dropped the stick he had been carving and stared at his friend in amazement.

"Why, Juan! You're crazy!"

"No. I'm not crazy, Martín."

"Don't you intend to return to the seminary?"

"No."

"What'll you do, then?"

"Anything. Anything, except become a priest. I haven't the vocation."

"Listen to him! Vocation! Vocation! I haven't heard the call myself, either."

"The fact is, I don't believe in anything."

The jovial young man shrugged his shoulders ingenuously.

"And do you suppose Father Pulpón believes in anything?"

"Father Pulpón's a bandit, an impostor," retorted the shorter, vehemently. "I don't want to deceive people, as he does."

"But a man's got to live, my boy. If I had money, would I be studying for the priesthood? Not a bit of it. I'd go off to the country and live a rustic life, tilling the soil with my own oxen, as Horace says: *Paterna rura bobis, exercet suis*. But I haven't a farthing, and my mother and brothers are waiting for me to finish my studies. So what am I going to do? Just what you'll do, too."

"No, I tell you. No. I've made up my mind once and for all, unshakably, never to go back to the seminary."

"And how are you going to live?"

"I don't know. The world is big."

"It's a childish notion. You're well fixed; you

have a fellowship in the seminary; you have no family. . . . The professors have been kind to you . . . you can get your doctor's degree . . . you can preach . . . become a canon . . . perhaps even a bishop."

"Even if they promised to make me Pope, I would not return to the seminary."

"But why?"

"Because I don't believe, because I don't believe now and because I never will again."

Juan was silent and his companion made no reply; they continued walking, side by side.

Night was falling fast and the two boys quickened their pace. The taller, after a long period of silence, resumed:

"Bah! . . . You'll change your mind."

"Never."

"I'll bet anything that what you told me about Father Pulpón brought you to your decision."

"No. The whole institution itself has been getting me mad. I've seen the awful way they carry on in the seminary. At first, what I saw astounded me and filled me with disgust; then I came upon the real explanation. It's not that the priests are bad; it's religion itself that's evil."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Juan."

"You may believe as you please. I am convinced; religion is evil, because it's a lie."

"My dear fellow, you amaze me! And I, who believed you almost a saint! You, the leading



student in the class! The only one who had true faith, as Father Modesto said!"

"Father Modesto is a kind-hearted man, but he's a deluded fanatic."

"You don't believe in him either? How could you have changed so?"

"By thinking, my boy; I didn't realize it myself. When I started the fourth year with Don Tirso Pulpón I still preserved a little faith. That was the year of the scandal raised by Father Pulpón with one of the first-year boys, and I tell you truly, it was as if I'd been struck in the face. I was studying at the same time with Father Belda, too, who, as the prebendary says, is a professed ignoramus. Father Belda hates Father Pulpón, because Pulpón knows more than he does, so he got another youngster and myself to find out what had happened. It was like stumbling into a privy. How was I to suspect what was going on? I don't know whether you know, but if you don't, let me tell you; the seminary is a downright rotten place."

"Yes, indeed, I know."

"It's horrible. The moment I learned the state of affairs, I don't know what came over me; at first I was dumbfounded; then I was swept by powerful indignation against the whole crew of perverted priests who disgrace their calling. Then I began to read books, and I thought and suffered a great deal. Ever since that time, I no longer believe."

"Forbidden books?"

"Yes. Lately, during the examination period, I

sketched a merciless, ugly caricature of Father Pulpón, and some little teacher's pet of his brought it to his attention. We were at the seminary entrance chatting, when he came up. 'Who did this?' he asked, showing the sketch. Nobody said a word and I didn't stir from my place. 'Was it you?' he asked me. 'Yes, sir.' 'Very well, we'll have plenty of time to settle this between us.' I tell you, the first few days his threat had me so nervous that I couldn't even sleep. I kept thinking up ways and means to elude his vengeance, until it occurred to me that the simplest way of all would be not to return to the seminary."

"And those books you've read—what do they say?"

"They explain the facts of life—real life, the life we don't know."

"A curse on them! What are the names of those books?"

"The first one I read was *The Mysteries of Paris*; then *The Wandering Jew* and *Les Misérables*."

"Are they by Voltaire?"

"No."

Martín was filled with an intense curiosity to learn what those books contained.

"They must say some awful things, eh?"

"No."

"Let's hear, then. Let's hear!"

So powerfully had Juan been impressed by his readings that he could recall the most insignificant details. He began with the story of *The Mysteries of Paris* and did not omit a line; it seemed that he

had lived with the Slasher and the Screech Owl, with the Schoolmaster, Prince Rudolph and Fleur de Marie; he presented them all with their characteristic traits.

Martín was all ears. The fact that this was prohibited by the Church made it so much the more fascinating; moreover, the declamatory, emphatic humanitarianism of the author found in Juan a most enthusiastic propagandist.

Night had already fallen. The two theological students began to cross the bridge. The river, murky, mud-hued, rushed murmuringly beneath the solid arches, and farther along, from the heights of a near-by dam, thundered to the depths below, its bosom strewn with bunches of reeds and heaps of leafless branches.

As they strode through the streets of the town, Juan continued his narrative.

The electric lights shone upon the ancient houses, above the projecting, bulging main stories, beneath the twisted eaves, illuminating the black stream of sewage that ran through the middle of the road. As one told his tales and the other listened, they threaded tortuous lanes, sinister alleys, pitch-dark crossways. . . .

After the heroes of Eugene Sue came the procession of Victor Hugo's: Monsieur Bienvenu, Jean Valjean, Javert, Gavroche, Fantine, and the students and bandits of Minette.

All this monstrous fauna whirled before Martín's eyes in a terrible dance of death.

"After that," concluded Juan, "I read the *Medi-*

tations of Marcus Aurelius and Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and I learned what life really was."

"We don't live," muttered Martín with a certain moodiness. "It's true. We don't live."

Then, the seminarist in him gaining the upper hand, he added:

"Very well. But do you believe that in all the wide world to-day there's a metaphysician to equal Saint Thomas?"

"Yes," affirmed Juan, categorically.

"And a poet like Horace?"

"Certainly."

"Then how is it we don't know them?"

"Because they don't want us to know them. How long ago is it since Horace wrote? Almost two thousand years. Well, the Horaces of to-day will be known in the seminaries in another two thousand years. Only there won't be any seminaries in two thousand years."

This somewhat bold conjecture left Martín pensive. What Juan said was, no doubt, very possible; such might be the changes and revolutions wrought by time.

The two friends paused for a moment in the square before the church. Tufts of green grass carpeted the cobble-stone pavement in spots. The pale electric light shone upon the thick stone walls, on the buttresses, gleamed from the mantlings, the ribbons and the crests of the escutcheons emblazoned on the corners of the houses.

"You're very brave, Juan," murmured Martín.

"Bah!"

"Yes. Very brave."

The church clock struck the hour.

"It's eight," said Juan. "I'm going home. You're going back to-morrow, eh?"

"Yes. Can I do anything for you there?"

"Nothing. If they ask for me, tell them you haven't seen me."

"Is that your final resolution?"

"Absolutely."

"Why not wait?"

"No. I've made up my mind never to turn back."

"Then, until when?"

"I don't know. . . . But I think we'll meet again some time. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye. I'll be very happy to hear that things are going well with you out there in the world."

They shook hands. Juan headed behind the church for the town common, where there was a large cross. Then he descended toward the bridge. Martín entered a winding lane; he was in a gloomy mood. That fleeting vision of an intense existence had disturbed his soul.

Juan, on the other hand, strode cheerfully, resolutely on. He took the road to the station, which was his direction. A deep calm enwrapped the landscape, the moon shone in the heavens; a blue mist rose from the damp earth, and the only sound that broke the silence of the peaceful night was the thundering of the river's tumultuous waters as they poured from the high dam.

Soon Juan made out in the distance, through the fog, the glare of an arc-light. It belonged to the station. The place was deserted. Juan entered a gloomy waiting-room heaped with bundles and skins. There was a man with a lantern.

"Is that you?" he said to Juan.

"Yes."

"What makes you so late?"

"I've been saying good-bye to friends."

"Good. Your luggage is all ready. What time are you leaving?"

"Right away."

"Good."

Juan went to his uncle's house. Going to his room, he took a valise and a hand-bag, returning then to the platform. The bell rang announcing the departure of the train from the next station, and soon afterward a whistle was heard in the distance. The locomotive came rumbling along, belching puffs of smoke. Juan clambered into a third-class carriage.

"Good-bye, Uncle."

"Good-bye, and regards."

The train dashed off through the dark countryside as if in fear that it would never reach its destination. After half an hour it drew up alongside a small, deserted station composed of a zinc shed, a bench and a lantern. Juan gathered his luggage and jumped out of the carriage. At once the train resumed its journey. The night was cold; the moon had gone into hiding behind the distant horizon, and the stars were trembling in the lofty sky. From

near by came the confused, persistent swirling of the current. Juan walked over to the bank and opened his valise. Groping, he found his cloak, his three-cornered hat and his collegian's sash, his text-books and his notes. All this, with the exception of his linen, he replaced in the valise, adding a heavy stone; then, with an effort, he threw the load into the water, and the cloak, the three-cornered hat, the sash, the note-books, the tomes upon metaphysics and theology, sank to the bottom of the stream. This done, he left the spot and headed for the road.

"Ever forward," he murmured. "There's no turning back."

All night he tramped without meeting a soul; at daybreak he encountered a procession of ox-carts, loaded with sawed lumber, and bundles of rock-rose and gorse. Before each yoke, with their goads on their shoulders, marched women with their short skirts drawn up over their heads.

Juan learned from them which road he had to follow, and when the sun grew hot, he stretched himself out in the hollow of a boulder, upon a bed of dry leaves. He awoke at noon, ate a little bread, drank some water out of a brook, and before resuming his journey, read a section of Cæsar's *Commentaries*.

His spirit fortified by the reading, he arose and continued on his way. Amidst this solitude, his eagerly attentive soul found the country rich in interests. What a diversity of shapes! What a dif-

ference the trees displayed in the tinting of their foliage! Some were tall and robust and brave; others round, short and stocky; some were still green, others yellow; some a coppery red, others stripped of leaves, as bare as skeletons. Each, according to its kind, even gave out a distinctly different sound upon being struck by the wind; some trembled in every branch, like a paralytic in every limb; others doubled their bodies in a solemn reverence; others still, rigid and motionless evergreens, scarcely quivered in the squalls. Then came the sun to frolic in the leaves, painting these white and those red, while elsewhere it seemed to pierce holes of light in the mass of foliage. What a vast variety! At the touch of Nature, Juan felt his soul stir with feelings of infinite tenderness.

But he refused to surrender to his sentimentalism, and two or three times during the day he declaimed aloud the *Commentaries* of Cæsar. The reading acted as a tonic upon his will. . . .

One morning he was hurrying across a swampy fernbrake, when he was confronted by two guards armed with muskets, followed by dogs and a rabble of urchins. The dogs were nosing in the grass, barking away, but they discovered nothing.

"Here's some blood," indicated a boy.

"Then they've made off with the game," exclaimed one of the guards.

"This must be the fellow," and pouncing upon Juan, he gripped him tightly by the arm. "Did you pick up a dead hare hereabouts?"

"Not I," answered Juan.



"Yes you did. Out with it!" and the guard seized Juan by the ear.

"I've taken nothing. Let go."

"Search him."

The other guard took Juan's hand-bag and opened it. There was nothing inside.

"Then you've hidden it," declared the first guard, grasping Juan by the throat. "Tell us where it is."

"I tell you I've taken nothing!" exclaimed Juan, choking and filled with anger.

"You'll confess soon enough," muttered the guard, removing his belt and threatening him with it.

The urchins who had tagged after the officers in the hunt circled about Juan and laughed. Juan prepared to defend himself. The guard, somewhat intimidated, held back. At this juncture the group was joined by a gentleman in corduroy, with short trousers, leggings and a white, wide-brimmed hat.

"What's the trouble?" he bellowed furiously. "We've been waiting all this time. Why doesn't the hunt go on?"

The guard made explanations.

"Give him a good flogging," said the gentleman.

They were about to carry out orders when a boy came running up with the news that a stranger had been seen cutting across country with a hare in his hand.

"Then this fellow isn't the thief. Let's be going."

"By Christ," cried Juan to the guard, "if I ever get the chance, I'll have a cruel revenge!"

Hurrying along, gulping down tears of rage, he crossed the fernbrake and reached the main road. He had not proceeded a hundred paces when he came upon the man in hunting-costume standing in front of him, musket in hand.

"No passing!" shouted the huntsman.

"The road is public property," answered Juan, and continued on his way.

"No passing, I tell you."

Juan paid no attention; he hastened forward, head erect, without a glance behind. Suddenly a shot rang out and Juan felt a slight pain in the shoulder. He raised his hand to his coat and saw that it was stained with blood.

"You brute! You bandit!"

"I warned you. That'll teach you obedience," replied the hunter.

Juan went on his way. The pain in his shoulder kept growing worse.

He had a few céntimos left, so he knocked at the door of an inn that he found on the road. He entered the vestibule and told what had happened to him. The innkeeper brought him a little water to wash his wound and then she showed him to the straw loft. There was another man stretched out in the straw; hearing Juan's groans, he asked what was the matter. Juan told him, whereupon the man said:

"Let's have a look at it."

He took the lantern that the woman had left on the lintel of the door and inspected the wound.

"Three bird-shot wounds," he reported. "Rest a few days and they'll heal."

The pain was so intense that Juan could not sleep a wink. The next morning, at break of day, he arose and left the inn.

The man who had slept with him in the loft called out:

"Look here! Where are you bound?"

"Forward. I won't stop for a thing like this."

"You're a plucky fellow. Let's be moving."

Juan's shoulder was swollen and pained as he walked; but after two hours of tramping the ache disappeared. The man he had met in the loft was a wandering beggar.

After they had travelled for some time, he said to Juan:

"I'm sorry that I should have played you such a dirty trick on my account."

"On your account?" asked Juan.

"Yes, I'm the fellow that stole the hare. But we'll both dine on it to-day."

And indeed, when they reached the banks of a stream, the tramp made a fire and cooked a piece of the hare. They both ate and then resumed their journey.

Juan spent nearly a week in company of the vagabond. The fellow was a vulgar specimen, half beggar and half thief; not very intelligent but cunning. His one strong feeling was his hatred for the toiler, blended with a most emphatic anti-social instinct. In a town where some fairs were being held, the

tramp took up with some gipsies and disappeared together with them.

One day Juan was sitting on the grass along a road, when he was accosted by a pair of guards.

"What are you doing here?" asked one.

"I'm on the road."

"Got a passport?"

"No, sir."

"Then come along with us."

"As you say."

Juan thrust his book into his pocket and got up; the three started walking. One of the guards had huge, formidable moustaches and a terrible frown; the other looked like a rustic.

After a short while the man with the moustaches, eyeing Juan darkly, asked him:

"You've run away from home, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Where are you bound?"

"For Barcelona."

"Like this? On foot?"

"I haven't any money."

"Look here. Tell us the truth and we'll let you go."

"Well, the truth is that I've been studying for the priesthood and I've just thrown away my uniform."

"And well done," shouted he of the mustachios.

"But why don't you care to become a priest?" asked the other. "It's an easy job."

"I haven't the vocation."

"Besides, you'll like the girls," added the man with the moustaches.

"And what have your parents said to this?"

"I haven't any father or mother."

"Ah, then . . . then that's another matter . . . you're within your rights."

As he said this, the man with the mustachios smiled. At first sight he was an imposing fellow, but as he spoke, his eyes and his smile kindled with a broad expression of kindness.

"And what do you intend to do in Barcelona?"

"I want to become an artist."

"Do you know anything about the profession?"

"Yes, a little."

They walked along chatting, crossed some pinegroves that were flooded by a glorious sunlight, and drew near to a hamlet that nestled on the slope of a mountain. Juan, in turn, questioned the guards about the names of the plants and trees. It was evident that the two men had abandoned the threatening, sinister rôle of the soldier for the calm and philosophical manner of the countryman.

As they were entering the hilly high road that led to the town, they were approached by a man on horseback; he was quite old and wore a woollen cap.

"Hello, folks! Good afternoon!" he said.

"Hello, Doctor!"

"Who is this boy?"

"A chap we met on the road, reading."

"Is he your prisoner?"

"No."

The physician addressed several questions to Juan, who explained where he was going and what he intended to do. Thus engrossed in general conversation, they reached the village.

"Let's see an example of your skill," said the doctor. "We'll stop in here, in the alcalde's house."

The alcalde's house was one of those town stores where everything is sold—half home and half tavern.

"Let's have a sheet of white paper," said the doctor to the girl behind the counter.

"There isn't any," she answered, very ill-humouredly.

"Have you a plate?" asked Juan.

"Yes, I've got a plate sure enough."

A plate was brought and Juan sooted it over the oil-lamp. Then he took a bit of wood, whittled it to a point, and began to draw with it. The physician, the two guards and a few others who had happened in, gathered about the boy and followed his work with genuine curiosity. Juan sketched the moon sailing through the clouds over a sea bright with her beams, and some boats with sails outspread.

The drawing won general admiration.

"That doesn't amount to anything," said Juan. "I don't know how, yet."

"What do you mean, 'doesn't amount to anything'?" retorted the doctor. "It's very good. I'll take it. Come over to my house to-morrow."

You must make me a couple of plates like this, and an enlargement, too."

The two guards likewise wished Juan to make them a plate; but it must be just like the doctor's, with the same moon and the same clouds and the selfsame sailboats.

Juan spent the night at the tavern and the next day went to the doctor, who gave him a photograph to be copied and enlarged. The work took several days. In the meantime he boarded with the doctor, who was a widower with seven children. The eldest, a lass about Juan's age, with a long golden braid, was named Margarita and had charge of the house. Juan in his simple way told her the story of his life. After a week, taking leave of the family, he said to Margarita with a certain solemnity:

"If I ever succeed in my ambition, I'll write to you."

"Good," she answered, laughing.

Before he left the village, Juan went to say good-bye to the guards also.

"Are you going across the mountain or by the road?" asked he of the moustaches.

"I don't know."

"If you go by the mountain, we'll show you the way."

"Then I'll go by the mountain."

After a sleepless night upon the hard sack of straw, Juan rose at dawn. The guards were already in the tavern kitchen. The three departed.

The sun had not yet risen when they began the ascent over the zigzag trail that was strewn with white stones and wound up the mountain through stout, ruddy-leaved oaks. The sun came out; from the heights they could make out the village in the cup of a narrow valley; Juan strained his eyes for a sight of the physician's home; at one of the windows was a woman's figure. Juan pulled out his handkerchief and waved it; then furtively he wiped a tear. . . . They went on; from this point the path made a straight line down the side of a turfy slope where white and black flocks were at pasture in the sun; then the ways parted, to meet again farther on. They encountered a ragged old man with flowing locks and a shaggy beard. He was bare-foot, scantily clad, and bore a stone upon his shoulder. The two guards called to him: he looked at them out of the corner of his eye and continued on his way.

"He's a harmless old fellow," explained he of the moustaches. "He lives down yonder alone with his dog," and he pointed to a cattle-house, with a garden surrounded by a low wall built of large stones.

At the end of the path that crossed the slope, the road twisted off into some pine-groves until it ended near the dry bed of a stream heaped with dead branches. Here Juan and the guards began the ascent. It was a laborious climb. Juan, exhausted, rested at every moment, so that the guard with the moustaches shouted to him in a pompous voice:

"No stopping. The fellow who halts gets a drub-



bing." Then, smiling, and brandishing a stick that he had just cut off, he added: "Up, my boy!"

The ascent came to an end at the bed of the stream and they could rest in a mountain hut. From here there was a view of boundless expanses, distant chains that rose like blue ramparts, barren ranges, ochre-hued or pink, mountains leaning one against the other. The sun had gone into hiding; a number of huge violet clouds advanced slowly across the blue sky.

"You'll have to turn back with us, my boy," said the guard with the moustaches. "There's a storm brewing."

"I'll go on," answered Juan.

"In such haste, are you?"

"Yes. I don't want to turn back."

"Then don't lose any time, but hurry to reach that ravine. Shortly after you pass it, there's a hut where you can take shelter."

"Fine! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my lad!"

Juan was weary, but he arose and commenced to ascend the last spur of the mountain over a wild, rugged slope.

"There's no turning back.—Never," he muttered between his teeth.

The dense clouds were blotting out the sky; the wind blew thick and damp, saturated with the odour of the earth; on the mountain sides the hurricane squalls ruffled the tawny grass; on the summits the gusts scarcely stirred the ruddy-leaved tree-tops. Now the mountain sides were swathed in mist and

lost to view; the sky grew darker; a flock of birds winged shrieking overhead. . . .

The rumble of the thunder echoed from afar; a few big raindrops pattered in the foliage; the dry leaves whirled hither and thither in a frenzied dance; they flurried in eddies along the grass, leaped above the underbrush, scaled the trunks of the trees, then fell and eddied again along the paths. . . . Suddenly a frightful flash of lightning rent the air and at the same moment the clouds let loose a cataract. The wind bent the trees in a mad fury and seemed intent upon crushing them to earth.

Juan reached the topmost spot of the mountain, a passage flanked with walls of rock. The blasts of channelled wind opposed his advance.

The lightning flashed incessantly; the mountain, under a continuous illumination, trembled and quaked with the roar of the tempest and seemed on the verge of shattering.

"There's no turning back," muttered Juan to himself.

The beauty of the spectacle, instead of terrifying him, filled him with wonder. Upon the points of the jagged walls of sharp slate on either side the flashes fell like arrows.

Guided by the lightning, Juan made his way along the pass until he came to the outlet.

Having reached thus far, he paused a moment to rest. His heart was pounding violently; he could scarcely breathe.

The tempest was already receding; on the other

side of the ravine, the sun was shining upon the green patch of the pine groves . . . the clear, foaming water was rushing to meet the sweeping torrents; through the blackish masses of the clouds gleamed strips of blue sky.

“Forward ever!” muttered Juan. And he continued on his way.



PART ONE



## CHAPTER I

A Sepulchral District—Transcendental Divagations—Electricity and Tonsorial Artistry—Queer Types and Kindly Folk

THE house stood on that nameless little square which was crossed by the Calle de Magallanes, near some old, abandoned cemeteries. The square was bounded, on one side, by a few filthy shanties that formed a curve, and on the other, by a low, yellow structure that jammed against a long wall. This yellow building, with its slaty arch, its iron roof and its bell, was, to judge from a half-effaced sign, the parochial church of Our Lady of Sorrows.

To the right and left of this church rose a half-crumbled wall; at the left, the wall was low and had a little gate, through the grating of which could be seen the cemetery with its empty niches and its decaying arches; to the right, however, the wall, after bounding the square, turned off at an obtuse angle, forming one of the sides of the Calle de Magallanes, thus linking itself to the gates and walls, the huts and fences of various cemeteries that rose one above the other. These burial grounds comprised the General Cemetery of the North, the Sacramental of San Luís, of San Ginés, and the Patriarcal.

From where the walls came to an end in the open country, one could make out upon a hill the pointed tops of the cypresses in the cemetery of San Martín, which stood out rigidly against the horizon.

From what has been said, it may be understood that few streets could present loftier or more pre-eminent credentials for the titles of sepulchral and funereal than that of Magallanes.

In Madrid, where the professional street does not exist, where everything is confused and denaturalized, the Calle de Magallanes was an honourable exception; for it was exclusively funereal—uniquely and indivisibly funerary—and was frankly specialized. In this respect of specialization it might be compared only with some alley or other of the slums, or with the Calle de la Justa, to-day named Ceres. The latter street, above all, gallantly dedicated to the goddess of agricultural labours, with its low-roofed shacks where soldiers hold their carousals; this street, the remnant of the old brothel, populated by coarse women with cigarettes in their mouths, who chat from their doors, fondle the children, throw coins to the organ-grinders, and are moved to enthusiasm or tears by the sad ballads about prison and dead mothers—this street might sustain comparison with Magallanes; it might, without protest, be christened the street of Love, just as Magallanes might with justice claim the name Death street.

Another somewhat paradoxical quality linked these two streets; this was, that just as Ceres, because it was so frankly amorous, summoned



thoughts of corrosive sublimate and, at length, death, so did Magallanes, because of its extraordinarily funereal character, seem at times a jovial street, nor was it rarely that one encountered on it some workingman brimful of wine, singing lustily away, or a vagabond couple squatting on the ground, recalling the love of their youthful days.

The nameless square, crossed by the Calle de Magallanes, sloped downward into a continuation of that street; on the other side it rose to a higher level which formed something like a clearing before the church. On this clearing or landing, adorned in the middle with a large stone cross, the urchins of the neighbourhood would forgather for their games.

All the houses that fronted the square and the street were humble dwellings, the majority of them consisting of a single low story, with a large patio and numbered doors; they were almost all new, and in that whole line there was but a single house receding from the rest—a tiny, russet-walled, one-story cottage.

The cottage had a warped, overhanging roof, an entrance door in the middle; to one side of the door was a barber-shop and to the other an iron-barred window.

Certain houses, like human beings, have an expression all their own, and surely this one had; its front resembled the face of a jovial, rejuvenated old fellow; the balconies, with their white curtains and their pots of red geranium and green nasturtiums, beneath the twisted, prominent eaves,

looked like lively eyes shaded by the brim of a slouch hat.

The front of the barber-shop was painted blue and bore a white inscription which read:

LA ANTISÉPTICA  
ARTISTIC TONSORIAL PARLOUR

On the walls on either side of the shop were allegorical paintings; that on the left represented blood-letting, with an arm which spurted a red stream that landed with mathematical exactitude in the bottom of a glass; on the right could be seen a vessel filled with dark ribbons. After having contemplated these for some time, the observer would venture the query whether the artist had tried to depict a hatchery of those Annelida commonly called leeches.

Blood-letting! Leeches! To how many medico-surgical reflections did not these elegant allegories lend themselves!

On the other side of the entrance door, upon the pane of the barred window, written in black letters, was the inscription:

REBOLLEDO  
MECHANIC-ELECTRICIAN  
LIGHTS, BELLS, MOTORS AND DYNAMOS  
INSTALLED  
ENTER THROUGH THE MAIN DOOR

And lest there be any doubt on that score, a

hand poised in imperative gesture pointed to the door; a somewhat gratuitous officiousness, since that was the only entrance to the house.

The three balconies of the single story, very low and almost square, were heaped with flowers. The green curtain of the middle balcony, before it reached the balustrade, bellied out as it passed over a projecting cleat; in this way, the curtain did not cover the balcony completely and left exposed a sign which read:

### EMBROIDERER INSTRUCTION GIVEN

The entrance vestibule was fairly wide; at the rear was a door which led to a tiny back yard; to one side rose sheer an ancient pine staircase that echoed every footfall.

There was very little traffic in these parts; in the morning, wagons would rumble by with loads of stone cut in the local quarry, and tip-carts filled with rubbish.

Then the street would sink into silence and nobody would be seen through the hours of the day except suspicious-looking characters.

Some ragpicker, seated upon the steps of the large stone cross, would gaze in philosophic contemplation at his tatters; women would come by with their baskets on their arms; a stray huntsman, with his gun on his shoulder, would cross the untilled fields.

By late afternoon the square would be invaded

by the troop of children from a primary school; labourers ambled by on their way back from the Tercer Depósito, where they worked; and by nightfall, when the red lights of the west had grown dim and the stars began to twinkle in the sky, there came the sweet, sad tinkling of the bells from a flock of goats. . . .

One afternoon in April, Perico and Manuel were chatting in the shop of Rebolledo, the mechanic-electrician.

"Aren't you going out to-day?" asked Perico.

"Who goes out in weather like this? It's going to pour again."

"That's so."

Manuel went over to the window and looked out. The sky was overcast; the atmosphere, grey; smoke was gushing from the chimney of a factory, enveloping in its coils the brick tower and the slaty cupola of a church near by. The approach to the parish church of Our Lady was submerged in mud, and on the Calle de Magallanes, the road, rutted by rain and wheels, was gashed with deep flooded furrows.

"And La Salvadora?" asked Perico.

"She's well."

"Is she better now?"

"Yes. It wasn't anything serious . . . an attack of dizziness."

"She works hard."

"Yes; altogether too much. I tell her so, but she doesn't listen to me."

"You folks are going to get rich quick. You make plenty and you spend next to nothing."

"Psch! . . . I don't know."

"Bah! . . . you 'don't know'!"

"No, really. Those women have saved up some money; no doubt about that. But I don't know how much. . . . Certainly not enough to start anything with."

"And what would you go into if you had the money?"

"Why! . . . I'd take over a printing-shop."

"And what does La Salvadora think of it?"

"Well, you see, since she's such a determined sort, she believes that you can accomplish anything with will and patience, and whenever I tell her that there's a press for sale or a place to be got, she makes me go and look them over. . . . But that's all far off, yet; perhaps later we'll be able to do something."

Manuel's gaze wandered back to the window, while Perico eyed him curiously. It began to rain; thick drops fell like pearls of steel and leaped from the dirty water of the puddles; shortly afterward a gust of wind drove the clouds away and the sun came out; the room grew light; in a few moments it clouded over again and Perico Rebolledo's shop was left in darkness.

Manuel followed the transformations of the pitch-black smoke exhaled by the factory chimney; now it belched obliquely into the greyish atmosphere; again it thinned to a slender ribbon that grazed the edge of the funnel like the waters of a

languishing fountain, and spread down the walls of the chimney; at other times it rose like a pillar straight into the sky, and when it was struck by a squall the wind seemed violently to wrench tatters of smoke from it and send them flying through space.

The room in which Perico and Manuel were chatting was the electrician's workshop—a tiny, low-ceilinged compartment that recalled a bunk on a ship. On the ledge of the window was a box filled with earth, out of which rose a vine that passed outside through a hole in the wood. In the middle of the room was the working-table, and, connected with this, a carpenter's bench with its vice. At one side of the window, on the wall, was a weight-clock of gaily coloured wood, and on the other a tall bookcase containing a few volumes, and on the uppermost shelf a plaster cast, which from its heights looked down with a certain Olympian disdain upon everybody. In addition, there was on the walls a frame for the testing of electric bulbs, two or three maps, coils of flexible cord, and in the rear a very old and voluminous closet, barely holding together. On top of this hulk, amidst metal and porcelain keys, could be made out a strange apparatus whose practical application was hard to guess at first sight, and perhaps likewise at second.

It was a mechanical contrivance run by electricity, which Perico had for a long time displayed in his show-window as an advertisement of his profession. An electric motor worked a pump, which, in turn, drew water from a zinc trough and carried it to a

glass depository, situated above; from here the water passed through a little pipe and after turning a wheel fell into the trough whence it had come. This continuous manœuvre of the apparatus attracted unendingly a crowd of children and idlers. Perico wearied of exhibiting it, because the spectators swarmed to the window and deprived him of light.

“Yes, sir,” continued Perico, after a long interval of silence, “you ought to set up in business as soon as you can and get married.”

“Married? To whom?”

“Listen to him! To whom? To La Salvadora, of course. Your sister, the little boy, you and her . . . you could all get along first-rate.”

“La Salvadora’s a very queer article, my boy,” said Manuel. “Do you understand her? Well, neither do I. I think she likes me a little. I’m one of the household, you see—like the cat. But as for the rest . . .”

“And how about you?”

“Why, I don’t know whether I like her or not.”

“Still have the other one on your mind?”

“She loved me, at least.”

“But it didn’t prevent her leaving you; La Salvadora loves you.”

“How do I know?”

“Don’t talk that way. If it hadn’t been for her, where would you be now?”

“A tramp.”

“That’s just what.”

"I don't doubt it, I tell you. But love and gratitude are two different things."

"And don't you feel anything more than gratitude toward her?"

"To tell the truth, I don't know. It seems to me I could do anything for her. But she awes me, as if she were an elder sister—almost as if she were my mother."

Manuel cut his talk short, for at this moment the electrician's father, Rebolledo the hunchback, walked into the shop with a friend.

The new arrivals made a pair of extravagant types. Rebolledo the father wore a derby the colour of coffee and milk, with a green band; an almost purple coat; yellowish trousers the colour of a smallpox flag, and a cane with a horn handle.

His friend was a diminutive, foxy-looking old gentleman with beady, shining eyes, a violaceous nose streaked with veiny lines, and clipped, greyish moustaches. He was dressed in his Sunday best. His coat was of a material as hard as rock; his trousers were corduroy; his cane was made of playing-cards and topped by a ball; from his waistcoat hung a watch chain strung with charms. This gentleman was named Canuto, Señor Canuto, and he lived in one of the houses close by the Patriarcal Cemetery.

"Isn't your sister here?" asked Rebolledo, the barber, of Manuel.

"No, as you can see."

"But she'll be down soon?"

"I think so."



"I'll go call her."

The hunchback went out to the door and shouted several times:

"*Señá Ignacia! Señá Ignacia!*"

"Coming!" someone answered from upstairs.

"Want to play?" the barber asked Manuel.

"Why . . . to tell the truth, I'm not interested."

"How about you?" he added, turning to his son.

"No, Father. No."

"Very well; as you please."

"These youngsters find no pleasure in manual diversions," declared Señor Canuto, very solemnly.

"Psch! If there's only three of us, we'll play *tute arrastrado*," growled the barber.

Ignacia came into the room; she was between thirty and forty, and generously bedaubed with cosmetics. She was soon followed by La Salvadora.

"And Enrique?" inquired Manuel of her.

"In the side patio, playing."

"How about a game?" asked Rebolledo of the girl.

"Very well."

"Then we're two against two."

"They've hooked you this time," said Perico to La Salvadora. "I pity you."

"You keep your mouth shut," cried the barber. "These youngsters are a couple of fools. Here, take a seat, Salvadora. You and I against *Señá Ignacia* and *Señor Canuto*. We'll beat 'em; you'll see . . . even though they're a pair of sharks. You cut, *Señá Ignacia*. . . . Let's begin."

The two men and Ignacia were absorbed in their

game; La Salvadora could not keep her mind on the cards, yet she won.

Meantime, Perico and Manuel were chatting by the window. The splash of the thick, noisy rain-drops sounded from the street. Perico was explaining the various things he was planning, among which was an invention that he felt was practically completed: the simplification of arc-lights. He was thinking of taking out a patent and marketing it.

Though the electrician spoke earnestly to Manuel, he did not remove his eyes from La Salvadora, whom he wrapped in a humble, ardent gaze. At this moment a head appeared outside the window, and for a long time peered into the shop.

"Who's that peeping Tom?" asked Rebolledo.

Manuel edged up to the window. It was a young man dressed in black; a thin, pale fellow with a pointed hat and long hair. The young man had stepped back into the middle of the street, the better to observe the house.

"He seems to be looking for something," said Manuel.

"Who is it?" asked La Salvadora.

"A queer-looking duck with long hair who's lurking about the place and getting drenched to the skin," answered Perico.

La Salvadora got up to take a look at him.

"He must be some painter," she said.

"Then he's chosen pretty bad weather for his work," commented Señor Canuto.

The young man, after a thorough inspection of

the house, decided to make inquiries at the door.

"Let's see what he wants," muttered Manuel. Opening the door of the room, he stepped outside, where the long-haired young man was standing, attended by a black dog with long, fine hair.

"Does Manuel Alcázar live here?" asked the youth, with a slightly foreign accent.

"Manuel Alcázar? That's me!"

"You? . . . Yes, it's you. . . . Don't you know me? I'm Juan."

"Juan what?"

"Juan . . . your brother."

"You're Juan? But where are you coming from? Where have you been?"

"I come from Paris, boy. But let me have a look at you." And Juan drew Manuel into the street. "Yes, now I recognize you," he said, embracing him and flinging his arms around his brother's neck. "But how you've changed! How different you look!"

"You're just the same, though, and here it's fifteen years since we've seen each other."

"And our sisters?"

"One of them lives with me. Come into the house."

Manuel, overwhelmed by the unexpected arrival of his brother, led the way to the upper story.

Rebolledo, Señor Canuto and the others, in the utmost astonishment, had witnessed the meeting from the door of the shop.

## CHAPTER II

The Life Led by Manuel—The Dwarf's Circle—Señor Canuto and His Phraseology

**M**ANUEL had succeeded at last in getting on the right track, putting order into his work and his life. During the first year, his friendship with Jesús had on several occasions led him astray. Then they stopped living together. La Fea had married El Aristón, and Ignacia, Manuel's sister, had been left a widow. She had no means of earning a living; all she could do was wail, and her wailing persuaded Manuel to come to stay with her.

La Salvadora had gone to live with La Fea, whom she considered as her sister; within a few days, however, she had left the house because Jesús gave her no rest with his insistence that she take up with him. La Salvadora had then joined Manuel and La Ignacia.

They agreed that she should contribute part of her earnings to La Ignacia, to cover the expense of her brother's meals and her own. They went house-hunting and found a place on the Calle de Magallanes, which, in addition to the low rent, was near the shop where Manuel worked.

Within a short time they gave up their separate

accounts. La Salvadora took charge of the money, while La Ignacia assumed the domestic burdens, cooked the meals, and continued bewailing her bitter lot.

With the purpose of freeing themselves from the exploitation of the shirt-manufacturers, La Fea and La Salvadora had, between them, opened on the Calle del Pez a shop for children's apparel. Every morning La Salvadora went to their place of business; in the afternoon she worked at home. Then it occurred to her that she might invest these hours profitably in giving embroidery lessons; without delay she put out her sign on the balcony and within four or five months had something like twenty little pupils coming to her every afternoon with their frames.

This working mornings in the shop, teaching in the afternoons, and attending to the house at night, coupled with loss of sleep, kept the girl thin and her eyes sunken in dark rings. She did not recall what she had been like as a child; her character had softened so perceptibly that it was hard to recognize her. The one trait that persisted was her fondness for work. At twenty, La Salvadora had become a tall, slender maiden, with a waist that might have been girdled by a garter, and a small head.

Her nose was short, her eyes large and dark, her profile even, with a chin that came out just enough to lend her a firm, commanding expression. She wore bangs that reached to her eyebrows and almost concealed her forehead, thus lending her an even more imperious air.

On the street she almost invariably walked with a forbidding frown, but whenever she spoke or smiled there was a fascinating change.

Her expression was a blend of kindness, bitterness and timidity, which won ready sympathy. Her smile lighted her whole face. At times, however, her lips would contract so sarcastically, so piercingly, that then her smile seemed to cut like a knife-blade.

This face, so rich in expression, which at times showed irony and charm, and at others a sort of languorous, restrained suffering, woke at length a vehement desire to know what was going on inside that wilful head. La Salvadora, like almost all energetic and somewhat romantic women, was extremely fond of animals; with her about, the house very soon took on the appearance of Noah's Ark. There were hens, pigeons, a brood of rabbits in the yard, two canaries, a finch and a red kitten named Roch.

Sometimes Manuel, when he got through early at the printing-shop, would stroll down the Calle Ancha and wait for La Salvadora. The seamstresses would go by in groups, joking, almost all of them very smartly dressed and elegantly combed; most of them were slender, delicate, with faces that betrayed anæmia, eyes that darted with malice, dark, green and grey; some wore mantillas, others cloaks, with their heads bare. In the midst of such a group as this, La Salvadora would appear, in winter with a cloak, in summer with her bright suit, her gathered mantilla, the shears hanging from her

neck. She would leave her friends and come over to Manuel, and the couple would walk up the street chatting about everything under the sun, or at times without exchanging a word.

It flattered Manuel to have people think that La Salvadora was his sweetheart. It filled him with pride to see her draw near and take his arm, and to catch the mocking glances of her companions.

Manuel had been living on the Calle de Magallanes for two years, when the Rebolledos hired the lower floor of the house. The hunchback installed the barber-shop and his son's shop as well. They were both sailing on the crest of their good fortune; the barber had become transformed into a tonsorial artist, and his Antiseptic Barber-Shop that had graced the wall of the Rastro had been rechristened, on the Calle de Magallanes, La Antiséptica, Artistic Tonsorial Parlour. Perico Rebolledo had become a man. After three years' apprenticeship to an electrical engineer, he had learned so many things that Father Rebolledo did not dare to engage in discussion with him, lest he betray his ignorance.

The hunchback felt an admixture of pride and envy; only when arguing with his son did he feel envy more than anything else; but in the presence of strangers the praise showered upon Perico filled him with pride and jubilation.

Whenever he possibly could, the hunchback left his barber-shop in charge of a young man as flat as a flounder, with less forehead than a chimpanzee, and with hair glued down by pots of pomade. Then Rebolledo would make for his son's store,

"If only a fellow didn't have to be for ever shaving beards!" he would grumble, moodily.

It was only when he closed up shop that the man felt at ease. He would sniff around inspecting Perico's work, and find fault with everything. Since, through lack of mathematical knowledge, he had never reached an understanding of how to solve problems upon paper, he would take refuge in demonstrating his superiority in details, in those things that required skill and patience.

"But see here, my boy, this hasn't been properly filed. Fetch me that file, man. You don't know how to do anything."

Perico would humour him.

The hunchback had discovered that the electricity meter registered too low or not at all, thus causing a tremendous waste of current.

Often La Ignacia, La Salvadora and Manuel, after having put the child to bed, would step down into the shop. Manuel talked of the printery and the workingmen's struggles; La Salvadora spoke of her shop and her little pupils; Perico expatiated upon his plans, while the old gentleman would play *tute* with La Ignacia or let his fancy range free.

During the height of the winter the hunchback or La Ignacia would fill a brazier with pea coal and pass the evening in its glow.

Some nights there would be a gentle tap at the window; La Ignacia would open the door and footsteps would be heard in the alley. In would strut Señor Canuto, wrapped in his brown cape, his fur



cap thrust down over his ears, a short pipe clamped between his teeth.

"Brrr, but it's cold!" he would exclaim, rubbing his hands. "Good evening, everybody!"

"Ah, there, Señor Canuto!" the rest would chorus.

"Have a seat," the hunchback would say, pointing to a chair.

The man would sit down and join in the game.

Then would follow a question that they asked him every night, and not without malice.

"What's the news? What's doing, Señor Canuto?"

"Nothing. Idle talk, that's all," he would reply. "*Cuchichi, cuchicha . . . cuchichear. Gas, gush . . . gossip.*"

His hearers would smile and there were times when La Salvadora could not keep in her laughter.

Señor Canuto, the veterinarian, was a queer type—a rather misanthropic fellow who lived in one of the cottages of the Patriarcal Cemetery.

He had been a militant anarchist and a Murguist, but it was a long time since he had been active in either cause. This man read neither books nor newspapers, nor anything else, yet he was well informed on many topics. He had managed to turn his head into a veritable encyclopædia of domestic knowledge, and as he was gifted with prudence and wisdom, he retained everything he heard. Then he would discourse upon the things he had heard, study them from every angle, and arrive at his own conclusions. Thus it was that during his solitary

strolls he found solutions for every human problem, even the most transcendental and abstruse. So ferocious was his individualism that he had transformed even the language to suit his own particular whims.

Whenever he muttered, in an "aside": "Theories, allegories, botchery!" it signified that he considered what had just been told him as a sorry, silly tale.

On the other hand, whenever he asserted: "That joins . . . yes, that joins excellently well," it signified that he was pleased.

And finally, when he actually exclaimed: "I tell you, that fellow has stamped his seal on it and he's got the thing joined as neat as can be," it meant that in his opinion the thing could not be done better.

In addition to tampering with the meaning and the pronunciation of words, he rendered them even less comprehensible by curtailment. Thus, *el depen* stood for *el dependiente* (employee, clerk); *el coci* stood for *el cocido* (a dish of boiled meat and vegetables); *la galli* meant *la gallina* (hen). Not content even with this, he often gave his words any ending that occurred to him, saying *el depen-dista*, *la galli-menta*, *el coci-mento* and *burg-ante* instead of *burgués* (bourgeois).

Señor Canuto was an intimate friend of Rebolledo. Thus one said of the other:

"He is one of the few intelligent men in all Spain."

These meetings were generally suspended dur-

ing the summer, that the circle might enjoy the open air.

On July or August evenings they would sometimes go to the boulevard on the Calle de Caranza, refreshing themselves there with orgeat or lemon ice; by eleven or half-past they would be back home.

Summer or winter, the life of the two families flowed on peacefully, without either disputes or deep satisfactions; but also without great sorrows.

## CHAPTER III

### The Two Brothers—Juan's Story—Recollections of Hunger and Bohemia

**M**ANUEL led his brother upstairs and showed him into the dining-room. Manuel was completely upset; his brother's arrival had simply overwhelmed him. What could he have come for?

"You've got a cosy place here," commented Juan, appraising the neat little room with the round table in the middle and the sideboard well stocked with bottles.

"Yes."

"And sister?"

"She'll be right along. I don't know what she's doing. Ignacia!" he called, from the doorway.

La Ignacia came in, and received her brother with greater surprise than satisfaction. Her daily life had already slipped into a smooth groove and her selfishness felt uneasy in the presence of a new factor that might disturb her routine.

"And where has this dog come from?" she asked, somewhat scared.

"That's mine," said Juan.

When La Salvadora entered Juan could not control a start of surprise.

"This is a friend who lives with us like a sister," mumbled Manuel.

As he spoke, Manuel felt embarrassed, and La Salvadora caught his embarrassment; Juan bowed, and an unanimated conversation began among them. La Salvadora's little brother soon came running into the room; Juan fondled him, but did not ask who he was; the child began to play with the dog. Juan's discretion in keeping silence only added to the general discomfiture; La Salvadora's cheeks flamed as if they were on the point of spurting blood, and, stammering some excuse or other, she left the room.

"And tell us what you've done! How have you lived all this time?" asked Manuel, mechanically.

Juan told how he had abandoned the seminary; but his brother did not hear, so disturbed he was by La Salvadora's excitement.

Then Juan went on about his life in Paris—a workingman's life, making gewgaws and bibelots and rings, while he studied in the Louvre and the Luxembourg and toiled away at home, filled with enthusiasm.

Scattered through his recollections were artistic impressions, and he mentioned Rodin and Meunier with a fiery spirit altogether in contrast to the coldness with which Ignacia and Manuel listened; then he expounded his notions upon art; he aimed at producing that new art, so exuberant and throbbing with life, which, in the hands of two sculptors—one a Frenchman, the other a Belgian—had modernized all sculpture. He wished to emancipate art

from the severe and majestic classical formula of antiquity; he wished to fire it with passion; he dreamed of creating a social art for the masses—an art that should prove fruitful to all mankind, not the petty property of a clique.

In his enthusiasm, Juan forgot that he was speaking a language his brother and sister did not understand.

“Have you found lodgings already?” asked Manuel, during a pause in Juan’s account.

“Yes.”

“Won’t you have supper with us?”

“No. Not to-day. To-morrow. What time is it?”

“Six.”

“So? Then I’ll have to be going.”

“But listen. How did you manage to locate me?”

“By sheer accident. I was talking to a sculptor—a friend of mine by the name of Alex.”

“Yes, I know him. And how did he know where I was living?”

“He didn’t. He sent me to an Englishman named Roberto, and that gentleman knew where you were employed as a typesetter. Of course he asked me to invite you over to see him.”

“Where does he live?”

“At the Hôtel de Paris.”

“Well, I’ll certainly go! What? Leaving so soon?”

“Yes, I’ll be here again to-morrow.”

Juan left. La Ignacia, La Salvadora and Man-

uel made him the subject of lengthy commentaries. La Ignacia was the most indignant of all at the recent arrival; she imagined he would try to live at their expense; La Salvadora found him quite attractive; Manuel said nothing.

The following day, when Manuel reached home, he found his brother chatting in the dining-room with La Ignacia and La Salvadora.

"Ah, there! Staying for supper?"

"Yes."

"See if you can't have something extra to-night," said Manuel to La Ignacia. "This fellow must be accustomed to dining well."

"Now, now!"

Manuel noticed that within a short while Juan had succeeded in ingratiating himself with the two women; La Salvadora's little brother chatted with him as if they were lifelong friends.

They lighted up, set the table, and sat down to eat.

"What a charming little room this is!" exclaimed Juan. "One can see that you live well."

"Yes," replied Manuel with a certain indifference, "we're not so badly off."

"That fellow," interjected La Ignacia, "will never tell you that things are going well. Anything outside the house looks better to him. Aye, good Lord in heaven! What a topsyturvy world!"

"Topsyturvy nothing!" retorted Manuel. "I never said anything of the kind."

"That's all you ever say," chimed La Salvadora.

"Have it your way, then. What an opinion

women have of a fellow! Take a lesson right here, Juan. Don't ever live with a woman."

"With a decent woman, he means," interrupted La Salvadora, amiably sarcastic. "It's all right if she's an outcast. Those street-women are very kind-hearted, according to this chap."

"And that's the truth," flung back Manuel.

"He'll learn better," exclaimed La Ignacia.

"Don't pay any attention to him," muttered La Salvadora. "He just likes to hear the sound of his voice."

Manuel burst into such hearty laughter that the others had to join in.

"I must make a bust of you," the sculptor suddenly suggested to La Salvadora.

"Of me?"

"Yes. Just your face. Don't be alarmed. We'll begin as soon as you have any time to spare. If I finish it before the end of the month, I'll take it to the Exhibition."

"Why, is there anything striking about my face?"

"Nothing at all," said Manuel, in jest.

"Yes, there is. It's very striking, indeed. It will be exceedingly difficult to catch the expression."

"It certainly will; yes, sir," agreed Manuel.

"And why?" asked La Salvadora, colouring slightly.

"Because you have a special type of face. You're not like us, for example, always handsome, well dressed, distinguished-looking. . . . No, not you. One day you're pale and ugly, all out of



joint, weak; and the next, rosy, and almost, almost good-looking."

"Boy, how silly you talk!"

"Is she very nervous?" asked Juan.

"No," answered La Ignacia. "The trouble is, she works like a horse, and one of these days she's going to get sick. Señor Canuto has already warned her. The least little thing is likely to take her down. . . ."

"There's an authority for you!" laughed La Salvadora. "A veterinary! Now, there's a fellow you ought to make a bust of; he's got a rare face for you, no doubt of that."

"No, I'm not interested in veterinaries. But, really. Haven't you an hour to spare during the day when you can pose for me?"

"Yes," said Manuel. "I should say so!"

"And shall I have to sit still, still as anything? For if so, I can't do it."

"No. You'll be able to talk, and rest whenever you feel like it."

"And what are you going to make the bust in?"

"First in clay, then in plaster or marble."

"No more talk, then," said Manuel. "We'll begin to-morrow. Settled."

They were eating dessert when there was a knock at the door, and in came the two Rebolledos and Señor Canuto. Manuel introduced them to Juan, and they all chatted over the coffee. Juan, at the request of the barber, spoke of the novelties he had seen in Paris, Brussels and London.

Perico asked a number of questions related to

electrical subjects; Rebolledo the elder and Señor Canuto listened intently, trying to engrave all they heard deep in the tablets of their memory.

"Yes," commented Señor Canuto, "those are the cities where folks certainly know what life is."

"It takes a lot of hard work to reach the top," answered Juan, "but the man with the talent gets there. Society doesn't let anybody's intelligence go to waste. There are plenty of free schools. . . ."

"That's the point. And that's what we don't have here," said Rebolledo. "I really believe that if I had a place to study at, I'd have become an expert mechanic, just as Señor Canuto would have become a good physician."

"Not I," dissented the old man.

"Yes, you."

"Some years ago, maybe. When I arrived here and got my machine running, I don't know whether it was due to the first expansion of the gases, but I rose and rose and rose, gradually, of course; and then came the collapse. I can't say whether my brain's turned into a snail or a crab, but I go on living, crawling backwards, backwards. Yes, sir."

This strange discourse was accompanied by gestures no less strange, and filled Juan with a certain stupefaction.

"Why don't you talk like everybody else, Señor Canuto?" asked La Salvadora, banteringly, in a low voice.

"If I were twenty," and the old fellow winked slyly, "my paraphrase would be more to your taste.

I know you, my dear little Salvadora. You know my saying: *Cuchici, cūchicha . . . cuchichear.*"

They all burst out laughing.

"And how did you get to Paris?" asked Perico. "Did you go there right after running away from the seminary?"

"I should say not! Before I got there, I lived through some infernal experiences."

"Let's hear all about it. Do," urged Manuel.

"Oh, it's not much. For about a month I wandered from town to town, until at Tarazona I joined a road company composed of a single family. The director and leading man was named Don Teofilo García; his brother, who played the juvenile lead, was Maximiano García; their father was Don Simaco García, and he played the old men's parts. Everybody was a García there. It was the most ordered, economical and bourgeois family imaginable. Doña Celsa, Don Simaco's wife, who played the old lady rôles, would study her part while she cooked the meals; Teofilo carried a side line of neckties and buttons; Don Simaco sold books; Maximiano earned a few pesetas at billiards, and the girls—there were four of them: Teolinda, Berenguela, Mencia and Sol—each uglier than the next—devoted their spare hours to tatting. I started in as a prompter, and we performed in numerous towns of Aragón and Catalonia. One night, at Reus, we had given *La Cruz del Matrimonio* (The Trials of Marriage); after the play was over, Maximiano and I went off to the Casino. While he was playing, I noticed a young fellow at my side

drawing a pencil-portrait of a gentleman. I began to do likewise on the back sheet of an announcement.

“When he had finished his drawing, he gave it to the gentleman, who paid him a duro; then the fellow came over to where I was, and looked at my sketch. ‘That’s good work,’ he said. ‘Did you ever study drawing?’ I answered: ‘No.’ ‘Well, you’ve got the gift. Take my word for it.’ We got to talking. He told me that he travelled afoot through the country-side making sketches, and that he was on his way to Barcelona. I told him the story of my own life. We struck up a friendship, and when we had finished chatting, he said: ‘Why don’t you join me?’ So I left the actors and went off with him.

“This fellow was a queer one. He had turned tramp through his own inclination, and loved to be for ever on the move. He carried a bundle slung over his shoulder and a frying-pan inside. He bought his provisions whenever he struck a town, and he himself would build a fire and cook them.

“We shared alike, good and bad, sleeping in the open or in hay-lofts. In some towns, because we had let our hair grow so long, they wanted to run us out; in others we got along swimmingly. About half-way on our journey, in one place that we struck almost dead with hunger, we met a guy with long, shaggy hair and pretty ragged clothes, with a violin under his arm. He was Italian. ‘Are you fellows artists?’ he asked. ‘Yes,’ my companion answered. ‘Painters?’ ‘Yes, sir; paint-

ers.' 'Oh, excellent! You have saved my life. I've contracted for the restoration of two paintings in the church, at fifty duros apiece, and I can't paint. I'm stalling off the priest and the mayor with a tale that I have to wait for special pigments coming from Paris. If you fellows want to take the job, we'll divide on the profits.'

"We took the job, and my comrade and I found lodgings at an inn. We began the work, and by hook or crook we managed to complete the restoration of one of the paintings. The town officials were pleased. So we collected our fifty duros. But when it came to divide them, there was a dispute between my friend and the Italian, because the fiddler wanted a half and my friend would give him only a third. The Italian seemed to agree; on the next day, however, from what we learned afterwards, he went off to the mayor and told him: 'I have to go to Barcelona to purchase pigments, and I'd like to have you advance me some money.' The mayor took his word for it, and paid him in advance the fifty duros due on the second restoration.

"We didn't see the Italian all that day. That night we went to the circle which met in the town apothecary's, and there the mayor says to us: 'So that Italian fellow had to go to Barcelona, didn't he?' I was about to answer: 'No'; but my friend stepped on my toe and I shut up. When we left the apothecary's, my chum said to me: 'That Italian has made off with the cash; we can't pay our board bill. If we stay on here, we're liable to

have something broken. Better let's skip this very moment.'

"We made a dash for it and didn't stop for two days. A week later, we reached Barcelona, and as we found no work, we spent a whole summer living on two rolls a day and sleeping on the public benches. At last an order came in: a portrait that I executed, and for which I received fifty pesetas. Never was money so well spent. With these ten duros we rented a garret at thirty reales per month, bought two second-hand blankets, a pair of shoes for each of us, and had some change left over, at that, for a pot of stew, some coal and a sack of potatoes, which we carried on our shoulders, between the two of us, from the market to the attic.

"We lived like this for a year, studying many a day without so much as a crumb passing our lips: but this friend of mine couldn't stand it, being for ever in the same place, so he up and went. I was left alone; within a short time I began to sell some of my paintings and went in for sculpture. I worked at my clay, kept at it without let-up until in some way or other something came out of it. I exhibited a few statuettes at the Exposition, and sold them. And here's a funny thing: the first order I got of any importance came from a seminary—busts of some of the professors. I got my money and went off to Paris. At first, things didn't go at all well; I lived in a high attic, and whenever it rained hard, the water dripped into my room. Then I found work at a jeweller's, and as I learned the trade I designed models for rings. The Salon

season came around, and I exhibited my group, The Rebels; the Parisian newspapers took it up, and now I have enough orders to allow me to live in ease. That's the story of my life thus far."

"Why, then, you're a made man," declared Señor Canuto, rising from his chair. "And truly, I am honoured to offer you my hand. Yes, sir!"

"That's what you call an able fellow," said Rebolledo.

It was nearing eleven; time to go to bed.

"How about coming out for a walk?" said Juan to his brother.

"No, Manuel doesn't go out nights," answered La Ignacia.

"Because he has to get up early," added La Salvadora.

"See that?" exclaimed Manuel. "There's woman's tyranny for you. And all for what? For your daily wage, that's all. Don't imagine it's because they're afraid I'll catch cold. No. It's for the precious day's pay."

"At what time shall I come to start work on your bust?" asked Juan.

"Will five be convenient?"

"Excellent. I'll be here at five sharp."

Señor Canuto, the Rebolledos and Juan took their leave and separated at the outside door.

## CHAPTER IV

The Bust of La Salvadora—Impressions of Kiss—Bad News—La Violeta—Life Is Not All Sorrow

THE bust of La Salvadora executed by Juan was, for a month, the talk of the house. Every day the figure changed; at times the sculptured La Salvadora was moody; at others, gay; now imperious, now apathetic; her glance would be downcast, only to flash soon with piercing eyes.

Among the domestic critics there was a difference of opinion.

"It's just right, now," said Señor Canuto.

"No. Yesterday it was better," argued Rebolledo.

Every afternoon Juan worked away without a moment's pause, while La Salvadora, with her red kitten in her lap, would sew. Juan's dog likewise had won La Salvadora's friendship and would draw near, nestling at her feet.

"The dog has taken a strong liking to you," said Juan to her.

"Yes. He's a little dear."

"Keep him."

"No, no."

"Why not? I can't be for ever dragging him



with me, so I have to keep him locked up at home. He'd be better off here."

"Very well, then. Let him stay. What's his name?"

"Kiss."

"Kiss?"

"That's an English word."

"Is the dog English?"

"He must be; an Englishwoman gave him to me as a present; a little hunchbacked artist whom I became acquainted with at the Louvre."

"If it's a remembrance, I don't want you to leave him here."

"Oh, no. He'll be better off with you."

Kiss remained at the house, to the great satisfaction of Enrique, La Salvadora's little brother. The impressions experienced by that English canine in his new domicile are unknown.

It is known, however, that he was not a little astonished by the actions of Roch, the red kitten, who looked like a rabbit and had hind legs much bigger than his forelegs.

Several times Kiss, with merry barks, invited the kitten to play with him; whereupon Roch, who, no doubt, was an unsociable creature and somewhat hypochondriacal, began to snarl, and then ran for La Salvadora's lap, where it seemed he had made his nest. There he remained, purring.

This Roch, with his rabbit-like looks, was a queer, incomprehensible creature. When La Salvadora sewed at the machine, he would squat at her side

and take pleasure inspecting the electric light at close range, until, quite dazzled, he would close his eyes and go to sleep.

In view of Roch's unsociability, Kiss undertook new explorations about the house. He discovered Rebolledo and his son, who struck him as being respectable persons; in the yard he observed the hens and the rooster, who hardly inspired him with sufficient confidence to venture inviting them for a game. The pigeons, with their monotonous cooing, seemed to him utterly stupid, while the birds did not impress him as being alive at all.

In the patio he became acquainted with a couple of white kittens, who were sunning themselves and ran off at sight of him; and with a donkey—a somewhat gloomy creature who was none too particular in his manners and was named Galán.

But of all the personages he got to know in that strange household, none so completely astonished him as a tortoise, who stared at him out of his tiny round eyes and blinked.

Then Kiss joined a band of roaming dogs who forgathered on the Calle de Magallanes and foraged about the neighbourhood; and since, despite his aristocratic pedigree, he entertained no prejudices, he immediately became one of them.

One afternoon La Salvadora and Juan got into a conversation about Manuel.

"I believe that for a time he led a tramp's life, didn't he?" asked Juan, as he shaped the clay beneath his fingers.

"Yes. But he's all right, now; he never goes out of the house."

"The first day I came here, I took you for a married couple."

"Oh, no," replied La Salvadora, blushing.

"But you'll wind up by marrying."

"I can't tell."

"Oh, yes, you will. Manuel couldn't live without you. He's become a different person altogether; a very peaceable sort. As a child he was very brave; he was really courageous and I admired him. I remember once at school one of the larger boys came along with a butterfly so big that it looked like a bird; and it was stuck through with a pin. 'Take that pin out,' said Manuel. 'Why?' 'Because you're hurting it.' His answer surprised me; but I was more surprised than ever when I saw Manuel go to the window, open it, take the butterfly, pull out the pin, and let the insect fly off into the street. The other fellow got so furious that he challenged Manuel to a fight, and when school was over they gave each other such a tremendous beating that they had to be kicked apart, for they were already biting each other."

"Yes, that's just like Manuel."

"At my uncle's he and I used to play with a cousin of ours, who was then one or two years old. He was a sickly child, with weak legs, ever so pale, but rather good-looking and sad. Manuel once took it into his head to make him a carriage; so we turned an old wooden bench upside down, put the kid inside, tied some rope to the inverted

legs, and pulled the child all over the place."

"And what became of the child?"

"The poor little thing died."

As they chatted, Juan kept at his work. When darkness came on, he thrust his sticks into the clay and covered the bust with a damp cloth.

Manuel returned from the printing-shop.

"We've been talking of old times," said Juan to him.

"Why recall the past? What have you accomplished to-day?"

Juan uncovered the bust; Manuel turned on the light and stood contemplating the statue.

"Boy," he murmured, "don't touch it again. That's La Salvadora."

"Do you really think so?" asked Juan, engrossed in thought.

"I do."

"Well, we'll see, to-morrow."

And indeed, after many attempts, the sculptor had found the right expression. It was a smiling, yet melancholy face, which, viewed from one angle, seemed to be laughing, and, from another, to be sad. Without bearing an absolute resemblance to the model, it gave a complete impression of La Salvadora.

"You're right," said Juan on the following day. "It's done. There's something of a Roman empress about this head. Isn't there? This bust will get them talking," he added. Highly contented with the outcome, he went off to have the

statuette cast. There would be time to exhibit it at the Salon.

One Saturday night Juan insisted that his family accept a treat to the theatre. La Salvadora and La Ignacia did not care to go, nor was Manuel wildly enthusiastic.

"I don't care for the theatre," he said. "I have a better time at home."

"But, my good fellow, once in a while . . ."

"The fact is, I don't like to go to the heart of Madrid at night. I'm almost afraid of the city."

"Afraid? Why?"

"Can't you see? I'm a man without any push to him. I simply follow the crowd."

"Then you must acquire initiative."

"Yes. That's what everybody tells me. But I can't."

The two brothers left, and went to the *Apolo*. They hadn't been a moment in the lobby of the theatre when a woman accosted Manuel.

"The devil! . . . It's La Flora."

"Ah, there! . . . If it isn't Manuel!" she hailed. "How are you getting along?"

"Working."

"But do you live in Madrid?"

"Yes."

"It's been an awful long time since I've seen you, kid."

"I don't come to this part of the city."

"How about La Justa? Do you ever see her?"

"No. What's she doing?"

"She's in the same house."

"What house?"

"Ah! Don't you know, then?"

"No."

"Don't you know that she's in one of those joints?"

"I don't know anything. Ever since the Vidal affair, I haven't seen her. How is she?"

"As big as a house. She's taken to drink."

"She has, eh?"

"Something awful. And the life agrees with her. All she does is guzzle and grow fat."

"You're the same as ever, though."

"Older."

"And what are you doing?"

"Nothing much. Doing the town hereabouts. I'm a wreck, kid. Things are all to the bad. If I had a little money, I'd open up a shop, for I can't stomach the life La Justa's leading. My word of honour, kid! Though I'm down and out, I couldn't live with such a filthy gang. No matter what a woman may be, if she's out on her own hook, she can do as she pleases, and if she doesn't like a man's looks, she can send him to the devil. But, hell! in one of those houses you've got to put up with anything that comes along."

"And La Aragonesa?"

"La Aragonesa! She drives around here in her own carriage! She doesn't recognize us any more. . . . She's with a rich guy."

"And Marcos the Cripple?"

"In jail. Haven't you heard?"

"No. What happened?"

"Oh, nothing. A soldier went to the *Círculo*—crazier than a loon, he was—and won all the money in the place. Then Marcos and another thug waited for him at the foot of the stairs, but the soldier ran off and they couldn't catch him. The next day, the soldier, who was off his head, showed up at the *Círculo*, ordered coffee, and said to the waiter: 'You tell the two toughs of this joint to come here to me: I've got something to say to them.' Along came the Cripple and the other fellow; the soldier got into a scrimmage with them; shots were fired, and they were all packed off to jail."

"And the Master? Did you know him?"

"Yes. He skipped long ago. Nobody knows where."

"And the Colonel's wife?"

"She runs a dancing-academy."

The performance was over, and those who wished to get in began to jostle, waiting for the signal. The crowd had already commenced to surge forward when La Flora asked:

"Do you remember La Violeta?"

"Which Violeta?"

"A tall, fat creature; a friend of Vidal's, who lived on the *Calle de la Visitación*."

"Did she use to talk French?"

"That's the one."

"What happened to her?"

"She had a stroke of paralysis and now goes about begging alms. If you pass through the *Calle*

del Arenal at night, you'll see her. Wait for me when you come out, won't you?"

"Very well."

Manuel, filled with thoughts of other things, could not keep his mind upon the performance. They left the theatre. At the Puerta del Sol, Juan met a sculptor friend and became embroiled in a lengthy discussion upon art. Manuel, who had heard his fill of Rodin, Meunier, Puvis de Chavannes and a host of strangers like them, pleaded an engagement and took leave of his brother. Just as he was turning into the Calle del Arenal, he came upon a beggar in a doorway. She was huddled in a tattered old white cloak; her head was swathed in a kerchief, her skirt was ragged, and she clutched a stick.

Manuel drew near to look at her. It was Violeta.

"Charity, sir. I'm a sick woman, sir," she stammered in a voice that came like a bleat.

Manuel gave her ten céntimos.

"Haven't you a home?" he asked.

"No. I sleep in the streets," she answered, in a plaintive tone. "And those brutes of officers take me to the station-house and don't give me a thing to eat. And I'm so afraid of the winter. For I'll surely die in the street."

"But why don't you go to some public shelter?"

"I've been there. But it's impossible, for those wretched loafers steal our food. Now I go to San Ginés, and thank the Lord there's plenty of charity in Madrid. Yes, sir."



As she spoke, two street-women came along, one of them a bulky wench with moustaches.

"And how did you get this way?" Manuel went on.

"From a cold."

"Don't believe a word she says," interjected the woman with the moustaches, in a raucous voice. "What she had was the 'syph.' "

"And all my teeth have come out," added the beggar, showing her gums. "And I'm half blind."

"It was a terrible case," added she of the moustaches.

"You can see for yourself, kind sir, what's become of me. I fall at every step. And I'm no more than thirty-five."

"She was an awful one in her time, besides," said the bulky wench to Manuel. "What do you say? Coming along?"

"No."

"I . . . I used to be in the business myself," La Violeta went on. "And I made plenty of money, I did, in my day."

Manuel, horrified, gave her all he had in his pocket; two or three pesetas. She got up, trembling in every limb, and leaning heavily upon the stick, began to walk, dragging her feet after her and supporting herself against the walls. The paralytic made her way down the Calle de Preciados, then into the Calle de Tetuán, where she went into a tavern.

Manuel, his head bowed in thought, returned to his house.

In the cosy little dining-room, by the light of the lamp, La Ignacia was sewing and La Salvadora was cutting some patterns. The atmosphere was one of cleanliness and purity.

“What did you see?” asked La Salvadora.

And Manuel told her, not what he had seen at the theatre, but what he had seen on the street. . . .

## CHAPTER IV

“The Pleasures of Venus”—A Poetic Restaurant-Keeper—  
“Kill Her!”—Women Hate One Another—So Do  
Men

JUAN exhibited at the Salon his group, The Rebels, the figure of a woman ragpicker he had made in Paris, and La Salvadora's bust. He was quite content; the atmosphere was favourable to his work.

Some said that the group, The Rebels, was too reminiscent of Meunier, and that the Ragwoman betrayed imitation of Rodin; but all were agreed that the portrait of La Salvadora was an exquisite piece, characterized by a calm artistry devoid of trickery or cheap effect.

A few days after the Exhibition opened, Juan had already received several commissions.

To celebrate his satisfaction with his success, he invited his family to spend a day in the country. It was on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in May.

“Let's lunch at La Bombilla,” suggested Juan. “It ought to be very pretty there.”

“No. There are always too many people,” objected Manuel. “Let's rather go to a restaurant over at Partidor.”

“Wherever you please. I'm not familiar hereabouts.”

They left the house—La Ignacia, La Salvadora, Juan, Manuel and the little boy; they walked along between the walls of the Calle de Magallanes until they reached the old Aceiteros road, opposite San Martín Cemetery. The tops of the black cypress-trees rose above the walls against the luminous horizon. They sauntered along the burial ground; they sought out a shady spot and sat down to contemplate the plots through the large gate.

“How beautiful this is!” exclaimed Juan.

The cemetery, with its Greek colonnade and its lofty, solemn cypresses, looked imposing. Along the lanes, and in the squares formed by the golden myrtle, stood stone cenotaphs already crumbling away, and in the corners, tombs, which lent a mysterious, poetic atmosphere.

As they sat there absorbed in the spectacle of the burial ground, the two Rebolledos appeared in company of Señor Canuto.

“How d’ye do? Out for a walk?” asked the hunchback.

“Yes. Dining out,” answered Juan. “Would you like to join us?”

“Sure thing! . . . Lead the way.”

Thus augmented, the company followed alongside the banks of the canal. Then, leaving this road and cutting across country, they headed for Amanuel.

They descended a hill-side.

Before them stretched a broad valley, in the golden sunshine, and in the background, against a turquoise sky, rose the Guadarrama range, an in-

tense blue with summits of burnished silver. The earth was a dazzling motley of wild flowers; the poppies shone like drops of blood that had fallen upon the grass; and in the orchards, amidst the rows of fruit-trees, there was a riot of red roses, lilies of poisonous hue, the bells of the white lilies, and the huge, exotic blossoms of the tall, glorious sunflowers.

In the middle of one of these orchards was a rectangular pond, over the calm, dark-greenish surface of which swam ducks as white as snowflakes. As they cut the water, they left a glittering wake of dazzling sunbeams.

“How charming this is!” exclaimed Juan to La Salvadora. “And everybody had told me that Madrid was such an ugly place.”

“I really don’t know, for I’ve never seen much of it,” she answered, with a smile.

From a hillock they could make out a number of restaurants hidden among the trees. They could hear the sound of barrel-organs.

“Let’s go into one of those,” suggested Juan.

They descended and drew up before an archway with this inscription:

THE PLEASURES OF VENUS  
(PIANO INSIDE AND PLENTY OF  
ACTION)

“This doesn’t look like a place that attracts a cheap crowd,” said Manuel to his brother.

“You don’t say!”

They entered, and through a sloping passageway flanked with ferns and shrubbery, they reached a wooden shelter; here were rustic tables, mirrors and several windows, hung with green curtains.

"This looks like a bath-house," said Juan. "I imagine you can see the ocean through one of these windows. Can't you?"

A waiter approached their table and asked for their order.

"Nothing much. We want lunch."

"You'll have to wait awhile."

"Very well; we'll wait."

At this juncture the old gentleman who was behind the counter stepped forth from his place, came over to them, saluted respectfully with a wave of his cap, and, with a smile, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I own this establishment to which by my good fortune you've been sent, and you will be served with as good nourishment as was ever flavoured by condiment. For though here you see but little ornament, the lack's made up by cordial sentiment; and if with thirst your worships' throats be rent, a cool refreshment will straightway be sent. I pray you, sirs, run over this document"—whereupon he showed a menu—"and then, kind patrons, on with the merriment!

"Kill her! Hurrah for the girlie!"

They scanned the menu; then called the waiter, who informed them that if they so desired, they might move to a room which overlooked the terrace, where they would enjoy privacy.

They went up a couple of flights into a spacious

structure that was divided into compartments; a corridor ran alongside.

Two *chulos*, dressed in a short coat and odalisque's trousers, rolled the barrel-organ on to the terrace. The place was filling with people, and couples began to dance.

Lunch was brought, with wine and beer, and they were about to begin eating when the proprietor of the place appeared again, waving his cap in greeting.

‘‘Ladies and gentlemen,’’ he said, ‘‘if you're comfortable in this compartment, and feel weak for aliment, pray dedicate yourselves at once to the nourishment and banish all worriment, discontent and discouragement. Wherefore I present, in conviction of no contradiction, my chiefest argument: On with the merriment!’’

Rebolledo the hunchback, who, sunk back in his chair like a rabbit, kept smiling at the old man's speech, forestalled the end of the address with a shout:

‘‘Kill her! Hurrah for the girlie!’’

The old man smiled and offered his hand to the hunchback, who pressed it with comical fervour. They all burst into laughter, and the old fellow, quite content with his success, went off through the corridor. The only one who did not seem to be pleased was Señor Canuto, who muttered:

‘‘What does that old bourgeois mean with those theories of his?’’

‘‘What theories?’’ asked Juan, not without astonishment.

"That string of nonsense he's been prattling. Nothing to it but theories . . . allegories, botchery, and that's all. Yes, sir."

"Señor Canuto always says 'theories' when he means 'nonsense,'" Manuel explained to Juan, under his breath.

"Ah. . . . I see."

They dined gaily to the strains of the hurdy-gurdy, which ran through its repertory of tangos, polkas and marches. The terrace had gradually become thronged with people.

"What do you say to a dance, Señora Ignacia?" suggested Perico to Manuel's sister.

"I? Lord in heaven! What a wild idea!"

"How about you? Do you dance?" asked Juan of La Salvadora.

"No. Hardly ever."

"I'd take you out if I knew how. You go, Manuel. Don't be a coward. Take her out for a dance."

"If she wishes. Come on."

They went down through the corridor to the flagged yard. The hurdy-gurdy was playing a march. La Salvadora gathered her skirt in her hand; she danced with real gracefulness and without the lascivious movements of the other women. When the dance was over, Perico Rebolledo, somewhat excited, asked her for the next.

On his way back to the compartment where they had dined, Manuel came in the corridor upon two young men and their ladies. One of the women turned back to look at him. It was La Justa.



Manuel pretended that he had not recognized her and sat down beside Señor Canuto.

La Salvadora returned from the dance, her cheeks aglow and her eyes shining. She began to fan herself.

‘‘It’s me for the pretty girls!’’ exclaimed the hunchback. ‘‘That’s the way I like to see La Salvadora; with colour in her cheeks and happiness in her eyes. Mr. Artist, take a good look and sketch it in your note-book.’’

‘‘I see very well,’’ answered Juan.

La Salvadora smiled through her blushes and looked at Manuel, who was agitated. She was trying to discover the reason for his uneasiness, when she surprised a glance from La Justa—a fixed, hard glance, brimming with hatred.

‘‘That must be the woman who used to live with him,’’ thought La Salvadora, and continued indifferently to observe her.

At this moment the waiter appeared and, going over to Manuel, said:

‘‘That lady has sent to ask whether you would care to come and sit at her table.’’

‘‘Thank you! Tell that lady I am sorry, but I’m busy with my friends.’’

Receiving this answer, La Justa arose and made for the gallery where Manuel sat.

‘‘There’s that strumpet coming over here,’’ said La Ignacia.

‘‘You’d better see what she wants,’’ added La Salvadora, cuttingly.

Manuel got up and went out into the corridor.

"What do you want?" he snarled aggressively.  
"What's up?"

"Nothing," she answered. "Wouldn't those women let go of you?"

"No. I simply didn't feel like it."

"Who's that one with you? Your sweetheart?"  
And she pointed to La Salvadora.

"No."

"Your sweetheart? . . . Kid, you've got bad taste. She looks like an impudent stick of spaghetti."

"Hush! Have it your way."

"And that guy with the long hair?"

"That's my brother."

"He's a likable sort. Is he a painter?"

"No. Sculptor."

"An artist, at any rate. I like his looks, kid. Give me an introduction."

Manuel looked at her and was filled with disgust. La Justa had taken on an appearance of repulsive bestiality; her face had become more vulgar than ever; her bosom and her hips had swelled out; her upper lip was darkened by a light, bluish growth of hair; her entire body seemed swathed in fat, and even her former vivaciousness had been blotted from her looks, as if submerged in this spongy corpulence. She had all the marks of a professional prostitute who conducts her business with perfectly unconscionable equanimity.

"Where are you living?" asked Manuel.

"Over on the Calle de la Reina, at La Andaluza's. It isn't very dear. Will you come over?"

“No,” answered Manuel curtly, and, turning on his heel, he went back to his table.

“A rather fine-looking lady, that,” commented the hunchback. “A gipsy to her finger-tips.”

Manuel shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

“What did you say to her?” asked Perico. “She’s stunned.”

The hurdy-gurdy played on without a moment’s pause. La Justa, her companion and the two young men grew rowdy. They laughed, they shouted, they threw olive pits about. La Justa kept looking daggers at La Salvadora.

“Why is that woman eyeing me so?” La Salvadora asked of Manuel with a smile.

“How should I know?” he answered, moodily. “Shall we be going?”

“We’re comfortable here, my boy,” said Juan.

“Are you folks angry because I spoke with that woman?” asked Manuel of La Salvadora.

“We? Why?” And La Salvadora whirled her head around, her eyes flashing fire.

One of the young men took La Justa out for a dance, and as they passed Manuel and the others, the sport in a loud voice made an insulting remark about Juan’s long hair.

“Let’s be going,” repeated Manuel.

At his urging they arose; Juan paid the bill and they left.

“There goes a guy with his meal on his back,” taunted one of the dancers as the hunchback went by.

“Things like this happen nowhere else,” said

Juan. "Only in this country is there such a passion for insulting and molesting people."

"Lack of education," muttered the hunchback, indifferently.

"And much good that would do," added Perico. "For suppose you do knock the vanity out of one of those rowdies with a good punch in the jaw. There's a big disturbance and then things go back to just where they were."

"But it's very disagreeable," replied Juan, "this not being able to go anywhere without exposing yourself to insult. At the bottom of all this," he added as a jesting afterthought, "there's a provincial spirit. I remember how, in London, in one of those vast parks they have there, two gentlemen used to play tennis. One of them was a stubby, fat fellow with a cap on his head, and the other a living skeleton in a frock-coat and a straw hat. I was walking with a Spaniard and an Englishman, and, of course, the Spaniard thought himself a real wag. When he caught sight of that queer pair—a really ridiculous couple, playing before a gathering who watched their game soberly—the Spaniard said: 'This could never happen in Madrid, for the public would laugh the players off the field.' 'Yes,' answered the Englishman, 'that's the provincial spirit, characteristic of a small nation; but a London Englishman is never taken aback by anything, however big or ridiculous it may be.'"

"He struck the nail on the head," said Señor Canuto, slyly winking an eye.

"I wouldn't have paid the slightest attention to

them,’’ said La Salvadora, who hadn’t heard Juan’s story.

‘‘Nor I,’’ added La Ignacia. ‘‘Good Lord! What a hussy! Such impudence! It’s simply awful.’’

‘‘There you are; that’s just why I wanted to leave, so as to avoid a row,’’ snapped Manuel. ‘‘For you folks like to start something, and then if anything disagreeable comes of it, you begin to wail.’’

‘‘If you’re in bad humour on account of the meeting, it’s no fault of ours,’’ retorted La Salvadora.

Manuel kept silence and they headed back for Madrid, taking the Moncloa road. Then, through the Calle de Rosales, they reached the Paseo de Areneros.

By this time it had grown dark; the street-cars, filled to overflowing, ran by with a ringing of bells; some came in their direction, others sped quickly off until the red or green gleams of their round lanterns were engulfed in the dust.

Toward the open country, near the Princesa hospital, rose high white walls pierced by the glowing open windows of Vallehermoso’s four-story apartment houses. In the distance stretched the ruddy, hazy horizon; the clearings, gilded by the dying sun, spread in level lines across the sky.

‘‘All this makes you feel sad, doesn’t it?’’ asked Juan.

There was no answer. It grew darker still; night strewed handfuls of ashen dust over the landscape; the sky turned a foreboding colour—a dirty

grey, furrowed by scattered streaks of red; the flickering flames of the street lamps shivered in the dusty air.

At the end of the avenue Juan took leave of the company. Then, alone, he paused for a moment to contemplate the scene. Before him rose the stone tower of the Hospital de Clérigos; beyond, a leaden cupola and the cypresses of the San Martín Cemetery against the horizon. From the chimney of the electrical works belched dense clouds of smoke, and in the heavy atmosphere of dusk they rolled along on a level with the ground, like a band of wild horses.

And the arid landscape, together with the poverty of the buildings, the shouting of the people, the heaviness of the air, and the pervading heat, communicated an impression of weariness, discomfort, of a life that was sordid and unhappy.

## CHAPTER VI

Manuel's Vague Ambitions—The Women Rule—Roberto  
—The Printing-Shop Is Opened

**D**URING the days directly preceding the opening of the Exposition, Juan did not appear at Manuel's. The painters and sculptors haunted the cafés, engaged in discussion, and, above all, in intrigue. Juan was disgusted by this atmosphere of pettiness, of envious malice and cheap scheming.

His group, *The Rebels*, set purposely in a bad position, could hardly be seen. The bust of *La Salvadora* was better placed and had caused a stir; the newspapers spoke of Juan; one of the jury had told him that he would support Juan for a second prize; since all the medals, however, had been promised beforehand, he could secure Juan only a third. Juan answered that the jury might do what its conscience dictated in the matter; but the jury member insisted that he must say whether or not he would accept a third prize, for, if he wouldn't, the prize should be awarded to someone else.

Juan was seized with an impulse to reject the prize; then it occurred to him that this might betray his mortification, so he accepted.

"How much is third prize worth?" Manuel asked him.

"A thousand pesetas."

"Then you're wise to take it. The papers say that your statues are the best work in the Exposition. In the eyes of the people, you've won a triumph. Now they offer you this money. Take it."

"Psch!"

"If you don't want it, give it to me. Those pesetas would come in mighty handy right now."

"To you? What for?"

"What for? Why, for some time I've been thinking of taking over a printing-shop."

"But are you doing so badly now?"

"No."

"Then you're so eager to become a boss?"

"Everybody wants to be a boss."

"I don't."

"Well, I do. I'd like to have a place, even if it were good for nothing; just to be able to go there and say: 'This is mine.'"

"Don't say that," replied Juan. "To me, this property instinct is the vilest thing in the world. Everything should belong to everybody."

"Then let the rest begin handing over what they own," broke in La Ignacia.

"We don't have to conform our actions to those of the rest, but to our own conscience."

"But does conscience forbid a fellow to be a proprietor?" asked Manuel.

"It does."

"Maybe yours does, boy; mine doesn't. As between exploited and exploiter, I prefer being an exploiter; for this business of toiling away your life



long, working yourself to a shadow, dying of hunger . . ."

"No one has a right to the future. Life comes as it comes, and to enslave it is base."

"Very well, then; what do you mean by all this? That you won't let me have the money?"

"Not that. You may have the money, if I'm awarded the prize. What I tell you is that I don't at all like your bourgeois tendencies. You're living comfortably. . . ."

"But I can live better."

"Have it your own way, then. Do as you please."

La Salvadora and La Ignacia did not share Juan's ideas; on the contrary, they felt the property instinct intensely.

As a result of this conversation, Manuel's ambitious plans stirred anew. La Salvadora and La Ignacia urged him to be on the look-out for any printing-plant to be had, and a few days later they showed him an advertisement in a newspaper.

Manuel went off to see the place; the owner, however, informed him that he did not care to sell. He did happen to know, though, that a certain illustrated periodical was offering a new printing-press and new types for fifteen thousand pesetas.

It was sheer madness to think of this; but La Salvadora and La Ignacia told Manuel to go and look it over, and to suggest to the owner purchase by instalments.

Manuel did this; the press was in good condition,

was run by an up-to-date electric motor, and the types were new. But the owner would not agree to purchase by instalments.

"No, no," he replied. "I could consider a reduction in price, but I must have cash."

Between La Salvadora and La Ignacia they had three thousand pesetas; they could count upon the thousand that went with Juan's medal; but this was nothing.

"What are we going to do?" asked Manuel. "It's impossible. . . . We must have patience."

"But the press . . . is it a good one?" asked La Salvadora.

"Yes. Very good."

"Well, then, I wouldn't let this opportunity go by," she said.

"Nor I, either," added La Ignacia.

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Haven't you that English friend who lives at the Hôtel de Paris? . . ."

"Yes, but . . ."

"Haven't you the courage?" asked La Ignacia.

"But how's he going to give me fifteen thousand pesetas?"

"Let him lend you them. You can't lose anything by trying."

The plan did not at all appeal to Manuel; he answered yes, however, saying that he would go to see Roberto and hoping that they would soon forget the matter. The following day, however, they returned to the attack.

Manuel then thought he would pretend going to

the hotel, and tell them that Roberto was out of the city. But La Ignacia forestalled him and discovered that the Englishman had not left.

Manuel went most reluctantly to see his friend, hoping to hit upon some pretext for postponing the interview indefinitely, or to find that he could not be received. But he met Roberto at the very entrance to the hotel.

He was giving orders to a servant. He seemed to have grown stronger, more of a man, and every movement revealed a vast self-confidence.

"Ah, there, my celebrated vagabond!" he cried, catching sight of him. "How are things coming?"

"Fine. And you?"

"Couldn't be better. . . . I'm married, you know."

"You are?"

"I'll soon be a father, too."

"And your trial?"

"It's all over."

"In your favour?"

"Yes. Nothing to it now but the filing of some papers."

"And Señorita Kate—is she here?"

"No. She's in Antwerp. Did you come for me? What was it you wished?"

"Oh, nothing. Just to see you."

"No, no. You came for something."

"Yes, I did. But, to tell the truth, I guess I'd better not mention it, it's all so silly."

"Not at all, my good fellow. Speak up."

"It's all women's notions. You know that I'm a

typesetter; and my sister and another girl, who live with me, insist that I must go into business for myself. . . . Now there's a chance to buy a new press and new types . . . and I haven't enough money . . . so they've urged me to go to you for it."

"How much do you need?"

"They ask fifteen thousand pesetas. But by paying cash I can get a reduction of a thousand, maybe two."

"So that you need some thirteen or fourteen thousand?"

"That's it. I can well imagine that you haven't the money to spare. . . . There's not much danger of losing anything considerable. You could be the silent partner, and we could give the thing a trial. . . . If, at the end of two years, for example, there weren't any results, we could sell the press and the cases at a loss of about one or two thousand pesetas. I'd stand the loss."

"But don't you have to reckon the expenses of setting up the new place and of transfer?"

"No. I'd look after that."

"You have some money of your own, have you?"

"About four thousand pesetas."

"So you're proposing that I become your silent partner. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"What'll I get? Half the receipts?"

"That's it."

"After the expenses and the men's wages have been deducted?"

"There'll be very little left for you."

"That doesn't matter. I accept."

"You accept?" exclaimed Manuel, surprised beyond speech.

"Certainly. I'll be your partner. Within a few years we'll start a big publishing-house for the dechristianization of Spain. Let's go over and see the owner of the press."

They took a carriage and soon the purchase was effected. The number of types and cases was specified, Roberto took the receipt, paid and said to Manuel:

"You'll let me know where we move to. So long! I've got so much to do."

Manuel went to the shop where he worked and notified them that he was leaving; then he walked home.

Now he was a bourgeois; a regular bourgeois gentleman.

The installation of the new printing-shop encountered serious difficulties.

The owner of the press said that he no longer needed his place, so that Manuel had to pay the rent while looking for another. After tramping all over the city, he finally found quarters suitable for a print-shop on the Calle de Sandoval. He was in a hurry to get settled as soon as possible, and arranged with the masons to complete their necessary work within a month. But the month passed, the masons were not ready, and he was thus compelled to pay rent for two places at the same

time. No matter how closely Manuel attended to affairs and supervised the most insignificant details, he could not avoid being robbed; the alterations cost him a little fortune; what with the new front, the sign and the inside fixtures and repairs, three thousand pesetas were consumed. The one cheap item was the installation of the electricity, which was done by Perico Rebolledo.

Then there were a number of things to be attended to; Manuel had to get permits at the City Hall for the most trivial matters, and the poor fellow was kept running back and forth like a shuttlecock.

After countless delays and mishaps, he removed the press and the cases, only to find that almost half his types had been stolen. The electrical motor had to be set up and repaired. At last everything was in readiness; but there were no orders. La Ignacia bewailed her brother's loss of his good, steady wages; La Salvadora, her spirits never flagging, felt confident that business would eventually come his way; Manuel dragged out weary hours in the shop, wan, gloomy, irritated.

He printed handbills, which he distributed all over, but no business came.

## CHAPTER VII

Love and Weakness—Fever and Swallows—The Christening of His Majesty Jag the First in a Printery

**A**S a result of his excessive labour and his worriment, Manuel began to break down. A devastating weakness sapped his entire body; he could hardly sleep, and went around in a continuous state of fever. One afternoon his temperature rose so high that he was forced to take to bed.

He spent the night in a terrible fever—in a strange somnolence, waking every moment with a start of horror.

The following morning he felt better; only from time to time a shudder would ripple through him.

He was ready to leave for the shop, when he felt the fever again coming on. Shivers ran across his back like gusts of icy wind.

La Salvadora was with her pupils, so Manuel called La Ignacia.

“Tell Jesús. If he hasn’t a job, let him go to the shop. I’m awfully sick. I don’t know what’s the matter with me.”

He went to bed with a head as heavy as stone. In his forehead he felt a thump that echoed in every part of him. He imagined that he was under a

hammer, laid on the anvil now face upward, now on his side. This impression soon disappeared and inside his head he could hear the rumble of the press and the electrical motor; this filled him with supreme anguish. After two or three hours of high fever, he felt better once more.

That night Jesús and Señor Canuto came to see him. Manuel discussed shop affairs with Jesús and begged him not to neglect the work. Señor Canuto went out, returning in a few minutes with some eucalyptus leaves, with which La Ignacia made a decoction for Manuel.

This relieved him somewhat, but the feverish attacks continued and they had to call a doctor. Manuel, moreover, was in such a state of excitement that he could not find a moment's rest.

"He has intermittent fever and serious nervous depression," diagnosed the physician. "Does he work very hard?"

"Yes, very," answered La Salvadora.

"Then he mustn't."

The doctor wrote out a prescription and left. All that night La Salvadora spent at the patient's bedside. Now and then Manuel would say to her:

"Please go to bed." But he hoped she would not.

La Salvadora nursed him with maternal solicitude; she gave herself no end of trouble in his behalf. She was lavish with her own attentions and jealous of any shown by the others. Manuel, huddled in the bed, gazed at her, and the more he gazed, the prettier she looked to him.



"How good she is!" he would say to himself. "I bother her at every step, yet she doesn't hate me." And this thought—that she was good—cast a deep gloom over him, for he wondered what would become of him if she were to marry. It was a selfish notion; never before had he felt such fear as now of dying or of being left to shift for himself.

Two days later La Ignacia told him that, in order to permit La Salvadora to attend to her own business, it would be best to send for Señor Canuto's wife, an old nurse who could prove of great assistance to Manuel.

Manuel made no comment, but mentally he heaped his sister with insult; La Salvadora replied that there was no need of sending for anybody and, at this, Manuel was so overcome by his emotions that the tears came to his eyes.

He was in a strange state of sensibility; the most insignificant thing could occasion an outburst of affection or of hatred. La Salvadora would come in and soften his pillow or ask whether he needed anything, and at once Manuel would be filled with such intense gratitude that he would have given his life for her; on the other hand, should La Ignacia enter and say: "You seem to be a great deal better to-day," these few words would make him tremble with rage.

"That's how dogs must be," he thought several times. "Just as I am now."

Six days later, Manuel got up from his sick-bed. The month was August; the balcony shutters were usually closed; a shaft of sunlight came through a

chink and in its light floated particles of dust, while the flies winged through that golden shaft like drops of some incandescent metal. The vast calm of the desolate suburbs lay over all, and during these hours of the midday heat a breath of silence, as it were, rose from the calcined earth. The world seemed to lie in dead sleep; the only sounds were the distant shriek of some locomotive whistle and the shrilling of the crickets. . . .

Every Saturday morning, without fail, beneath the balcony where La Salvadora worked, came a blind man who sang old songs to his own accompaniment on a twanging guitar. He was a well-dressed minstrel, with overcoat and derby, and had a little white dog as guide. He used to sing in a very thin voice, but always in tune, that habanera, *Una vieja*: "Oh, mamma, what a night was that!" and other sentimental ballads.

Manuel nicknamed the blind man The Romantic, and this was the name by which the household knew him; La Salvadora would throw down ten céntimos every Saturday.

Afternoons, Manuel would hear La Salvadora's pupils from the dining-room, as they trooped in. He would make out their conversations at the entrance, the creaking of the old stairs; then he would hear the kiss that each gave to her teacher, the whirr of the machine, the clicking of the frames, and the drone of their voices and their laughter.

When the children left, Manuel would go into the schoolroom for a chat with La Salvadora.

They would throw open the balcony shutters; the swallows would describe quick, merry, mad circles in the rarefied atmosphere; the air of the afternoon would turn opalescent, and Manuel would languidly feel the passing of the hours as he gazed at the sad twilights of the orange sky, when the lamps of the solitary street would be lighted and a few flocks of goats would pass by, sounding their bells.

One day Manuel had a dream that gave him much concern; he dreamed of a woman at his side, but this woman was not La Justa; she was delicate, slender, smiling. In his dream he was filled with despair because he could not understand who this woman might be. He would draw near, only to have her flee him; soon, however, he managed to catch her; trembling, he held her in his arms. Then he took a close look at her and recognized her. It was La Salvadora. From that moment began a new preoccupation with her.

One afternoon, during his convalescence, when Manuel was still weak, the heat was exceedingly muggy. The sky was greyish, overcast, and eddies of dust rose in the air. At times the sun would hide, whereupon the heat became more stifling than ever. Inside the house the furniture creaked with a dry snapping. From the window, Manuel watched the sky as it grew yellowish and purple. Then came the distant rumble of thunder. The air began to smell strongly of damp earth. Manuel, his nerves taut, was filled with a deep anxiety. There was a flash of lightning and it began to rain.

La Salvadora closed the window and they were left in the semi-gloom.

"Salvadora!" called Manuel.

"What?"

Manuel said nothing. He seized her hand and pressed it tightly.

"Let me kiss you," said Manuel in a low voice.

La Salvadora lowered her head and felt upon her cheek the kiss from his burning lips, while he, on his lips, felt a delicious coolness. At this moment, in came La Ignacia.

As Manuel recuperated, La Salvadora returned to her regular self, equable in nature and as kindly to one as to another. Manuel would have wished her to show a decided preference.

"I'll talk to her," he thought.

That proved to be no easy matter, for La Ignacia had taken it upon herself to keep them both under close watch.

"That's the last straw," declared Manuel indignantly. "But sooner or later the chance will come for us to have an understanding."

From time to time Manuel would ask Jesús:

"How are things getting along at the shop?"

"Fine," was the invariable rejoinder.

Jesús ate at the house and slept in a room near the garret, where La Ignacia had set up a bed.

The first day that Manuel felt strong enough, he went to the printing-shop. He walked in. Not a soul to be seen.

“What the deuce do you call this?” he said to himself.

Voices were heard from the yard. Manuel went to a window to see what it was all about. There were the three typesetters, Jesús and the apprentice, all gotten up in the most grotesque fashion, singing and marching about the yard.

The procession was headed by the apprentice, who wore a funnel on his head and drummed away on a frying-pan. Behind him strode one of the compositors, dressed in a woman’s skirt, his bosom stuffed with old clothes and in his arms a stick swathed in white cloth to represent an infant. After him came Jesús, wearing a paper dalmatic and a cap fastened by a chin-strap; then one of the typesetters, shouldering a broom as if it were a gun, and, finally, the other typesetter with a wooden sword in his belt.

The whole neighbourhood had rushed to the windows to witness the ceremony. After the hymns, Jesús jumped on to a bench, seized a wine-bag, and poured the contents over the head of the doll.

“In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,” he shouted, “I baptize you and give unto you the name of Jag the First, King over all the Boozehounds, Prince of Katzenjammer, Count of Spree and Lord of Souse.”

The drummer of the frying-pan attacked his instrument furiously.

“Silence!” cried Jesús in a vibrant voice. “People of Madrid: Do you swear to defend King

Jag the First at every hour and at every moment?"

"We swear!" chorused the four, raising aloft their brooms, their wooden swords and frying-pans.

"Do you recognize as your legitimate king and sovereign His Majesty, King Jag the First?"

"Yes, yes! We do!"

"Do you vow to surrender your property and your lives to His Majesty, King Jag the First?"

"We do!"

"Do you vow to shed your blood upon the fields of battle, for His Majesty, King Jag the First?"

"We do!"

"Do you swear never to recognize, not even if put to the torture, any king other than His Majesty, King Jag the First?"

"We do."

"Very well, then, inept people, nauseating people, if thus you do, may Heaven reward you, and if not, may it call you to account. Up, Souse, and close ranks, men of Spain!<sup>1</sup> Death to the infidel Moroccan! Remember that your fathers had the honour of dying for the Souses, of being disembowelled for the Souses, of being violated for the Souses. Hurrah for the Souses!"

"Hurrah for the Souses!" shouted the company.

"Now let the libation begin," ordered Jesús. "Let the music burst forth! Let the people give free rein to their joy!"

Then, in his natural voice, to the boy:

"Run in and fetch some glasses."

<sup>1</sup> A parody upon the famous war-cry, "*Santiago, y cierra España!*" ("Saint James, and close ranks, men of Spain!")—*Tr.*

The apprentice hurried back to the printing-shop; Manuel seized him by the arm and said:

"Go tell that fellow I'm here."

The order was no sooner carried out than the ceremony came to an abrupt end and the workmen returned to their tasks.

"A fine business this is!" exclaimed Manuel. "A fine business!" And he let loose a flood of blasphemies. "You're all fired! A nice way—to leave the shop empty and go out raising hell, and then have the landlord come and make a fellow move. . . ."

"The fact is, the kid yesterday went on his first jag," explained Jesús. "See? So we celebrated it."

"You could have celebrated it elsewhere. Very well. Back to your work and next time have these festivities over on the Cuatro Caminos."

Jesús sulked back to his case, but very soon returned to Manuel.

"Let me have what's coming to me," he demanded, sullenly.

"Why?"

"I'm leaving. I don't care to work here."

"Why? What's wrong?"

"You're a filthy bourgeois who thinks only of money. There's no fun in you."

"See here, you'd better stay on. Unless you want me to shove your composing-stick down your throat, you thief!"

"You're no sort of comrade. . . . Besides, you're for ever insulting me."

“And are you going to desert me now, while I’m still sick?”

“As you say, then. I’ll stay on until you get better.”



PART TWO



## CHAPTER I

Game of Ninepins, Game of Ideas, Game of Men

**B**ETWEEN Vallehermoso and the Paseo de Areneros lies a broad, extensive depression which is slowly being filled in with rubbish.

These new lands, manufactured by the city's waste, are always sterile. Those that have been exposed for several years begin to sprout stray weeds. The newer lots, daubed with lime, heaped with offal, cannot raise even the humblest thistle.

Over these dumps are for ever passing tip-carts drawn by three or four mules, flocks of filthy goats, greyish donkeys, tattered urchins, vagabond couples retiring to philosophize far from the madding crowd, beggars taking the sun, and roaming dogs.

The depression contains stonecutters' yards, delimited by stone walls; in the middle of the yards, white tents beneath which the cutters, protected from the sun and rain, polish and chisel huge capitals and cornices marked with numbers and red letters.

In winter, a lake forms at the very bottom of the hollow, and the neighbourhood children play and paddle in the water, naked.

Here, just off the Paseo de Areneros, beside a

number of high piles of black lumber, was a lot which contained a tavern, a bowling-alley and a fritter shop.

The bowling-alley was in the middle, the tavern at the right, the shop at the left. The official name of the tavern was The Dawn; but it was better known as Chaparro's Tavern. It opened on the Paseo de Areneros and on a passageway formed by two high wooden fences; a few stairs led to the entrance; there was a counter whose varnish was half scratched off, blotched with numerous stains. Beyond was a tiny room that had a window facing the yard. Mornings, in the middle of the tavern, there would be four or five pans of cinders, each containing a number of earthen pots; here was cooked the meal for a crew of porters who ate at the tavern.

The place boasted its refinements of luxury and comfort; along the wall ran a wainscot of glazed tile; in winter there was a stove; and at all times, near the window, enclosed in a huge, variegated case, hung a clock that never went.

The fritter shop was on the other side of the yard. It was a hut slapped together out of red planks; it had a zinc roof through the centre of which stuck a high, thick chimney, secured by four wires and topped with a hood.

The bowling-alley served as a link between the shop and the tavern. It was approached through an arched doorway in a red paling. A high partition or screen fashioned of rags stretched over a large frame, divided in two. At the rear, was the

spectators' gallery, made of a shed arranged in tiers.

Just around from the bowling-alley was a white cottage almost covered with bindweed; behind this, an abandoned hot-house, beside which was a well that watered various gardens. Beside the hot-house, half hidden amidst tall sunflowers, peered an old carriage, a decrepit, dirty berlin, its paneless doors agape; now it was a refuge for the hens. The fritter shop, the bowling-alley and the tavern all belonged to the same men—two partners who lived in the bindweed cottage.

These partners were opposite types. The one, fair, rather corpulent, with side-whiskers, was called the Englishman; the other, thin, pitted with pock marks, his eyes beady and bleary, was nicknamed Chaparro. They had both been waiters. Though endowed with the most different and contradictory natures, they got along admirably.

Chaparro was always in the tavern, the Englishman for ever in the bowling-alley; Chaparro wore a cap, the Englishman a Panama. Chaparro didn't smoke, the Englishman sucked at a long pipe; Chaparro wore dark clothes, the Englishman affected light, loose-fitting apparel; Chaparro was for ever out of sorts, the Englishman always in good humour; Chaparro thought that everything was bad, the Englishman found everything excellent; and thus, despite this absolute disparity, the two old boys got along first-rate.

Chaparro was a hard worker; he never rested. The Englishman, more phlegmatic, would watch the

men play at ninepins, read the newspaper, with his spectacles adjusted on his nose, would water the plants that he kept in huge stone jars which must have been dumped on the grounds, and meditate. Often he did not do even this much; he would go out, stretch himself out in the sun, vaguely contemplate the distant mountain range and the severe, scarcely undulating line of the Madrilenian fields beneath the gleaming blue sky.

One afternoon Juan was walking along the Paseo de Areneros with a decorative painter whom he had met at the Exhibition, when they caught sight of the Englishman's bowling-alley and went in.

"Perhaps we can get something here," suggested Juan.

"There's no one to wait on you," answered the other.

They called over a pin boy.

"You can take a seat across the way, in the tavern."

They sat down beneath a vine arbour and continued their conversation. Juan's companion was an educated person, who had lived in France and Belgium, and had travelled in America. He used to write for an Anarchist paper, signing his articles "The Libertarian"; it was by this pen-name that he was known.

He had devoted a eulogistic article to the group, The Rebels, and had then hunted up Juan to make his acquaintance.

As they sat there beneath the vine arbour, the

Libertarian spoke on. He was a tall, thin gentleman, with a hooked nose, a long beard and a jestingly ironic manner of speech. Though at first sight he seemed indifferent, even cynical, he was a fanatic. He employed a rather sarcastic tone, rumpling with his long, slender fingers his soft, flexible, patriarchal beard. In his opinion, Anarchism was the protest of the individual against the State; the rest—the economic problem—was almost of no importance to him; the chief question with him was how to shake the yoke of authority. He refused to obey; if he was to associate himself with anybody, it would be of his own free will, not through legal coercion. He affirmed, too, that our ideas of right and wrong would have to be transformed completely, and with them our notions of duty and virtue.

He expressed these opinions with a certain reserve, eyeing Juan from time to time with a scrutinizing glance.

The Libertarian wished to make a good impression upon Juan; hence, now, without affectation of any sort, he was expounding his doctrines.

Juan listened in silence; at times he nodded assent, at others he indicated his doubts. Juan had met with intense disappointment upon closer acquaintance with artists. In Paris, in Brussels, he had lived apart, dreaming his own dreams; in Madrid he became somewhat intimate with painters and sculptors, and was astonished to discover a petty, brutal crowd—a clique of schemers, hot in pursuit of crosses and medals, utterly devoid of any

noble feelings, filled with the same evil passions harboured by the rest of the bourgeoisie.

As Juan's decisions were always rapid and impulsive, he withdrew his faith from artists only to place it whole-heartedly in the proletariat. The working-man, to him, became a dignified artist unsullied by the egotism of fame and rankling envy. He did not see that the toiler's lack of envy derived from his indifference to his work rather than from any inherent goodness; that it was due to his not hearing the applause of the public. Neither did he notice that if the working-folk lacked the passion of envy, they lacked, likewise, generally speaking, the sentiments of courage, dignity and gratitude.

"It's a nice place here," said the Libertarian. "Isn't it?"

"It is."

"We could meet here on Sunday afternoons. I live near by."

"We certainly could."

"I'll come along with some friends of mine who want to meet you. They have all seen *The Rebels* and they're enthusiastic about you."

"Are they Anarchists, too?"

"Yes."

They had left the tavern and were back on the Paseo de Areneros.

"I'm going over to see the number of that house, so I can give it to my friends," said the Libertarian.

"It hasn't any number," answered Juan. "But it has a name. *The Dawn*."



"An excellent name for a meeting-place of ours."

They separated. Juan went off to Manuel's house. The sculptor's brain was beginning to buzz with the notion that there was a social mission to fulfil, and that he was the man destined to bring it to completion.

While Juan was busy with his new friends, Manuel worked away in the printing-shop. Ever so slowly the orders were coming in.

Once Manuel had said to La Salvadora:

"I'd like to have a talk with you some time, at leisure."

"Why not wait and see whether we're making headway?" she had replied, surmising what it was all about.

And they came thus to an understanding, without further explanation, returning more earnestly than ever to their work. Manuel, nights, after having closed the shop, would deliver the orders personally in a little cart. He would put on a white smock and go off with the load.

There are certain tasks which induce thought, and one of these is pushing a cart. After a little while you cannot say whether it is you who are pushing the cart or the cart that's pulling you. So, often in life, you cannot say whether you are guiding events or the events are tugging you along.

To Manuel, his past life appeared to him as a labyrinth of narrow streets that crossed one another, turned off in opposite directions, met again and brought him nowhere; on the other hand, his present life, with its constant ambition to reach the

goal of his desire and settle in the assurance of a comfortable livelihood, was the long road over which, little by little, he was making successful strides with his cart before him.

The vivid image of La Justa had been for ever erased from his memory. At times, when he happened to think of her, he would ask himself: "What can that poor woman be doing?"

Jesús continued to live in his garret, and worked only fitfully at the printing-shop.

One Sunday in November, after eating, Jesús asked Manuel:

"Aren't you going to The Dawn to-day? We're having a meeting."

"Where? Over at Chaparro's Tavern?"

"Yes."

"I'm not going. Why should I?"

"How bourgeois you're getting to be! Your brother will be there. He goes every night."

"They're turning Juan's head with all this dabbling in Anarchistic matters. It's all nonsense."

"So you've thrown over the cause, too?"

"See here, boy. Anarchism's all right enough for me if it only comes at once and assures everybody the means of having his own home, a little garden and three or four hours of work per day; but this for ever talking and talking, without anything else, the way you fellows carry on, and this calling yourselves Comrades, and greeting one another with '*Salud!*'—it's so sickening that I prefer to remain a mere printer."

"Under Anarchism or any other system, you'll never be anything but a pesty bourgeois."

"Is that so? Does a fellow have to be an Anarchist and go on a drunk in order to live?"

"Of course he does; at least, live his life in his own way. Well, are you coming to The Dawn or not?"

"Very well. I'll go, just to see what it's like. Some fine day when you least expect it, you'll all be clapped into jail."

"Bah! There are plenty of doors in that yard."

Jesús told how, a few days previous, some policemen had been tipped off and had come to the place intending to raid it; they found nobody, however.

Jesús and Manuel entered the tavern and, through the door at the side of the counter, passed into a room with a baseboard of wood and a round table in the middle. There were about a dozen persons there already, and among those known to Manuel were Señor Canuto and Rebolledo. The room was so tiny that there was hardly space for all. Others kept coming in.

The Libertarian called Chaparro.

"Isn't there a place hereabouts we could have?" he asked.

"No."

"That glass-covered thing you fellows own—can't we get into that?"

"You mean the hot-house? There aren't any chairs there, or table, or anything."

"That's all very well. You can see for yourself

that we can't all get in here. Has the place any lights?"

"No."

"Very well, then. Fetch us some candles."

They went into the yard; the rain was coming down in bucketfuls. They ran across to the hot-house. The Englishman and the Libertarian carried over a little table, which they placed in the middle of the room; on this they stood up two empty bottles with candles thrust into their mouths. There were no chairs; some sat on a bench, others on overturned flower-pots, others still squatted on the floor. The scene was a gloomy one; the candle flames quivered in the gusts of wind; the rain slapped thickly, noisily, against the panes and dripped from the gutterspouts with a rhythmical, metallic tinkle. Without knowing why, they all spoke in low, soft tones.

"I believe, Comrades," said Juan, arising and going over to the table, "that whoever has anything practical to say, should get up and talk. We have organized this group of believers in the Cause. Almost all of us know this place by the name of The Dawn; since our group must have some name, in case we need to affiliate with other societies, I propose that, from this day on, it be called The Red Dawn."

"Agreed! Accepted!"

The majority fell in with Juan's proposal. Some suggested other names, such as Ravachol, Angiolillio, No God No Master; but it was the general opinion that now they might proceed to

other business and that the name The Red Dawn should remain.

After this had been settled, a slender youth, dressed in black, arose and delivered a veritable oration. What was to be done? What was to be the aim of the group just christened The Red Dawn? Some stood for purely individual action; as for him, he found that this individual action was not very revolutionary in character and was altogether too convenient. Anybody who wasn't a writer or an orator, or an active Anarchist, who went to no meetings and belonged to no group, could put on the airs of a big Anarchist, and even might be one, with the same peace of mind and comfort as a stamp-collector. Besides, there was no danger in this.

"Well, what of that?" asked Juan. "We don't ask anybody to be brave. The deeds of Anarchists are all the more valuable because they are born of one's own conscience and not of an outside mandate."

"That's so," chorused the others.

"I don't deny that; what I mean is that we don't need any hares in lion's skin, and that some sort of compromise would prove useful among us."

While this young man defended the necessity of association, Jesús told Manuel something about him. His name was Cesar Maldonado and he was a student; he had played a part among the young men of the Republican movement. He was the son of a waiter and there were many reasons for supposing that his Anarchism was a manner of

wreaking vengeance for his father's humble position. At bottom he was a presumptuous fellow, puffed up with that Jacobin pride which knows how to conceal base passions beneath pompous phrases.

At his side, defending all his ideas, was a Basque—a tall, broad man with stooping shoulders, Zubimendi by name; he was a morose sort, with a pair of formidable fists, and spoke hardly a word; he had been a ballplayer and had lately been earning his living as a model.

"To form an association, you have to have a set of rules, don't you?" asked the Libertarian, arising.

"That depends," answered Maldonado. "I don't believe we have to have a constitution; a common cause is enough. But what I do consider indispensable is to place a limit upon the size of the group, and to authorize certain privileges for the leaders; for otherwise foreign elements might go so far as even to change our object."

"I," began the Libertarian, "am an enemy to all compromise and to every form of association that is not based upon free agreement. Are we going to pledge ourselves to a particular course of action and settle our problems by the vote? By the law of the majority? For my part, I say No. If we must pledge ourselves and vote, I don't care to belong to the group."

"We've got to be practical," countered Maldonado.

"If I were practical, I'd have opened up a pawnshop long ago."

A tall, thin, sickly-looking fellow, fair-com-

plexioned but pitted with smallpox, with downy well-cared-for moustaches, arose and approached table.

"Comrades," he began, smiling.

"Who's that?" asked Manuel of Jesús.

"El Madrileño, a clever chap who works over at the Tercer Depósito."

"Comrades: It strikes me that your difference can be settled very easily. Whoever wishes to form an association and pledge himself to certain measures, let him do so; and whoever doesn't, let him keep out."

With the exception of three or four of Maldonado's partisans, who defended the utility of compromise, the rest were opposed to an association.

"Then why meet?" asked one of the student's friends.

"Why?" answered Juan. "To talk, to discuss, to lend one another books, to spread propaganda. And when the moment comes for action, individual or collective, each will follow the dictates of his conscience."

"That's exactly how I feel about it," said the Libertarian. "Let each man be answerable for his own acts. How can we accept solidarity with any of the rest of us, when we hardly know one another yet? . . . Now, then: whoever wishes to come here in free meeting, will find us here next Sunday."

Everybody got up.

"Very well. Let's be going," said one. "It's stopped raining."

They went into the yard, which was all puddled over, and separated, exchanging hearty handshakes.

"Greetings, Comrade!"

"Greetings!"

And one might discern in all of them a certain pleasure in playing at revolutionaries. . . .

Manuel himself, despite his having lapsed into the bourgeoisie, felt attracted to the group, and the following Sunday found him at *The Dawn*, mingling with the comrades.

They met in the shed of the bowling-alley, which was left unused. There they could talk freely. Every Sunday brought new members; they had bought Anarchist pamphlets by Kropotkin, Reclus, Jean Grave, and passed them along from one to another. Already they were all beginning to spout a pedantic terminology, half sociological, half revolutionary, translated from the French.

Very soon three distinct tendencies appeared in the group: that of Juan, that of the Libertarian, and that of the student, Cesar Maldonado. Juan's Anarchism was half humanitarian and half artistic. He hardly ever read Anarchistic literature; his favourite works were the writings of Tolstoi and Ibsen.

The Libertarian's Anarchism was the sullen, intractable, rebellious individualism of a character half Anarchistic and half Republican, more philosophic than practical; Maldonado's leanings were in the direction of parliamentarism. He wished



to give the group a certain club-like air. Neither Juan nor the Libertarian, however, would allow this; Juan, because he considered it an imposition, and the Libertarian, in addition, through fear of the police.

A final form of Anarchism, of the gutter variety, was that entertained by Señor Canuto, El Madrileño and Jesús. They preached destruction, and held no fixed policy; their tendencies changed aspect at every moment and were as soon liberal as reactionary.

The first Sunday that the meeting was held in the bowling-alley, Señor Canuto led the discussion. Señor Canuto had been an enthusiastic follower of the International, and when the break occurred between the partisans of Marx and those of Bakunin, Señor Canuto had sided with Bakunin. He had hailed the Commune in high hopes, believing that it trailed the social revolution in its wake; then he had his illusions concerning the mutiny of Cartagena; then came all the mobs and all the meetings that he was sure would usher in the great day; until at last, having lost all hope, he would listen to nobody and to nothing. He had been an ardent follower of Pi y Margall; he had known Fanelli, Salvochea, Serrano, Mora, and he remembered a number of turgid phrases uttered by Teobaldo Nieva, author of "The Chemistry of the Social Question."

Señor Canuto's tales struck the hearers as somewhat archaic and roused no response. He spoke of a distant past—of articles in *El Condenado* and

*La Solidaridad*, of far-off epochs when he had played a leading part in affairs Anarchistic.

He knew very little about the modern currents of thought, and the fame of Kropotkin and Grave, whose books he had not read, seemed to him a usurpation committed against Fourier, Proudhon and others. True, he had not read the works of these men, either; but he liked the sound of their names.

He was fond of his own brand of Anarchism—the Ernesto Alvarez type in particular. This new-fangled Catalonian way of doing things, as he said with a certain disdain in his voice, was not at all to his taste.

This second meeting lacked the attraction of the first, and many left it completely bored. With the aim of stirring up fresh interest, it was announced that on the following Sunday certain points would be discussed and that Maldonado and Prats would answer all objections raised.

“This Prats—who is he?” asked Manuel of El Madrileño.

Manuel was introduced to him. He was a bearded, stubby fellow with the face of a Barbary pirate, tanned to bronzen hue and fretted with wrinkles and dark blue veins. His whole face bristled with hair; it surrounded his eyes, grew in the nostrils of his aquiline nose, in his ears. His terrible looks, his raucous voice, his bear-like hands, hairy and deformed, lent him an awe-inspiring appearance.

“Are you coming next Sunday, Comrade?” he

said to Manuel, after having acknowledged the introduction.

"Yes."

"See you Sunday, then."

And they shook hands.

"There's a wild man for you!" exclaimed Manuel.

"Rama Sama isn't so terrible as he looks," answered El Madrileño.

"Well, we'll see whether things go livelier next Sunday."

Manuel and El Madrileño left. El Madrileño, from what Manuel could gather from the others, was a paradoxical, waggish fellow who was quite malicious at bottom. His favourite type was Pini the swindler, and it tickled him that certain robbers should have contributed to Jean Grave money for Anarchistic propaganda. It seemed to Manuel that he was the sort who could sacrifice everything to a clever remark or a jest.

El Madrileño had been a friend of Olivés, Ruiz and Suarez—the men who had been responsible for an explosion at La Huerta, the place where Cánovas lived.

"Paco Ruiz was a kind-hearted fellow," he said to Manuel. "If I had been in Madrid at the time, they'd never have sunk to the atrocity of placing a bomb in Cánovas' home."

"And wasn't anyone hurt by the bomb?" asked Manuel.

"Nobody but Ruiz, who died."

"How was it he didn't escape?"

“He could have escaped. Just see what happened. He carried a bottle of chlorate powder and had placed it in front of the entrance to the hotel, after having lighted the fuse. As he was leaving the spot, he noticed a governess and two children about to go in. Paco ran back on the instant, picked up the bottle, and it exploded in his hands. The explosion tore off his arm and he died from the wounds.”

El Madrileño, known to the police as a friend of the Anarchists, had been the victim of a frame-up on the Calle de la Cabeza and had spent several months in prison.

## CHAPTER II

Rights—Law—Slavery—Cows—Negroes—Whites—  
Other Trifles

**T**HE following Sunday, Manuel came late to the meeting; it was a beautiful winter afternoon, and Manuel and La Salvadora had taken advantage of the weather for a stroll.

By the time Manuel entered the bowling-alley, the discussion was at its height.

"You're late," said El Madrileño. "You've missed it. A whale of a time. But it isn't over yet."

Everybody's face was flushed.

"Who are the debaters?"

"The student, Prats and that hunchback friend of yours."

The hunchback was Rebolledo.

"What we proclaim," the student Maldonado was shouting in a furious voice, "is the universal right to happiness."

"That's a right I can't see, no matter how I look at it," replied Rebolledo the father.

"Well, I can."

"Well, I can't. The way I look at it, having a right and not being able to exercise it, is the same as not having the right. We all have the right to

happiness; we all have the right to build on the moon. But can we? No? Then it's the same as not having the right."

"Whether you can or can't, the right remains," retorted Maldonado.

"Of course," chimed in Prats.

"Not at all!" And the hunchback shook his head violently. "For the right of the individual varies with the age and even with the country."

"Right is always the same," affirmed the Jacobin group.

"Then how is it that formerly you could do certain things—hold slaves, for example—and now you can't?" asked the hunchback.

"Because the laws were bad."

"All laws are bad," declared the Libertarian, roundly.

"Laws are like the dogs over on the Tercer Depósito," said El Madrileño, sarcastically. "They bark at anyone who wears a workingman's smock and old clothes."

"If the State and all laws were to be suppressed," avowed one of the audience, "mankind would return to its original goodness."

"That's another question," disdainfully retorted Maldonado. "I was answering this gentleman"—and he pointed to Rebolledo—"and, to tell the truth, I don't remember what I was saying."

"You were saying," said the hunchback, "that former laws, such as those permitting one to hold slaves, were bad, and I don't say they weren't. What I do say is that if those laws ever came back,

the right to hold slaves would come back with them."

"No. . . . The law is one thing. Right is another."

"Then what *is* right?"

"Right is that which belongs naturally to every person as a human being. . . . We all have the right to live; I don't believe you'll deny that."

"I neither deny nor affirm it. . . . But let the blacks come to-morrow, for example, to Madrid, and let them start lopping off heads right and left, without so much as a by-your-leave—what becomes of your right to live?"

"They might deprive us of life, but not of the right to live," replied Prats.

"So that, though a fellow would be dead, he'd still have the right to life?"

"Here, in Madrid, they make a joke out of everything," grumbled the Catalonian.

"No, that's no joke. It's a direct application of what you maintain."

"You're a reactionary."

"I debate the best I know how. I present my arguments, and up to now you haven't changed my mind."

"But don't you believe," shouted Maldonado, "that every creature born has a right to live?"

"I don't know," answered the hunchback. "Cows are born, just like human beings, and they must have the right to live, as you say; just the same, we slaughter them and we eat them as beefsteak; which is to say, those who have money eat them."

Everybody burst out laughing.

"That's beside the point," declared Prats.

"Not at all," maintained the hunchback. "I've no use for twaddle, understand? And there's plenty of prattle here, but nobody says anything. All these rights you're prating about—I can't see 'em anywhere, and as far as I'm concerned, all this spouting about rights is so much poppycock. It's just as if you tried to demonstrate to me that I've a right to get rid of my hump. It's circumstances that determine these matters. Let me give you an example. I have a bottle of wine that I want to smuggle in; they catch me, and demand the duty. What do I do? Pay. Why? Because they have the right to require payment. But let excise taxes be repealed to-morrow; then they can't ask a peso of me, even if I bring in a hogshead. Because they no longer have the right to demand anything of me. Now, that's as clear as crystal to me. A man lives, if he can, and if he can't, he dies. And when he dies, he's buried, and that's all there is to rights or philosophy."

"Well, well! If you're going to overturn everything, there's no discussion possible," said Maldonado.

"I think the man's right," exclaimed the Libertarian.

"Certainly, from his point of view. He surely is," added Juan.

"That's the point of view of the majority of Spaniards," went on the Libertarian. "In a town where there's a political boss, nobody asks whether



the boss is right or wrong, but whether he has the power. He's the stronger . . . then he's right. . . . That's the law of nature . . . the struggle for life."

The hunchback was somewhat elated with his triumph, yet doubtless he did not wish to impress his hearers as a systematic denier, so, after a while, he added, with a certain modesty:

"I know nothing about these questions. I just speak whatever comes into my head. . . . Now, there are certain things that strike me as being fine. For instance, the previous talk about dividing up work among all, and even of doing away with inheritance."

"But if you deny the principles, with what right are you going to prevent the heir from inheriting his father's property?" asked Maldonado.

"I'd have a law passed against it. It seems to me only just that at the start all men should have the identical means of labour; afterward, let the skilful, industrious workman rise; as for the slug-gard, let him shift as best he may."

"Under Anarchism there won't be any slug-gards," declared Prats.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because there won't. Because laziness is a product of the contemporary social organization. Abolish that, and idlers disappear."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because nobody will have any interest in avoiding work, just as there will be no misers, either."

Hereupon began a lively argument between Prats and Rebolledo.

“And how about the man who saves his money?” asked the hunchback.

“There won’t be any money, or property, nor guardians of property.”

“And thieves?”

“There won’t be any thieves.”

“And criminals . . . murderers?”

“There won’t be any criminals. Without property, there can be no thieves, nor folks who kill to rob.”

“But there are men who kill because they’ve been wicked since childhood.”

“They are sick and must be cured.”

“Then the prisons will be transformed into hospitals?”

“Yes.”

“And they’ll feed a fellow without his having to work?”

“Of course.”

“Then before long, being a criminal is going to become a pretty popular job!”

“You insist upon taking everything so literally,” said Prats. “These matters of detail will all be studied out.”

“Very well. Now, another thing. We working-men—what are we going to gain by Anarchism?”

“Gain? An improvement in your lives.”

“Any higher wages?”

“Certainly! Everyone will receive the full product of his toil.”

"That means that everyone will receive what he deserves."

"Sure thing."

"And who's to estimate that? And how?"

"Can't you see pretty plainly how much a fellow has worked?" asked Prats, ill-humouredly.

"In your work and in mine. But how about engineers, inventors, artists, men of talent? Who's going to appraise their toil?"

This exclusion of his own person from men of talent roiled the Catalonian, who burst out in a flare of anger:

"Let them break stone on the public highways!"

"No," interceded Maldonado. "Let each man do his own work. One will say: 'I've written this book.' The other: 'I have tilled this field.' The other: 'I have made this pair of shoes.' And none will be superior to the other."

"Excellent," commented Rebolledo. "But, even supposing that the inventor is not superior to the shoemaker, within the group of inventors there will be one who invents an important machine and another who invents a toy, and one will be superior to the other; within the shoemakers' guild, too, there will likewise be good ones and superior ones."

"Not at all—for the notion of categories will have disappeared."

"But that can't be."

"And why can't it?"

"Because it's as if I were to say to you: 'This bench is bigger than this bowl,' and you were to reply: 'To-morrow it won't be, for we're going

to do away with all metres, yardsticks, spans—all standards of measurement, and thus you won't be able to see whether it's bigger or smaller."

"The trouble with you is, you look at everything from the standpoint of to-day, and you can't understand that the world is changing absolutely," said Maldonado, disdainfully.

"That's it! I just can't understand it! Least-wise, so well as you! I don't at all doubt that it has to change; what I do doubt, though, is that you know just what direction that change is going to take. For you tell me that there'll be no more thieves, no criminals, all will be equal . . . and I don't believe it."

"Then don't."

"Certainly not. For if I were to believe in such miracles, simply on your say-so, I might as well have believed in the Pope long ago."

Maldonado shrugged his shoulders and passed a number of uncomplimentary remarks about the barber.

"You've won me over," said Manuel to the hunchback.

"Sure!" exclaimed El Madrileño, impatiently.

"All these formulas are so much drivel. There's one thing only: Revolution for Revolution's sake, for the fun of it."

"That's the point exactly," chimed in Señor Canuto. "What's the use of all this theory, allegory, botchery? What's to be done? Set everything afire? To it, then! And send the *burgantes* flying into the air with their guts after them, and

raze every church to the ground, and every barracks, and all the palaces, and the convents, and the prisons. . . . And if you catch sight of a priest, or a general, or a judge—just sneak up to him and crack him over the head with a jimmy or jab him through the ribs with a dirk . . . and then let him find out who did it. . . . Yes, sir!”

Prats protested, avowing that the Anarchists were a human, worthy lot and not a party of assassins.

“Why, this fellow must be addle-pated!” exclaimed Señor Canuto, in the height of his scorn. Then, derisively pitying the ignorance of his interlocutor, he went on: “See here, you stripling, before you ever saw the light of day, my wisdom teeth were aching with the knowledge of Anarchism. I’ve seen a thing or two in my day.” And he brought his forefinger close to the lower lid of his right eye. “I’ve seen more than most, and I’ve changed my military tactics. Do you get me? I’ve been convinced that the point lies in impressing the seal and not putting on galoshes. Do you understand me? Very well; my present system is precisely as scientific as a Mauser. You load the gun and fire. . . . *Pum, pum, pum.* . . . As often as you please. Now, if you aim at your bosom, it’s very likely that you’ll shoot through your heart.”

“I don’t understand you,” said the Catalonian.

“You don’t?” And Señor Canuto eyed his hearer with pity. “What are we going to do about it? Perhaps my foot doesn’t strike the ball”—and affecting humility, he continued: “But I did im-

agine that I knew a trifle about life and cards. But let's get down to brass tacks. If you have a horse or a child—it's the same thing as far as the case is concerned—troubled with scrofulous ulcers, what do you do?"

"How should I know? I'm no veterinary or doctor."

"You'd try to get rid of the ulcers, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would."

"And there are a number of things you could do. First, try to cure the afflicted party. There's iodine, iron, a change of activities, a change of diet, a change of air. Second, try to soothe the ailment: clean the sores, disinfect them, and all that. Third, palliate it, or, what amounts to same thing, make it less severe. Fourth, hide the sores, or spread a layer of rice powder over them. And this last is just what you're trying to do with the social ulcers."

"It may be so; but I don't see it."

"You don't? Well, I do. I'd like to give you a word of advice. I don't know whether you'll be offended. Yes, sir."

"No, sir, I'll not be offended."

"Then turn Socialist."

"Why?"

"Because your line of talk and being a *socialeer* is the same as going a-hunting in the Prado park with a very big gamebag, understand, and a cane shotgun. Yes, sir!"

## CHAPTER III

There's No Relying on Clocks or on the Soldiery—Women  
Are Good, Even Those Who Say That They're Bad  
—Drunkards and Dogs

THE printing-shop was beginning to make headway. Work was coming in with something like regularity, but Manuel could not leave the plant for even a moment. If there were any errands to be done, he would wait for night, after closing the shop. Jesús continued to live with him, doing nothing at all. Afternoons, he would go off to see Señor Canuto for a chat; then he would have supper, go to bed, and appear next day in time for breakfast. Often he did not show up.

"Jesús has money," said La Salvadora one day to Manuel. "What does he do? Does he work anywhere?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, he has money."

"I don't see how he manages it."

One night Manuel was returning very late from the home of a publisher to whom he had gone to discuss the printing of some books. Reaching the Plaza del Callao, he caught sight of Jesús on a corner, so drunk that he could hardly stand. Man-

uel at first meant to continue on his way without paying any attention to the fellow, but he was seized with pity and went over to him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Who are you . . . to ask me that?" stammered Jesús. "Oh, it's you, is it? I was taking the fresh air."

"You've got a shameful jag. Let's go home. Come on!"

"What d'ye mean, 'Come on'? What for?"

"Look at yourself! You can't stand up straight."

"And what do you care? You're only a bourgeois pig . . . that's what . . . and a miser. Between your sister and that other girl, they've made a stingy cur out of you . . . and a rotten comrade."

"Very well. I'm a bourgeois, then. But I don't smell enough to kill, as you do."

"What do I smell of? Wine—of wine. . . ."

Jesús said "of wine" as if he had said "of roses."

"You're a shameless tramp," exclaimed Manuel, "an outrageous drunkard!"

"Do you know why I go on a drunk? Do you know? Because I'm filled with such a deep sorrow. Because I have a raging thirst. . . ."

"Yes, a raging thirst for wine and whisky."

"Bah! Why do I talk with men who can't understand me? . . . I'm a forlorn waif. . . ."

"See here, none of your farces with me. Home!"

"Home? . . . I don't want to. Listen to me,



Manuel; I don't know which is the bigger in me, my brain or my heart. . . . For I *have* brains, let me tell you! . . ."

"I guess that what's biggest in you is your gullet."

"Well, then, even if my stomach is the biggest part of me, clown, don't you come to me with your cheap jokes, d'ye hear? You may be a good printer, but when it comes to Madrilenian wit . . . you haven't got a thimbleful."

"Nor do I care."

"Why don't you go on a drunk? Tell me that!"

"Because I don't want to."

"Because you don't want to, hey? . . . I know you, sly dog. . . . You've got a sorrow hidden deep, deep down. . . ."

"Yes, I'm a poor little orphan like yourself."

"No. . . . All you are is a bourgeois. . . . And that other girl is to blame. . . . For before she showed up, you were a good comrade. . . . But now that other one runs you, body and soul, and you can't make a move without her."

"Have it your way, man; she runs me. What are we going to do about it?"

By this time they had reached a tavern on the Calle Ancha; Jesús stopped, leaned heavily against the wall with his shoulders, and roundly declared that he wouldn't stir a step from the spot, not even if they killed him.

"Come on, don't be a chump!" cried Manuel. "I'll kick you home."

"Kick away, then. I won't move."

"What do you propose to do, then?"

"Have a couple of glasses here."

"Very well. Have them."

At this juncture a girl hurried by. Jesús made for her; she screamed in fright.

"He's drunk; don't mind him," explained Manuel, getting between them.

"What do you say?" Jesús called to the girl. "I invite you to supper. Will you have a bite with me, sweetie?"

"No."

"And why not?"

"Because I have to be getting home."

"Home, two o'clock in the morning? How's that?"

"What? Is it two?" asked the girl of Manuel.

"It can't be much earlier."

They passed the University and looked at the clock. It was exactly two. The girl was astonished, and hesitated, then she regained her composure and burst out laughing. She was a trifle drunk; the edging of her waist was torn and the waist itself stained with wine. She said that she had been with her sweetheart, who was a sergeant, and with another girl friend of hers and her steady, to the Cuatro Caminos. There the men had made them both drink until they were tipsy; then they deceived them into thinking that it was six when it was really nine, and that it was nine when it was already one in the morning. She was a domestic and thought that she could reach home at the regular hour; but now that she couldn't, she didn't give a hang.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Leave the house and find another place."

"What we're going to do," said Jesús, "is all go off this very minute for a bite."

"Suits me. Name your place!" exclaimed the girl. And she clutched Manuel and Jesús by the arm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jesús. "It's me for the lively ladies!"

Manuel hesitated; they would be waiting for him at home. . . . Although, by this time, they surely must have gone to bed.

"A day is a day," he muttered. "Let's go." Besides, the girl was a pretty thing, with a snub nose, generous bosom and wide hips.

"So you're really going to leave your master?" asked Manuel.

"What else can I do?"

"And well done!" cried Jesús. "She's leaving her masters. . . . Let their worthy mamma serve them. . . . Down with the bourgeoisie!"

"Shut up!" cautioned Manuel. "You'll have the officers here."

"Let 'em come. . . . I laugh at the city guards . . . and at the civil guards . . . and at the guardians of the public order. And I say to this woman here that she's one glorious sight to see, and that she does well to go to the Cuatro Caminos . . . with the sergeant, the soldier or whoever she darn pleases. . . . We're all free men and women. Hang it! Don't our masters and mistresses have their affairs, too? . . . Isn't that so, sweetheart?"

"You bet!"

The girl clutched Manuel tightly by the arm.

"And haven't you anything to say?"

"You've got one fellow already."

"The more the good Lord sends, the better!" she answered, laughing. "What's your name?"

"Manuel."

"And what do you do?"

"That guy," exploded Jesús, "that guy is a bourgeois pig . . . who wants to get rich . . . and marry a woman . . . and set up a pawnshop between them. . . . Ha, ha!"

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Manuel. "He doesn't know what he's talking about. What's your name?"

"Mine? Paca."

"Are you really a servant?"

"Yes."

Jesús made several attempts to grab the girl around the waist and give her a kiss.

"See here. If that guy touches me, I'll leave," she said.

Jesús, stung with offence, broke into insults.

"Listen here. I've got plenty of women—better-looking than you . . . understand. . . . And all you are is a kitchen-maid . . . and I've always got five duros in my pocket to blow. . . . And that guy with you is a hen, and if he doesn't fly off . . . I'll break a wing for him."

Manuel whirled around and seized Jesús by the arm.

"I was only joking," said Jesús. "I can't believe

you'd get so mad over a mere joke. Why, I'm glad to see you go with her, my boy! I'm no cheap sport, like you! And now I'll invite another girl, and we'll all go for supper."

And, indeed, he invited another woman, and the four entered a tavern on the Calle del Horno de la Mata. The place was crowded; they were shown to a tiny room by a waiter in a coarse apron.

"What would you like?" he asked.

"Fetch us," began Jesús, "two portions of fried fish, roast cutlets for four . . . cheese, and send out for coffee. . . . Ah! And in the meantime, see if you can scare up some olives and a bottle of white wine."

"I'll have to pay for all this," thought Manuel.

The olives and the wine were served, and Jesús filled the glasses. The woman who had come with Jesús was pale, with dark, lustrous hair combed down tight. She eyed the servant curiously.

"You don't belong to the 'profession,'" she said to her.

"What d'ye mean?" asked the girl.

"No," interjected Manuel, "she's a domestic. Listen," and Manuel drew Paca closer to him.

"What do your employers say to you?"

"So many things!"

"And what do you answer?"

"Me? . . . That depends."

"Bah," mumbled Manuel. "I can see that that sergeant wasn't the first."

The girl exploded into loud guffaws. The other

woman removed from her waist the arm with which Jesús was squeezing her.

"Don't get fresh," she said to him.

Her complexion was withered; her gestures, timorous. There was a certain dignity about her, which indicated that she was not one of those who are born with the vocation for their sorry business. In her black eyes, in her prematurely wrinkled face, one could read weariness, sleeplessness, dejection—all this covered by a veil of indifference and insensibility.

"So you're a servant-girl, are you?" asked the pale woman of the domestic.

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"I have a daughter of fifteen."

"You?"

"Yes."

"You don't seem to be old enough for that."

"Oh, yes, I'm old enough. I've passed my thirty-fourth birthday. The child is over in Avila with my parents. I don't want her with me, of course, and her grandparents are poor. Whatever money I get hold of, I send to her."

Jesús grew serious and made further inquiries about her life.

"A year ago I gave birth to a son, and they had to take him from me with instruments," continued the woman, as she sliced her meat with the knife. "Ever since then I've been ailing. Then, a few months ago, I had typhus; they shipped me off to

the Cerro del Pimiento and there they took away all the clothes I had. When I got out, I was in such a desperate situation that I tried to commit suicide."

"You wanted to kill yourself!" exclaimed the servant.

"Yes."

"And what did you do?"

"I snapped off the heads of some matches, put them into a glass of whisky, waited for them to melt, and then drank it down. Such terrible pains I got! . . . A doctor came and gave me an emetic. For the next four or five days I could breathe in the dark and it would shine."

"Is that how desperate you were?" asked the servant.

"You don't know how we live. See? To-day I earn nothing. Then to-morrow I have to pawn this waist, and if it cost me three duros, I'll get for it about two pesetas. Then, men like to make women suffer. . . . Take my advice, girlie, stick to housework. No matter how badly off you may be, you won't be worse off than us. . . ."

Jesús explained that he was feeling sick and left the room.

"And couldn't you find any work?" asked Manuel of the woman.

"I? Where am I to go? I have no strength . . . I'm anæmic. Besides, you get so used to foul language and drinking that they can tell who you are the moment they look at you. If I had my health, I'd hire out as a wet-nurse. I still have

milk. By your leave, blondie," she said to the girl, whereupon she undid her waist, drew forth her breast, and pressed it with two fingers. "All this must be poisoned by now," she added. "If I could place my daughter in some shop, or in some respectable household, I wouldn't care for the rest. Because, when life makes a bad start . . ."

The conversation of the three took a morbid turn, and they related their respective troubles. All at once came the voice of Jesús, shouting:

"Help! Help!"

"What's happening to the man?" asked Manuel. He dashed into the corridor of the tavern.

"Help! Help!" continued Jesús, bellowing.

Manuel met the waiter in the entry.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"I don't know. It must be your friend. A moment ago he asked me where the privy was. I can't imagine what's happened to him."

They dashed into the kitchen.

"Let me out!" Jesús was yelling. "Help! Help! They've locked the door on me!"

There was a din of pounding fists and kicks against the door.

"But the door is open!" cried the waiter. And, indeed, he opened it, and out came Jesús, pale with fright.

Manuel could not contain an outburst of laughter at sight of Jesús, powdered with plaster, hair dishevelled, trembling with terror.

Jesús opened and closed the door to the privy



several times, to convince himself that it really was open, and made no reply.

"Let's have a coffee and be off," said Manuel.

"It's late. What's the bill?" he asked the waiter.

"It's none of your business how much it is!" exclaimed Jesús. "I'm paying for this, and nobody else."

"But have you got any money?"

"Look at this," and Jesús thrust five or six duros under Manuel's nose.

"But where do you get it?"

"Ah. . . . That's a secret. . . . You're too inquisitive."

"I believe that Señor Canuto and you are counterfeiterers."

"Ha . . . ha. . . . You're trying to pump me. . . . But nothing doing."

They drank their coffee, swallowed a few glasses of whisky, and left the tavern, Jesús in company of the pale woman and Manuel with the servant.

"Where do you want to go?" Manuel asked her.

"I want to go home."

"Don't you want to come with me?"

"No. I'm no common woman. What did you think?"

"Nothing, woman. Nothing. Go wherever you please. Good-bye!"

The girl paused; then she called to him:

"Manuel!"

"Go, take a walk for yourself."

"Manuel!" she cried again.

"What do you want?"

"Wait for me next Sunday!"

"Where?"

"At my sister's."

The girl gave him the address.

"Very well. Good-bye."

She held out her cheek to him; Manuel kissed her. He tried to put his arm around her waist, but she scampered off, laughing. When Manuel reached home, La Salvadora was still sewing; Roch, coiled upon the table, beneath the lamp, was sleeping; through the half-open shutters of the balcony filtered the gloomy glow of morning.

"Have you been talking with that gentleman up to now?" asked La Salvadora.

"No."

And he told her of his adventure with Jesús.

As it was already day, Manuel did not go to bed. Leaving the house, on his way to the shop, he caught sight of Jesús heaped in a doorway on the Calle de San Bernardo. A stray dog was licking his hands, and Jesús was fondling him, delivering long harangues into his ear.

## CHAPTER IV

The Englishman Wishes to Run Things—Races—Machines—Fine Ideas and Handsome Projects

ONE rainy afternoon in February, just after Manuel had turned on the light in his office, a carriage drew up before the door and in came Roberto.

“Ah, there! How are you?”

“Fine! And you? What brings you here in this bad weather?”

“I’ve got some business for you.”

“Really!”

“I happened to meet my former employer, and talking about your affairs, I remembered your printing-shop. . . .”

“Our printing-shop, you mean.”

“True enough—our printing-shop. He was complaining to me that his books were slapped together so carelessly. ‘See here,’ said I. ‘I know a new printer who does good work.’ ‘Well, tell him to come to see me,’ he answered.”

“And what is there to do?”

“Books with cuts, tables and statistics. Can you do engraving?”

“Yes. Excellent work.”

“Then go see him to-day or to-morrow.”

"Don't worry. I'll go. I should say! I'll have to hire another good compositor."

"How are things? Plenty of work?"

"Yes."

"But not much profit."

"You see, the men belong to the union and run things their own way."

"Didn't you formerly belong to the union?"

"No."

"Weren't you a Socialist?"

"Psch!"

"An Anarchist, maybe?"

"Yes. I prefer Anarchism to Socialism."

"Of course! It's pleasanter for a child to play truant than to go to school. And what brand of Anarchism do you support?"

"I? No brand."

"You're wise there. Anarchism for all doesn't mean anything. To one it is liberty. And do you know how liberty is acquired? First, by making money. Then, by thinking. The mob, the masses—they'll never amount to anything. When we get an oligarchy of select men—each of them a conscience, with free election among them and sympathy, they'll rule everything. Laws will remain only for the rabble that hasn't emancipated itself."

A typesetter came in with his composing-stick and some sheets of copy in his hand, to ask Manuel a question.

"I'll be with you soon," answered Manuel.

"No, my good fellow. Go at once," suggested Roberto.

"I wanted to hear what you had to say."

"I'll stay for a while yet, and we'll discuss things."

Manuel left his office and returned in a few minutes. He sat down.

"You're something of an Anarchist yourself, aren't you?" he asked Roberto.

"Yes, I've been one, after my own fashion."

"When you were very badly off, perhaps?"

"No. That had no influence whatever upon my ideas. You may take my word for that. I experienced my first feelings of rebellion while at school. I tried to understand what I read, to delve down into the meaning of things. My teachers accused me of laziness because I didn't learn my lessons by heart. I made furious protest. Ever since then, all teachers, to me, are ignoramuses. Until at last I came to understand that you must conform to your surroundings or at least pretend to conform. Now, deep inside of me, I'm more of an Anarchist than ever."

"And outside?"

"Outside! If I were to enter English politics, I'd be a Conservative."

"Really?"

"Certainly I would! What should I do in England as an Anarchist? I'd live in obscurity. No. I can't scorn any advantage in the struggle for life."

"But you've solved your particular problem."

"Partly, yes."

"Partly? What more do you want? You have

all the money you need; you've married an exquisite, a most beautiful woman. . . ."

"There's something still left to attain."

"What's that?"

"Rulership, power. If I no longer had ambitions, I should be dead. Life is a matter of unending struggle; two cells fight for an atom of albumen; two tigers, for a strip of meat; two savages, for a few glass beads; two civilized beings, for love or glory. . . . I fight for power."

"And will struggle be always necessary?"

"Always."

"Don't you believe that human brotherhood will ever come?"

"No."

"Won't humanity ever be able to do away with exploiters and exploited?"

"Never. To live in society means to be either a creditor or a debtor. There's no middle course. To-day, every man who doesn't work, or doesn't produce, lives on the labour of another, or of a hundred others; there's no doubt that the richer one is, the more slaves one has—slaves one doesn't know, but who exist none the less. And to-morrow it will be the same; there'll always be mobs who sweat for the scholar, for the beautiful woman, for the artist. . . ."

"You have some pretty gloomy notions."

"No. Why should you say that? Only two things can happen in the future; either that, in spite of all the laws passed in favour of the weak, the immoral, the ignorant, power will remain, as here-

tofore, in the hands of the strong, or else the small fry will gain the upper hand and succeed in weakening and finally destroying the strong."

"Your ideas certainly shock me. I'd like to hear you debate with the Libertarian."

"Who is the Libertarian?"

"A friend of mine."

"We'd never affect each other's beliefs."

"Why?"

"Because we're all what we are, and it can't be otherwise. I'm a mixture of the English individualism of the Manchesterians, and of the aggressive, Kabyle Spanish individualism. At bottom we all respond to the fatalism of race. You don't know why you're an Anarchist, and why, being one, you feel no instinct of destruction. . . . It's the same with everybody else."

"No, not everybody."

"Every mother's son of them. If the Spaniard is more individualistic than the German, do you think it's because of his own choice in the matter? Not a bit of it. It's a result of the climate . . . and the food. An inevitable fate, not so clear as, but none the less similar to, the fate that makes Sherry strong and Rhine-wine soft."

"But there are German Anarchists."

"Indeed there are. Just as there are oranges in England and spruce-trees in Spain."

"That's all very well. But ideas—can't they have them there, as well as we have them here?"

"Yes. But ideas are what count least. You may be a good fellow, with not much will-power,

with good intentions; and you'll be that just the same, whether you're a Carlist, a Protestant or a Mohammedan. For, beneath all your ideas are the feelings and the instincts; and the instincts are nothing but the result of climate, food and one's racial life. Your entire race is in you, and in your race is all the land that it has ever lived upon. We are not the children of earth; we are the very earth itself—feeling and thinking earth. Let the soil of a country change, and the inhabitants at once undergo a corresponding change. If it were possible to place Madrid at sea-level, within fifty years the city's population would be talking in a different way."

"So that you attach little importance to ideas?"

"Yes. Very little. Pure intelligence exists in all men alike, and its quality is the same. A Spanish chemist and a Norwegian chemist have a certain analysis to make; they'll go about it in the same way. They think about their science, and think in the same manner. But the moment they leave their laboratories, they are utterly distinct creatures. One eats excessively; the other, too little. One gets up early; the other late. . . . German and English workingmen, who read far more than the Spaniards and the Italians, don't become Anarchists. Why? Because they can't understand the theories? Bah! They understand them well enough, you may be sure. But your German, above all, is a man of order, good at commanding and obeying; while your Englishman is a



practical fellow who wants to waste no time. . . . Not so the Spaniard. No. He's an Anarchist out of sheer laziness; he still has the providential idea; he's an Anarchist for the same reason that the Moor will be one, to-morrow. I believe that, for the peoples of the South, for all these half African Mediterraneans, the best thing would be a strong dictatorial government that could dominate the disharmony of appetites and remedy the lack of social organization."

"A despotism, you mean?"

"An enlightened, progressive despotism, such as would be a boon to our present-day Spain."

"Obey a tyrant! That's horrible."

"To me—and according to my conception of liberty—it's more offensive to do homage to the law than to obey violence."

"You're more of an Anarchist than I am," said Manuel, laughing. "Do you really believe in such a dictatorship?"

"If only the right man could appear, it would prove most useful. Just imagine a dictator who should say: 'I'm going to suppress bull-fights,' and then really suppressed them. 'I intend to do away with half the clergy,' and then really abolished half of them, and imposed a heavy tax upon incomes, and ordered roads to be laid and railroads built, and sent all insubordinate political leaders to prison, and had mines opened, and compelled people to plant trees . . ."

"You can't do that at this late date, Don Roberto."

“Yes you can, my good fellow; you can. It’s all a question of having the power.”

“I don’t believe that things of the past will ever return.”

“And why not? All things may have their various moments. Take, for example, the Keltic clan; it was a long stride backwards from the Greek or the Roman city; but it’s well within possibility that, inside of a few hundred years, we’ll be living again in some sort of clan. When the time comes that you can send electrical energy hundreds of miles, and means of communication will be very rapid, what need will there be of dwelling in narrow, crowded streets? No. We’ll live in groups—say of ten or twelve families who like one another, who know one another—forming a sort of clan in the midst of the country, and kept in touch with other clans by means of street cars and railroads. And this is already taking place with the factories. Up to a few years ago we had vast agglomerations of plants; to-day a veritable revolution has begun in manufacturing-life and machinery. Instead of tending toward concentration, they are spreading apart, and it’s only a matter of cheap transportation and distribution before crowded factory districts will disappear. Everything changes; there is nothing definitive, neither in the physical nor in the normal world. Such a progressive despotism would prove a boon to Spain to-day.”

“Perhaps. The one sure thing is that we’ll never see it.”

“At least, it’s the most likely thing. Well, we’ve

put society to rights at last, so I'm going. Don't forget to go see the publisher."

"No. I'll not forget."

"Fine! Good-bye, Manuel."

"Good-bye, Don Roberto."

"And as for Anarchism, take it as a sport; don't get too mixed up in it."

"Oh, I take it quite calmly, I assure you."

"Yes, I know. But it's always dangerous to declare yourself. For in these ideas that are persecuted by governments, there's no middle course; either you're an unfortunate fellow who can't make a living, or a parasite who lives by exploiting the rest. And both things must be disagreeable. Well, good-bye!"

Roberto stepped hastily into his carriage and the horses started to trot up the street.

## CHAPTER V

The Good Socialist Workingman—Jesús Has a Fine Time  
—What Use Are Corpses?

**I**NSTEAD of hiring a compositor, as he had intended, Manuel secured a foreman, and he did not regret his action.

Manuel was not cut out for supervising work; besides, what with the work in the shop and his scurrying about at night, he was exhausted.

The foreman that Manuel brought to his house was in his early thirties—an educated fellow, somewhat corpulent, strong, with Socialistic ideas. His name was Pepe Morales.

He was the type of intelligent, steady workingman, knew his business thoroughly, was highly skilled, never grew impatient, and was as punctual as a clock. From the moment that Morales entered the shop, work in the plant became methodical.

Manuel could now spend a little time chatting after meals.

In the back yard of the house grew a stunted fig-tree. La Salvadora and La Ignacia had asked permission of the landlord to tear up the pavement of the patio and make a little garden; in one corner

they put up two grape-vines and other plants that Señor Canuto brought from his garden.

On the pleasant days they would all go down to the yard, followed by Kiss and Roch. The hens would cackle; the vain rooster, with eyes as big as trousers buttons, would strut about proudly, while up in the garret the pigeons cooed. . . .

Shortly after his arrival at the printing-shop, Morales came with his wife and children to visit Manuel. The foreman's wife was a very good-looking woman and at once became close friends with La Salvadora. They exchanged confidences about their trials and household duties.

Manuel, in the meantime, made no progress in his love affair; there was something between La Salvadora and him that formed an invisible barrier. Often, at night, on going to bed, Manuel would resolve to make a definite move the following day; but when he got up all his plans were forgotten; it seemed to him that the petty details of life, looming up on his road, prevented him from making a decision.

"Just the same," he told himself, "I'll have to take the decisive step."

At times he wondered whether La Salvadora might have something hidden deep down in her heart—whether she might be in love with another; and he watched her. She was aware of his surveillance, and would look at him as if to say: "I'm hiding nothing from you; that's simply my way."

"Well," Manuel would mutter, "let's wait at least until the economic question is settled."

There were times when La Salvadora, for some reason that Manuel did not understand, would blush and smile uneasily. . . .

One day La Salvadora told Manuel about a strange sight she had seen.

"Last night, I couldn't fall asleep, and I heard Jesús pacing back and forth up in the attic. I listened, and pretty soon I heard very soft footsteps on the stairs—like those of a barefoot man; then the street-door closed. I got up, went to the balcony, and there I saw Jesús, heading up the Calle de Magallanes. It was two in the morning. I went to my room and listened for his return; but I fell asleep. To-day, La Ignacia took out Jesús's clothes, to brush them, and his shoes and trousers were covered with earth, as if he had been in the fields."

"Where can that man be going?" asked Manuel.

"I don't know. But it certainly can't be anything good."

"We'll spy on him. If you should ever hear him sneaking out again, call me."

"I will."

Some days later, toward midnight, without having been called, Manuel awoke. There was a noise upstairs, in Jesús's room. Manuel sat up in bed and listened for a long while. There came the sound of slow, light footfalls; then the creaking of

the stairs. Manuel arose, dressed and went to the door. At that moment the person who had descended the staircase stepped into the street. Manuel opened the shutters, stepped out to the balcony and saw Jesús; then he dashed down the stairs; the door was slightly ajar.

Jesús headed up the gloomy street, which had been transformed into a river of mud. Manuel shadowed him at a safe distance. The night was dark and foreboding; a thin, penetrating drizzle was falling.

As Manuel reached the end of the passage formed by the walls of the Calle de Magallanes, he heard a low whistle, which was answered by another.

Having walked the length of the gloomy street, Jesús turned to the left, slunk along the crumbling wall of the burial ground, then paused, looked about to see whether he was being followed, climbed over the fence and disappeared. Shortly afterward another man repeated this procedure. Manuel waited, to make sure.

After an appreciable length of time in ambush, and seeing that nobody else appeared, he drew near to the spot where they had cleared the wall. He was unfortunate enough to stumble into a clay pit; cakes of clay formed around his feet and it was all he could do to make any progress. After a struggle he reached the spot.

The wall, at this point, was broken, leaving a gap. Manuel peered in through the hole. He could make out the abandoned graveyard and a few

white tombstones gleaming pallidly in the dim light of the stars.

There was not a sound. It occurred to Manuel that if he remained where he was, he might be discovered; he retraced his steps and entered an old plot of the graveyard, which was now exposed, without a fence; there were a number of tumbledown hovels here. Manuel recalled that there must be in this vicinity a broken door that opened upon the burial ground. And, surely enough, he found it; it was cracked in a dozen places. He looked through one of these chinks into the cemetery.

At this moment the hour struck.

Amidst the thick clouds appeared the sad, yellow moon, encircled by a huge ring. The clouds sped rapidly across her face. Soon Manuel made out two figures in the cemetery; then the wind wafted toward him the faint sound of voices.

He cocked his ear.

"You take these bronze letters and go to the Calle del Noviciado," spoke one voice. "And I'll go to the Calle de la Palma."

"Good," answered the other.

"And I'll see you in the afternoon, at the café."

He could hear nothing more. Manuel could see, by the light of the moon, a man climbing over the wall at the spot where it was broken; then came another. And now two shadows sped rapidly along the road. Their careful footsteps died out in the distance. Very slowly, Manuel got out of his hiding-place and returned by the Calle de Magellanes. A few windows were already aglow with the lights



of the early risers. Manuel reached his house. The door was closed, but the balcony shutters had remained open.

"Now let's see whether he has any tact," said Manuel to himself, and lifting himself by the iron grating of Rebolledo's shop, until he could seize the ironwork of the balcony, he managed to enter by that way. He closed the balcony shutters and went back to bed. . . .

The next day Manuel told La Salvadora all about it. The girl was terrified.

"Can it really be true? Are you sure you heard well?"

"Yes, I'm positive. Has Jesús got up yet?"

"No. I don't think he has."

"Very well. When he does, tell La Ignacia to follow him."

"I will."

When Manuel returned for his midday meal, La Salvadora told him that Jesús had gone off, with a bag hidden in his cape, to a pawnshop on the Calle del Noviciado.

"It's true, you see."

"If he's caught, he'll be sent to prison."

"We must take his key away, and then give him a scare."

"Tell him, at lunch, that there's talk around here about graveyard robbers."

At lunch, accordingly, La Salvadora remarked in offhand fashion:

"There have been robbers in the near-by cemeteries these past few nights."

"Who says so?" asked Jesús, uneasily.

"Some women I met on the street."

"Why should anybody go there to steal? There isn't anything," muttered Jesús.

"They can steal marble stones," answered Manuel. "Coffin handles, crucifixes, and the usual furnishings to be found in cemeteries."

"And why should they steal such things?" asked Jesús, naïvely.

"Listen to the fellow! Why? To sell them."

"Those things are worth nothing. I know why there are rumours of thieves."

"Why?"

"They must have seen that kid who goes to spoon with the janitor's daughter."

"I too, have heard," added La Ignacia, "that there were vandals in the graveyard. I have even heard it said that a short while ago they dug up a little girl's body."

"Bah!"

"Yes. They say that a gentleman in a carriage rode up to the door near one of the vaults. The gentleman and another man entered the cemetery, broke into a niche, pulled out a coffin, lugged it to the carriage, put it inside and drove off post-haste to Madrid."

"Who could that gentleman be?" asked La Salvadora.

"Why, this is all stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Jesús, uncomfortably. "Who knows that they robbed that dead girl?"

"Señora Jacoba, who lives in one of the houses on La Patriárcal, said so," declared La Ignacia.

"Señora Jacoba must be an idiot."

"No. There *are* men, you must know, who steal corpses for their ointment," added Manuel's sister.

"You're an idiot yourself!" cried Jesús, in a rage. "Do you imagine that corpses are good for anything? All they're good for is to stink."

"As you say," replied Manuel. "But don't shout so loud. It's quite true that there are graveyard robbers and that they've made off with many things; it's also true that the police have been notified. As for the tale of the dead girl, that's probably a lie."

Jesús kept silent.

On the pretext that they had found the street-door open one night, the next morning they had the locksmith fit a new lock. Jesús said nothing for a few days.

"Why do you lock the door now?" he asked Manuel.

"So that nobody can get in."

"Good. Then let me have a key."

"There's only one."

"Have another one made. I'll pay for it."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

"Because we don't want you to get into mischief."

"What mischief?"

"You know very well what I mean."

"I do not. I don't know what you're driving at."

"Bah! You certainly do."

"I wish you'd come straight to the point!"

"Where do you get the money you spend so freely?"

"I've got my own system."

"Do you know what I'll tell you?"

"What?"

"That your system stinks cemetery."

Jesús turned deathly pale.

"You've been spying on me, hey?" he asked, in a weak voice.

"I have."

"When?"

"About a week ago."

"Well? What did you see?"

"I saw you, Señor Canuto and some other fellows headed for a prison sentence."

"Very well."

"I warn you that the police have been notified."

"I know that."

"It's almost unbelievable. Señor Canuto mixed up in this! And I thought him such a respectable man!"

"Well, what of it? Can't a fellow be respectable and take his profit of useless stuff? What do *they* want the copper, the tombstones and all the rest for?"

"My boy . . . for nothing at all."

"Well, then? . . . Folks are too darn prejudiced. . . ."

"Yes. But this opening graves . . . it's a mighty serious matter. Good Lord!"

"Every day mummies are brought to the museums; they're sold and nobody raises a howl."

"It's not the same thing. Those mummies have been dead a long, long time."

"And how about the guys at San Carlos University? Don't they cut open *fresh* corpses and slash off their ears and dissect their hearts?"

"Yes, but that's for study purposes."

"And we do it for eating-purposes, which is a more serious need. . . . We do as Ravachol did."

"So Ravachol was a grave-robber, too?"

"Yes. He didn't share your superstitions."

"And how long have you been robbing this cemetery?"

"About a year."

"And have you got much out of it?"

"Psch! . . . A pile of junk. . . . Marble stones, gates, iron chains, metal handles, crucifixes, busts, candelabra, bronze letters . . . the Bible in verses."

"And where have you sold all this material?"

"In the pawnshops. Our centre of operations is in a certain little café."

"Very well, then. Now you know that the police are on the look-out. Warn Señor Canuto."

"I don't have to. He knows already."

A few days later, Jesús said to Manuel:

"Will you let me have ten duros?"

"What for?"

"To go to the land of the Moors."

"The Moors?"

"Yes. I'm going to Tangiers. I'll leave you in peace."

"And what do you intend to do there?"

"That's my business. Will you let me have the money?"

"Of course I will. Here are your ten duros."

"Thanks! And the best of luck to you!"

"But when are you leaving?"

"This very day."

"Don't you want to say good-bye to La Salvadora?"

"No. Why should I?"

"As you please," answered Manuel, coldly.

## CHAPTER VI

The Singing Frenchman—Protylus—How Ideas Come to Be Held—Symphony in Red

**A**LMOST every Sunday a new comrade was introduced to the assembly at The Red Dawn. The most curious of all, because of their exotic ways, were a Frenchman and a Russian.

The Frenchman was an angular, gnarled, bizarre fellow, squint-eyed, with high cheek-bones and a goatee.

When he was introduced, he shook everybody's hand effusively and made ceremonious bows. He descanted at length upon his long journeys afoot, as a tramp. He was a knight of the road. Nobody quite understood him, partly because he spoke Spanish incorrectly, partly because his theories were simply incomprehensible.

"And you have no family, Comrade?" someone asked him.

"Yes," he replied. "But I'd like to see my father, my mother and my sisters and brothers all hanged by the same rope."

After recounting his adventures, he mentioned that he had once seen Ravachol, and he let them hear the song of Père Duchesne, to which that ter-

rible Anarchist had written words that he sang on his way to the guillotine in Montbrison.

Caruty, with his hands folded behind his back, as if he were tied, and casting glances of lofty scorn to right and left, began to sing:

*Peuple trop oublieux,  
Nom de Dieu.*

The Frenchman, by this time, imagined himself to be Ravachol insulting the bourgeoisie. In the song, the people were advised to fling aside all generosity, to oppose the army, to batter down all barracks—all this accentuated by vigorous refrains of "*Nom de Dieu.*" The song ended in this fashion:

*Coupe le curé en deux,  
Nom de Dieu.  
Et le bon Dieu dans la merde,  
Nom de Dieu.  
Et le bon Dieu dans la merde.*

After this, now that he was started, Caruty sang Socialist songs and other café ditties by Bruant and Rictus. . . .

Another of the new comrades was a Jew named Ofkin. He was a commission merchant and travelled for a Parisian firm, selling every variety of essence and perfume. He was a fanatic, exceedingly cold and very curt. His hair was chestnut, his beard pointed, his eyes blue; he was very pale;



his neck was streaked with scrofulous scars; he wore a long black frock-coat, light trousers and a small, flexible Panama straw hat. In this outfit he looked like a fakir at a fair. He spoke a mixture of Spanish, Italian and French.

His talk was the opposite, in character, to that of Caruty.

The Frenchman's was all art; the Russian Jew's, all science.

In Ofkin's opinion, the social question was one of chemistry, of the creation of albuminoids by artificial synthesis. Transform immediately all inorganic substances into organic: here was the basis for settling the struggle for life. Since so many millions of people render inorganic such a vast quantity of organic substance, then it was all a question of restoring it to the organic state. And this, assured the Russian, had already been done. Scientists were at work creating protylus, a primordial, protoplasmatic substance resembling Haeckel's bathibiyus, with a life and growth of its own. From this to the creation of the cell was merely a step.

The audience in the bowling-alley was not so fired with enthusiasm as was the Russian Jew. The members eyed one another, in amazement. It struck Manuel that this fellow's Anarchism was itself some chemical product, bottled up in a flask.

One Sunday afternoon in April, a few of the group had sought refuge in the hot-house from the rain. They were chatting around the table.

"And how about Maldonado?" asked Manuel, noticing his absence.

"He doesn't come any more," said Prats.

"You don't say! Glad to hear it!"

"That's what they all say!" exclaimed El Madrileño. "Maldonado is the typical Spanish Republican. A fine bunch they are, too!"

"Why?" asked El Bolo.

"You bet! They hate the aristocrats because they themselves can't be aristocrats. They pretend to be democrats, and everything plebeian offends them. They assume heroic airs, yet they've never done anything brave. They try to pass for veritable Catos, yet one runs a gambling-house, while the other owns a tavern. . . . Lord in heaven! It's mighty easy to be austere under such conditions. . . . Then they're all absolutists . . . and their whole creed of emancipation consists in renouncing belief in the Pope for belief in Salmerón or some other phrase-monger of the kind. . . . And they hate us because we carry on our discussions without any need of their assistance."

"How malicious you are!" declared El Bolo, who was an Anarchist with republican sympathies. "You should see those fellows in Congress."

"I've never visited Congress," retorted El Madrileño.

"Nor I, either," added Prats.

"Well, I have," said the Libertarian.

"And what do you think of it?" they asked.

"Have you ever seen the monkey cage in the Retiro park? . . . Well, it's just like that. . . . One rings the bell, another munches caramels, another screeches. . . ."

"And the Senate?"

"Ah! Those are the old chimpanzees. . . . A highly respectable menagerie."

"What a wag!" commented El Bolo.

They continued talking. Manuel took advantage of the break in the conversation to run home and ask La Salvadora whether she was thinking of going out for a stroll; finding her disinclined, he returned to the bowling-alley.

As he entered, the Libertarian was speaking:

"How do we come to hold ideas?" he was saying.

"Who can tell? . . . A few years ago, when I was in Paris, I was visited one morning by a tall, husky fellow, clean-shaven and with a face like a priest's.

"Don't you recognize me?" he asked, in a thick Andalusian accent.

"No. I imagine you must be a countryman of mine. But I don't recognize you.'

"Don't you remember Antonio, the son of the town sexton?"

"Ah! . . . Is that who you are? And what are you doing here?"

"Nothing. I come from Cardiff. I've been working for nearly a year in the mines.'

"How about our home town?"

"It's dead. Impossible to live there.'

"And what do you intend to do?"

"I'm going off to America. I have a letter of recommendation to a captain who's making the voyage from Bordeaux to Havana.'

"I took him to my restaurant: a dive in Montrouge—a den of Russian Anarchists and revolu-

tionaries. The women took a wild liking to my countryman, because of his uncouth, simple looks. The truth is that the fellow was a pleasant, modest chap—and that's a rare quality in an Andalusian. After eating, we all used to sing in a chorus—women as well as men. The owner of the place, Père David, begged us not to shout; but much we heeded him. You could hear our Anarchist songs from the street.

“There was one of these songs which, when I explained the meaning of it to my compatriot, got him enthusiastic. I can't recall it at the moment; it was full of dynamite. . . .”

“Is it this?” asked Caruty, beginning to sing:

*Dame dynamite  
que l'on danse vite  
chantons et buvons  
et dynamitons  
dynamite, dynamite  
dynamitons.*

(Lady Dynamite,  
Keep 'em dancing spright!  
Let us sing and drink  
All day and night,  
To the tune of dynamite,  
Dynamite!)

“That's it!” said the Libertarian. “And that chorus of ‘Dynamite’ is what captured my countryman.”

“‘What do those guys want?’ he asked me.

“‘To overthrow everything,’ I answered.

“‘Everything?’

“‘The whole business! . . . Monarchy, Republic, priesthood, kings, bishops. . . . Down with everything!’

“‘What a wonderful crowd!’ he cried, with savage admiration. . . .

“He went off with one of the restaurant women and I lost sight of him for a while. A few months later, at the time the review of the Dreyfus trial began, there were disturbances at every step on the streets of Paris. One day the Anarchists staged a demonstration on the Place de la République. At the head marched Sebastian Faure and his friends. What queer specimens were in that parade! Long-haired fellows with long, tight-fitting frock-coats—a pale procession, with such sad eyes. . . . Then came a band that struck you with terror: bearded chaps, shrieking, threatening with cane and fist, and among them apprentices and dandies . . . a crazy collection that God Himself couldn’t understand. They were heading up the Boulevard Magenta for the Strasbourg station. One group bore a huge red flag, and behind it marched other groups who broke out from time to time into prolonged shouting:

“‘Vive Zola! Vive Zola! Vive Zola!’

“Mingled with these cries were shrieks of ‘*Vive l’Anarchie!*’ and the public took to its heels in fright.

“At this moment some two or three hundred policemen rushed out from a side street and pierced the paraders like a wedge, shoving and punching to

right and left until they broke up the demonstration. Twenty or thirty of them fell upon the bearers of the red flag and tried to seize it. The banner retreated, wavered, fell, rose again. . . . I stopped to see what would come of it.

"The flag was about to disappear in the mass of struggling humanity when suddenly it rose anew; the paraders commenced singing the Marseillaise like madmen; they charged the guards and put them to rout. The human avalanche rolled on, shouting, yelling; the demonstration was reorganized. I hastened along, cutting through several side streets, so as to regain the boulevard, further on.

"By the time it had reached me again, the red flag was flying proudly unfurled, and who was carrying it but my Andalusian countryman, marching in the midst of a crowd of fanatics! The boy looked at me with eyes that glowed like fiery coals. . . . The paraders marched on. From a certain distance, the Marseillaise, sung by thousands, roared like a tempest, and above the heads of the multitude I could see the red flag waving, glowing proud and triumphant like a strip of bleeding human flesh."

The Libertarian had finished; his hearers were speechless.

Every eye flashed a sinister spark; all lips were contracted in an expression of bitterness. Outside, the gentle rain of spring came softly down. . . .

"That fellow was nothing more than a sentimental fool," declared Prats, after a while.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Juan.

"He believed in Anarchism the same way that he believed in the Virgin of Pilar."

"Whatever people believe in, they believe in the same way," answered Juan.

"I," began Skopos, who was an undersized, clean-shaven engraver, the son of a Greek sponge-dealer, and a recent addition to the group, "I knew Angiolillo in Barcelona. A few of us used to meet in a little café near the Rambla. We were most of us platonic Anarchists. Once, to be sure, two of the younger fellows in the group went to a club where there were bombs; each took his bomb and went out into the street. They walked from one side to the other, at a loss where to place them. They said that they were going to the home of a wealthy man to plant the bombs. When one of them asked the other; 'But suppose there are children?' In the end, they went off to the harbour and threw the bombs overboard."

"And Angiolillo?" asked Juan.

"We used to see him quite often. He was a delicate chap—very leisurely, dry and elegant in manner, and he spoke with a foreign accent. When I learned what he had done, I was astounded. Who could have expected it of such a gentle, timorous soul?"

"Another sentimental fool!" exclaimed Prats.

"With plenty fools of that kind the Revolution would already have come," replied the Libertarian.

"To me, the real type of Anarchist is Pallás," added Prats.

"Of course! Because he was a Catalonian!" snarled El Madrileño.

"They're the real thing. None of your drunkards, like the French; nor traitors, like the Italians."

"And the Andalusians?" asked El Madrileño.

"The Andalusians? They're like the rest of the Spaniards."

"Anyone would imagine that you weren't a Spaniard!"

"We are Catalonians."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed El Madrileño.

"No," muttered the Libertarian. "Every man has the right to come from where he pleases."

"It isn't that. I don't deny that right," replied El Madrileño. "What I mean is, that if he feels no pleasure in being a countryman of ours, neither do we feel any enthusiasm at being countrymen of the Catalonians."

"All Spaniards are dogmatic and authoritarian," went on the Catalonian, as if he had not heard El Madrileño's words. "The Andalusians, the Castilians, the Basques—all the same. Besides, they lack the instinct of revolt. . . ."

"I like to hear that fellow talk about authoritarian folks," El Madrileño began.

"And Pallás?" interrupted Juan, sensing that El Madrileño was about to say something disagreeable to the Catalonian. "Was Pallás a brave fellow?"

"He was . . . I should say so."

"He broke down, too," said El Madrileño. "And here is the Libertarian, who saw him."

"Yes, that's so," said the Libertarian. "Those



last days in prison he went to pieces. And it was natural. We used to visit him, and he would lecture us on the nobility of the cause. The last day, when he was being prepared for execution, we were taking leave of him, when in came a doctor and a journalist. 'I should like,' said Pallás, 'after I die, to have my brain taken to a clinic for study.' 'That would be difficult,' answered the doctor, coldly. 'Why?' 'Because in all probability the soldiers will aim at your head, and your brains will be smashed to mush.' Pallás turned pale and answered nothing."

"The mere thought of it is enough to sicken you," burst out Manuel.

"But Paulino had his nerve with him at the moment of death!" exclaimed Prats.

"Yes, he plucked up courage soon after," admitted the Libertarian. "I can see him even now, as he walked into the prison yard, shouting: '*Viva la Anarquía!*' At this moment the lieutenant in charge of the firing-squad cried to his soldiers: 'Ground arms!' And the noise of the butt-ends of the rifles striking the ground drowned out Pallás's cry."

Manuel's nerves were all a-tremble. Hearing these terrible accounts, everybody in the group felt a strange fascination, an acrid voluptuousness. Señor Canuto gesticulated more wildly than ever.

"And was it on account of this that they exploded the bomb in the theatre?" asked Perico Rebolledo.

"Yes," answered Prats. "It was a terrible revenge. Pallás himself would have said so."

"I was there," burst out Skopos.

"Were you inside?"

"Yes. I was over to the Liceo to see the manager of a newspaper who had commissioned me to make some sketches. I took a front seat in the gallery and tried to spot the manager; finally I made him out in one of the boxes. I went down and waited for him at one of the doors. The act was slow in ending, and I was on the watch for the people starting to leave, when I heard a muffled report and saw a flash through the door. I knew something had happened, but I thought it must be of slight importance—a short circuit or a broken lamp—when I saw a wide-eyed terrified mob come rushing in my direction, jostling and trampling on one another. The wave of people cast me out of the theatre. I made inquiries of two or three passers-by on the street, but nobody had any notion what it was all about. I had lost my hat and coat in the excitement, and went back to get them. I go in and a trembling usher asks me what I wish; I tell him that I am looking for my coat, I find it, and then it occurs to me to look into the auditorium. Good Lord! It was a terrible sight! I think there were forty or fifty corpses. I ran down to the boxes. It was horrible to see. The vast theatre, flooded with light, was strewn with rigid bodies, cracked heads, streaming blood; others were gasping their last breath. The wounded were moaning and shouting, and hundreds of women had swooned. There was a little girl of ten or twelve, dead. Some of the musicians of the orchestra, in dress-suit, their white

shirt-fronts soaked in blood, were helping to carry the wounded. . . . It was an awful sight."

"But it would have been still more awful if they had succeeded in their original intention, which was to switch off the lights before hurling the bombs," said Prats.

"What an atrocity!" exclaimed Manuel.

"In the dark, they all would have died," added Prats, laughing.

"No!" cried Manuel jumping to his feet. "Anybody who can laugh at such a thing must be a cur. To kill people so, in such cold blood . . ."

"They were bourgeois," said El Madrileño.

"Even if they were."

"And in war, don't the soldiers kill innocent civilians?" asked Prats. "Don't they bombard houses?"

"Then they're just as vile as the others."

"This fellow," said El Madrileño scornfully, "now that he owns a printing-shop, feels that he's a bourgeois."

"At least I'm no assassin. Neither are you."

"One of the bombs didn't go off," said Skopos. "It landed on a woman who'd been killed by the first bomb. For this reason, the carnage wasn't greater."

"And who carried out this damnable plan?" asked Perico Rebolledo.

"Salvador."

"There's a fellow who must have a black soul. . . ."

"He must be a wild beast," said Skopos. "He

escaped from the theatre during the panic, and the next day, when the victims were buried, it seems that he had the notion of climbing to the top of the Columbus monument with about a dozen bombs and throwing them down as the cortège passed by."

"I can't understand how anyone can endure such men," said Manuel.

"While he was in prison," continued Skopos, "he played the farce of being converted to religion. The Jesuits took him under their wing, and one of the Fathers actually applied for a pardon. The ladies of the aristocracy likewise became interested in him, and he really imagined that he was going to win a reprieve. . . . But when they put him in the death-house and he saw that no pardon was forthcoming, he stripped off the mask and said that his conversion had been a hoax. He uttered a famous phrase at the time. 'Your daughters?' they asked him. 'What's going to become of your poor little daughters?' 'If they grow up pretty,' he answered, 'the young men of the bourgeoisie will see to them, without a doubt.'"

"Ah! . . . That's a good one! . . . That's a good one! . . ." shouted Caruty, who up to this moment had been silent and motionless. "That's a good one! . . . *la grande canaille!* . . . That's a good one! . . . That's a phrase to remember! . . ."

"I was present at Salvador's execution," Skopos went on. "I witnessed it from a carriage on the Ronda. As he mounted the scaffold, he tottered.

. . . But see what vanity can do! . . . The man happened to catch sight of a photographer who had his camera pointed at him; whereupon he raised his head and tried to smile. . . . A most revolting smile, to tell the truth, I don't know why. . . . The effort he summoned gave him the courage to reach the platform. Here he tried to speak; but the executioner clapped his huge hand down on Salvador's shoulder, tied him, covered his face with a black kerchief, and it was all over. . . . I waited to see what impression it had all made upon the spectators. Workingmen and shopgirls, and all the others, seeing the puny figure of Salvador on the scaffold, said to one another: 'How small he is! It seems impossible!'

The conversation turned to other Anarchists—Ravachol, Vaillant, Henry, the Chicago rioters. . . . It had grown dark, but still the talk went on. . . . It was no longer ideas, but men, that roused their enthusiasm. And amidst their exalted humanitarianism and their sectarian worship of a sort of new religion, there rose to the surface in all of them their Southern blood, their admiration of courage, their enthusiasm for the elegant phrase and the brave gesture. . . .

Manuel was uneasy; he was deeply disgusted in these surroundings.

And every Sunday the number of the initiate grew in The Red Dawn. The contagion spread from one to another. . . . And the Anarchist group flourished freely, like a patch of weeds on a deserted street. . . .

## CHAPTER VII

### A Paradise in a Graveyard—It's All One and the Same

ONE night, an appreciable time after Jesús had departed, shots were heard by Manuel's household.

"What can have happened?" they asked one another.

"Perhaps it's smugglers," suggested La Ignacia.

"I've also heard rumours that thieves were abroad, stealing telegraph wire," said Manuel.

A few days later they learned that the guards had surprised a band of thieves in the Patriarcal Cemetery. The robbers had taken to flight; the guards ordered them to halt; the robbers ran on, so the police fired. At sound of the shots, the marauders came to a frightened stop and the guards captured Corbata and Rubio. The fellows wouldn't give any information, whereupon they each got such a drubbing that they made a full confession.

That night, returning home, Manuel came upon a man in the doorway whose presence startled him. It was Ortiz, the officer, dressed in civilian clothes.

"Ah, there, Manuel! How've you been?" he asked.

"Fine," was Manuel's curt reply.

"Yes, I know that you're working steadily and

that you're getting along. How about La Salvadora?"

"She's well."

"And Jesús?"

"We haven't seen him for some time."

"You know, of course, that there have been robberies in this cemetery?"

"No. I didn't know a thing."

"Haven't you ever noticed anything from your house?"

"No."

"Well, they've been at it for a long time. It's mighty strange that . . ."

"No, not at all. Because I don't meddle in other folks' affairs. Good-bye!"

And Manuel disappeared into the doorway.

"If they come asking questions around here," said Manuel to La Salvadora and La Ignacia, "don't breathe a word."

The whole vicinity was stirred by the news. The talk returned to robbed corpses, and a number of comical, as well as gruesome, details became known. The marble bolster of a tomb had landed in a cheese store; the bronze letters of the crypts now glittered from the show-windows of some fashionable shops. It was said that Jesús and Señor Canuto were leaders of the gang.

That night the hunchback said to Manuel:

"I've had a letter from Señor Canuto."

"You have? Where is he?"

"In Tangiers, with Jesús. They got away just in time."

"But they did rob, didn't they?"

"Of course they did. Everything they could lay hands on. Señor Canuto was living like a lord. I just told the police I didn't know a thing. Let them find out for themselves, if they can. Señor Canuto had transformed the cemetery into a paradise."

"He did, hey?"

"I should say so! He had his crop of medicinal plants which he sold to the herbman, and with the mallows his wife made poultices and cataplasms. At one time, Jesús and Señor Canuto supplied the roadhouses with snails, until they had exhausted the cemetery's population. Such things they thought up! What clever rogues! In one pond they had tortoises, and in another, leeches. Then it occurred to them to start a rabbit warren and breed them and snare them, but the creatures escaped through the holes in the crypts. They led a royal life! Did they lack money? Then they'd dig up a coffin and sell everything saleable."

Two days later, on a Sunday afternoon, officers visited the cemetery; Ortiz requested Manuel and Rebolledo to accompany the party.

It was difficult to appreciate the devastation wrought by Señor Canuto and Jesús; the burial ground itself was in such a ruined condition.

At certain points the earth had been removed; near a well could still be made out the garden plots cultivated by Señor Canuto, and here the grass was greener and more sappy than elsewhere.



The judge asked Rebolledo a number of questions; the hunchback answered with his accustomed cunning. Together they made the rounds of the cemetery. Everything had been laid waste; the graves had been opened, the tombstones had been torn up.

A deep silence lay over the plots.

From the roofs of the galleries hung pieces of rubble held up by cane and rotten bass ropes. Along the walls, beneath the arches, gaped the crumbling, abandoned crypts, under layers of dust. From a nail hung wreaths of immortelles with only their framework left; here were knots and ribbons all undone; there, a discoloured photograph covered by a convex crystal, a shrivelled, dry branch, or some child's toy.

Making their way through a gloomy corridor, a veritable catacomb, flanked on either side with vaults, they reached a second plot.

This was as broad as a town square; a wild meadow bordered by crumbling stone walls.

The man had converted a nook of the Madrilenian desert into a flourishing garden; of a barren tract he had made a park dedicated to silent death; nature conquered the park and transformed it, with its fructifying showers, into a living world, into a thick forest peopled with brakes and brambles, parasitic growths, thorns, wild flowers, birds and butterflies.

No arbutus remained, no pruned myrtle; the branches grew unimpeded; the deep silence was broken; birds twittered in the trees. Near the

walls, in the thick, green foliage, shone the purple bells of the foxglove, and the tiny roses of some wild rose-bush.

Surrounded by underbrush and brambles, half hidden by the hedge mustard and nettles, were the white, broken marble headstones, decayed and green with moss, and those of stone. In some spots the plants were so thick that the tombs were buried under brambles, huge thorny thistles and dwarf elders with black umbels.

In the rear of some crypts blossomed sad flowers, red and blue; beside their stems and their green little leaves could be made out pieces of coffin, remnants of the serge from the gowns and the white clothes of the children.

Along the crumbling walls, in the hollows of the stones, lizards and salamanders glided in the sunlight.

In the midst of this forest rose some feeble trees, stunted by the parasitic plants; from their broken branches, amidst their rotting foliage, darted coloured birds that flew light and straight as arrows through the winter air. . . .

They passed to another plot that led to a lawn facing the Tercer Depósito. From this point they could hear the wheezing of the hurdy-gurdies in the near-by restaurants; the telegraph wires hummed when stirred by the wind, and now and then came the crow of a rooster or the whistle of a locomotive.

Some red cows were at pasture in the fields.

“And these cows?” asked the judge.

"They belong to a dairy over on the Calle de Magallanes," explained the janitor.

"Isn't this land part of the cemetery?"

"Yes. But the priest has leased it. There's been no burying here for a long time."

"Another clever rogue—the priest," said Rebolledo to Manuel. "He's carried off the iron doors of the chapel to one of his own places."

The judge and the court clerk now returned to inspect everything all over again; late in the afternoon they left.

Manuel, Ortiz and Rebolledo were the last to go.

Night was falling; an air of sadness and decay filled the cemetery; in the distance, from the moist, emerald-hued grass, blossomed a light mist. . . .

Ortiz came over to Manuel.

"Do you know?" he said. "We've caught El Bizco."

"You have? When?"

"A few months ago. And you can't imagine who helped me capture him."

"No."

"A friend of yours."

"Who?"

"The Showman. . . . That old codger."

"Don Alonso?"

"Yes. He had joined the police."

"And is he still here?"

"No. I think he died."

"Poor fellow! And El Bizco?"

"El Bizco is in for it now. He'll probably be condemned to death."

"Hasn't he been tried yet?"

"No. If you want to see him . . ."

"I? What for?"

"After all, he was a friend of yours."

"That's so. And when does he come up for trial?"

"Within a few days. You'll see it in the papers."

"Perhaps I'll attend. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. If you come, let me know."

## CHAPTER VIII

How They Caught El Bizco and Good Times Never Came  
—For the Unfortunate, Good Times Never Come

**D**ON ALONSO DE GUZMAN CALDERÓN Y TÉLLEZ had discovered a way to make a living in the Salomón Cinematograph, otherwise known as the Cinecromovidaograph. The owner of the Cinecromovidaograph was Salomón, not exactly the fellow of the Temple, but a small, sour man, bearded, copper-hued, who was so named or had himself called by that name. This man, whose liver must have been of proportions unbecoming a modest, normal liver, dwelt with his wife and two daughters in a portable hut of his own; for travelling, he had a cart, a *roulotte*, drawn by a Norman steed.

Salomón might have been happy; the cinecromo yielded him a good income; business was excellent, and yet Salomón was an unhappy man.

The cause of that unhappiness was women. As his namesake, the wise king, had said: "Woman is bitterer than death."

Had Salomón's wife permitted herself to be false to the vow sworn to her lord and master at the altar? Never. Had Salomón tried to sip happiness from the hearts of other women? Never.

Salomón was faithful to his consort, the divine Adela. The divine Adela was faithful to Salomón. But the divine Adela had an irresistible genius.

The divine Adela came from a higher social stratum than her husband. The divine Adela was the daughter of a pedagogue—one of those men who teach children the History of Spain and the propositions of Euclid.

Well, then, from exhibiting the propositions of Euclid to exhibiting a cinematograph—what a gulf! The divine Adela had measured that yawning gulf with her eyes. After ten years of married life, her *mésalliance*, as we say in the diplomatic world, had become an obsession, and kept her nervous and irritated.

If her husband should ask for an undershirt, the divine Adela was horrified; whenever he vented a stout oath, she got a hysterical attack. The divine Adela considered Salomón a cruel man, a despot, a vulgarian, whom she, despite everything, still loved.

“Why did I ever marry that man—that mountebank?” she would ask every now and then, with her eyes staring into vacancy. “Come hither, my daughters,” she would say to her children. “Come to your mother.”

Don Alonso served Salomón as a servant and as a movie-barker. He had a swallow-tail coat and red trousers, and regular meals . . . enough to keep him happy. This was just the background against which Don Alonso could show off his particular skill. There, at the entrance to the hut, the fellow would juggle ten or a dozen balls in the air

and then gather them in, one after the other, in a flash. Then he would send dancing into the air a bottle, a dirk, a lighted candle, an orange and what not else.

“Step right in, gentlemen, and see the cinecromovidaograph!” he would shout. “One of the greatest triumphs of the twentieth century. You see people move on the screen! Now is the time! Now is the time! The performance is about to begin! Admission, one real. Children and soldiers, ten céntimos.”

The films of the cinecromovidaograph represented, among other things, a train in motion; a swimming-school; the strike; soldiers on parade; company manœuvres, and various other fantastic numbers. Of these, the most notable was that of a gentleman who never can undress himself, and another of a man who steals and is pursued by two officers, yet makes himself invisible and escapes out of the very clutches of his pursuers, transforming himself into a chorus girl and having the laugh on the judge and the policemen.

One morning, on the road to Murcia, Salomón had the unlucky notion of stopping in a town near Monteagudo.

The alcalde of the town insisted upon seeing the show, that he might know whether to consent to the performance or prohibit it.

In view of the fact that the wealthy element preponderated, Salomón decided to leave out the film depicting the strike. The other pictures were

shown to much applause; but when it came to the invisible robber, the alcalde, a religious gentleman, a strict Catholic, and a notorious usurer, declared in a loud voice that it was immoral for the bandit not to be caught.

"Run that picture over again, but see to it that the robber's caught," he ordered, noisily.

"But that's impossible, Señor Alcalde," explained Don Alonso.

"What do you mean—'impossible'!" retorted the alcalde. "Either you do as I say, or off you go to jail. Take your choice."

Don Alonso was plunged into a sea of confusion, and he thought it best to lower the lights, as a sign that the performance had come to an end. Would that he had never done so.

The furious spectators pounced upon him. Don Alonso escaped from the hut. "Catch him!" yelled a youngster at sight of him. "After him!" shouted some women. And men and women, urchins and dogs, joined the man hunt. Don Alonso left the town behind him. He fairly fled over a stubble field. A shower of stones rained around his ears. Fortunately night was falling and the town savages, bethinking themselves of supper, abandoned the hunt. Finding himself alone, Don Alonso, exhausted, sank to the ground. His heart was thumping against his chest like a trip-hammer.

He was found the following day on the road by the civil guards. His black swallow-tail coat all



caked with mud, Don Alonso looked like an escaped lunatic.

"Who are you?" asked the guards.

Don Alonso told what had happened to him.

"Have you a passport?"

"No, sir."

"Then come with us."

Don Alonso, though he was dropping with fatigue, followed them to a near-by town. There the guards notified the constable, who jailed the showman for the night.

"But why am I being held here?" asked the poor man several times.

"Because you have no passport. . . ."

The next day the same story was repeated, and thus, passed along from officer to officer, eating prison fare, sleeping every night in a different cell, dressed in tatters, Don Alonso reached Madrid. He was taken to Headquarters and introduced to a certain gentleman. Questioned by him, he related his trials in such truthful accents that the man took pity upon him and allowed him to go free.

"If you can't find a place," added the gentleman, "perhaps I can get you one."

Don Alonso wrote to Salomón, but that worthy did not answer. Several times he went back to the station; on one of these visits the gentleman said to him:

"How would you like to join the police?"

"Why . . ."

"Answer yes or no, because if you don't want the job, I'll give it to somebody else."

"Yes, yes, I do. But I don't know whether I possess the necessary qualifications. . . ."

"Do you want it or not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll have the appointment within a few days."

This was the series of circumstances that led to Don Alonso's entrance into the department of police.

Some months after having enlisted among the hosts of the Law, Don Alonso had to undergo his first campaign. One night, in the Migascalientes woods, near the Virgen del Puerto, they found a dead woman, with a dagger wound in her side. She was somewhat advanced in age, and known as the Greyhound Bitch—an unfortunate who earned a few céntimos in that district.

The next day, in a roadside restaurant, the police detained a certain pickpocket, called El Chaval.

Many had often seen him with La Galga; all signs were against him.

They arrested the fellow, who at first vehemently denied any share in the crime; at last, however, he confessed the truth.

He was not the murderer. La Galga had had two lovers; he was one, and the other was El Bizco. El Bizco had threatened him several times, warning him to leave La Galga; one day they had challenged each other to a duel, but when they reached the scene, El Bizco informed him that La Galga had been deceiving them both.

He had seen her in a restaurant with a man named El Malandas. El Bizco and El Chaval made up their minds to punish La Galga, and El Bizco, accordingly, made an appointment with her in the woods.

It was a cold, gloomy day. As La Galga appeared, El Chaval and El Bizco jumped out together. El Bizco pounced upon her and landed a punch in her face; she turned around, whereupon he, drawing a dirk, sank it into her kidneys. This was what had happened.

Don Alonso and Ortiz were assigned to track El Bizco down. They had secret information that he had been seen several times since the crime, once on the Vallecas bridge, and again in the California district.

"Now you," said Ortiz to Don Alonso, "do as I tell you, and nothing more."

"Very well."

"We've got to land this guy as soon as possible."

The first day they both made a tour of the tenements on La Plaza de Lavapies, subjecting everyone to close inspection; then they went through the Casa del Cura, on the Calle de Santiago del Verde; the nooks and crannies of the Huerta del Bayo, and the taverns on the Calle de Peña de Francia and likewise Emabajadores, as far as the Pico del Pañuelo. That evening they sat down for a rest in the Manigua restaurant.

"Do you happen to know why they call this La Manigua?" asked Ortiz of Don Alonso.

"No."

"Well, it's very simple. The common herd comes here, drinks this wretched wine, gets soused, and vomits . . . and, naturally, they vomit black . . . that's why it's called La Manigua."

Outside of this discovery, they made no other that had any relation to their investigations.

Very early the next day they both started on the Calle del Sur.

They walked into a dive near the cemeteries. Ortiz knew the owner, and they had a chat about the good old days when wine used to be smuggled in by the cartload.

"That's what you called business, hey?" exclaimed Ortiz.

"It sure was," agreed the proprietor. "That's when you could see the 'heavenly light.' We made as much money as we pleased, then."

"And in peace, too."

"I should say. Here's where the smugglers used to stop, and the tax-collectors themselves used to accompany them to leave the contraband. There were days when more than thirty casks were rolled into the cellar of this very house."

"I'll wager you made your little pile?" asked Don Alonso.

"Bah, man! That was in the days of the fellow who sold us the tavern. When I took it over, the taxes were already rented out. They put up that high stake fence, between the road and houses, and now not a finger of wine gets into the place without paying its duty."

Ortiz asked after El Bizco, casually, but the

tavernkeeper didn't know him, nor had he heard talk of him.

The two officers left the tavern, and instead of continuing along the Yeseros road, they skirted the bank of the Atocha as far as the point where this stream pours its dirty waters into the Abroñigal. They passed beneath a railroad bridge and followed the course of the stream. On the bank, in the midst of an orchard, rose a white cottage with a grape-arbour. On the whitewashed wall was an inscription traced by an uncertain hand: "El Cojo's Inn."

"Let's see whether this fellow knows anything," suggested Ortiz.

Before the door of the inn was a cobble-stone pavement, with a fig-tree in the centre. They went in. In the vestibule, an evil-looking fellow with a fierce glance, who was sitting on a bench, started with surprise and suspicion at sight of Ortiz.

Ortiz pretended to have noticed nothing. He went to the bar, ordered two drinks of a skinny, dark-complexioned woman, and, with his glass in his hand, looking at the fellow out of the tail of his eye, asked him:

"And how are things at the Maroto inn?"

"Fine."

"Do respectable folk come here?"

"As good as go anywhere else."

"Does El Bizco still come around?"

"What Bizco?"

"El Bizco, man. . . . That red-head. . . . You know him only too well."

"He never came to the Maroto inn; he went to El Puente."

Ortiz drained his glass, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and with a greeting to the woman behind the counter, left the place.

"That guy," he said to Don Alonso in a lowered voice, "killed a reaper, and I don't know how he escaped prison, but he did."

"I think he's following us," muttered Don Alonso, looking back.

"That needn't trouble us!" exclaimed Ortiz. And, drawing his revolver from his belt, he waited for a moment.

The man from the Maroto inn had hidden behind a hillock; now, seeing that he was discovered, he took to his heels.

"Let's leave this place," said Ortiz.

They strode off at a merry clip and soon reached the Vallecás bridge.

They entered a chop-house. A fat, stubby woman, not too young, and with prominent cheekbones, and a red kerchief fastened about her head, was grinding the crank of a barrel-organ.

"Is El Manco around?" asked Ortiz.

"He ought to be hereabouts."

A number of couples who were dancing to the strains of the hurdy-gurdy paused at sight of Ortiz and Don Alonso.

El Manco, a tall, fair, clean-shaven fellow, with a bull neck and the chest of a giant, came out to meet them.

"What are you looking for?" he asked, in a feminine voice.

"A fellow called El Bizco."

"He hasn't been here for some time."

"Where does he hang out now, then?"

"Over at Las Ventas."

They left the chop-house and resumed their way along the bank of the Abroñigal. A band of swarthy children were splashing about in the water. . . .

By the time they reached the brick-yards in the Don Carlota section, night had already fallen. Madrid sprouted from the foliage of the Retiro. There was a tinkling of bells from some near-by flocks.

The outlying district was surrounded by deep pits heaped with bricks. The furnaces were going full blast; they belched a dense smoke of burning dung, which, rolling along the ground, green in the sown fields, spread into the air and made it unbreathable. In the distance, a few pale flames rose from the earth to the horizon, which was aglow with a glorious twilight of purple clouds.

Ortiz asked a man who was carrying bricks whether he knew El Bizco.

"That red-headed thief?"

"Yes."

"I saw him a few days ago. He must live at La Elipa."

"Good. Let's be going there," muttered Ortiz. They continued along the bank of the stream.

The sky of russet clouds was gradually darkening. They crossed the Vicalvaro road.

"It was this road I took to El Este, where I buried a little girl," said Ortiz. "I carried the poor little thing under my arm, wrapped in a cloak. I hadn't enough even for a coffin. . . ."

This memory brought in its train all of his former poverty, and he told Don Alonso the story of his life.

Don Alonso was waiting for these commonplace tales to come to an end, that he might astound Ortiz with his stories about America.

The guard kept talking and talking, while Don Alonso murmured absent-mindedly: "Better times are coming."

Night descended upon them as they chatted. The waning moon came out; a thin mist began to veil the country-side; here and there a solitary tree rose straight into the air and cast the shadow of its foliage on to the road; a falling star would sweep across the sky, leaving a trail of light. The silvery water of the stream glided over the silent earth, tracing long, serpentine curves.

In the midst of their conversation, Don Alonso spied a man's silhouette among the trees. He seized Ortiz by the arm, warning him to be silent. There came the sound of crackling branches and fleeing footsteps.

"Who was that?" asked Ortiz.

"A man who just ran off through those bushes."

"Where from?"



"I don't know exactly. I think he was among those trees."

They drew near; the hillock, which at that point was about a metre high, was covered with thick underbrush and rough stones.

"There's something here," said Ortiz, poking around with his cane. He lifted two boulders, then a plank, and discovered the mouth of a pit. He struck a match. There was a square hole dug out of the sandy, humid soil. They both went in. The cave was three metres deep by one and a half wide. At the bottom there was a bed of straw, covered with newspapers and a grey cloak. In a corner lay a heap of bare bones and empty tins.

"Here's where the wolf has his lair," said Ortiz. "Whether it's El Bizco or somebody else, this citizen is not within the law."

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't pay taxes."

"What are we going to do?"

"Wait for him. I'll remain on the watch inside here. You put the plank back just as it was, with the two boulders on top, and stay outside. When he comes back—for he will come back—let him get in, and then jump to the opening at once."

"Very well."

Ortiz cocked his revolver and sat down upon the bed. Don Alonso, after sealing the mouth of the hole, selected a hidden spot where he could not be seen, and stretched himself out on the ground. He was quite peeved at having had to listen to Ortiz's commonplace tales without being able to recount his

own adventures. And, truth to tell, his life had been a rare adventure. He, converted into a member of the police! Lying in ambush for a man!

They waited for hours and hours, Ortiz inside and Don Alonso out. Day was already breaking, when El Bizco appeared. He was carrying something under his arm. He crossed the stream, drew near to the hillock, raised the plank. . . . Don Alonso, grasping his revolver, jumped up and ran to the mouth of the hole.

"I've got him!" cried Ortiz from inside. And no sooner was this said than out came the officer with El Bizco.

"Is this the fellow?" asked the officer.

"Yes."

"If he tries to escape, shoot," said Ortiz to Don Alonso.

Don Alonso pointed his revolver at the bandit, who was trembling and offered no resistance. Ortiz tied his elbows together.

"And now, we're off."

Don Alonso was swollen all over; every bone in his body ached. The three set off on La Elipa road.

It was dawn by the time they neared the new hospital of San Juan de Dios; a dreary, cloudy dawn.

Don Alonso felt worse and worse; his body rippled with shivers; he had a violent headache and his side was stabbed with shooting pains.

"I'm sick," he said to Ortiz. "I'm done for."

"Very well, then. I'll go on alone."

Ortiz and El Bizco continued on their way.

Don Alonso was left alone and made his way with the utmost difficulty. When he had managed to crawl near to the Retiro wall, he asked a municipal guard to lend him a hand. The guard accompanied him, and on the Calle de Alcalà they took a carriage. Don Alonso was coughing painfully and he could not breathe; as soon as they reached the hospital, he was lifted from the carriage and placed in a stretcher.

Don Alonso sank into it exhausted; it seemed that he had been struck with a hammer on the head.

"There's something serious the matter with me; perhaps I'm going to die," he thought in anguish.

He could not say when they had put him into bed; he knew that he was in the hospital, and his body felt as if it were on fire. A nun came over to him and placed a scapulary on the iron of the bed.

At this moment Don Alonso happened to recall a funny story, and despite his high temperature, the story made him laugh. It was about a gipsy who lay dying and who summoned all the saints of the celestial court to his aid. Seeing him in such a sorry plight, a neighbour brought him a Child Jesus and said to the sick man:

"Pray, good brother, for this Child will save you."

And the gipsy answered, contritely:

"Aye, good sister. I need a Holy Christ with more . . . hair than a Capuchin."

Then the tale became complicated with distant

recollections; his fever rose and Don Alonso mumbled with deep conviction:

“Better times are coming.”

After a week in which he hovered between life and death, the ward doctor said that Don Alonso's pleurisy had developed typhous complications, and that it would be necessary to transfer the patient to the Cerro del Pimiento hospital.

One morning the stretcher-bearers came, lifted Don Alonso out of bed, and placed him in a stretcher.

Whereupon the two fellows descended the hospital stairs, headed up the Calle de Atocha, then through San Bernardo as far as the Paseo de Areneros. They approached San Bernardo by the path cut into the sandy, yellowish soil, and reached El Cerro del Pimiento. They knocked; they entered a vestibule and raised the sheet of the stretcher.

“Look here! . . . Our friend's died!” exclaimed one of the men. “Shall we leave him here?”

“No, no. Carry him off,” replied the gateman of the hospital.

“Why, it's a joke to have to carry him back,” said the other. “What's the sense of it?”

Resignedly they lifted up the stretcher and left.

It was a gloriously beautiful morning. Spring was in the air, and in everybody's veins.

The turf glistened on the slopes; new leaves trembled in the trees; the stones of the roads, washed by the recent rains, glittered in the sun. . . . Everything seemed new and fresh—every sound, every colour; the shining glory of the trees

and the chirping of the birds; the grass, mottled with white and yellow daisies, and the butterflies winging over the sown ground. Everything—even the sun. Everything—even the azure sky that had just burgeoned from the chaos of the clouds—was aglow with an air of youth and freshness. . . .

The two bearers had by this time returned to the short cut between the high picket fence.

“Suppose we dump him here?” asked one of them.

“Let’s,” answered the other.

They raised the sheet, and placing it to one side, dropped the corpse into a hollow. And there the dead man lay, his wretched nakedness exposed to the blue, bright, serene gaze of the sky. The bearers went off for a drink.

Without a doubt, better times had not come.

## CHAPTER IX

### The Woman in the Black Gown—Her Friends—The Dainty, Dainty Little Page

**T**HERE is in Madrid a palace with vast salons and long galleries in which, on every side, only images of Christ are to be seen. An old lady, she is, of high ancestry, who exercises one of the austere and most important functions of society.

This old lady wears a black gown, and a cap, also of black, pressed tightly down upon her head; she speaks in solemn tones and amidst the images of Christ administers reprimands and punishments right and left.

Formerly, on Olympus, she was a severe matron with eyes blindfolded; now she is an old harpy with the eyes of a lynx, a massive paunch and a bottomless pit for a stomach.

On Olympus this lady was wont to discuss her cases, and was surrounded by immortals; to-day, instead of discussing, she has a book with more interpretations than the Bible, and instead of an entourage of distinguished persons, she is wedged in by court officers, constables, clerks, relators, usurers, jewel brokers, honest men, lawyers of renown, as well as ambulance-chasers. . . . A

lengthy procession of gougiers and prestidigitators, which begins at the very top and ends with the executioner, who is a prestidigitator of heads.

"You must go and see your friend," said Juan to Manuel.

"Very good."

They sought out Ortiz and together with him entered the Court House. The corridors were alive with people. One of the patios was thronged. Through the windows of the galleries one caught sight of women in mortarboards writing or reading. The shelves of these offices creaked under legal documents.

"All those papers, all those bundles," said Juan, "must be soaked in blood; more withered, dried-up souls must be in them than flowers in an herbarium."

"But what are you going to do?" replied Manuel. "If there were no criminals . . ."

"These are the real criminals," muttered Juan.

"Let's see whether you can get by," suggested Ortiz.

They entered a vestibule of the low gallery. A white-bearded gentleman with a forbidding look, and two young men were there. All three wore cap and gown.

"I oppose the pardon," the man with the white beard was saying. "I have condemned him twice to death, and both times he was pardoned. Now I hope he will be executed."

"But that's so severe a penalty," objected one of the young men, smilingly.

"Are they talking about El Bizco?" asked Manuel of Ortiz.

"No. I don't think so."

"Not at all! Not at all!" exclaimed he of the white beard. "We must make an example of him. We've decided to fix the date of the appeal for some time later than May, unless he's pardoned before then by the king."

"What barbarians!" exclaimed Juan.

"In such cases," argued the young man in the gown, timidly, "the question naturally arises whether society has the right to kill, for without a doubt this man was never helped to develop a conscience, and society, which did not see to his education, which abandoned him, should not have the right to . . ."

"The question of right is an ancient one, indeed, about which nobody is now concerned," retorted the old gentleman, with a certain irritability. "Does capital punishment exist? Then let us kill. To consider punishment as a means of moral rehabilitation, here in our country, is sheer stupidity. Send a man to prison for rehabilitation! . . . The right to correction, the right to rehabilitation . . . that's all very nice for the lecture platform. Prison terms and capital punishment are no more than measures for social hygiene, and from such a point of view nothing is so hygienic as fulfilling the law in every case, without pardoning anybody."

Manuel looked at his brother.

"Isn't he right?"

"Yes. From his own point of view, he is," re-



plied Juan. "Despite this, however, I find that old bloodlusty codger rather repulsive."

A door opened and in came a short man, with black, curly moustaches, spectacles, a somewhat protruding paunch, a bald head and a nervous manner.

"Well?" asked the judge.

"Not well at all. The jury is getting worse and worse. I warn you that I'm doing all this on purpose. Whatever decent folk allege as an excuse for not serving as jurors, I accept. The more beastly and ignorant the members of the jury are, the better. Then we'll see whether once and for all the institution discredits itself."

"The law ought to be modified, too . . ." began the young man.

"What they ought to do is abolish the jury," affirmed the short fellow.

"Now you can step down a moment," said Ortiz to Manuel, "and ask him whether he wants anything."

Manuel descended a few stairs. The door of a cell was opened. It was plunged in an unnerving gloom. A man lay stretched out on a bench. It was El Bizco.

At that particular moment El Bizco was submerged in thought. He was thinking that outside, the sun was shining brightly; that folks were going through the streets in full enjoyment of their liberty; that the fields must be flooded with sunlight and the trees filled with birds. And that he was

locked up. In the mist of his mind floated not a jot of remorse, but rather a deep sadness, a vast sadness. He thought, too, that he was condemned to death, and he shuddered. . . .

Never had he asked himself why he was hated, why he was persecuted. He had followed the fatalism of his own particular constitution. Now, a thousand queries were piling up in his brain.

Vagrancy had been, to his soul, like a gushing of the spirit. His limited intelligence had scattered among things as perfume scatters in the air.

And now, in solitude, in isolation, El Bizco's sleeping intelligence awoke and began to question itself. . . .

"Hey, you!" cried the jailer to him. "Some people to see you."

El Bizco got up and stood staring at Manuel in the greatest stupefaction.

Recognizing Manuel, he showed no surprise. He looked at him fixedly with stupid indifference.

"Don't you know me?"

"Yes."

"Do you want anything?"

"No, I don't want anything."

"Don't you need any money?"

"No."

"Isn't there anything I can do for you?"

"No."

They eyed each other closely. El Bizco returned to his bench and lay down again.

"If they kill me, ask the executioner not to hurt me too much," he said.

"But don't you want anything else?"

"I want nothing of you."

Manuel left the cell and rejoined his brother.

Later, Manuel was speaking with his friends about the strange request El Bizco had made. El Bolo, the cobbler, whose place was near the entrance, said:

"I know the executioner. Would you like to come along and see him some night?"

"I shouldn't mind."

"Well, I'll be in to the printing-shop one of these days."

"It would be better to name a definite day."

"This Saturday?"

"Fine."

Juan, Caruty and the Libertarian came to the printery and waited for El Bolo. Then, together with him and Manuel, they headed for the Calle de Bravo Murillo.

In the doorway of a tavern on a near-by street stood a powerful man of medium stature, smoking a cigar.

"There he is," said El Bolo, furtively pointing him out to his friends. "That's the fellow."

He went over to greet him.

"What's the good word, my friend?" he asked, offering his hand. "How are we to-day?"

"Fine. And you?"

"These gentlemen," said El Bolo, indicating

Manuel, the Libertarian, Juan and Caruty, "are friends of mine."

"Long life to them," answered the other. "Let's go in and have a drink," he added, in a strong Andalusian accent.

"We'll sit down awhile," blurted Manuel.

"No. We can chat in the house."

They drained their glasses and went into the street.

"So you're the one who executes justice?" asked the Libertarian.

"Yessir."

"It's a bad job you have, countryman."

"It sure is," he answered. "But dyin' o' hunger is worse."

The five of them walked along till they came to a high brick tenement. Through the outer vestibule they reached a tiny room, lighted by an oil-lamp on a table. Nothing there indicated the sombre, terrible personage who lived in this nook. It was a poor room, like every other poor room. On the walls hung a few pictures. To one side was a glass door with sash curtains, leading to an alcove, and opposite this, a bed.

As they came in, nobody noticed a small black woman, seated upon a stool with an infant in her arms. She was the executioner's wife; glimpsing her, they gave her greeting. She was a gloomy presence, with the face of a Japanese, sunk in a fatalistic sternness.

The executioner invited them to sit down; he

stepped out for a moment, called the janitress's boy, and sent him for a bottle of wine; then he took a chair and sat down. He was a round, square-headed type, with blond side-whiskers and moustaches, and a lumpy face. He wore decent clothes and a derby hat. For an appreciable while they chatted about a number of indifferent matters, and then Manuel repeated El Bizco's request.

"Don't worry, my boy," assured the executioner. "If it should come to that, we'll do everything possible."

"And before you became an executioner," asked the Libertarian, "did you try anything else?"

"Did I try! . . . Everything under the sun. I was a soldier in Cuba for many a year; I've been a blacksmith, a barber, a toy-hawker . . . but what was the use? I couldn't make a livin'."

"Was that how badly things were going with you!" exclaimed Juan.

"I was dyin' o' hunger, and when a feller's cornered he says: 'I'd rather live by killin' than die o' starvation. Beggars ain't choosers.'"

He was interrupted by a shy knock on the door; it was the boy with the bottle of wine. The executioner took the bottle and began to pour it into the glasses.

"And how many have you executed up to now?" asked the Libertarian, at once assuming a familiar address.

"Oh, about fourteen or fifteen."

"And don't you drink?" asked Manuel, noticing that he did not fill his own glass.

"No. I never drink."

"Not even when you have to work?"

"Less than ever, then."

"Have you ever executed an Anarchist?"

"Anarchist? I don't know what that is."

"And those you've killed . . . have they always died brave?" asked the Libertarian.

"Yes. Almost all of 'em. I treat 'em fine, though I say it who shouldn't. I ain't like the feller before me, who made 'em suffer on purpose."

"Really?" asked Juan.

"Yes. He was always drunk and he'd fall asleep right on the job."

"Atrocious!" exclaimed the Libertarian. "And they're all of them brave, eh?"

"All of 'em. But I never saw any guy as brave as El Diente. There was a boy for you! 'Eh!' says I to him. 'Friend, I'm the executor of justice. Do you forgive me?' . . . 'Sure thing, man,' says he. 'Why not?' . . . 'Come, then, and put this on,' and I gave him the criminal's gown. . . . 'What's this?' he asks. 'Am I going to a masquerade ball?' We smoked a cigar together, and as we were countrymen, we strolled up to the scaffold chatting about our birthplace. He sat down on the stool, and he was so short that he didn't reach high enough. Then he raised himself a bit and I locked the pillory. 'You I pardon,' says he to me. 'But as for those tricksters, hellfire seize 'em! Squeeze away, man, and good luck to you!' El Diente was sure a man."

"And such a man! . . . For he must have been a dwarf," said the Libertarian, smiling.

"I used my leather thongs on him for the first time . . . for I don't tie with rope. I'll show you. Girlie! Fetch me those thongs to show to these gentlemen."

The fatidical woman, with her infant boy in her arms, brought over a black belt with various shining buckles. At sight of it, they all started back with repulsion.

"And how about the apparatus?" asked the Libertarian.

"The apparatus? . . . Very sensitive. Two steel frames that come together. They go this way"—and the executioner clutched the wine bottle by the neck with his broad, hairy hand—"and then, crack! and it's all over."

Juan had turned deathly pale; he wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. Caruty recited in French several verses by Villon, about the gallows.

"Just see," went on the executioner. "I've had to pay for these thongs myself. But there's no gratitude. Worse still, they like to blacken a feller's name. Just hear what happened to me in Almería with the priest and his nephew! Damn it all, but I was furious! There were two guys to be done away with and the Grenada executioner and myself drew lots. I drew the priest. 'Very well,' says I, 'if it has to be one of the two, I'd rather have the man of the cloth.' Well, when I took the train, everybody shunned me. I go to an inn, and they tell me I can't have anything to eat; I go to

another, and they want to stone me. . . . Good Lord! Am I the one that orders the killing? Am I the president of the court, who signs the death warrant? Then why do they despise *me*? Isn't the petition for pardon handed to the minister and to the queen, and ain't they the ones that reject it? Well, then, it's the queen and the minister and the president of the court and the judge and all the rest that does the killing, same as me. . . . Be damned to the poison! But a feller has to live; if it weren't for that . . ."

The executioner arose to replace the thongs, singing:

*Mala puñalá le den.*  
*Mala puñalá le diera.*

"It reminds me of one of the guys at the tavern on this street," he continued, after returning to his seat, "who used to play *brisca* with me. Naturally, sometimes he won and others he lost. The other night, because he lost four times in succession, he says to me: 'Heaven spare me from your hand, friend!' Confound it! I know I'm the executioner; I know that my job is a cursed one. . . ."

It was plain that the man was rebelling against his ignominy. Then the attack passed and he went on:

"What future have we executioners, anyway? Nothing. We have no pension, and when a feller gets old, like Maestro Lorenzo—poor chap!—of



Granada, and hasn't the strength to turn a winch, he starves to death. The executioner of France—now, he's well off; gets thirty thousand reales and a pension. If they'd only let me, I could make money, too."

"Why, what would you do?" asked Juan.

"What would I do? Hire a shop or a middle floor on the Calle de Alcalá, and me and my son exhibit executions in wax."

There was a general movement of revulsion. An executioner of wax figures! It was a gruesome idea.

For a long interval they were silent. The hour struck from a clock in the neighbourhood.

"Let's be going," said El Bolo, suddenly. They all took leave, shaking hands with the executioner; then they went out on the Paseo de Areneros. It was a dark night; the sky was as black and foreboding as a threat.

"They say that the death penalty is necessary," murmured Juan. "We humble folk ought to say to the bourgeoisie: 'You want to kill, do you? Then do the killing yourselves.'"

"As long as there are people going about hungry," replied the Libertarian, "there will be men capable of serving as executioners."

"What would happen if those men should develop a conscience?" asked Juan. "A strike of executioners would be a curious thing."

"It would be tantamount to kicking a prop from under society," replied the Libertarian. "The

executioner, like the priest, like the soldier, and the magistrate, is one of the supports of this capitalist society."

"How long will executioners last?" asked El Bolo.

"As long as magistrates punish, as long as soldiers slay, as long as priests deceive . . ." answered the Libertarian in a sombre voice, "there will be executioners."

Caruty sang a song about a man condemned to death who writes a letter to his sweetheart from the prison of La Roquette, and tells her how, with shudders of anguish, he hears the noise they're making setting up the guillotine.

PART THREE



## CHAPTER I

El Bolo's Career—Danton, Danton . . . That Was the Man—Anarchism or Socialism? . . . As You Like It

**J**UAN no longer came to Manuel's house. Manuel thought he was working, but he learned through some friends that the fellow was down with a terrible cold. He sought him out and found him in his lodging-house, utterly forsaken and looking far gone. He coughed almost continuously; his hands burned and his cheeks were red with a hectic flush.

"It would be better for you to come home with me," said Manuel.

"But there's nothing the matter with me!"

"That makes no difference. Better there than here."

Juan took this advice, and at the end of a week of careful attention he was much improved and able to return to his regular activities.

While the rest of the group delivered their harangues at the meetings in Chaparro's tavern, Manuel cultivated the friendship of El Bolo, a cobbler on the Calle de Palafox; he was a round, stubby, florid fellow, as ugly as sin and somewhat lame.

One night the cobbler came to Manuel's house,

bringing him a copy of Michelet's "History of the French Revolution." At sight of this queer bird, La Salvadora, and especially La Ignacia, demanded of Manuel that this man never appear again in their household. Manuel burst out laughing, and however much he protested that El Bolo was a respectable person, he could not convince the two women.

Politically speaking, El Bolo descended from the Republicans. At first, according to talk, he had been affiliated with the Socialist party; later, however, in view of the governmental aspect that was being gradually assumed by Socialism in Spain, and, above all, of the struggle that was beginning between Socialists and Republicans, he withdrew from the Socialists and considered himself an Independent. As his inclinations were those of a normal being, he naturally found all this business of bombs and dynamite a most barbarous procedure. Before the *socialeers*, however—the Socialist spellbinders,—he defended the usefulness and the necessity of violence.

At the bottom of his hatred for the Socialists lay the notion that they had won away the proletarian masses from the Republicans, rendering that group useless, perhaps for ever, simply with the designation of "the bourgeois party." El Bolo could never become accustomed to hearing his comrades treat without intellectual consideration such men as Salmerón and Ruiz Zorrilla, who had always been his idols; he could not get used to hearing these men called unmitigated reactionaries—cardboard fig-

ures, more or less serious, who assumed pompous, hierophantic airs and jumbled together a heap of highfalutin phrases devoid of all philosophic or practical value.

The sole satisfaction of the cobbler as a politician was to see that the Libertarians considered Pi y Margall fairly one of their own, and that the memory of the old and venerable Don Francisco filled them all with enthusiasm and reverence. . . .

It was a long time before Manuel began to read the "History of the Revolution." At first, it bored him; but soon, little by little, he was drawn into its pages. In the beginning he was roused by Mirabeau; then by the Girondins: Vergniaud, Pétion, Condorcet; later, by Danton. Soon he came to consider Robespierre as the real revolutionary; then, Saint-Just; at last, however, the gigantic figure of Danton took complete possession of him. Of the revolutionaries, the most repugnant, it struck him, was Siéyès; the most ingratiating was Anacarsis Cloots, the Prussian atheist.

Manuel was filled with an intense satisfaction, simply because he had read the book. At times he thought:

"It wouldn't matter now that I was a vagabond, that I hadn't any money. As long as I had read the 'History of the French Revolution,' I'd feel that I could be a worthy member of society. . . ."

After Michelet, he read a book on the Revolution of '48; then another, on the Commune, by Louise Michel. All this inspired him with an intense admiration for the French revolutionaries.

What men! Not to speak of the giants of the Convention: Babeuf, Proudhon, Blanqui, Baudin, Delescluze, Rochefort, Félix Pyat, Vallés. . . . What a gathering!

"What we ought to do," said Morales one day to Manuel, "is install a bookbindery next door."

"Only for the work that is done here?" asked Manuel.

"No. Get some binder to hire the place. He'd find it profitable to be next to a printer's, and so would we find it convenient to have a bookbinder close by."

"Yes, that's so."

"Be on the watch."

Manuel looked into the matter; he made inquiries at various printing-shops, and was on the point of abandoning his efforts, when the proprietor of The Shears, the trade organ of the tailors, said to him:

"I know a binder who's thinking of moving. He has a good line of customers, for he's a fine craftsman."

"Then, I'll go see him."

"I warn you, though, he's very foxy. A Jew, you know."

"You don't say! A Jew!"

"What difference does it make?"

"After all, none. And what's his name?"

"Jacob."

"Jacob? A fellow with a black beard, somewhat short?" asked Manuel.

"Yes."



"Then he's a friend of mine. I'll go see him at once."

The proprietor of the tailors' trade organ, The Shears, told him where the house was, and that afternoon Manuel went off to see Jacob. He knocked at a little door on the ground floor and walked into the bindery.

It was a dingy room with two grated windows that gave on the street; at this moment the light of evening was filtering through. Near a window, Mesoda, Jacob's wife, was stitching the leaves of a book. In the middle stood a long table, lighted by two electric bulbs; at the table sat a girl folding printed sheets. The old Jew, Jacob's father, was smearing strips of paper with paste and gluing them to the backs of some books. At one side of the table, in the shadows, between a press and a paper-cutter, Jacob was stacking up unbound volumes.

On the wall, from the hooks of a wide wooden rack, hung shears, punchers, compasses, squares, rules and other instruments of the trade.

Manuel introduced himself, and the entire family received him royally. Then, when he proposed removal to Jacob, the man very seriously listed a number of great difficulties: it would hurt the business; the new place was dearer; besides, it would cause new expenditures.

"Very well," said Manuel, "Make up your mind. If you move there, I'll give you all my binding jobs; now, if you don't care to, don't."

Jacob renewed his wails and complaints, and after extracting from Manuel the promise of a small sub-

sidy to help cover expenses of moving, he decided to settle in Manuel's neighbourhood.

As Morales had foreseen, this arrangement proved highly advantageous. It did away with carrying the sheets back and forth to the bindery; besides, Jacob charged lower prices and attracted customers.

Morales often came to Manuel's at night, and there he would engage in discussion, especially with Juan. The Rebolledos also took part.

Manuel had no intention of joining any party. He liked to listen to the ardent group, however, and to make up his mind where he stood on the various questions.

Of the two doctrines that were debated—Anarchism and Socialism—Anarchism seemed to him more seductive. He could see no practical side to it, however. As a religion, it was all very well; but as a socio-political system he found it impossible of translation into reality.

Morales, who had read Socialistic books and pamphlets, diverted the discussion into different channels than Juan's, and considered things from a different point of view. To Morales, progress was nothing more than the result of a slow, continuous struggle between the classes, ending in a series of expropriations. The slave, as soon as he got free, expropriated his master; the noble expropriated the serf, and feudalism was born; the king the noble, and monarchy was born; the bourgeois the king and the noble both, whereupon came the

political revolution; the proletarian would expropriate the bourgeois, and then would come the social revolution.

The economic aspect, which Morales considered the most important, was to Juan secondary. According to him, progress was simply the result of the instinct of rebellion conquering the principle of authority.

Authority was all that was bad; rebellion was all that was good. Authority was imposition, law, formula, dogma, restriction; rebellion was love, free inclination, sympathy, altruism, kindness. . . .

Progress was no more than this: the suppression of the principle of authority by the triumph of free minds.

Sometimes Manuel would say:

"I believe that what is needed is a man . . . a man like Danton."

Morales and Juan tried to support their respective ideas with arguments. Morales asserted that the Socialist predictions were coming true. The progressive concentration of capital was an established fact. The great machine annihilated the small; the department store, the shop; large-scale real estate was doing away with the small farm. Large capital was absorbing small; partnerships and companies were absorbing large capital; the trusts would absorb the companies; everything was passing into a smaller number of hands; everything was converging to a sole possessor until the State, the collective entity, would expropriate the expropria-

tors, would take possession of the land and of the tools of production.

While this evolution was taking place, the small capitalists who had been expropriated, and the toilers, at present bourgeois, such as doctors, lawyers, engineers, would be swelling the ranks of the working-class, intellectualizing it, helping to educate it. This would hasten the social revolution.

Juan answered that if this movement of concentration was a fact, so, on the other hand, was the opposite tendency to diffusion. In England and France, property—above all, the land—tended toward division and dissemination, and this was the case not only with the land, but with money, too, which was becoming democratized. In France, especially, the number of taxpayers with an income of five thousand francs had quadrupled since the Third Republic.

“In the end, you both reach the same conclusion,” commented Manuel. “The need of making property more general; only Morales wants the State, while you would have it done free of any compulsion.”

“I don’t see the need of the State,” said Juan.

“But the State is an absolute necessity,” countered Morales. “We’re not talking about a State such as it is to-day, maintained by capitalism and the army, but of a centre of enterprise . . . the Municipality, for example.”

“But what do we want such a centre for?”

“For performing communal tasks in the interest

of all, and, moreover, for preventing the development of private privilege."

"Then we're headed for despotism," replied Juan.

"No. The government of a Swiss municipality actually exercises a greater control over the city's individuals than does that of St. Petersburg, but it is a useful control. One who is born in Basle from the very moment of his birth commands the attention of the State; the State vaccinates him, educates him, teaches him a trade; the State provides him with healthful food at low cost; the State sends him a doctor, free, when he is ill; the State consults him through a plebiscite in case the laws or the streets are to be changed; the State buries him free when he dies."

"But that's tyranny."

"Tyranny? Why?"

"To live a standardized existence, all doing the same thing."

"Standardized existence, no. Doing the same thing, in part, yes. For we all eat, sleep and walk. We don't want uniformity in the life of a nation, and less still in the life of an individual. Let each municipality have its autonomy; let every man live as he pleases without troubling the rest. All we want is to organize the social masses and give practical form to the aspiration of all, which is to live better."

"But at the cost of freedom."

"That all depends upon what you call freedom."

Absolute freedom would lead to free competition. The strong would devour the weak."

"Not at all. Why?"

"You're visionaries. First you affirm brutally, the principle of individuality, and then when you're told that the individual may abuse his freedom, you don't believe it."

As a result of these discussions, Manuel was getting a grasp upon the question from every point of view, and at the same time, without admitting any definite allegiance, he understood and explained to himself many things that formerly he had never taken the trouble to understand.

This attitude of independent inquiry made of him an eclectic; sometimes he sided with his brother, and at other times with Morales.

Manuel found no fault with Anarchism as the necessity of transforming values. Comparing this epoch with that which had preceded the French Revolution, he found that the Anarchists of to-day were less intense but more lofty; the same held true of the philosophers of that day and this. What seemed to him absurd and stupid was the Anarchistic method of procedure. On the other hand, the Socialism upheld by Morales struck him as quite the contrary; he revolted against its plan, and its system of the organization of work by the State, its bonds, its national warehouses, its aim to make of the State a monstrous Proteus (baker, cobbler, hardware dealer) and to convert the world into a hive of functionaries, all marching to the same step. To this Morales replied that Socialism, through the mouth

of Bebel, had said that all speculation upon the future Socialist society was utterly valueless.

To Manuel the Socialist theory, in principle, seemed far more useful to the working-class than the Anarchist theory.

Anarchism considered society for ever upon the verge of a transformation—a complete change. It was in the position of one who, on being offered a modest position that would assure his existence, rejected it scornfully in the belief that he was heir to a vast fortune. All or nothing. And the Anarchist awaited the revolution as the ancients awaited the holy advent, as if it were a manna, something that would drop from heaven without heavy, burdensome effort.

“But isn't it more logical,” argued Morales, “to unite the forces of all classes, and advance gradually to a great development, rather than depend upon this providential revolution of the Anarchists—which is something like Mother Celestina's powders—to bring happiness to the world?”

Juan smiled.

“You have to feel Anarchism,” he would say.

“But why shouldn't you people accept the principle of co-operation? It is the greatest bulwark of the proletariat. You admit only individual propaganda of idea or deed. No, propaganda of idea degenerates, within a short time, into a good business for the man who runs a little sheet; and as for propaganda of deed, it's simply a crime.”

“To the bourgeois, yes.”

"To everybody. To kill, to wound—that's a crime."

"It may be a convenient crime."

"Yes, it may. But if this doctrine were to be generally accepted, it would lead to terrible consequences. There would not be a bandit or a despot who would fail to plead the convenience of his crimes."

"You have to feel Anarchism," Juan would conclude.

Manuel, in almost every case, inclined toward Morales' side.

The discussions with Morales' friends, who were all Socialists, revealed to Manuel the weak side of militant Anarchism.

According to them, the Anarchist idea was fast losing its virulence, and already, at least among the working-class, it frightened nobody. The very radicalism of the theories wearied people in the long run; in Anarchism, one very soon arrived at the end, and that end was a dogmatism no different from any other variety. The preaching of rebellion, as far as the independent spirits were concerned, resulted in rebellion against the dogma, and thus were born libertarians, independents, naturists, individualists . . . and Anarchism, with its destructive criticism, disintegrated and destroyed its very self. It had fallen apart, had melted away; its body of doctrine had been invaded by the germ of despair, and of Anarchism there was left what should have remained: its critical attitude of politi-



cal negation, its metaphysics, its free philosophy, and its aspiration toward an official change.

Everywhere the same thing happened. The Anarchistic dogma, with its network of principles, was headed for bankruptcy, and in the same measure that its dogma fell into disrepute, so did its defenders and propagandists. After the Quixotes of Anarchism—the Nihilist philosophers, the learned men, the sociologists, the dynamite brigade, came the Anarchist editors—the Sancho Panzas of Anarchism, who battered on the dogma and exploited their comrades through insignificant sheets in whose columns they paraded as moralists of vast importance.

These good Sanchos filled their diatribes with the platitudes of pedestrian sociology; they spoke of *aboulia*, of bourgeois degeneration, of amorality, of profiteering; instead of quoting Saint Thomas, they quoted Kropotkin or Jean Grave; they defined what was permitted and what not to the Anarchist; they were the exclusive proprietors of the holy doctrine; they alone sold the genuine Anarchist cloth in their shops; all the others were vile impostors who had sold out to the government. They had a mania for proclaiming that they were strong, smiling, and that they lived beyond all worryment, when in truth the greater part were poor domestic animals who spent their lives scribbling articles, bundling packages of their papers for the mails, and wheedling money out of subscribers in arrears.

Every one of these fakirs had a public of dolts who admired him, and before whom he would strut

through his paces like a peacock. So swellheaded did they become that it was by no means rare to find the most insignificant Tom, Dick or Harry launching an attack in his sheet against Ibsen or Tolstoi, calling them senile, sick brains, and even reading them out of the party as being unworthy of membership.

There were two papers in Madrid which contended for the patronage of the Anarchistic public: *La Anarquía* and *El Libertario*.

The hatred between *La Anarquía* and *El Libertario* was purely professional jealousy. The owner of *La Anarquía*, some years before, had defended libertarian ideas in a radical and scientific sense, and with the appearance of his organ he had wiped out all previous independent publications. Little by little, as the economic existence of *La Anarquía* became assured, and without realizing it, perhaps, the owner planed down his radicalism, letting down the soft pedal, as the vernacular has it, coming to look upon the Idea as a species of dilettantism. This moment the men behind *El Libertario* took advantage of to put their paper on the streets. At once came the break.

The staff of either paper tried hard to show that they were separated by ideas, principles and a number of other things, but at bottom the only thing that stood between them was a question of small change.

In the opinion of the Socialists, the importance to which Anarchism had attained in Spain was a di-

rect result of governmental laxity. Nowhere, they averred, were the militant Anarchists so incapable as in Spain; they could not point to a single writer, nor an orator, nor a man of action; only the utter demoralization of the State could lend prominence to men of such absolute insignificance. If Spain had a free government, such as England's, they maintained, within a year nobody would know whether there were Anarchists in Spain.

According to Morales' friends, the crisis, although it existed in the ranks of active Socialism, was not so serious or deeply rooted. The speakers and writers of the Socialist party were not sufficiently daring to be pastors of the people's consciences; they were content to recommend co-operation and to provide means for the improvement of working-class conditions. Even the very question of doctrine was subordinated to that of association for the struggle.

"We," concluded Morales, "tend toward organization, toward social discipline, which is everywhere necessary, and in Spain most of all."

This talk of discipline brought a wry expression from Manuel; he preferred that Dantonian slogan: "Audacity, Audacity, and ever more Audacity!" But he said nothing, for he was a bourgeois.

As is natural and common with partisans of related ideas, the Socialists and the Anarchists hated one another, and as, at bottom, and in despite of all pompous terminology, the evolution of ideas in both the parties was quite superficial, they all in-

sulted one another in the persons of their respective leaders; these, in turn, were a couple of excellent gentlemen who, convinced that the divine rôle which they played was far beyond their powers, did all they could to remain on the pedestal to which they had been elevated.

To the Socialists, the others were a set of imbeciles—madmen who must be cured, or else poor simpletons captained by political adventurers who, from time to time, paid a paying visit to the Ministry.

On the other hand, to the Anarchists, it was the *socialeers* who sold themselves to the Monarchists, and who, every once in so often, sneaked into the Ministry to collect the price of their betrayal.

Those who were led, in general, and on either side, were far more worthy than their leaders; the Anarchists, though more ingenuous and more glib than the Socialists, were, from the standpoint of character and enthusiasm, superior to them.

The Anarchist group enlisted only the convinced and the fanatical; whoever joined them knew that he could expect only persecution at the hands of justice; on the other hand, if some joined the Socialist locals through conviction, the majority joined through selfish interest. These workingmen, opportunistic Socialists, accepted of the doctrine only whatever could serve them as a weapon for wresting advantages: unions, in the form of aid and defence societies. This unionism made them despotic, authoritarian, and disgustingly egotistic. As a result of it, positions became difficult to obtain, and ravelled in red tape. A man couldn't get work in a

factory unless he belonged to a union, and before he could join the union he had to submit to its constitution and, besides, pay an initiation fee and dues.

Such proceedings, in the eyes of the Anarchists, constituted the most repugnant expression of authoritarianism.

Almost all the Anarchists were writers and were on the road to mysticism; on the other hand, the Socialist camp abounded in orators. The Anarchists were wrought to enthusiasm by the ethical question, by discussions concerning morality and free love. The Socialists, however, were in heaven if they could deliver talks in their locals, constitute small congresses, intrigue and carry on elections. Without doubt they were the more practical. The Anarchists, in general, were more generous, and more proud; every one of them believed himself a superior being, an apostle. Often they imagined that by changing the name of things they could change their essence. Most of them believed it a self-evident fact that the moment a man declared himself an Anarchist he became a better debater, and that in pasting this label upon himself, he took his defects, his evil passions, every one of his vices, and threw them aside like so much dirty linen into the wash.

As far as concerned good intentions and good instincts, with a different education, they could have been, with the exception of the impulsive and the degenerates, really useful persons. They all had one vice, however, which made it impossible for

them to dwell peacefully in their social *milieu*, and that was vanity. It was the glittering vanity of the Jacobin, all the stronger for its disguise, which cannot brook the slightest doubt, which would measure everything with its own yardstick, which believes that its particular logic is the only logic possible.

In general, because of the extra burden piled upon them by reading and debating after a heavy, wearying day's toil, and by their abuse of coffee, they were all in a constant state of excitement, which rose and fell like a fever. Some days they would all be spent with lassitude and disenchantment; others, their enthusiasm would be contagious and there would be a regular orgy of discussion and thinking.

The two working-class parties, with their members, corresponded, within the proletarian ranks, to the bourgeois parties: Socialism was the conservative wing, opportunistic, tactful; Anarchism ran parallel to the Republicans, with the turbulent tendencies of radical parties.

The difference between these parties and the groups of the bourgeoisie consisted in the individuals composing them rather than in the ideas they held. Both the working-class parties were certain that they would never get into power; their ranks were made up of fanatics or sincere believers, and, at most, of a number with personal interests; but there were no gluttons for money or glory as in the bourgeois oligarchies. An immense superiority to the bourgeois parties was conferred upon both the proletarian groups by their internationalism, which

sent them looking for their representative men, their heroes, out of Spain rather than within its borders.

At times, in the midst of a discussion in the printing-shop, Jacob the Jew would step in to ask whether such and such sheets had been printed yet. He would listen to the debates, to the ardent defences of Socialism and Anarchism, but would never offer his own opinion. Doubtless he felt no interest in the whole business. To him, these hotly debated questions were affairs relating to another race, to men of another religion, and thus of no concern to him.

## CHAPTER II

### A Night Stroll—The Votaries of Saint Dynamite—The Hospital of Cerro del Pimiento

**T**HE physician had pronounced Juan seriously ill; he advised him to be as much as possible in the open air. Juan went for a stroll almost every fair day.

He coughed very much; he would run up a high temperature and then sweat as if he were melting away. While he would be in such a condition, La Salvadora and La Ignacia would not let him stir from the house. La Ignacia said that if his friends, the Anarchists, tried to visit him, she'd send them packing with the broomstick.

The two women nursed him; they urged him to rest; they would not allow him to work.

This solicitude on the part of La Salvadora made Manuel wonder whether she might not be in love with his brother. If that were so, he was capable of leaving home on the pretext that he was going off to America, and then shooting himself.

This notion filled Manuel with an intense moral preoccupation, and he was uneasy. If his brother returned La Salvadora's love, what remained for him to desire? Should he live on, or not? These doubts and qualms of conscience worried him.



He was obsessed by Juan's illness, and when he could free himself of this notion, another would leap into its place—his fear for the progress of the printery, or a puerile dread of some distant danger.

Despite the doctor's advice, Juan did not rest. He had sent for some twenty or thirty Anarchist books, and he was for ever reading or writing. It was evident that he lived now only for his cause.

Without a word to anyone, he had sold *The Rebels* and the bust of La Salvadora and had contributed the money to the propaganda fund.

Manuel would often meet strange workingmen on the street; they would accost him timidly and ask:

"How is your brother?"

"Getting better."

"Fine! That's what I wanted to know. Greetings!" And they would walk off.

"Listen," said Juan one day to Manuel. "Go to the *Círculo del Centro* and tell them that I'll be at *The Red Dawn* to-morrow afternoon, and we'll talk things over."

Manuel went to a Circle that was situated near the *Calle del Arenal*. A number of persons whom he did not know asked after Juan; it looked as if they thought very highly of him. Manuel saw the *Libertarian*, *El Madrileño* and *Prats*.

"How's Juan?" they asked.

"He's better now. He'll expect you to-morrow at the tavern."

"Fine! What? Going already?"

"Yes."

"Wait a moment," said the Libertarian.

They were discussing a strike of the stone-cutters. Manuel wearied of a debate that held no interest for him, and said that he was leaving.

"We'll go along, too."

Prats, the Libertarian and El Madrileño left together with Manuel.

The Libertarian and El Madrileño simply had to keep each other company wherever they went, that they might be for ever at each other's throat.

The Catalonian's Anarchism was, above all, Catalonian, and Barcelona was the ideal centre of Anarchism, of industry, of culture. For El Madrileño, on the other hand, it was enough that a thing was Catalonian; this in itself proved it evil.

"Everything's a fake over there," said El Madrileño. "From the lace goods to their Anarchism; it's all trash."

"And what about here? What is there in this damned city?" retorted Prats. "It ought to be reduced to ashes."

"Here? There's a treasure of wit."

"Here . . . the only thing they can do is crack cheap jokes. Rotten people!"

"Quit that . . .!" shouted the Libertarian. "There are Anarchists for you! Spend their lives arguing whether the Castilians or the Catalonians are the superior. And yet they want to do away with national boundaries."

Manuel burst out laughing.

The four continued along the Calle del Arenal,

crossed the Puerta del Sol, and walked up the Calle de Preciados.

"I'm simply disgusted with all this," said Prats. "It's too dead. . . . In those good old days at Barcelona, there was a soul to things. . . . Even if this fellow doesn't believe it," and he pointed to El Madrileño. Then, turning to Manuel, he went on: "There was plenty doing, and that's what's needed. We used to give lectures on the Bible, and we had meetings every night where libertarian ideas were taken up, point by point. We won over the students and the sons of the bourgeois, and got them into our camp. I remember one of those meetings, with Teresa Claramunt there. She was pregnant at the time, and what a furious howl she set up! 'You men are cowards! Death to all men! We women will make the revolution!'"

"Yes, that was an epoch of universal fever," said the Libertarian.

"Indeed it was! Propaganda meetings everywhere. There were Anarchist christening-parties, Anarchist weddings; proclamations were sent to the soldiers, calling upon them to revolt, to refuse to go to Cuba; in the theatres we used to shout: 'Down with Spain! Hurrah for Free Cuba!' . . . And there came a day when the streets of Barcelona were in the hands of the Anarchists."

"Bah!" exclaimed El Madrileño.

"Ask this man, then."

"Yes, it was really so," answered the Libertarian. "There were days when the police didn't dare to come out and face the Anarchists. In the Centro

de Carreteros, in the Club de la Piqueta Demoladora, and in various other places, there were loaded bombs and explosive bottles ranged on the closet shelves in sight of all the members and at the service of whoever asked for them."

"How atrocious!" declared Manuel.

"And pretty little bombs they were," added the Libertarian. "There were some in the form of an orange, others pear-shaped, still others of glass—round, with stoppers, also of glass, and very light in weight."

"We called them all *corre-comes*," added Prats. "What the kids here call trucks. . . . Do you remember," he asked the Libertarian, "when we'd pass one another in groups and salute with 'Greetings, and Orsini bombs?' . . . One day more than two hundred of us arranged to invade La Rambla one Sunday afternoon, scattering bombs to right and left."

"And you did nothing," sneered El Madrileño. "If you ask me, you Catalonians are too white-livered to do anything of the kind."

"Not a bit of it!" answered the Libertarian. "They're a mighty brave sort."

"Maybe," countered El Madrileño. "But let me tell you that I was working in Barcelona at the time they exploded the bomb at Cambios Nuevos, and I had a fine opportunity to see the boasted bravery of the Catalonians. The authorities started locking them up in Monjuich, and you should have seen the fun. All those young chaps who were strutting around like dangerous fellows

that didn't care a snap for their lives, they ran for cover like so many hares. Some escaped to France, others fled to the country. . . . And those who fell into the net, all of them or almost all, denied their Anarchism. One said he was a Federalist; the other, a Freethinker; the other, a Regionalist; but Anarchist, not a mother's son of them. . . . A shameless crew."

"You're wrong there," said the Libertarian.

"Of course, as usual."

They continued down the Calle de Atocha, and came upon Caruty. He was huddled into a torn coat, and smelled strongly of ether.

Caruty greeted them with hearty handshakes into which he put all his strength.

"I just left Avellaneda," he said. "He's a fine fellow. He bought himself a little dog and some false teeth. He hasn't any too much money to-day, and so he said to me: 'Let's go to La Bombilla for a bite.' We went there, too. I recited some verses by Papa Verlaine, and he began some of his own. But the false teeth he had just bought gave him an awful lot of bother, and when he began his poem, 'They Who Dwell in Despair,' he said to me: 'Wait a second.' He shoved his fingers into his mouth, seized his plate, threw it out of the window, and went on with his declamation. But with such fire! Such verve! And such dignity in his manner! There's a fellow with absolute *pose*. Yes, sir. He's an admirable poet," declared Caruty, with deep conviction.

The five of them turned down the Calle Ancha.

They paused before a factory near Manuel's house. Through the windows they could make out the spacious place, under powerful illumination, and the huge black dynamos that whirled humming through the air; the Watt regulators, of steel, some with their balls widely separated, others with the balls close together, were revolving rapidly.

"Are you leaving us so soon?" asked the Libertarian of Manuel. "It's such a beautiful night."

"I'll just run up and tell them to go to bed."

He hurried noiselessly up the stairs and went into the dining-room.

"I'm going for a stroll," he said to La Salvadora.

"Very well."

"How's Juan?"

"Gone to bed."

"You go to bed, too."

He left. The five now proceeded along the Calle de Magallanes, between the two mud walls. It was one of those pitch-black nights when one can't see two paces ahead. The air was balmly. At the beginning of the narrow street, the light from a lantern flickered in the wind and shed its glow upon the stone-strewn road. Through the further gloom they could make out the walls and, above them, the black tops of the cypresses. The telegraph wires droned mysteriously.

"On just such a dark night as this," said the Libertarian, "a group of us friends, among them Angiolillo, went to the Tibidabo in Barcelona. The Catalonians sang excerpts from Wagner's operas. Angiolillo began to sing Neapolitan and Sicilian bal-

lads, and they made him shut up. The Catalonians said that Italian music was so much rubbish. Angiolillo became silent, withdrew from the group, and continued to hum the tunes of his native land. I joined him. We were walking along the mountainside, when soon, from the distance, we caught the strains of the march from 'Tannhäuser' being sung by the others in chorus. The full moon had come out. Angiolillo ceased singing, and in a low voice murmured several times: '*Oh, come è bello! How beautiful it is!*' "

They reached the San Martín Cemetery and peered through the gate. The tall cypresses rose majestically into the gloom.

Caruty spoke of his drunken walks with Papa Verlaine through the streets of Paris; of the brilliant, rotund phrases of Laurent-Tailhade, and of his conversations with Emile Henry.

"There was a terrible young fellow!" exclaimed Caruty. "He used to go to London for bombs and would carry them off to Paris without anyone being the wiser."

"But this planting of bombs is barbarous," said Manuel.

"There's no other remedy for the terrorism of the State than Anarchistic terrorism," declared the Libertarian.

"But you must confess that it's the Anarchists who always start the trouble," answered Manuel.

"No. That's not at all sure. The original provoker was the government."

"In Spain, too?"

"Yes. In Spain, too."

"But I believe that before the bomb-throwing began, they had no intention of beginning a policy of repression."

"But they did begin it," replied the Libertarian. "When Lafargue, Marx's son-in-law, came to Spain for the purpose of arranging with Pi y Margall for the formation of the Socialist Labour Party, Pi told him that the majority of the Spaniards who had followed the progress of the International were on the side of Bakunin. And he was right. Then came the Restoration and there was an attempt to scatter this revolutionary seed by violence. And against the Black Hand, which was nothing more than an embryonic labour union, the government committed an endless number of outrages, trying to make the whole business out as a question of highway robbery. . . . A few years go by, and then come the events of Jérez; it is shown that Busiqui and El Lebrijano, a pair of barbarians who had not distinguished themselves as Anarchists, nor as anything else, had assassinated two persons during a night of riots, and they are executed; but at the same time with them, they execute Lamela and Zarzuela as well, who were Anarchists, but who had no connection with the murders. They were killed because they were propagandists of the idea. One of them was a correspondent of *El Productor*, and the other of *La Anarquía*; neither had it in him to harm a soul, and both were intelligent men; for that very reason they were more dangerous to the government, whose aim was to exterminate the Anarchists.



Years go by, and in revenge for the men of Jérez, Pallás commits the Gran Vía crime. They shoot Pallás, and Salvador throws the bomb from the fifth floor of the Liceo. A number of Anarchists are arrested, and when they are about to condemn Archs, Codina, Cerezuela, Sabat and Sogas as guilty, they find Salvador, the real culprit. Then, beholding the prospect of these five Anarchists slipping out of its clutches, what does the government do? It orders the Pallás trial to be reopened, and then has the five of them shot as accomplices. They execute Salvador, and then occurs a stupendous event; the bomb on the Calle de Cambios Nuevos, which is thrown from a window at the end of a procession. It isn't thrown when the priests or the bishop are parading by, nor when the government troops are passing, nor into the midst of the bourgeoisie; it falls right among the common people. Who threw it? Nobody knows; but certainly it couldn't have been the Anarchists; if it was to anybody's interest at that time to push violence to extremes, it was to the government's, not the reactionaries', and I'd place my hand in the fire and swear that the fellow who committed that crime had some connection with the police. The bombing was received as an attack upon the armed forces; Barcelona was placed under martial law and there was a round-up of all the radical elements, who were sent off to Monjuich. They shot Molas, Alsina, Ascheri, Nogués and Más. Of these, every single one, with the exception of Ascheri, was innocent. Then comes Miguel Angiolillo," concluded the Lib-

ertarian, "who has seen in the French papers what has been going on in Monjuich; he reads Henri Rochefort and Doctor Betances, who lay all the blame for what has taken place at the door of Cánovas, of whom they said the most terrible things; Angiolillo reaches Madrid and has a talk there with several comrades; they confirm the reports in the French newspapers; he goes to Santa Agueda and assassinates Cánovas. . . . There you have, in a nutshell, the work of the government and the reply of the Anarchists."

Manuel could not confirm this version of affairs; he placed great confidence in the Libertarian. Yet the man's fanatical enthusiasm might easily have misled him.

"I find it pretty hard to believe," said Manuel, "that the police could frame an atrocity merely as an excuse for harsher measures."

"But the same thing has taken place here on a smaller scale!" exclaimed El Madrileño. "At the time of the Calle de la Cabeza plot . . . in that affair of the Cuatro Caminos. It's almost a sure thing that when sticks of dynamite appear in a club of Anarchist labourers, they come from the police."

"Really?"

"I should say so," corroborated the Libertarian. "Ascheri, one of the men who was shot at Monjuich, had belonged to the police. When an Anarchist works on his own account, nobody knows it; often, not even his closest comrades."

"That's so," said Prats. "I remember Molas, another of the fellows that was shot at Monjuich,

when he was conducting his first experiments with dynamite. Molas was a thief and used to live for months by robbery. There were times when nobody ever saw him for the longest stretch. Once I said to him: 'What are you doing?' 'What's that your business?' he answered. One night he said to me: 'Come along, if you want to see what I'm doing!' We started off, and it was already morning when we reached a deserted spot where there was nothing left but a limekiln. Out of a hole in the ground he drew a length of iron water-pipe. According to what he told me, it was loaded with dynamite. He put the pipe down on the kiln, connected a fuse, lit it, and we scampered off. There was a loud report. Returning, we found only a hole in the ground; not a trace was left of the kiln."

"Didn't they know how to make bombs in Barcelona that would explode at contact?" asked Manuel.

"No."

"How did they learn?"

"A Swiss watchmaker made the first ones, and they passed from hand to hand as curiosities," answered Prats. "Then the locksmiths learned how to make them, and as the workingmen of Barcelona are so skilful . . ."

"And how about the dynamite?"

"Everybody has the formula for that. Then some fellow or other brought an Anarchist Formulary with a whole list of them."

"A friend of mine," said El Madrileño, "who was a mechanic, had written a catechism for his

child, and he would examine the kid before us. I remember the first questions, which ran something like this: 'What is dynamite, my child?' 'Dynamite is a mixture of sand and nitroglycerine, which is caused to explode by means of a cap.' 'How is dynamite prepared, my child?' 'First you prepare the nitroglycerine, treating the glycerine with a cold mixture of nitric acid and sulphuric acid, and then you mix this with an inert substance.' The kid knew how to manufacture every type of bomb and explosive. When they took the father off to Monjuich, he said to us: 'I don't know whether they'll execute me or not, but I have one consolation. My child knows how to make dynamite.' "

They all arose from the bench, for they were chilled. It was beginning to dawn. The veiled, delicate light of the morning was filtering through the steel-grey clouds. From the slope of the hill, they could make out the vast excavation of the Tercer Depósito then being built. They followed along the Canalillo, with its rows of black, leafless poplars, beside the ribbon of water that glittered and meandered in a thousand curves.

"And this about the orders of the London Central Committee—is it true?" asked Manuel.

"Bah! All poppycock!" replied the Libertarian. "There never were any such orders."

. . . The glow of dawn lay already over the grassy earth. The sky was banked with small, fleecy-white clouds, and in the background, bounding the horizon, rose the Guadarrama range, haloed by the morning light.

A farmer, walking behind his plough, was sowing; he would take the seed out of a bucket that hung from his neck, and scatter a fistful into the air, which glittered for a moment like a cloud of dust and then fell into the furrows of dark earth.

Caruty sang a ditty in the provincial argot; it branded all owners as robbers and scoundrels. Then he chanted the Anarchist *Carmagnole*:

*Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,  
tous les bourgeois à la lanterne,  
Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,  
tous les bourgeois on les pendra.*

And he danced to the words, with a grotesque exaggeration of every motion. . . .

The fields had now grown lighter; the sky was flushed with a tint of pink; the Guadarrama was veiled in long, white clouds; near by rose a city seemingly immured, with a wall of brick and red-roofed tiny cottages, and a church in the centre. A road, which looked violet-hued in the morning glow, wound across country until it reached this red village. They headed for it. From a hill they could get an interior view. One of the houses bore a sign: "Disinfection."

"This is the Hospital of Cerro del Pimiento," said the Libertarian.

They went on.

The sun rose over Madrid. Its light poured magically over the earth; the stones, the trees, the

roofs of the city, the towers—everything was bathed in a red that gradually turned to gold.

The blue sky cleared itself of clouds; the Guadarrama shook away the mists; a pallid blush tinted its white, snowy peaks an ideal pink. On the hill-sides a stray sunbeam, brimming with life and energy, falling upon the sand, seemed to melt it and set it on fire.

The Anarchists cut across a trench and reached the Paseo de Areneros; they continued along this street until they came to Rosales.

From this point the view was glorious. Over the banks of the river lay a long, white blanket of mist; the trees of the Casa de Campo, reddened by autumn, formed dense masses of ochre and saffron; several tall, yellow poplars, of coppery hue, struck by the sun, thrust their pointed crests beyond the dark green foliage of the pines; the distant mountains were emerging with a fringe of sunlight, and the azure heavens, dotted with white clouds, were clearing rapidly. . . .

Reaching the Calle de Ferraz, they took leave of one another.

“There’s a touch of madness in all of them,” said Manuel to himself. “I’ll have to break loose from these fellows.”

## CHAPTER III

The Meeting at Barbieri—A Young Man in Frock-coat—  
The Carpentry of Noah's Ark—Hurrah for Literature!

**T**HE meeting must take place as soon as possible. Not only was Juan not feeling better; he was even worse. He directed the propaganda from his home; he kept up a vast correspondence with Anarchists from the provinces and in foreign countries. The physician limited him to a moment outdoors, on sunny afternoons. Manuel was bidden to permit not the slightest infraction.

"I'll see to whatever's necessary," he said to his brother. "But you stay home."

"Very well. No time must be lost in arranging the meeting."

"Shall we see Grau?"

"Psch! . . . If you wish. But he won't want to come."

Prats was in favour of inviting Grau. Manuel went with him. The two walked to a little street in Vallehermoso, and climbed to the third story of a certain house. They knocked; a girl asked what they wished, they told her what had brought them, the girl hesitated, and then opened the door. They passed through a narrow corridor into an office with a balcony; the room could scarcely hold three per-

sons. The walls were hung with a number of portraits. Manuel and Prats inspected them.

"This one is Louise Michel," said Prats.

The picture represented a woman with a weak face and a sharp profile; her forehead was plain, her hair bobbed. Then Prats pointed out Kropotkin, bald and bearded, withdrawn behind his spectacles, with a certain air of a sullen tomcat; Réclus, with the peaceful countenance of a dreamer and a poet; Gorki, with his coarse, repulsive features.

Manuel and Prats took a seat; half an hour dragged by and nobody appeared.

"They keep you dancing attendance here longer than if you were to go see a Minister," said Manuel.

At last a thin woman with a domineering air entered. Standing, she listened with marked impatience to what Prats had to say, and answered that her husband was busy. She would deliver their message and he would send them his reply.

They left Grau's house and Manuel made a beeline for the printing-shop.

That night, at The Red Dawn, there was a great stir with the preparations for the propaganda meeting. Discussion was rife about Grau's refusal to take part.

El Madrileño inveighed against Grau.

"He's an opportunist," he said. "An impostor sold to the government."

"No," answered the Libertarian, "he is a bourgeois temperament, who sells his newspaper just as any other would sell chocolate tablets."



"Yes," said El Madrileño, "but when a fellow has a bourgeois temperament, he opens up a shop for imported produce, or a shoe store, or something of the sort; anything except an Anarchist paper. When a man believes in free love and is an enemy to marriage, he doesn't marry; when he preaches against property, let him not toil to accumulate a few coins."

"Grau may be what you please," said Prats, "but he's an honest, decent fellow. On the other hand, the director of *El Libertario* is a wretch, a cockroach, a reptile."

"Bah! He's a friend of yours!" retorted El Madrileño. "That's why you take that fakir's part!"

"You're fakirs yourselves!"

"You're all sold to the government!"

"You mean *you* are! You're trying to sow discord in the ranks of the Anarchists!" shouted Prats, enraged. "How much did your paper get for speaking a good word for Dato?"

"And you!" exclaimed El Madrileño. "What did you get for the rabid campaign you conducted against the Republicans?"

"We did that as a matter of dignity."

"Dignity! Everything's business to you. You've eaten the bread of Monjuich. The way you're hoodwinking the people is nasty. You've all got safe-conducts from the police."

"Miserable rabble!" shrieked Prats, now beside himself. "It's you fellows who are sold to the government, and to the Jesuits, too—all to get us in

wrong. But have a care. We've unmasked many an impostor."

"Sure. You want to be the whole cheese, and the real fellows won't let you get away with it. Why do you hate Salvochea so? Because he's worth more than the whole bunch of you. Because he's sacrificed his life and his fortune to Anarchism, and all you've done is live off it."

"Quit your drooling, you outcast!" shouted Prats.

"You're the outcast!" yelled El Madrileño, lunging forward and raising his fist.

The Libertarian and Manuel jumped in between the two and quieted them.

"The imbeciles! The idiots!" muttered the Libertarian. "They know that they're spouting lies at each other, and yet, in spite of it all, they must have their say. . . . It looks as if their sole object in life were to discredit themselves. . . . Take my word for it, Juan, we need a man. . . ."

"And why don't you invite the Socialists to the meeting?" asked Manuel.

"What for?" asked the Libertarian.

"To debate with them."

"Bah!" answered El Madrileño in a comical vein. "Those guys aren't interested in anything that doesn't concern the feedbag and the precious daily wage."

"The important thing is to hold the meeting in a theatre in the centre of the city," said the Libertarian.

"See here, I know a fellow who works at the Zarzuela," said Manuel.

"We might go see him."

"Sure."

These goings and coming bothered Manuel. Fortunately, Morales had the printing-plant running smoothly.

A few days later, the Libertarian and Manuel went to the Zarzuela, although they were convinced beforehand that the theatre would not be hired to them.

As they came to the building, they saw some chorus-girls or supernumeraries go down an alleyway; they followed. At the stage door they asked for El Aristas, and were told that he was backstage.

They groped through a long dark passage until they reached a door tied with a rope and closing with a bang by means of a spring.

They pushed the door open.

"What do you want?" asked a man in a cap.

"We're looking for El Aristas."

"Over the other side."

They crossed; the stage was wrapped in a strange semi-gloom; near the footlights a man and woman were singing; in the background, seated in groups, were chorus-girls, muffled in their capes, and women huddled in their cloaks, wearing their bonnets.

They found El Aristas and explained what they wished.

"No, impossible! For an Anarchist meeting! In the Zarzuela! Impossible!" declared El Aristas. "I'll put it up to the manager, though, at once."

"As you wish," said the Libertarian, indifferently; he had been vexed by El Aristas' air of superiority.

He led the way and they followed him across the stage, down a little staircase at the other end that brought them to the orchestra floor. The auditorium was in darkness; through the skylight in the roof a pallid light came filtering in.

The Libertarian, Manuel and Aristas sat down. A chorus had just got through rehearsing a number. The musician, seated at the piano, was giving them instructions.

A comedian, with a capon-like air, approached the footlights and began to recite, in a high-pitched voice, with repulsive grimaces, that his name was Señor de Such-and-Such, and that he liked to follow the girlies, because he was a jolly rogue, and more nonsense to the same effect.

"He's some comedian, isn't he?" exclaimed El Aristas, smiling. "Gets eight duros per day."

"What an atrocity!" muttered the Libertarian. "How many of us have to suffer exploitation in order that one of these idiotic mummies may live!"

"What's that got to do with it? Do they take the money from you?" asked El Aristas.

"Yes, sir. The money that the bourgeois rob from me and from the others like myself, they come here to spend on ninnies like this capon."

"It's easy to see that you don't understand anything about art," sneered El Aristas.

"About art? Why, this isn't art, or anything else! It serves simply to amuse the bourgeois while they're digesting their meal. It's like bicarbonate of soda for wind on the stomach."

El Aristas got up and left. In a short while he returned, telling Manuel curtly that under no circumstances could they let the theatre for a meeting, and least of all for an Anarchist gathering.

"Very well," said the Libertarian. "Let's go."

They climbed the stairway to the stage, walked through the door, and out of the theatre.

There was nothing left but to hold the meeting in Barbieri. The Libertarian, El Madrileño, Prats and other comrades made the necessary preparations. On the appointed day, a cold, disagreeable Sunday in January, Manuel ordered a carriage, and he, La Salvadora and Juan rode to the theatre. Juan was well wrapped.

They entered. The hall was rather dark; the light came through a high window and shed a murky pallor over the empty auditorium.

Juan went behind the stage.

"Take care," admonished La Salvadora. "Don't catch cold."

Manuel and La Salvadora took orchestra seats.

Two of the curtain lights were turned on. In the blended light of the day and the electric bulbs, the stage took on the appearance of a cave. In the middle sat a group of ill-dressed men around a

table; to one side was a small table with a blue cloth, a bottle and a glass. Along the back of the stage were seated a row of men on a bench; their faces were indistinguishable; among these men sat Juan.

The theatre was filling. Workingmen trooped in, some in their Sunday best, sporting derby hats; others in blouse and cap, ragged and filthy. The orchestra chairs were occupied by some, here and there, who looked like foremen, with their wives and children, and in a stage box were a number of writers or journalists, among whom stood out a red-headed fellow with a pointed beard, likewise red. The Libertarian came in and walked over to Manuel, to greet him. Manuel introduced him to La Salvadora.

"Greetings, comrade!" said the Libertarian, clasping her hand.

"Greetings!" she answered, laughing.

"We know you very well," added the Libertarian. "All this fellow and his brother do is talk about you."

La Salvadora smiled, but she was somewhat embarrassed.

"Well? Are you going to give a speech?" asked Manuel of the Libertarian.

"That's what they want. But it doesn't appeal to me. If I could only convince them . . . I'm no good as an orator."

Then he leaned against a chair, with his back to the stage, surveyed the audience, and went on:

"How few there are who look like anybody, eh?"

La Salvadora and Manuel turned their heads. The truth was that the various types that had been attracted to the meeting had little to boast of. There were irregular faces, angular, with brutal expressions, narrow, receding foreheads, yellowish and jaundiced faces; ill-shaven, dotted with moles; grim eyebrows, under which gleamed a sinister glance. And only here and there the sad, placid face of some man absorbed in his vision. . . .

"How few faces show any intelligence, and, above all, how few reveal any kindness!" the Libertarian went on. "Solemn expression, grave, proud-looking chaps, impostors. . . . The truth is that with this sort of people we'll never get anywhere. Very well. I'm going on the stage. Greetings, comrades!"

"Greetings."

He pressed La Salvadora's hand, patted Manuel on the shoulder, and left.

The footlights flared up. The president, an old, white-bearded gentleman, who was seated between Prats and a sickly-looking workingman, pale and with a vague look in his eyes, rang the bell and rose. He spoke a few words, which were not heard, and yielded the floor to one of the orators.

At once one of the men seated at the back of the stage got up and walked over to the table, poured out a glass of water, took a sip and . . .

"Comrades!" he began.

Despite the appeals of the president for silence, the orator could scarcely make himself understood, partly because of the noise created by late comers,

partly because of the monotony of his speech, which must have been learned by heart and declaimed. At the end he was applauded and returned to his seat.

Then came a little old man, who seized the bottle very leisurely, filled the glass with water, put on his spectacles, deposited a bundle of newspapers on the table, and began to speak.

This comrade was doubtless a very methodical, prudent gentleman, for he did not utter a word without referring to what this paper or that had published. At every stage he read clippings with exasperating deliberation. The public, bored, began to talk in a loud voice, and some wags in the family circle whinnied with marvellous skill.

The old man said he was a cobbler, and he told a few interesting things about his trade and its members, relying, as ever, upon his documents. When he had finished, there was a universal sigh of relief.

Following the old man came a young dandy in a long frock-coat and a very high starched collar. He was an undistinguished journalist, who was doubtless trying to fish up something out of the troubled waters of Anarchism.

The public, which had received the two preceding speakers with such indifference, burst into loud applause at the very first sentences that came from the mouth of the young man in the frock-coat.

His bombastic, insolent, vacuous speech was strewn with scientific terms from sociology and anthropology.



This young man's attitude was one more of defiance than anything else. At every moment he seemed to be sneering at this sorry spectacle of a public: "See me? I'm wearing a frock-coat! I've got a silk hat! I'm an educated fellow! Look upon me with amazement and admiration! I have come down to your level. I have identified myself with you."

Now well launched on his career of braggadocio, the young man of the frock-coat avouched that he despised the politicians, because they were so many jackasses; he despised the sociologists, who would not join the Anarchists, because they were a set of ignoramuses; he despised the Socialists, because they had sold out to the government; he scorned everybody and everything, and each empty boast of this sort was received by the boobies of the audience with thunderous applause.

He received these plaudits with a certain little gesture of disdain—that of the man who is being assured, in his own house, that he has much talent. As the grand finale of his oration, the frocked youth swung this verbal lash:

"To the power of arms we will oppose our austerity. If this does not suffice, we will answer arms with arms; and if the power of the government tries to rout us, exterminate us, we will have recourse to the destructive power of dynamite."

After this declaration, which was crowned by the shouts and the hand-clappings of the public, the young man in the frock-coat, head proudly erect as

if it contained the very Sancta Sanctorum of Anarchism, strutted back to his place with the disgruntled air of one who is not understood.

After this came the Libertarian. The audience had been stirred by the pompous, hollow phrases of the journalist, so that the somewhat husky, confused voice of the Libertarian could not be heard distinctly; he spoke of the wretched poverty of the people, of the undernourished children, but seeing that he was receiving no attention, he cut short his speech and retired without being noticed. Manuel applauded; the Libertarian shrugged his shoulders and burst out laughing.

The public had not yet recovered from the excitement produced by the speech of the young dandy, when a resolute, squint-eyed fellow, wearing a workingman's blouse, his face tanned by long exposure to the sun, strode over to the table.

He planted his two fists upon it and waited for the audience to resume attention. Then, in a vibrant voice, speaking in a curt, uncouth Andalusian accent, he cried:

"Slaves of capital! You're a pack of idiots that let yourselves be taken in by any Tom, Dick or Harry. You're a herd of imbeciles, without any notion of your own interest. This very moment you've got through listening to and applauding a guy who says that there are intellectual workingmen just like you. . . . That's a lie! The ones they call intellectual workers are the most ardent defenders of the bourgeoisie; those journalists are

like dogs who lick the hand that feeds them.”  
 [*Applause.*]

A voice shouted:

“That’s not true!”

“Out with him! Run him out!”

“Let him talk!”

“I’ve known the real intellectual worker,” the orator continued. “A real apostle—not one of these dandies in a stove-pipe and a swallow-tail. [*Applause.*] He was a school-teacher, who went through the villages and hamlets of the Ronda mountains preaching the cause. He always went on foot, did that man; he dressed worse than anybody here; that poor chap found a little oil and a crumb of bread enough to live on. He went to the labourers’ quarters and taught them to read by the light of the stable lamps. That man was a real Anarchist; he was a true friend to the exploited, not like these guys here who talk a lot and do nothing. What does the press do for us? Nothing. I’m a tile-maker, and we fellows live worse than pigs, in hovels less than two yards square. Go get yourself and your family into such cramped quarters and earn two pesetas per day. And not every day, either, for when it rains, there’s no pay. On the other hand, you’ve got to gather bricks and load carts, all for nothing, so that your boss won’t be ruined. And even this, compared with what goes on in Andalusia, is heaven. It’s just as I say; if a people is willing to put up with all this, it’s a chicken-hearted nation. . . .”

The orator took advantage of this opportunity to

exhibit anew his instincts of aggression, and he returned to his upbraiding of the public with genuine eloquence; the public showered him with enthusiastic applause. He was plainly a fierce fanatic. He had a wolf's jaw; the huge masseter muscles of a carnivorous animal. When he spoke, the corners of his lips contracted and his forehead wrinkled. One could see that this fellow, properly provoked, was capable of murder, of arson, of any folly.

At last, to show the uselessness of the intellectuals, he spoke of the astronomers, whom he called imbeciles, because they wasted time gazing at the sky.

"I wonder what harm the astronomers can have done him," said Manuel to La Salvadora.

Following an exhortation to plunder, the tile-maker concluded his speech, saying:

"We want no God, no master. Down with the bourgeoisie! Out with those impostors who call themselves the intellectual workers! Hurrah for the Social Revolution!"

The Andalusian was applauded; he was followed on the platform by a stout, phlegmatic, bald fellow, in his fifties, who confessed smilingly that his sole aversion was the Bible.

He was the very opposite of the man who had preceded him—serene and on good terms with life.

As he saw it, the Bible was nothing more than a conglomeration of follies and absurdities. He poked somewhat amusing fun at the seven days of

Genesis, at the creation of light before the sun, and a number of like tales.

He added that one of the things that made him laugh was the existence of the soul.

"For what is the soul?" he asked. "The soul, indeed, is nothing more than the play of blood coursing through the veins of the entire *humanitarian* system"—hereupon he surveyed his arms and legs—"and if you look into it rightly, animals have souls just as well as men. Not only dogs, mind you, but even the most insignificant insects."

After this materialistic explanation of the soul, which was worthy of Ecclesiastes himself, the corpulent speaker elucidated the hoax of Noah's Ark, as he called it:

"I don't know," he said, "whether Noah was a master carpenter: I am. But let me tell you, and you can take my word for it—that ark was no mean piece of work, nor anything like it. [*Laughter.*] To get a pair of each animal inside, terrestrial as well as *volatile* and *aquarian*, you had to have some master Ark. Far be it from me to criticize Noah's carpentry; give every man his due, say I. [*Repeated laughter.*] But if I had known this gentleman, I'd have asked him: What did you have to let bedbugs into your Ark for, and cockroaches and other insects? Wouldn't it have been better to let 'em drown? . . . The truth of the matter is that this Noah must have had the soul of a bourgeois. [*Laughter.*] And look at it right, the man wasn't any too gallant, either, for out of consideration for the ladies, who are the ones that are most bitten

[*Laughter, shouts and stamping*], he might have suppressed the fleas. And another thing occurs to me. If sparrows eat flies, and if inside that Ark the two sparrows ate the two flies, where do the flies come from that we have now? And how about chameleons, who live on air? How did they manage to live in the Ark, without it?"

"How do you make out there was no air in the Ark?" came a question from the gallery.

"If there was any, it must have been foul," replied the speaker. "Forty days and forty nights, shut up tight without ventilation, in company of every animal on earth—it must have stunk like the very pest. . . . In short, comrades, the whole business is nothing but a big fake. Thank you."

The speech was received with somewhat mocking applause, and then Juan got up, exceedingly pale, his eyes wide open as if in fright. Manuel felt very uneasy.

"We'll see whether he gets through it all right," he said to La Salvadora.

"He won't do well," she answered, likewise perturbed.

Juan modestly approached the table, and began to speak in a somewhat veiled, high-pitched voice, undismayed. The public, won by Juan's appearance of a sickly child, became silent. Feeling that he had their attention, Juan grew calmer. His voice acquired its natural tone and he began to speak easily, convincingly, in a fluent, insinuating manner.

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Anarchism, he said, was not hatred; it was affection, love. He wished mankind to shake off the yoke of all authority. Without violence, however; through sheer power of reason.

He wished mankind to struggle out of the dark cave of poverty and hatred into other, purer, calmer regions.

He would have the State disappear, for the State serves only to extort money and strength from the hands of the workingfolk who create it and to pour it into the pockets of a few parasites.

He would have Law disappear, for Law and the State were a curse to the individual, and both perpetuated iniquity upon the earth.

He would do away with the judge, the soldier, the priest—vultures that batten upon human blood, microbes of humanity.

He affirmed that man is by nature good and free, and that no one has the right to command another. He did not stand for a communistic, standardized order of things, which deprived men of their liberty, but for free organizations founded upon spiritual affinity and love.

He preferred hunger and poverty with liberty, to surfeit in slavery.

“Only that which is free is beautiful!” he exclaimed. And, in a picturesque digression, he continued: “Water, which flows clear and frothy in the torrent, is stagnant and murky in the swamp; a bird is envied in its native air, and pitied in the cage. There is nothing so beautiful as a ship, cleared for sailing. It’s a fish in its hull, and a

bird in its masts and spars; it has white sails that look like wings; a bowsprit that looks like a beak; a long fin that's called a keel, and a tail fin that is the rudder. It's a gull that sails the seas and is gazed after enviously, as if it were a friend leaving for distant parts. On the other hand, how sad the old, dismantled vessel that can leave the harbour no more! For old age, too, is a chain."

And Juan soared in the same strain, leaping from one subject to another.

He would have the passions, instead of being constantly repressed by an implacable authority, approved as a power for well-being.

To him, the social question was not a matter of wages, but of human dignity. He beheld, in Anarchism, the deliverance of mankind.

Moreover, in his opinion, before the working-man and the toiler, came woman and the child, who were even more deserted by society, left without weapons in the struggle for life. . . .

Ingenuously he spoke of the young vagrants thrown into the gutter, of the children who go to the factories in the morning, frozen through and through, of the fallen women who are sunk in the moral death of prostitution, trampled upon alike by the fine shoes of the bourgeoisie and the coarse sandals of the proletariat.

And he spoke of the deep desire felt by the disinherited for affection; of their unfulfilled aspirations; of love. A selfsame anguish stirred in every heart; some of the women were crying. Manuel looked at La Salvadora and saw tears trying to



come from her eyes. She smiled, and then two big drops rolled down her cheeks.

And Juan spoke on; his voice, which was growing thick, betrayed accents of tenderness; his cheeks were on fire. At that moment, he seemed to feel the pain and the woe of all abandoned humanity.

Surely none of his hearers considered the possibility or the impossibility of his doctrines. The hearts of this multitude were beating in unison. Juan was about to conclude his speech, when a row broke out in the rear of the orchestra.

It was Caruty, who had risen in his seat, pale as a ghost, with his open hand upraised.

"Out with him! Out with him! Sit down!" cried the audience, perhaps in the belief that he was trying to answer the orator.

"I won't sit down!" replied Caruty. "I've got to talk. Yes, sir. I've got to shout: Hurrah for Anarchism! Hurrah for Literature!"

Juan waved a salute to him and left the platform.

A strange agitation gripped the audience. Then, as if awakening from a dream and realizing its beauty, all rose to their feet and burst into wild applause. La Salvadora and Manuel, deeply moved, looked at each other out of moist eyes.

The president said a few words that were not heard and the meeting was adjourned.

The audience began to file out. The wings of the stage were filled with groups of Juan's followers. They were young workingmen and apprentices in blue garb; almost all of them anæmic, timorous, looking as if they suffered from scrofula.

As Juan came out, they shook him by the hand, one after another, with passionate effusiveness.

"Greetings, comrade!"

"Greetings."

"Leave the man alone, he's sick," said the Libertarian.

Caruty was strutting about in high feather. Without knowing it, without even realizing it, perhaps, he had struck the true note of Juan's address. Hurrah for Anarchism! Hurrah for Literature!

As he stepped into the street, two officers pounced upon the Frenchman and arrested him. Caruty smiled and sang between his teeth, glaring scornfully at an imaginary bourgeoisie, the song of Ravachol.

Juan, Manuel and La Salvadora rode home in a carriage.

"What did Caruty mean?" asked Manuel.

"That Anarchism is a matter of mere literature?"

"He himself probably couldn't tell," said Juan.

"No, no. He meant something by it," insisted Manuel.

Anarchism! Literature! Manuel felt that there was a certain affinity between these things, but he could not say just which.

## CHAPTER IV

Homeless Folk—El Mangué and El Polaca—A Vender of Pea-Shooters—A Gipsy—El Corbata—Saint Tecla and His Wife—La Filipina—The Hidden Treasure

ONE winter's day, while out walking in the afternoon sun, as usual, Juan was overtaken by rain. He sought shelter in one of the huts that stood beside the wall of La Patriarcal Cemetery, facing the Tercer Depósito.

He discovered that two youngsters and a girl lived in the shanty. The two boys at once recounted their life and miracles. One was named El Mangué and the other, El Polaca. Both were apprenticed bull-fighters. They called the lass La Chai.

El Mangué was as thin and agile as a worm; El Polaca had a huge head, a pair of inexpressive eyes, as round as buttons, and thick lips. El Mangué's father was a miner and wanted to force his son to go to work. He had escaped from home, however, with La Chai and El Polaca, and for an entire summer and autumn had travelled about with strolling bull-fighters. El Polaca had been in an asylum up to his sixth year. One day, for a minor infraction of the rules, a nun locked him up, on

bread and water for a week, tied with esparto ropes, naked. As a result of this barbarous punishment, El Polaca fell ill and was taken to the hospital. As soon as he was released, he took to the streets.

"What an infamy is this farce of official charity!" muttered Juan. "What an infamy!"

El Mangue and El Polaca dwelt contentedly in the illusion that they were bull-fighters.

"And did you earn anything on these tours?" asked Juan.

"Sure. Whatever they gave us."

"And how did you travel from town to town?"

"We'd skip freight, and jump off just before reaching the station."

"But there weren't exhibitions every day."

"No."

"What did you eat in between times?"

"We pulled up potatoes out of the earth and had grapes and fruits."

"And what are you doing now?"

"Now, nothing. Waiting for summer."

La Chai was an ugly, vulgar-looking creature, and from what Juan could observe, she treated both her lovers like slaves.

"And do you live here alone?"

"No. There are more in these huts."

Juan was interested in the shanty and returned on the following day. It was a glorious, sunny afternoon. In the old cemetery plot, along the wall, were a vender of pea-shooters and shoe-laces, who had his goods in a basket, a gipsy and a

vagrant. Juan asked for El Mangué and El Polaca, and then took a seat near them.

The gipsy said that his profession was killing birds with a sling—a profession that struck Juan as somewhat comical.

“Don’t imagine . . . that it’s a joke,” said the gipsy. “How much will you bet that I hit the pepper-pot?”

“Here’s a silver duro that says you don’t,” wagered the vender of pea-shooters.

The gipsy aimed his sling, discharged it with almost scientific precision . . . and missed the pepper-pot.

A long dispute began between the gipsy and the vender.

“And what do you do?” asked Juan of the tramp.

“I?” exclaimed the vagrant, in a tone of displeasure.

“Yes, you.”

“I’m a robber.”

“A bad trade!”

“Why?”

“Because it brings a fellow only trouble.”

“Psch! I sell dogs, too, off and on. But that’s worse.”

“And what do you steal?”

“Whatever I can. We used to steal in this cemetery here.”

“Then you ought to know Jesús?”

“Jesús the typesetter? I should say I do. Was he a friend of yours?”

"Yes. A friend and comrade. I'm an Anarchist."

"Well. My name's El Corbata. When I play Don Tancredo, they call me El Raspa."

"So! You play Don Tancredo?"

"Sure. Last year a bull nearly killed me. And I'm waiting for next year, to go through the towns repeating the experiment."

"And suppose they kill you?"

"Psch! It's all the same."

"And how have you got out of jail?"

"I've fixed things so that I'm let out."

"How are things in prison? Are there any decent folk there?"

"Are there? Better than outside. It was there I made the acquaintance of the Ladrilleros—two fine people."

The Ladrilleros had only killed a man to rob him.

"One of the Ladrilleros used to tame sparrows in the upstairs corridor," continued El Corbata. "He had the birds eating crumbs of bread out of his hand, and he'd teach them to dance and turn somersaults. He had two of them in his cell, cleverer than any human being, and he wouldn't let a soul touch them. One day the director comes and sees that he has only one sparrow. 'How about the other?' he asks. 'Has it died?' 'No, Señor Director.' 'Has it escaped?' 'Not that, either.' 'Then where is it?' 'You'll pardon me, Señor Director,' says Ladrillero to him, smiling, 'but the prisoner next to me was so down in the dumps, poor fellow, that I loaned him

the sparrow for a few days, to cheer him up.' ”

El Corbata related the tale smilingly, as if it were a pardonable childish weakness. The vender said that he wasn't at all surprised at this, for there were just as good people inside the prisons as out of them. “Anybody's liable to do something rash when he's excited,” he concluded. As Juan left them, El Corbata pickpocketed his handkerchief. Juan noticed it, but said nothing.

A few days later, on the grounds of La Patriarcal, Juan met a friend of El Corbata's, named El Chilina. He was a slender, effeminate youth with a wisp of black moustaches, a round face, and a cold, indifferent glance that came from a pair of green eyes. El Corbata had made his acquaintance in prison and had taken him under his wing.

El Chilina was a dangerous sort, lazy, vicious, filled with evil passions.

“I lived in a bawdy-house,” he told Juan with a smile, “until my mother died. She was there, you know. They threw me out of the house, and that same night I met a woman. ‘Coming along?’ she asks me. ‘If you give me all you earn,’ says I. ‘Very good. Here's the key.’ And she gives me the key and we fixed up things fine. For a year I lived the life of a king. But a woman played me dirty and I settled her with a dirk. Now I'm here because I have to keep in hiding.”

A few days later, El Chilina brought a Tagala woman to the cemetery huts, for the purpose of exploiting her.

This woman earned a céntimo here and there by giving herself to the men in these forsaken parts.

They called her La Manila. She was rather ugly and possessed of a frank cynicism—the natural instinct of her wild life. She offered herself in absolute ignorance of all notions concerning sexual morality. She did not feel the scorn of society hovering over her head. Accustomed from infancy to ill treatment from the whites, she felt no mortification at the debasement of her trade, and therefore showed no hatred for men. What she was afraid of was having to go about at night-time in these districts.

El Corbata and El Chilina, whenever they so desired, had their pleasure of her in the lonely nooks near the cemetery walls, and she gave herself as one who bestows a favour. El Chilina, moreover, would relieve her of all her earnings.

Two other persons came to the shanties that winter; an old, filthy, repulsive beggar, with a matted beard and purulent eyes, together with an old harpy he had taken up with.

This beggar would go through the streets rapping the pavement with his stick and shouting several times in succession the name of the saint for that day.

The first time El Corbata had met him, he heard him shouting:

“To-day, to-day . . . Santa Tecla . . . Santa Tecla. . . . To-day . . . to-day.” Ever since that time, he called him Saint Tecla.

“What a beautiful thing it would be,” thought



Juan, "to lift these creatures into a loftier, a purer sphere! Surely at the bottom of their souls is some latent goodness; in the mire of their evil must be the hidden gold that nobody has taken the trouble to discover. I'll try to discover it. . . ."

Every afternoon, rain or shine, Juan would go to the cemetery shanties to talk with these people. Some beggars of San Bernardino would come and they listened to him attentively. Across the way, the cypresses of the San Martín Cemetery rose above the walls. They listened to Juan's words as to a sweet, merry music, and the woman from the Philippines, who perhaps understood him least of all, heard him with the greatest faith.

When Juan went home, often he would say to himself:

"The gold is deep down; but it will rise to the surface."

One evening Juan witnessed a wager between Saint Tecla and his old harpy.

"What do you know, you old hag?" taunted Saint Tecla.

"What do I know? More than you, you mangy cur. Much more than you," retorted the old woman with repulsive gestures.

"You think everybody's as bad as you."

"Go on! You look as if you had cobwebs in your eyes."

"Shut your trap, you dirty witch."

"It's you who are really the fool. You actually imagine that people give you money because it's you."

"Shut up! . . . Damn it all! . . . Because you're a dirty old sow, you think everybody else is, too."

"And so they are. I should say!" Whereupon the harpy indulged in an unbecoming gesture.

Saint Tecla thrust his fingers through his shirt and began solemnly to scratch his chest.

"Yes," shrilled the hag, "to-morrow let any other blind man go to the Buen Suceso and they'll give him charity, just the same as they do you."

"Shut up, you fool slut! You've got more poison in you than a toad. What do you know, anyway?"

"I don't know, you say? Make a bet, then. I'll go Sunday morning instead of you, and tell the ladies in their carriages that you're sick and I'm taking your place. I bet they give nothing."

"I'll bet they do."

"How much?"

"A bottle."

"We must see how this bet comes out," said El Corbata.

The following day Juan returned. Saint Tecla was walking up and down the place, exhibiting signs of impatience. El Corbata and El Chilina were sunning themselves, stretched out on the grass. At noon the old hag turned the bend in the road with a bottle in her hand.

Saint Tecla smiled.

"Well," he asked, as the harpy drew near, "did they give?"

"No, not a céntimo. I said to them: 'Dear

ladies, an alms for the little blind old man. My poor husband is terrible sick and we ain't even got enough to buy medicine!" "

"Well?"

"Nix. They pranced into church without so much as looking at me. Then I followed them home. . . . And the lady called the butler and told him to throw me out. The sluts! Well, here's the bottle. Hand over the two reales."

"The two reales! Did you think you could trick me? What I'll give you is a good cudgelling, for the lying sneak you are."

"Don't pay if you don't want to. But may I die if I haven't told you the truth."

"Very well. Let's have the bottle." And Saint Tecla took the bottle, uncorked it, began to drink, and muttered:

"The ungrateful wretches! The more than ungrateful wretches!"

"See?" shouted the old harpy, concerned more with her hatred than with the precious drink. "Do you see what they are?"

"Ungrateful wretches!" growled the old man.

"But listen, my good fellow," interjected El Corbata in a bantering tone. "What have you done for those women? Pray?"

"And do you consider that little?" replied the beggar, composing his features.

"Mighty little, as far as I'm concerned."

"Then you're a heretic; it isn't my fault," mumbled the old man, his beard stained with wine. El Corbata and El Chilina burst into loud laughter,

while Saint Tecla, with the bottle, now empty, in his hands, wagged his head and muttered between his teeth:

“They’re a gang of ungrateful wretches. They’re not worth a man’s favours!”

Juan had watched the scene sadly. La Manila came; El Chilina went over and asked her for the money she had earned. It was Sunday and the boy wanted to have some fun.

“I’ve only a few céntimos,” she said.

“You must have spent the rest.”

“No. I made nothing.”

“Don’t come to me with any of your lies. Come across with the money.”

She made no reply. He gave her one slap, then another; then, in fury, he threw her to the ground, kicked her, and pulled her hair. She uttered not a sound.

At last she pulled some money out of her stocking, and El Chilina, content, strode off.

Juan and the Philippine woman made a fire of some twigs, and the two, plunged in sadness, warmed themselves before it.

Juan went home. The gold in the depths of these human souls had not risen to the surface.

## CHAPTER V

Sociological Snobbism—Intellectual Anarchists—Smoke

ONE day Juan received a letter from a strange gentleman. In it, this gentleman said that he was thinking of starting a radical paper—almost Anarchistic, in fact, and wished to know whether he might count upon Juan and his friends. Should Juan find it to his convenience, he invited them to have coffee at his home, where he would introduce them to some of his comrades.

“Shall we go?” the Libertarian asked Juan.

“Why not?”

Juan, Manuel, the Libertarian and Prats went to the stranger's home.

They were shown into a parlour furnished in that deplorable style which is the dream of carpenters and vulgarians—the so-called modernistic fashion. Scattered through the room were low arm-chairs, white chairs with twisted legs, and two or three small tables littered with baubles. On the walls hung a number of English prints framed in white, in which all you could see was long-waisted slender women with lilies in their hands and with a most disagreeable expression of sheer stupidity.

They sat down and waited for the master of the house; soon he came in and received them all most cordially. He was a tall young man, clean-shaven, in a frock-coat, a big blue cravat and a bright, flowered waistcoat.

“Let’s go into my study,” he suggested. “I want you to meet my friends.”

They entered a large room; after going through a rigmarole of Chinese ceremonies in the doorway, the host introduced to the Anarchists a number of young men, among them a soldier.

The room was a spacious one, with a high ceiling; there were several oil paintings and, near the balconies, glass cases filled with miniatures and rings. At the back was a lighted fire-place.

“Let’s sit down here beside the fire,” suggested the host.

They all sat down, and the master rang the bell. A servant appeared with a little tea table containing cups and cookies.

He served tea to some; to others, coffee.

The Libertarian and Prats smiled ironically, especially when the servant asked:

“What will the gentlemen drink? Rum? Chartreuse?”

“It’s all the same to me.”

Then the servant went around with a box of pure Havanas, and as they smoked, they discussed the company at the Español, the foreign players, Gabriel D’Annunzio and what not else.

When the conversation had already begun to lan-

guish, the host settled back in his arm-chair and said:

"Let's get down to business. I was thinking of founding a review distinguished for absolute independence and representing the most advanced tendencies in sociology, politics and art. That's why I took the liberty of calling upon you. To tell the truth, I'm an Anarchist, in the philosophic sense, so to speak. I believe we must purify this atmosphere in which we live. Don't you think so, too?"

The host smiled amiably. From the looks of things, he was not very deeply convinced of the necessity of this purification.

"I should like to know," he went on, "whether you could reach some agreement on a working plan; for, as to finances, I'll see to that."

"We are Anarchists," said the Libertarian, "and each of us has his own particular opinions; but we four, and our friends as well, will help all we can, with both work and propaganda, any organ that launches an attack against the existing social order."

Juan, Prats and Manuel nodded assent to their comrade's statement.

"But that's very vague," answered one young man with a certain displeasure. He was dressed in the height of fashion and carefully groomed; he lisped like a dandy.

"Vague? I don't see the vagueness," answered the Libertarian, rudely. "We'll be happy to support any movement that serves to undermine the

State, the Church and the Army. We are Anarchists."

"But we must know just what sort of Anarchism yours is," specified the dandy, and, turning to the host, he went on: "For there is philosophic nihilism; there is Anarchism which is the logical and scientific form of radical Socialism; and, in addition, there is the Anarchist sentiment, which is a barbarous, savage sentiment, proper to primitive creatures . . ."

"That barbarous, savage sentiment is ours," interrupted the Libertarian, smiling.

"A purely destructive sentiment?"

"That's just it—purely destructive."

"I'm with these gentlemen!" exclaimed a young bearded and bespectacled fellow, with a dreamy look and mellifluous voice. "I believe in wholesale destruction, in dissolving all stock ideas, in attacking all dogmas at their very foundation."

"We must construct," interrupted the dandy, with a disdainful gesture.

"Do you believe that society hasn't sufficient cohesive energy to resist all ideas, even the most dissolvent?"

"That would require discussion."

"Discussion? What for?" replied he of the beard. "It's a conviction that I hold and which you do not share."

"But see here. What is it you want, in the final analysis? A philosophic revolution."

"All revolutions are philosophic in nature. At first, ideas change. Then comes a modification of



customs, and, at last, laws are passed to stabilize them."

"Our ideas have already been transformed," replied the dandy.

"I beg your pardon. My belief is just the opposite. I don't think there's a single genuine liberal in all Spain."

"What an exaggeration! Then how is this change of yours going to come about?"

"Change is an unconscious process; it comes about through disrespect in the lower classes, and lack of conviction in the upper. Things crack, for the structure is falling apart. Nobody believes in his calling, neither the judge who condemns nor the priest who says mass; nor the soldier, begging your pardon," he said to the officer, "who kills in war."

"I," erupted the officer, "make a distinction between the soldier and the warrior; the one belongs to parades, the other to battle."

"This society of exploiters, of priests, of soldiers and functionaries—I believe it's crumbling," went on the young man with the beard.

"Bah!"

"That's my opinion." And the bearded youth stared abstractedly into the fire.

The officer turned to Juan. "Your ideas appeal very much to me," he said. "All I expect of society is that it will step on my tail to seize me and sink its nails into my flesh. Now, there is just one thing about your notions that displeases me, and that is

your attempt to do away with man's warrior instinct."

"Not at all," replied Juan. "What we wish is to apply it to something more noble than exterminating one other."

"What I'd like to know," asked the young sociologist, "is, who's going to make this revolution?"

"Who?" answered the Libertarian. "The ragged and tattered, the outcasts of society. If there were only ten talented men in Spain, the Revolution would be assured!"

"Perhaps what I'm going to say will strike you as absurd," exclaimed the officer, "but, in my opinion, the social revolution is a matter that should be accomplished by the army."

The officer explained his plan. He was a swarthy fellow, with an aquiline profile and a vehement temperament. His brain whirled with the most extraordinary notions and projects, just like a wheel of fireworks, without leaving behind anything more substantial than a little smoke. He preached a social revolution achieved by the army in battle against the capitalists; he would have the army, likewise, perform all public works, such as the digging of canals, the laying of roads, the construction of railroads, the cultivation of trees—and then, after all Spain had been set to rights, let the entire army be cashiered, if there were nothing else for it to do. He harboured a Napoleonic conception of a federated Europe, half Cæsarist and half Anarchist.

The young dandy found the captain's ideas exceedingly bad. This young fop and sociologist wrote for the papers and the reviews, and called himself an intellectual Anarchist. He sympathized with nothing and nobody. In his opinion, what first demanded discussion was the scientific possibility of the doctrine. His idea was a society divided into categories; at the top, the sociologists, like modern magicians, defining and dictating plans and social reforms; below, the working-class carrying out these plans and obeying orders. The sentimental aspects of Socialism and Anarchism struck him as despicable.

"I'd be with you," condescended the young sociologist, "on the sole condition that you concentrate upon the scientific aspect of the doctrine. The Anarchist idea, yes; Anarchist sentiment, not a bit of it; all it produces is crime and atrocity."

"You sociologists, you academic spirits," grumbled the bearded youth scornfully, "would like to catalogue ideas and men just as the naturalists classify stones and butterflies. Two hundred persons have died of hunger. There's no call for indignation; the question, with you, is to see whether, during the previous year, more died, or less."

"Well, are we to start weeping?"

"I don't say that. What I do say is that all these numbers and statistics are useless. You say: 'The Anarchist idea, yes; the Anarchist sentiment, not a bit of it.' But that can't be, and it's never been. Among the thousands of Anarchists that there are at present all over the world, there aren't

five hundred who have a clear, full notion of the theory. The rest are Anarchists in the same way that, thirty years ago, they were Federalists, as formerly they were Progressives, and in past epochs, fervent Monarchists. By some scientific illusion, a sociologist may be an Anarchist. The workingman, however, will be an Anarchist because that is the party of the desperate and the hungry. The toiler breathes the Anarchist sentiment in the air. Not the student, however. He takes the idea, inspects it, as if it were a mechanism, looks over its screws and bolts, observes its workings, notes its imperfections, and then proceeds to the next thing. The workingman, on the contrary, has no terms of comparison. He clutches at it like a drowning man at a straw. He sees that Anarchism is the bugaboo of the bourgeoisie—a party execrated by those in power. Whereupon he exclaims: "This is the party for me!" "

"Very well. But that's not the kind of Anarchist I am. For me, Anarchism is a scientific system."

"Well, for the people it is only the protest of the hungry and the radical."

"We certainly don't understand each other," said Juan. "Let's be going!"

"No. We can't understand each other," replied the sociologist, uncomfortably. "First, we ought to know what your program is."

"I believe my comrade has said that we're Anarchists."

"So am I."

"Then we ought to agree. We wish to purify this heavy atmosphere, open the windows and let the light come streaming in for all. We wish to live a fuller, stronger life; we wish to agitate and remove all obstructions."

"But that's not a clear program."

"Clear program! What for?" exclaimed the Libertarian. "So as never to realize it? Are we to indulge in the vanity of imagining that those who come after us are going to consider the plans we forged as infallible? What the devil! No! What's felt is the need of change, the necessity of a new life. We all feel that the present social organization does not answer to the needs of to-day. Everything is changing, progressing with enormous strides. Not only science, but ideas or morality as well. What yesterday passed as logical is to-day decried as unjust. A complete transformation is taking place in the field of ideas, in moral values, and amidst all this change the law continues as rigid and changeless as ever. What program have we? you ask. This! To do away with present-day laws. . . . To accomplish the revolution. Then we'll see what happens."

"We don't agree."

"Very well. Let's go!" said Juan.

The four comrades got up. The host assured them that he had heard their words with genuine pleasure and that he would be highly honoured with their friendship.

The soldier saluted them effusively; likewise he of the spectacles.

The quartet reached the street.

"Button your coat," said Manuel to Juan.

"Bah! It isn't cold."

It was a warm, balmy night. The earth glittered beneath a thin drizzle. The sky, a dark grey, seemed to weigh upon the city like a cloak of lead. The lights from the shop-windows shone brightly in the humid atmosphere, and the clean air, the wet sidewalks, the lights from the street-lamps and the windows—all this blended into an impression of a full and beautiful life.

"What imbeciles!" exclaimed Prats.

"No. They simply don't want to compromise themselves," replied the Libertarian. "It's only natural. Each man defends his own position. Perhaps we'd do the same in their place. The interesting thing about it is the Anarchist instinct that's in every Spaniard."

"Yes, unhappily that's true," thought Manuel.

"These attempts to join forces will always fail," said Prats. "Only in Barcelona, when the Carters' Centre was running, and there were secret meetings, did the radical youth of the bourgeoisie ever help the Anarchists."

"Yes, that's so," replied the Libertarian. "That radical bourgeois element is the element that can lend us most aid. The engineers, the physicians, the chemists—all these classes are preparing the social revolution, just as the aristocrats are preparing the political revolution."

They separated.

"Greetings, friends!" said the Libertarian.

"Greetings!"

Manuel and Juan went home.

## CHAPTER VI

Childish Fears—Noblemen—The Man of the Puerta del Sol—The Passalacqua Mystery

**A**MONG the various forms and species of fears, dreads and terrors, there are some that are extraordinarily comical and grotesque.

To this class belongs the Catholics' fear of the Masons; the Republicans' fear of the Jesuits; the Anarchists' fear of the police, and the police's fear of the Anarchists.

The child's fear of the bogeyman is a far more serious matter; much less childish than this other class of fears.

You can't convince a Catholic that Masonry is something like a dancing-club; nor the Republican that the Jesuits are only a set of vain, ignorant clergymen who show off as poets, writing detestable verses, and, pretending to be deeply learned, don't know the difference between a microscope and a barometer.

To the Catholic, the Mason is a terrible creature. From the lair of his lodges he directs the entire anti-religious masonry; he has a Red Pope, and an arsenal of swords, triangles and other bric-à-brac.



To the Republican, the Jesuit is a Machiavellian diplomat, an erudite personage, a veritable well-spring of science and evil.

To the Anarchist, the policeman is a fellow as clever as the very devil, who disguises himself beyond the chance of recognition, who slips undetected into the tavern and the club, for ever on the watch.

To the policeman, the fellow in everlasting ambush, the clever rogue, the formidable fiend, is the Anarchist.

Each attributes to his enemy a power and an industry truly extraordinary.

Is it through sheer foolishness, or Romanticism, or simply to lend oneself a little importance?

It is highly possible that all these things contribute their share. At any rate, you can't convince a Catholic that if anti-religious ideas grow apace, it is not through the influence of the Masons or of their Lodges, but simply because people are beginning to discuss things. The Republicans, likewise, simply cannot be persuaded that the Jesuit influence depends, not upon the cleverness or the insight of the sons of St. Ignatius, but upon the fact that contemporary Spanish society is a society of blithering idiots and of overgrown boobies dominated by female fanatics.

The police can't be gotten to believe that Anarchist attempts are the work of individuals; they must for ever try to track down a plot. And the Anarchists can't rid themselves of the notion that they are pursued at every moment of their lives.

The Anarchists, in addition, suffer from the ob-

session of betrayal. Wherever more than five Anarchists get together, according to them there's always a stool-pigeon or a traitor.

Often this traitor is no traitor at all, but a poor devil whom some clever detective, pretending to be a savage dynamiter, pumps for all the details needed to jail a few undesirables.

As the date of the Coronation drew near, the newspapers, in order to have something to talk about, declared that foreign police were preparing to visit Madrid, so as to be ready for Anarchists with sinister intentions.

As one man read this item, it occurred to him that there might be money in it. This man was no ordinary fellow; he was Silvio Fernández Trascanejo, the man of the Puerta del Sol.

Among the more or less illustrious Fernándezez of the world, Fernández Trascanejo, the man of the Puerta del Sol, was beyond doubt the most widely known. All one had to do was to ask for him on the sidewalk of the Café Oriental, or at any of those open-air clubs that are formed around the urinals of the Puerta del Sol; everybody knew him.

Trascanejo was a tall, bearded fellow with a soft, wide-brimmed hat of the musketeer type that covered half his face; an alpaca jacket in summer, a greasy coat in winter, and in both seasons an expansive smile and a cane.

He was a tatterdemalion who claimed to be a marquis.

"I've no use for middle courses, get me?" he

would say. "Either I go around like a tramp or else dressed up deliriously elegant."

The man of the Puerta del Sol undoubtedly wore borrowed clothes and shoes, and the friend who loaned him the garments must have been stouter than he, for he was always swimming in them. On the other hand, that same worthy donor had a smaller foot, for the heels of the shoes reached to the middle of the ball of Trascanejo's foot, so that he walked with the mincing steps of a ballet girl.

Trascanejo did not work; he never had worked. Why should he?

A self-styled sociologist of these days has told me in confidence that he is thinking of writing a monograph in order to demonstrate, almost scientifically, that from 80 to 90 per cent of Spain's bohemia—literary men, actors, journalists, politicians, and so on—are descended in direct line from the petty nobility of the Spanish towns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The tendency toward idleness, according to this sociologist, has been transmitted pure and intact from fathers to sons, and, according to the same authority, the Spanish middle class is a prolongation of this gang of gutter nobles, of starvelings and shabby-genteels.

Trascanejo was a noble of the bluest blood; wherefore he did not work. His family had possessed a manor and a coat of arms, with more quarters than Prussia, among which there were three rabbits on a field of azure.

The nobleman spent the day in that forum which

we have in the centre of Madrid, called the Puerta del Sol.

This fellow, who was a cesspool of malice and deceit, always had some stupendous bit of news for the delight of his intimate friends.

"To-morrow the Madrid garrison is going to mutiny," he would announce with an air of the greatest mystery. "Have a care. La Montaña, San Gil and other sergeants of the Doks are in it. Have you got a cigarette? I'll go to the South Station with the fellows from the slums."

This man, a veritable storehouse of false news, who announced revolutions and begged for cigarettes, had led an interesting life. He lived with his sweetheart, a lady already somewhat advanced in years, a cross between a winebag and a tunny fish, and her mother, the pensioned widow of a soldier. With the pension, plus whatever the two women could collect, they got along quite comfortably and even had enough to invite Silvio to dine with them daily.

Every day this man, who was gifted with a volcanic imagination, would hatch a new lie to explain why he hadn't been given a government position or something of the sort, and the women believed him with implicit confidence. The man of the Puerta del Sol, who on the street was the very prototype of cynical speech, as shameless and foul-mouthed as could be, was in his sweetheart's home a delicate, timorous gentleman who treated his intended and her mother with the utmost consideration. Between the shrivelling damsel and the shabby-genteel of the

streets had sprung up a pure, platonic love affair now in its twentieth year. A stray kiss upon the hand and a number of *billets-doux*, long since wrinkled and turned yellow, were the solitary pledges of their passion.

Silvio had more than once pocketed his fee for services lent to the police, and this rumour of possible Anarchist demonstrations suggested a course of action.

"Here's a plot to exploit," he said to himself. "This plot is now being hatched, in which case all that remains is to expose it; or else it hasn't been thought of yet, in which case the thing to do is get it going."

Trascanejo went sniffing about for the scent of Anarchism, and within a few days he had found his way to Chaparro's tavern.

He had a talk with Juan.

"If you fellows are ready to help—simply help, that's all—I've got the men to strike the blow. We have Pepe the poultryman, and Matias, the butcher over on the Plaza de la Cebada. All we need is the signal."

There was a deeply mysterious discussion among all the comrades whether they should join the plot.

One afternoon, on leaving the shop, Manuel met the Libertarian.

"I was just coming to see you," said the Libertarian.

"What's doing?"

"Keep your eye on Juan. He's awful gullible

and he'll be mixed up in some trouble if he doesn't watch out. I've got a hunch that the police are up to some trick. Over at the tavern a strange gang have suddenly come around, and I don't like their looks. The discovery of a plot at this time would be just what the government wants."

"What do they say they're going to do?"

"Assassinate the king. That's nothing but a cheap decoy. Imagine! What do we Anarchists care whether the king lives or dies, whether Sagasta is in power, or some Republican idiot?"

La Salvadora and Manuel, forewarned, kept a close watch over Juan.

One day Juan received a letter which he read with intense interest.

"It's a Parisian friend of mine," he said, "who is taking advantage of the lower train rates to come to Madrid."

"A friend? Are you sure it isn't some Anarchist?" asked La Salvadora, in alarm.

"Why, no!"

Manuel attributed no special importance to the matter. Juan went off to his work and Manuel to the shop.

A week or so later came another letter, and one night, just before supper, Juan left the house, returning later with a clean-shaven, ill-dressed young man.

"This is my friend Passalacqua," said Juan to Manuel, when the latter returned from the shop. "I made his acquaintance in Paris."

Manuel scrutinized the friend carefully.

He was a clean-shaven fellow, with a pale, oily complexion. His head was pear-shaped; his forehead was narrow, and black, curly locks fell in ringlets over his face; his neck was round, like a woman's; his eyes clear blue and his lips pale. His general appearance was that of a timorous, lymphatic creature. They sat down to supper, and as the Italian knew hardly any Spanish, he spoke only to Juan in French. From time to time he would burst out laughing, whereupon his stupid countenance would be transformed and take on a look of irony and fierceness.

Supper over, Juan wished to give his room to Passalacqua; he himself would sleep in an arm-chair. The visitor protested; he would sleep upon the bare floor; he was used to it.

"Make the bed upstairs, in Jesús's room," said Juan to La Ignacia and La Salvadora.

The two women carried a mattress and covers to the attic.

"The bed's ready," announced La Salvadora.

The Italian, bidding them good night, clasped Juan and Manuel by the hand, took his valise, and climbed to the attic room. Then he took from La Ignacia's hands the candlestick with its stub of candle.

"Has this room a key?" he asked.

"No."

He set his valise very carefully down upon the chair.

"Very well," he went on. "I'd like to be called very early to-morrow morning."

"You'll be called."

"*Buona sera.*"

"I don't like the looks of that bird," said Manuel to his brother.

"Why don't you go to bed?" asked La Salvadora of Juan.

"It's too early yet."

"How anxious La Salvadora is to send you off to bed to-day!" said Manuel, stupidly.

She threw a glance and Manuel, now aware that something queer was up, spoke no further. Juan was rapt in thought; however much he tried to hide it, one could see that he had something on his mind. He came into the room and paced back and forth for a long while.

"What's going on?" asked Manuel, when they were left by themselves.

La Salvadora raised her finger to her lips.

"Wait," she whispered.

They waited for a long time.

Juan put out the light in his room; then La Salvadora said to Manuel in a low voice:

"That man has something in his valise; maybe a bomb."

"Eh!"

"Yes."

"What makes you think that?"

"I have my reasons. What's more, I'm certain."

"Really? What did you see?"

"I noticed that when he put down the valise he did so very carefully; then, when he came with



Juan, I noticed that two men were following him; besides, see how worried Juan is. . . .”

“Yes, that’s so.”

“That man has something with him.”

“Yes. You’re right.”

“What are we going to do?”

“We’ve got to get that valise,” said Manuel.

“I’ll go,” volunteered La Salvadora.

“But suppose he wakes up?”

“He won’t wake up. He was terribly tired when he came.”

An hour later they both crept slowly up the flight of stairs. They listened intently at the attic door. They could hear the measured breathing of the sleeper.

“I know where he left his valise,” said La Salvadora. “I’m sure I could grope my way to it in the dark.”

She pushed the door slowly open; it creaked softly. She entered the garret and in a moment was back with the valise in her hand.

They descended to the dining-room without making the least noise, and set the valise down on the table. It was locked, securely locked; Manuel got a knife and forced it open.

They took out a bundle of clothes; then a roll of pamphlets. Then, from the inside of the valise, something hard wrapped about with newspapers. From the weight alone they guessed that it must be something terrible. They turned pale with horror. They undid the package. It proved to be a

square metal case, about a palm in height, reinforced with wire and having a rope handle.

"What are we going to do with this?" asked Manuel, perplexed.

They didn't dare to touch it.

"Why don't you call Perico?" suggested La Salvadora.

Manuel tiptoed down the stairs. The electrician was still in his shop. Manuel called him and told him what had happened.

"Let's take a look at it," said Perico, after he had heard the story.

They made their way slowly back to the dining-room, without exchanging a word, and examined the apparatus.

"Ah! Now I know what it is!" declared Perico. "This——" and he pointed to a tiny crystal tube that projected from the middle of the box, and which was filled with a yellowish liquid, "must contain an acid. If you want to explode the machine, you turn it around, the acid corrodes this cork, taking just enough time to allow the plunger of the bomb to escape. Then the acid penetrates inside and causes the explosion. If you had ever turned that box over, you wouldn't be here to tell of it now."

La Salvadora and Manuel shuddered.

"What are we going to do?" they both asked.

"Break the tube. Courage! And let happen what may." Whereupon Perico pressed the tiny tube with a pair of pliers and broke it.

"And now there's no more need to worry," he said. "Let's go down."

The electrician took the bomb and went downstairs, followed by Manuel. In the shop they cut the wires that reinforced the apparatus, and with a screw-driver Perico loosened a lid that was screwed to the top. This done, he turned the tin container upside down and out fell a stream of reddish powder, which they caught in a newspaper. There must have been a couple of kilograms.

"Can this be dynamite?" asked Manuel.

"That's what."

"And what are we going to do with it?"

"Throw it carefully into the sink and turn on the faucet. It will disappear gradually."

Manuel followed instructions and left the faucet open.

"There's something still left in here," muttered Perico.

He thrust the point of a shears into the tin and pried it open.

There were bits of twisted iron, and at the spot where the crystal tube filled with acid projected, there was a little container made of two playing-cards, heaped with white powder that smelled of bitter almonds.

They washed out the box and threw the bits of iron into the patio sewer.

This operation completed, they went upstairs again. La Salvadora had sorted the various garments, the papers found in the valise, and had found a large kitchen-knife with a sheath. This knife had a wooden haft painted red and decorated with the names of all the famous Anarchists; among

them was the name *Germinal*. They examined the papers one by one. There were printed proclamations, newspaper clippings, pictures and notes in handwriting. One of the papers contained a sketch of the bomb. Perico examined it. According to the description on the print, the tiny compartment made of the two playing-cards, filled with the powder that smelled like bitter almonds, contained a mixture of bichromate, permanganate and potassic chlorate, soaked in nitrobenzine. The little tube contained sulphuric acid, and the rest was full of dynamite and chlorate.

"I'm going to burn all these papers," said Manuel.

They made a fire in the kitchen and threw in all the newspapers, with the knife on top of them. After the handle had been burned off, Manuel took the blade down to the patio and buried it. Rebolledo the hunchback, who had heard the goings and comings up and down the stairs, got up to learn what was the matter.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, aloud.

They cautioned him to keep quiet, and told him what had happened.

"What's the matter?" called Juan from his room. The disturbance had frightened him.

"Nothing," answered La Salvadora. "Perico lost his key."

"Better go through Juan's pockets," suggested the hunchback, "to make sure that he hasn't any letters that may implicate him."

"That's so," said Manuel. "How stupid we've

been! And he got two letters only a few days ago."

La Salvadora went to Juan's room, as if to give the sick man additional explanation; she returned with his jacket and overcoat. Surely enough, there were the two letters, one of them horribly compromising, for it spoke explicitly of a plot. They went through Juan's clothes and burned all his papers.

"Now I believe you may rest easy," said Rebolledo. "Ah! Another thing! When the police come—for according to what you say, they certainly will come—if they don't bring a warrant from the judge, they'll ask whether you'll allow them to enter. You tell them, sure, but that you insist on two witnesses. At the same time, tell Juan, and let him know what you've done, but don't give him time to say a word to the other fellow."

La Salvadora and Manuel spent that night in the dining-room, quite upset. As if that infernal machine had exploded in his brain, Manuel felt all his Anarchistic ideas crumbling to bits and his instincts of normal humanity returning. The thought of such an apparatus being put together in cold blood incensed him. Nothing could condone the death and destruction which that could wreak. How could Juan ever lend himself to so savage a plan! He, so excessively good and humane! True, as Prats once had said, in war entire cities are bombarded and death is sown in every direction. But during war times there was a national pressure that weighed upon the contending armies; there was,

moreover, a distribution of the responsibility; each man did as he was told, and he could not do otherwise, at the risk of being shot; but the case of the Anarchists was altogether different. There was no force compelling them to commit the crime. On the contrary, everything conspired against their committing it. . . . And yet, they were impelled by a barbaric fanaticism, overcoming all obstacles, to scatter death among unfortunate victims.

At the accustomed hour, Manuel left the house; he had hardly turned the corner of the Calle de Magallanes when two men stopped him.

“Are you Manuel Alcázar?”

“At your service.”

“You’re arrested.”

“Very well.”

“We’re going to search your house. Will you give us permission, or do you want us to come with a warrant?”

“It makes no difference to me.”

“Then be so kind as to say so to your family.”

“Fine.”

They returned to his house.

“Ah,” exclaimed Manuel as they reached the entrance, “there’s one thing I must insist upon.”

“What’s that?”

“Two witnesses from the neighbourhood.”

“Sure thing.”

Manuel was taken to court by one of the officers and brought at once before the judge.

"I've been given to understand," began the judge, "that you're a dangerous Anarchist."

"I? No, your honour. I'm not an Anarchist."

"Then the agitator is a brother of yours."

"My brother is an Anarchist, but not a militant one."

"Your brother is a sculptor, isn't he?"

"Yes, your honour."

"And a notable scuptor. Too bad you wouldn't use your influence to wean him away from these notions!"

"If I could, believe me, I would. But I have no influence over him that way. He has studied and seen more than I have."

"Well, I'm sorry that your brother should have got mixed up in such a bad mess. When did your brother receive those letters from Passalacqua?"

"Which letters?" asked Manuel, ingenuously.

"Didn't your brother receive any letters?"

"I don't know. I can't say, for I spend very little time at home."

"Did you see, yesterday, the foreigner that your brother Juan received and put up at your house?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Do you know his name?"

"My brother said that he was an Italian who would stay with us for the night."

"Did that Italian bring with him a heavy valise?"

"I don't know. I didn't see him. When I came home from the shop, they were at supper. The women of the house made his bed for him, and that's all I knew."

"Very well. Wait a moment."

In a short time he was told that he might go.

He hastened back home. La Salvadora greeted him with a smile. She related the whole episode. Juan had been astounded to see that the valise contained no bombs, no knives, no pamphlets.

Passalacqua, searched by the officers, hadn't opened his mouth; the police had rummaged through everything and had taken off a few of Juan's books.

After the raid they had detained the Italian on the charge of not having a passport, and had let Juan go free.

That night the newspapers contained reports of the raid upon Manuel's house. It was considered as a frame-up on the part of the police.

Passalacqua had declared that he was, indeed, an Anarchist, but not a militant one, and that he had come to Spain to look for a job.

There were reasons for believing that his real name was not Passalacqua, but Butti, and that he was wanted by the Italian police. He came from America, where he had been arrested for a number of robberies. The government would immediately have him deported.

That night, when Manuel returned from the shop, he met Juan.

"How is it possible that you should have taken part in such a stupid affair?" he asked.

"It's necessary. We simply must bring about the revolution—sacrifice ourselves for it."



"But it's idiotic. What good would that have done?"

"What good? Shatter this social framework, this heap of iniquities, with dynamite. We must sweep away everything that remains of this rotten society."

"In the name of the common good, eh?"

"Just as you say," answered Juan.

"And in the name of the right to live of those who are yet to be born, you are going to kill the child and the father and mother . . . who are already living."

"It's necessary," replied Juan in a gloomy voice.

"Ah! Necessary!"

"Yes. The surgeon who amputates a gangrened limb has to cut into healthy flesh."

"And you, Libertarian," Manuel went on, "you who believe that a man's right to live is above everything else—you who refuse to accept a state of affairs that permits one man to shirk toil and make others work for him, you accept the notion that an innocent person shall sacrifice his life in order that the man of to-morrow may live better. Well, I say to you that all this is idiotic, monstrous. And if I were told that the happiness of all humanity could be secured through the tears of a child, and the decision lay in my power, I say to you that I wouldn't let that little child cry, even if the whole world got down on its knees before me. . . ."

"And you would be right," murmured Juan. "It's for the little children, for the women, for the weak, that we work. And it's for their sake that

we must destroy present-day society, which is based upon evil. It's for them that we must brutally cauterize the social wound."

To Juan, in his fanatic exaltation, all roads, all methods were good, provided they led to the revolution of his dreams. This would be the dawn of a new day, the dawn of justice, the cry of an entire people, which for so many years had been down-trodden, martyred, exploited, reduced to the wretched plight of a beast of burden. It would be a bloody dawn in which, by the light of the universal conflagration, the old social edifice that had been sustained by ignominy and special privilege would crumble and vanish, without leaving behind so much as a mound of ruins or a heap of ashes. Only the memory of scorn for the abject life of our wretched days would remain.

The black slime of Las Injurias and Las Cambronerías would engulf the rich; and a just vengeance this would be against the ruling classes who had made of the State a police department to safeguard their profits, which had been obtained by robbery and exploitation; who had made of the State a means of quelling the hunger of the unprotected with bullets.

This vast majority of mankind that was agonizing in the inferno of poverty would rebel and impose justice by force; it would put an end for ever to so many infamies, so many iniquities. And in order to excite the masses to such a pitch, all methods were good—bombs, fire, regicide. . . .

What could one answer to such fanaticism!

There were no arguments possible; but Manuel, getting Juan at a calmer moment, would launch an indirect attack.

“At least,” he said, “since you are ready to make so great a sacrifice, first make sure you’re not being deceived. This Passalacqua was a stool-pigeon for the police.”

“Do you really think so?”

“Certainly. I’m positive. Who travels around with a heap of compromising papers, with a huge knife on the handle of which are engraved the names of all the famous Anarchists?”

“There’s nothing so strange about that.”

“Very well. I tell you that Passalacqua is in league with the police; that he knew they were coming to raid this house, and that if you keep on trusting the first fellow that comes along, you won’t sacrifice yourself to Anarchism; you’ll simply make a nice fat broth for the government. You didn’t know Passalacqua before, did you?”

“No.”

“How did you get together with him?”

“A week ago I received a letter from Passalacqua, postmarked ‘Barcelona.’ He wrote that he was coming on an urgent mission, and asked whether I had a safe place to put him up at. I answered, yes; then he wrote back that he’d come on the first of the month—that he meant to throw a bomb into the Coronation parade, and that I’d recognize him by the following description: young, clean-shaven, a woollen cap, a yellow valise in his right hand and a black umbrella in the left. As soon as I saw him,

I was to say to him: 'Is this the train to Barcelona?' And he'd answer: 'I don't know, sir; I don't understand Spanish very well.' And that's just what took place. I went to the South Station, and met the Italian. We took a carriage. Passalacqua told me his intentions—also that he had the bomb in the valise. I was going to take him to the lodging-house I used to stop at, but he said to me: 'I have no passport. Maybe they wouldn't let me in.' "

"Do you see?" burst out Manuel. "He had a purpose in going to your house."

"I told him that they would let him in. But he simply insisted that he would be safer in my place. I didn't want to compromise you folks; but I brought him here. When I went to bed it occurred to me that if ever the police came, we'd be done for. When I was awakened, I said to myself: 'Here they are.' And to tell the truth, when it turned out that there was nothing there—no bombs, papers, or anything, I was amazed. How could you have known that they were going to search the house?"

"La Salvadora suspected him. Then I have my reasons for believing that Passalacqua is in league with the police."

Manuel insisted on this point in order to see whether he had planted doubt and mistrust into his brother's soul.

## CHAPTER VII

Roberto Again—The Struggle for Life—The Englishman's Gift—Love

ONE afternoon, as Manuel was watering the plants of his little garden after eating, Roberto suddenly appeared.

"Ah, there, my boy? How are things coming? Have you turned gardener?"

"As you see. And how is Miss Kate?"

"Very good. She's abroad, in Antwerp, with her mother. We talked quite a good deal about you."

"You did? Really?"

"They have very fond recollections of you."

"They're both awfully kind."

"And—do you know?—I'm the father of a little boy."

"Man! I'm tickled to hear it!"

"A little savage. His mother's nursing him. And your business? How is it going?"

"Not so well as I'd like; I'm not going to be able to give you back your money as soon as I'd have wished."

"That doesn't matter. Whenever you can. What's the trouble? Doesn't the business go?"

"Yes. It goes, very slowly. But it's those Socialist workingmen that are killing me."

"Socialists?"

"Yes. A fellow is bound hand and foot. The unions, by this time, run things their own way in all the shops. With such an iron hand! A man can't hire the men he wants, but only those the union will give him. And the work's got to be done just the way they dictate, and you've got to fire one fellow and hire the other. . . . It's a horrible tyranny."

"With all this, I guess your Anarchistic tendency has grown."

"Naturally, for if the social revolution is to be accomplished, let them do it once and for all; but let them allow a fellow to live, too. . . . Won't you come up for a moment, Don Roberto?"

"Certainly."

They both went up to the dining-room. Roberto greeted La Salvadora.

"Will you have coffee, Don Roberto?" asked Manuel.

"Yes."

They brought him a cup of coffee.

"Your brother's an Anarchist, too?" asked Roberto.

"Much more radical than myself."

"You ought to cure these fellows of their Anarchism," said Roberto to La Salvadora.

"I?" she asked, blushing.

"Yes, you. For you certainly have more common sense than Manuel. I don't know the sculptor. But I've known this fellow here for some time, and I know just how he is; a mighty fine chap,

but no will-power, no energy, no initiative. And he doesn't understand that energy is the greatest of all qualities; it's like the snow of the Guadarrama, which shines only on the heights. Kindness and tenderness are beautiful, too; but they are lesser qualities of humble souls."

"And if I'm a humble soul, what harm does it do to you?"

"Do you see?" replied Roberto, turning to La Salvadora. "This fellow has no pride. Besides, he's a Romantic; he lets himself be carried away by generous ideas; he wants to reform society. . . ."

"Don't come to me with any of your jokes. I've learned by this time that I can't reform anything."

"You're a pesty sentimentalist."

Then he added, turning again to La Salvadora:

"Whenever I talk to Manuel, I have to lecture and scold him. You must pardon me."

"Why?"

"Doesn't it displease you to have me scold him?"

"Not if you have a good reason to."

"And if we argue, doesn't it displease you either?"

"Not that, either. I used to be bored by discussions; not now, though. I'm interested in so many things, and I'm somewhat advanced myself."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed; almost, almost a liberal. It's not exactly my business. But I get indignant when I see that the government, the State, or whoever it

is, exists only to side with the rich against the poor, with men and women against children."

"Yes, you're right, there," agreed Roberto. "It's the most unpleasant feature of our society—that society should antagonize the weak—woman and the child—and that, on the other hand, it should respect every form of arrogance and power."

"Whenever I read of those crimes," went on La Salvadora, "in which a man has slain a woman and then been pardoned, because he has wept, I fly into such a rage. . . ."

"I understand. But what do you expect? The jury is a sentimental crowd that goes to court just as if it were a theatre. And thus they give a forger twenty years and let a murderer go scot-free."

"And why shouldn't women have the right to serve on the jury?" asked La Salvadora.

"It would be still worse. They'd certainly be more cruel to their own sex than the men are."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm absolutely convinced."

"The punishment should be less for the woman," said Manuel, "than for the man. Less for him who doesn't know than for the fellow that does."

"I think so, too," added La Salvadora.

"So do I," answered Roberto.

"That's what ought to be changed," Manuel went on. "The laws, the penal code. For, after all, what real difference does it make to us whether there's a Republic or a Monarchy or a Congress? Why, for example, do they have to record at the



Civil Registry whether a child is legitimate or not? Let them record the birth, and nothing else."

"That's being accomplished, gradually," said Roberto. "Partial settlements are being made and the laws are changing. Not yet in Spain. But those things will come, and they'll come all the better, take my word for it, if there's a strong will, an audacious power that is given an iron hand over the clash of private interests and appetites."

"But that would be despotism."

"Granted. Enlightened despotism. In my opinion, authority is better than law. Law is rigid, stable, with neither light nor shade. Authority may be more opportunistic, and, at bottom, more just."

"But enforced obedience to one man is horrible."

"I'd rather obey a tyrant than a mob; I'd rather obey a mob than a dogma. The tyranny of ideas and of the masses is, to me, the most repulsive of all tyrannies."

"Don't you believe in Democracy?"

"No. Democracy is the beginning of a society, not the end. It may be likened to the heap of stones on the lot of a shattered building. But this state is transitory. Slowly the structure is built, and each thing takes its proper place; not its old place, but a new one."

"And there'll always be high stones and low?"

"Certainly."

"You don't believe, then, that men are tending toward equality?"

"Nonsense! We're tending toward diversity.

We are on the road to creating new values, new categories. Naturally, it's useless, in this day—and, what's more, harmful to social interest—that a duke, simply because he is the son of a duke and the grandson of another, and the descendant of a seventeenth-century tax-collector, or a royal lackey, should possess more means than any ordinary person; on the other hand, it is natural and just that Edison should have more means of life and culture than any Tom, Dick or Harry."

"But in that way we'll be headed for the formation of an aristocracy."

"Of course. But of an aristocracy that will vary in conformity to nature's own aristocracy. You can't cross the Thames with a bridge of the same dimensions that would do for the Manzanares river."

"It looks to me like unfairness. A thing that should be avoided."

"Avoided! Impossible. Humanity proceeds along a certain direction, which is the resultant of all the forces that act and have acted upon it. To change its course is madness. There is no man, however great he may be, who can do it. Now there is a means of influencing humanity, and that means is to influence oneself, change oneself, create oneself anew. For this, no bombs, no dynamite, no powder, no decrees are necessary. Nothing. Would you destroy all? Then destroy it all within yourself. Society does not exist, order does not exist, authority does not exist. You obey the law to the letter, and yet you poke fun at it. Would

you wish greater nihilism? A man's right reaches as far as his strong right arm. As for the rest, you live among men without mixing up with anyone else."

"Yes. But don't you believe that something can be done outside one's own self?"

"Something—yes. In mechanics, you can discover a new machine. What you can't hit upon is perpetual motion, because it's impossible. And universal happiness is something like perpetual motion."

"But isn't a complete change of ideas and passions possible?"

"Within a very long stretch of years—yes. The water that falls into the Guadarrama must eventually pour into the Tagus. Ideas, like water, seek their level, their natural beds, and it takes many a year for the course of a river or the inner current of ideas to change."

"But you don't believe that the form of society can be changed radically by forceful means?"

"No. What's more, I don't believe there now exists, nor has even been conceived, a reform so radical that it can change modern life in its essentials. As far as thought is concerned, impossible. One prejudice is destroyed; at once, another is born. You can't live without them."

"And why not?"

"Who is going to live without affirming anything, in the fear of being mistaken, for ever waiting for the final outcome? It isn't possible. One needs some lie or other in order to go on living. The

Republic, Anarchism, Socialism, Religion, Love . . . anything at all. The important thing is to hug one's illusion. In the field of fact, likewise, there is no solution. Let Anarchism come; of course it won't, because it can't. But just let us suppose that it does come, and that it ushers in with it a peaceable, equitable distribution of the land; and let us furthermore imagine that this re-division brings no conflicts or struggles as a result. . . . Within a certain length of time characterized by intensive cultivation and great fertility, you'll have the old problems of subsistence and the struggle for life back again under circumstances more harsh and horrible than to-day."

"And what will be the remedy, then?"

"Remedy? None. The remedy lies in the very struggle; the remedy lies in allowing society to be ruled by the natural laws of competition. Or, as we say in Spanish: 'Whomsoever God gives unto, let Saint Peter bless him.' And for this purpose it would be better to clear the field of all obstructions—do away with inheritance, remove commercial protection, take off all duties; do away with all the rules of marriage and family life; cease regulating labour; abolish State religion. Let everything be ruled solely by free competition."

"And the weak?" asked Manuel.

"The weak will be placed in public asylums, so that they may be in nobody's way. And if that's no help, let them die."

"But that's cruel."

"It's cruel, but it's natural. In order for a race

to perpetuate itself, a great many individuals must die."

"And criminals?"

"Exterminate them."

"That's ferocious. You're very hard. Very pessimistic."

"Not at all. This talk about pessimism and optimism is nothing but so much artificial formulism, absolutely empty. Who knows whether sorrow or happiness forms the greater quantity in the mixture of life? Nobody can calculate the proportions, nor is the reckoning of any importance at all. Believe me, at bottom there is one remedy, and that's an individual remedy: Action. All animal life—and man is only an animal with the rest of them—finds itself in a state of perpetual struggle. Your food, your wife—you dispute your right to them with the rest of society, and the rest disputes your right to them with you. Since the law of our lives seems to be struggle, let us accept it. But not with a long face. No. Joyfully. Action is everything: life, happiness. To convert static life into dynamic life, there's the problem. Struggle ever, until the very end. For what? For anything you please."

"But not all are high-placed enough to struggle," objected Manuel.

"The purpose is what counts least. It all takes place within you. The question is to bring your will-power into play—the warrior instinct that every man possesses."

"To tell the truth, I don't feel it in me."

"Yes, your instincts are based upon a feeling of pity for the rest of mankind. Isn't that so? Don't you feel a proud egotism? . . . You're a lost man."

Manuel burst out laughing.

Juan happened at this moment to pass through the corridor.

"That fellow is sick," said Roberto. "He ought to leave Madrid; he needs the country."

"But he doesn't want to."

"Does he work very much now?"

"No. He's so taken up with Anarchistic affairs that he does nothing."

"Too bad!"

Roberto got up and took very affectionate leave of La Salvadora.

"Honestly, I envy Manuel," he said to her.

La Salvadora smiled in embarrassment.

Manuel saw Roberto to the door.

"Do you know who keeps pestering me night and day?"

"Who?"

"A certain Señor Bonifacio Mingote. I believe you know him."

"I do."

"He said the awfulest things about Kate's mother; he didn't know who I was. Imagine! I showed him plainly that I was bored and now all he does is write me letters that I don't read."

"How is he getting along? How does he make a living now?"

"I think he's staying with a woman who beats him and makes him sweep the house."

"He, who was such a conqueror!"

"He was, was he? . . . Well, you see. He's been conquered. . . . Listen, I've got something to tell you," said Roberto, as they reached the stairway door.

"Speak, then."

"See here; I don't know when I'll come back to Spain. It's very likely that it will be a long, long time from now. Understand?"

"Yes."

"I've been talking with my wife and my mother-in-law about you, and I told them how you were getting along. I described La Salvadora to them, and they were very glad to learn that you were doing so well. They both told me that, as a souvenir of our friendship, I should leave the printing-shop to you."

"But that's impossible."

"Why is it? You still have the bill of sale. Keep it."

"But it means so much money!"

"Bah! Let it. And now listen to a bit of advice. As soon as you can, marry that girl. Good-bye!"

And Roberto took Manuel's hand, clasped it affectionately, and went down the flight of stairs. Then, from the entrance, he called back:

"By the way! Something for you to keep in mind. If you name your first-born Roberto, I'll come from England to stand godfather to it."

Manuel, who had not yet recovered from his

stupefaction, returned to the dining-room, to La Salvadora's side.

"He's made me a gift of the printing-shop," he blurted.

"What!"

"Yes, he has. Here's the document. Now you won't have to work so hard and save and scrimp. Isn't my friend a prince?"

"He certainly is. A mighty fine fellow."

"And generous."

"He must be."

"And full of energy, eh?"

"Sure thing."

All at once Manuel, with a comically desolate air, declared:

"Do you know that I'm jealous?"

"Jealous? Of whom?"

"Roberto."

"Why?"

"Because you admired him so while he spoke."

"That's true," answered La Salvadora, teasingly.

"And don't you care for me?"

"Not a bit. You're not as full of life. . . ."

"Nor as good-looking, eh?"

"True."

"Nor as clever. . . ."

"Evidently not."

"And yet you say you care for me?"

"I do. Because I have a terrible taste. I love you as you are; you rough, homely, lazy brute!"

"Then . . . let me kiss you."

"No. Not till we're married."



"What's the use of such a farce?"

"Use, indeed! There are the children."

"Ah! You want us to have children?"

"Yes."

"A lot of 'em?"

"Yes."

"And aren't you afraid to have a large family of children?"

"No. That's what we women are for."

"Then I'll simply have to kiss you. There's no help for it. I'll kiss you most respectfully. Won't you let me? I'll kiss you as if you were a saint. Aren't you convinced? I'll kiss you as if you were the red flag. Understand?"

La Salvadora hesitated, then presented her cheek. But Manuel kissed her upon the lips.

## CHAPTER VIII

The Coronation—The Women Responsible for the High Price of Beans—Señor Canuto Meets His Finish

THE marriage brought no change to the household; it was performed without any fuss whatsoever. Manuel was in his glory. His happiness was clouded only by Juan's condition. Juan was for ever restless and feverish. At night he would talk in his sleep at the top of his voice, and he would cough until it seemed his chest must burst. He no longer took medicine or heeded the doctor's advice; he would go out all hours of the day or night, guzzle whisky to give him excitement, and join his friends at Chaparro's tavern.

In the meantime, Silvio Fernández Trascanejo was making full headway with his manœuvres. He had won the confidence of all the members of The Red Dawn, and had got them to believe that a terrible revolutionary conspiracy was set for the day of the coronation.

"Just let someone give the signal," said Fernández, "and I'll make a charge for the heart of the city with an army from the slums."

Juan was the most convinced of the group.

"The thing is settled," said El Madrileño once to Manuel. "Here's where you see some action.

Besides, seventy-two comrades have come to Madrid. They are being hunted by the Spanish and the foreign police, but the authorities don't know where they are. We've received instructions from London. We'll scatter along the route of the parade. If we can catch the king alive, so much the better."

Juan was all in a fever, waiting for the great moment. His nerves, in constant tension, gave him not a second's rest. He was ready to sacrifice himself for the cause. Moreover—and this was his ruin—he viewed the whole affair in an artistic light. He beheld the brilliant procession of kings, princes, ambassadors, grand dames, passing between rows of bayonets; and he could see himself advancing and stopping the whole parade with his raucous shout of "Hurrah for Anarchism!"

The night before Coronation Day, Juan did not come home. Manuel went to The Red Dawn to see if he was there.

He found the Englishman, Prats, El Madrileño and Silvio; Silvio was spouting his opinions. They had not seen Juan. At this point the Libertarian came in, went up to Silvio, seized him by the lapel, and shouted:

"You're a spy and a stool-pigeon. Make yourself scarce. Get out of here!"

The spectators were stupefied. Silvio, who was seated, arose with great dignity. He received, with similar dignity, a well-aimed kick from the Englishman, part-owner of the bowling-alley. Reaching the tavern door, the gentleman with the

three rabbits upon a field of azure felt his noble blood surge up within him, recalled his honoured name, turned about, made a nose at the company, and set off down the Paseo de Areneros at a gallop, with one hand holding his sore spot in the rear and with the other at his hat, no doubt to keep it from flying off his head.

"Was he with the police?" asked Prats and El Madrileño in amazement.

"Yes."

"And everything he told us was a fake?"

"Such a fake!"

Juan did not appear the next day, either. Manuel left La Salvadora sewing and in a nervous mood.

It was a glorious May day: a blue sky, a golden afternoon. The dazzling light glittered from the red and yellow bunting, from the flags, from the festive lanterns.

The streets were thronged with people. The balconies, the windows, the roofs, the shops and doorways, were crowded with curious onlookers. The sun laughed in the bright attire of the women, in their gaudy bonnets, their red and white parasols, in their fans that fluttered like butterflies; under the sky of Prussian blue everything quivered and gleamed and throbbed like flame in the sunlight.

Manuel went in and out among the crowds, looking for Juan. At times the throng would carry him to one side, and for a long while he would have to stand at a street corner, unable to move.

He shuddered every moment at the thought that even now an explosion might be heard. At last the

crowd thinned, and he was able to make headway. The crowds were making for the Carrera de San Jerónimo.

"Has anything happened?" asked Manuel of a guard.

"No."

"Why is the mob headed in that direction?"

"To catch another glimpse of the king."

"Is he due to pass by there again?"

"Yes."

Manuel made his way to the outside row on the Calle Mayor, next to the soldiers. He looked in every direction for Juan or any of his companions.

It was not long before the procession appeared on its return. At the head of the Carrera de San Jerónimo were the mounted troops who made way for the marchers.

The crowd, which the guards could no longer control, surged forward in huge waves; men and women, their faces red with congestion, sweating profusely, were almost trampled upon by the horses. The soldiers drove them back with the butts of their guns.

And now came the procession, passing between the rows of soldiers and the glittering bayonets of the Mausers. Here were the mounted palfreniers with their gaudy uniforms—dress-coats, white hose, and three-cornered hats—at the head of the parade; then followed a number of mother-of-pearl and lacquered carriages, with their postillions behind and their stiff lackeys, bewigged, covered with gold braid, and their beautiful, prancing steeds waving

white and yellow plumes. After these ceremonial carriages came others, likewise gilded, occupied by pompous ladies adorned with diadems, heaped with pearls, accompanied by men of insignificant air wearing gaudy uniforms, their chests covered with crosses and medals.

"Who are they?" asked Manuel.

"They must be deputies or senators."

"No," answered another. "These are major-domos of the palace. Elegant servants."

Two sweaty old women fought their way through the crowd, shouting at the top of their voices, until they reached the first row of spectators.

"Now, we'll get a good view," said one of them.

"See those ladies just passing?" asked an apprentice, scornfully, pointing to the women with his finger. "Those are the women responsible for the rise in the price of beans."

"It's impossible for people to live," added another ugly-looking fellow.

"What homely brutes!" muttered one of the fat old women to her companion.

"No, they must be beauties," answered the apprentice. "You could open a meat-market with that one," he added, pointing to an ancient, melancholy-looking hulk that was riding by in a spring carriage.

"And they air their whole body," the old woman went on to her companion, without heeding the boy's remarks.

"So's it shan't get moth-eaten," replied the apprentice.

"And she's got wrinkled breasts."

"Oh, no. She must have hard ones."

"And are those ladies rich?" asked the country-woman of Manuel, in a very concerned manner.

"Yes."

"It looks as if they'd never eaten a square meal. Don't you think so?" asked the apprentice, in mock seriousness.

"Here they come! Here they come!"

The crowds surged forward. Manuel trembled. The princesses went by in their coaches, attended by their equerries; then came the princes of Asturias.

"There goes Caserta!" rose the cry.

Following the carriage of princes came another, unoccupied; then the soldiers of the Royal Escort, and the king, the queen and a royal princess.

The king, sunk back in his carriage, gave a military salute, with a weary, inexpressive air.

The rigid Queen-Regent stared indifferently at the crowds, and only in the eyes of the princess, a dark-complexioned lass, was there a sparkle of life and joy.

"How delicate he looks!"

"Seems sickly," was the comment in every direction.

The whole procession passed; the crowds became thinner. Manuel was able to reach the corner of the Calle Mayor, where he met Señor Canuto. The glow of his cheeks proclaimed the man drunk.

"What's the news?" asked Manuel. "Where have you come from?"

"Barcelona."

"Have you seen Juan?"

"He's over on the Calle Mayor."

"Hasn't anything happened?"

"Do you consider that a trifle? The reign of María Cristina has come to an end," declared Señor Canuto in a loud voice. "This good Queen-Regent may have many excellent qualities; but, as luck would have it, she hasn't given us Spaniards a good time of it. What a reign! Thousands of men slain in Cuba, thousands dead in the Philippines, men tortured in Monjuich, innocent creatures like Rizal shot, the people dying of hunger. On all sides, blood—poverty. . . . What a reign!"

Manuel left Canuto in the middle of his speech and headed for the corner of the Calle Mayor.

Juan was pale and weak; in the group were also Prats, Caruty and El Madrileño.

The two latter were as drunk as could be, shouting and making a general nuisance of themselves.

"See here, you," said Manuel to Juan. "Come along now. It's all over."

They all returned by way of the Puerta del Sol and met the Libertarian in company of Señor Canuto.

"Didn't I say that nothing would happen?" said the Libertarian sarcastically. "I don't know what sort of illusions you fellows have nursed. The terrible revolutionaries who were going to call the government to account for the thousands of men sacrificed in Cuba and the Philippines in order to sustain the Monarchy, have left Madrid like models of correct and sensible behaviour, to blow their hot



air over the forsaken nooks of the provinces. What's the use? There's Spanish society for you—this procession of dead things before the indifference of a people composed of eunuchs."

The Libertarian was in the grip of a cold exaltation.

"There's nothing here," he went on, cuttingly. "This is a rotten race; it isn't even a people; there are no vices or virtues here, no passions. It's nothing but a heap of dung." And he repeated the word two or three times. "Politics, religion, art, Anarchism—all dung. This sad, crestfallen child can ride with safety through his city. Yes, he can; and if he wishes, he can whip his way through this small fry. This flock of idiots won't raise any objection."

"You're right!" exclaimed Señor Canuto.

At this juncture a batallion crossed the Puerta del Sol, amidst the people. The drums beat noisily, the swords and bayonets glittered. Reaching the Calle del Arenal, the band broke into a march.

They stopped.

"There's the soldiers, as usual, showing off," said Señor Canuto.

As the flag passed by, the soldiers drew up. "Present arms!" ordered the lieutenant, and he saluted with his sabre.

"The glorious rag!" cried Señor Canuto at the top of his lungs. "The symbol of despotism and tyranny!"

A lieutenant heard the remark and glared threateningly at the old man.

Caruty and El Madrileño tried to cross through the soldiers.

"No passing," said a sergeant.

"These *sorchis*," said El Madrileño, "just because they wear gold braid, they imagine they're better than us."

A flag came by and the procession happened to draw up before them.

The lieutenant strode over to Señor Canuto.

"Remove your hat," he ordered.

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"I don't feel like it."

"Remove your hat."

"I said I don't feel like it."

The lieutenant raised his sword.

"Guards!" he cried. "Arrest this man!"

A stunted fellow who belonged to the secret police pounced upon Señor Canuto.

"Down with the army! Hurrah for the social revolution! Hurrah for Anarchism!" shouted the old man, trembling with emotion and brandishing his arms in the air.

Then he was lost to view. He disappeared in the crowd. Several policemen made a dash for him; the civil guards held back the crowd with their horses. . . . Juan tried to run to the help of the old man; but his strength gave out and he would have fallen, had not Manuel seized him firmly. He supported him until they got out of the crowd. They threaded their way among the horses and

carriages that filled the Puerta del Sol. Juan was getting paler every moment.

"Pull yourself together for a minute and we'll get out of this," said Manuel.

They reached the sidewalk and took a carriage. By the time they had arrived before the house on the Calle de Magallanes, Juan had swooned and his clothes were splotted with blood.

## CHAPTER IX

Night—The Crows—Dawn—All's Well at Last—The  
Libertarian Speaks

**M**ANUEL took Juan in his arms and carried him upstairs.

La Ignacia and La Salvadora, seeing him in this condition, made anxious inquiry.

"What's happened? What's happened?"

"Nothing. He's simply had a hæmorrhage and it's a wonder to me that he didn't die. He's fainted."

The three of them undressed him, applied bottles of hot water, and sent for the doctor. The physician administered a dose of morphine. From time to time, however, Juan was wracked with his cough and continued to spit blood.

"How is he?" La Salvadora asked the doctor.

"Badly, very badly. He's extremely exhausted, and his disease is far advanced. It's only a matter of days."

The physician left. Juan grew calmer and passed the whole night in quiet slumber. At times his breathing became hard and sibilant; at others, his chest would seem to gurgle, like water issuing from a bottle. For minutes it would seem that he had stopped breathing altogether; then a deep sigh would restore his respiration to normal.

La Salvadora and Manuel spent the whole night in Juan's room, watching over the sick man.

In the morning, La Ignacia went to hear mass.

"You better be off to the shop," La Salvadora advised Manuel. "If anything happens, I'll let you know."

When La Ignacia returned, she said to La Salvadora, mysteriously:

"Has Manuel left?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad."

"Why?"

"Because I've asked a priest over to confess Juan. The poor fellow wants it. Didn't he once study for the priesthood? But he simply doesn't dare to ask."

La Salvadora was astonished at the news.

"But are you certain that he'll be willing to make confession?" she asked.

"Yes, I really believe so. We'll tell him."

"Not I. I refuse to say a word."

"Then I will."

And La Ignacia went to the bedside.

"No, don't wake him."

"Leave it to me."

At this moment the house bell rang.

"Here he is," said La Ignacia.

The opening and closing of the door awakened Juan. He opened his eyes and, seeing La Salvadora, smiled.

"I'm awfully weak, but I'm quite comfortable. Did I sleep long?" he asked.

"Yes. All day. You gave us a terrible fright," stammered La Salvadora. "And La Ignacia—you know how she is—went off and called a priest. He's just come."

Juan's features changed.

"Here now?" he asked, uneasily.

"Yes."

"Don't let him in. Protect me, my good sister! They want to disturb my last moments. Protect me!"

And Juan groped for La Salvadora's hands.

"Don't worry," she answered. "If you don't want him, he shan't come in."

"No, no. Never."

"Wait a moment. I'll tell him to leave."

La Salvadora went into the dining-room. A tall, thin, bony priest in a frayed soutane was pacing back and forth.

"Permit me, Father," said La Salvadora.

"What do you wish, my daughter?"

"Listen, Father. My brother-in-law gave us an awful fright. We thought he was at the point of death. That's why his sister called for you. But now the danger is past and we don't want to give him a scare."

"A scare?" replied the priest. "No. Quite the contrary. He'll be calmed."

"The fact is, he took some medicine a little while ago, and he's in a daze."

"No matter; no matter. I've been told he's a mighty fine chap, but with highly advanced, anti-

religious notions; besides, he was once a student for the priesthood and he must recant."

Whereupon the priest tried to force his way into the sick-room.

"Don't go in, Father," whispered La Salvadora.

"It's my duty to save his soul, my daughter."

"Then wait a moment. I'll talk to him again," she replied.

And entering the bedroom, she locked the door behind her.

"Has he gone?" asked Juan, in a weak voice.

"Yes."

"Protect me, my sister!" groaned the sick man.

"Let nobody in except my friends."

"Nobody shall come in," she answered.

"Thanks! Thanks!" he muttered. And turning to one side, he added: "I'm going to sleep again."

From time to time La Ignacia, in an imperious voice, called out on the other side of the door as she knocked. Juan scarcely heard her, and La Salvadora gave no reply.

"If you could only see the things I dreamed of last night!" murmured the sick man. "Oh, such beautiful dreams!"

At this there came the sound of voices; then there was a loud knock upon the bedroom door.

"Open, Salvadora," said Manuel's voice.

She opened and Manuel tiptoed into the room.

"He's gone," he whispered.

"Your wife is a brave woman," murmured Juan,

smiling. "She got rid of the priest who came to shrive me."

Juan stretched out his hand to La Salvadora, and the other to Manuel.

"I have never been so happy," he said. "It seems that the nearness of death must be a terrible thing. Isn't that so? Well, I look upon it as a thing so vague, so sweet . . ."

During that whole day Juan kept talking to his brother and his sister-in-law about the days of his childhood, his ideas, his visions. . . .

The Rebolledos waited in the dining-room, in case anything should happen.

That evening there was a discreet knock upon the outside door; it was carefully closed, and someone came running upstairs, two steps at a time. It was the Libertarian, who had come to learn how matters stood. Informed as to Juan's condition, he made a gesture of despair.

He told them that Señor Canuto was in the hospital, gravely ill. He had been struck over the head and the back with the soldiers' swords. He had a fractured skull and would probably die.

"Will you go in to see Juan?" asked Perico Robellido.

"No. I'll go off and tell his friends, and then I'll be back."

The Libertarian left post-haste, and in a short while returned with Prats, El Bolo and El Madrileño.

The four men went into the sick-room. Juan was exhausted from talking and felt extremely



weak. He held out his hand to his friends, and muttered:

"I'm dreaming beautiful things, such wonderfully beautiful things. Comrades, good-bye. I've done my share, haven't I? . . . Keep up the good work. I leave you my papers. . . . If you think they'll be of any use to the cause, publish them. . . . Good-bye!"

The Anarchists remained in the dining-room, chatting. They left the balcony shutters open. Someone from the tavern had given out the news of Juan's precarious condition, and from time to time a man would come over to the house and shout from the street:

"Hey, there!"

"Who is it?" Prats or the Libertarian would ask going out on the balcony.

"Greetings, comrade."

"Greetings."

"How is Juan?"

"Very low."

"Too bad! Greetings."

"Greetings."

In a short while the same dialogue would be repeated.

La Salvadora and Manuel remained with Juan, who was in a continuous delirium. The dying man was anxious to see the morning light, and at every moment kept asking whether it had not yet dawned.

The window shutters were kept open, by Juan's orders. At four, day began to break. The cold light of morning began to filter into the room.

Juan dozed off for a while and when he awoke, it was already day.

Across the clear, diaphanous blue sky sped the red, flaming clouds of dawn.

"Fling open the balcony shutters," said Juan.

Manuel did so.

"Now, raise my head a little."

La Salvadora placed her arm beneath the pillow and raised his head. Then they placed a pillow beneath his head, that he might be more comfortable.

Now the golden splendour of a glorious May-day sun filled the room.

"Ah! Now I feel better," muttered the sick man.

The red reflection of day struck the pallid features of the invalid. All at once his pupils clouded over, and his mouth contracted.

He was dead.

La Salvadora and La Ignacia dressed Juan, who had shrivelled away to a skeleton. They cleared the dining-room table and laid the corpse out upon it.

His face, in death, took on an expression of great serenity.

All that day there was an incessant coming and going of comrades. They entered, conversed in subdued tones, and left sadly.

That night more than a dozen persons gathered to watch over the dead. Manuel came in, too.

Who could ever have predicted that this brother,

whom he had not seen for so many years, was to leave so deep an impression upon his life!

He thought of that night of his childhood, spent beside the dead body of his mother. The same tumultuous flood of thoughts overwhelmed him now. "What shall I do?" he asked himself. "Everything has foundered." Was there nothing left in life worth wishing for? Was there no meaning to it all except this sinking for ever into death?

"You went into the next world with a beautiful dream"—and he gazed at Juan's corpse. "With a beautiful illusion! The wretched will not rise up, nor a new day dawn. Evil will continue to flourish on all sides. Neither collectively nor individually will the humble be ever able to free themselves from poverty, weariness, or unending, annihilating toil."

"Better go to bed," said La Salvadora to Manuel, seeing him so agitated.

He was exhausted and stretched himself out in bed.

He had a strange disagreeable dream. He was at the Puerta del Sol during a celebration—a strange celebration. A number of statues were being carried aloft on platforms. One of them was labelled "Truth"; another, "Nature"; yet another, "Goodness"; behind these came groups of men in workingmen's smocks, bearing a red flag. Manuel was staring in amazement at the procession, when a guard shouted at him:

"Take off your hat, comrade!"

"Why, what's this? What sort of parade do you call this?"

"This is the Anarchist Festival."

At this juncture a swarm of tattered wretches happened to pass by, among whom Manuel made out El Madrileño, Prats and the Libertarian. "Down with Anarchism!" they shouted. The guards gave chase to them through the streets and were striking them with their sabres.

In the midst of this dream, he was roused by La Salvadora.

"The police are here," she said.

And, indeed, there was a short, bearded man at the door, dressed quite nattily, accompanied by two others.

"What do you want?" asked Manuel.

"I understand there's an Anarchist meeting here and I've come to make a search."

"Have you a police warrant?"

"Yes, sir. I also have orders to arrest Juan Alcázar."

"My brother! He died yesterday."

"Very well. Let us by."

The three officers entered the dining-room without removing their hats. Seeing the men gathered there, one of them asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"We're watching over our dead comrade," answered the Libertarian. "Is that against the law?"

The spokesman for the officers gave no answer; he went over to the corpse and looked at it for a moment.

"When is the burial?" he asked Manuel.

"To-morrow afternoon."

"He's your brother, is he?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's up to you to see that there is no trouble or rioting or demonstration at the burial."

"Very well."

"We'll do as we see fit," said the Libertarian.

"Better take care that you don't land in jail."

"We'll see about that," and the Libertarian thrust his hands into his trousers pocket, clutching his revolver.

"Good," said the officer, turning to Manuel. "You're a man of common sense, and you'll heed my words."

"Yes, sir."

"Good night," said the officers.

"Good night," answered the Anarchists.

"The gang of swine!" grunted Prats. "This cursed people ought to be roasted alive."

They all spoke in the same strain. Eternal hatred for society; eternal execration.

The next morning some of them went off to work. Prats, the Libertarian and Manuel remained. In the midst of their conversation, in came La Filipina.

La Salvadora let her pass. She had just come out of the hospital. Her lips and her eyes were terribly pale. The poor woman had been operated upon and she carried around an unbearable odour of iodoform. She came in, touched the body, and began to cry. Manuel gazed sadly at her. That

animal sadness in her eyes, that fragile body, her insides burned by the surgeon. . . .

“A curse on life!” he muttered. “The whole world should be reduced to ashes!”

La Filipina left and returned half an hour later with white and red lilies, which she strewed over the floor before the coffin.

The interment was set for two o'clock; long before this hour, there was a great throng on the Calle de Magallanes. At the stroke of two, Perico Rebolledo, Prats, the Libertarian and El Bolo lifted the coffin to their shoulders and bore it down to the front entrance. A friend of Prats threw a red flag across the bier, and the march began. Through side streets they trooped until they reached the Paseo del Cisne. They were about to place the coffin in the hearse, when four women, whom Manuel did not know, replaced them and the cortège resumed its march. The four, with folded cloaks, swung their arms gracefully. On the Calle de Castellana, people paused to watch the procession. Having reached the Salamanca district, they placed the coffin in the hearse, and the cortège proceeded on foot. As they passed Las Ventas, on the East Road, a couple of municipal guards stepped out from behind every hillock, and near the cemetery there was a troop of mounted guards.

The workmen entered the public cemetery, lowered the coffin beside the grave, and, together with all their followers, surrounded it.

Night was falling. A sunbeam paused for a moment upon the stone of a mausoleum. The coffin

was lowered with ropes. The Libertarian drew near, scooped up a handful of earth, and cast it into the grave. The rest did likewise.

“Say a few words,” said Prats to the Libertarian.

The Libertarian sank into meditation. Then, slowly, in a muffled, quivering voice, he spoke:

“Comrades: Let us keep in our hearts the memory of the friend whom we have just interred. He was a man, a strong man with the soul of a child. . . . He could have attained to the glory of an artist—a great artist—yet he preferred the glory of a human being. He might have dazzled humanity with his accomplishments; he preferred to help it. . . . Of us all, dispirited and discouraged as we were, he was the only man who was filled with great hopes. He had the serenity of those who are born to wage battle with great tempests. He was a great, a noble, a loyal heart. . . . He was a rebel, because he wished to be just. Let us all preserve in our memory the recollection of the friend whom we have just buried . . . and that is all. Now, comrades, let us return to our homes and continue with the work.”

The grave-diggers now hastily shovelled the earth into the grave; it struck the coffin with a mournful thud. The workingmen covered their heads and silently left the burial ground. Then, in small groups, they returned by the road to Madrid. It had grown dark.





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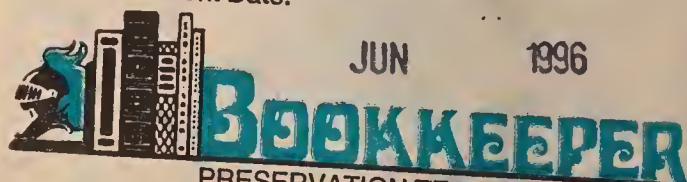
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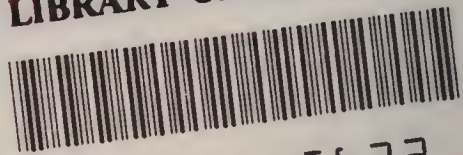
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