Consul Skiddy's Dilemma

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Things had been dull in Apia before the arrival of Capt. Satterlee in the Southern Belle. Not business alone—which was, of course, only to be expected, what with the civil war being just over and the Kanakas driven to eat their cocoanuts instead of selling them to traders in the form of copra—but, socially speaking, the little capital of the Samoan group had been next door to dead.

Possibly this long spell of monotony contributed to Capt. Satterlee's pronounced and instant success. The topsails of the Southern Belle had hardly more than appeared over the horizon when people began to wake up and realize that stagnation had too long held them in its thrall. Satterlee was not at all the ordinary kind of sea captain to which the Beach (as Apia always alluded to itself) was more than well acquainted. Gin had no attractions for Capt. Satterlee, nor did he surround himself with dusky impropriety. He played a straight social game and lived up to the rules, even to party calls, and finger bowls on his cabin table. He was a tall, thin American of about 45, with floor-walker manners, grayish muttonchop whiskers and a roving eye. The general verdict of Apia was that he was "very superior." His superiority was apparent in his gentlemanly baldness, his openwork socks, his well-turned references to current events, his kindly and indulgent attitude toward all things Samoan. He deplored the rivalry of the three contending nationalities—German, English and American—whose official representatives quarreled fiercely among themselves and mismanaged the affairs of this unfortunate little South Sea kingdom, and whose unofficial representatives sold guns and cartridges indiscriminately to the warring native factions. Satterlee let it be inferred that the role of peacemaker had informally settled upon himself.

"In a little place everybody ought to pull together," he would say, his bland tolerance falling like balm from heaven, and he would clinch the remark by passing round 40-cent cigars.

The Southern Belle was a showy little vessel of about 90 tons, with the usual trade room in the after part of the ship, where the captain himself would wait on you behind a counter and sell you anything from a bottle of trade scent to a keg of dynamite. He never was so charming as when engaged in this exchange of commodities for coin, and it accorded so piquantly with his evident superiority that the purchaser had a pleasant sense of doing business with a gentleman.

"Of course I might run her as a yacht and play the heavy swell," he would remark. "But, candidly, I like this kind of thing; it puts me on a level with the others, you know; and then it's handy for buying supplies and keeping one in touch with the people." With this he would give you such a warming smile and perhaps throw in free a handful of fishhooks, or a packet of safety matches, or a toothbrush. Indeed, apart from this invariable prodigality, his scale of prices was ridiculously low, and if you were a lady you could buy out the ship at half price. As for young Skiddy, the American consul, the bars in his case were lowered even more, and he was just asked to help himself; which young Skiddy did, though sparingly. Capt. Satterlee took an immense fancy to this youthful representative of their common country, and treated him with an engaging mixture of respect and paternalism; and Skiddy, not to be behindhand, and dazzled, besides, by his elder's marked regard and friendship, threw wide the consular door and constantly pressed on Satterlee the hospitality of a cot on the back veranda.

The little consul had never known such a man; he had never heard such talk; he had never before realized the extent and splendor of the world. Sitting in the cabin of the Southern Belle, often far into the night, he would give rapt attention to this extraordinary being who had done everything and seen everything. Paris, London, Constantinople, New York, all were as familiar to Satterlee as the palm of his hand, and he had the story-telling gift that can throw a glamor over the humblest incident.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that it is so easily deceived. A glib tongue, an attractive manner, a few hundred dollars thrown carelessly about, and presto! you have the counterfeit of a Cecil Rhodes. We are not only willing to take people at their own valuation, but are ever ready to multiply that valuation by ten. Obtrude romance—rich, stirring romance—into the lives of commonplace people and they instantly lose their heads. Romance, more than cupidity, is what attracts the gold-brick investor.

Of course Satterlee was a poser, a fraud, a liar; the highest type of liar; the day-dreaming, well-read, genuinely inventive, highly imaginative, loving-it-for-its-own-sake liar. But to Skiddy every word he said was gospel true. He never doubted the captain for an instant. Life grew richer to him, stranger and more wonderful. It was like a personal distinction—a medal, or the thanks of congress—that Satterlee should thus have singled him out. His gratitude was unbounded. He felt both humble and elated. His cup was brimming over.

As the time began to draw near for the monthly mail from San Francisco Satterlee got restless and talked regretfully of leaving. He gave a great P. P. C. bargain day on board the Southern Belle, where sandwiches and bottled beer were served to all comers and goods changed hands at astonishing prices; coal oil at one seventy-five a case; hundred-pound kegs of beef at four dollars; turkey-red cotton at six cents a yard; square face at 30 cents a bottle, and similar cuts in all the standard commodities. There was no custom house in those days and you were free to carry everything ashore unchallenged. A matter of 80 tons must have been landed all round the beach; and the pandemonium at the gangway, the crush and jostle in the trade room, and the steady hoisting out of fresh merchandise from the main hold made a very passable South Sea imitation of a New York department store. At any rate there was the same loss of temper, the same harassed expression on the faces of the purchasers, and the same difficulty in getting change. As like as not you had to take it—the change—in the form of Jews' harps, screw eyes, or anything small and handy that happened to be near by. It was the most lightning performance Apia had ever witnessed, and the captain carried it off in a brisk, smiling way, as though it was the best joke in the world and he was only doing it all for fun.

Unfortunate captain! Unhappy destiny that brought in the mail cutter two days ahead of schedule! Thrice unlucky popularity that found thee basking in the sunshine of woman's favor instead of on thy four-inch deck! The pilot signaled the mail; Skiddy put forth in his consular boat, intercepting the cutter in the pass and receiving (on his head) his own especial government bag. The proximity of the Southern Belle and the likelihood of Satterlee being at home caused Skiddy to board the ship and open the bag on her quarterdeck. One stout, blue and important-looking letter at once caught his eye. He opened the stout, blue and important-looking letter and—

There were no white men in the crew of the Southern Belle. They were all Rotumah boys, with the exception of Ah Foy, the Chinese cook. This amiable individual was singing over his pots and pans when he was suddenly startled by the apparition of Skiddy at the gally door. The little consul was deathly pale and there was something fierce and authoritative in his look.

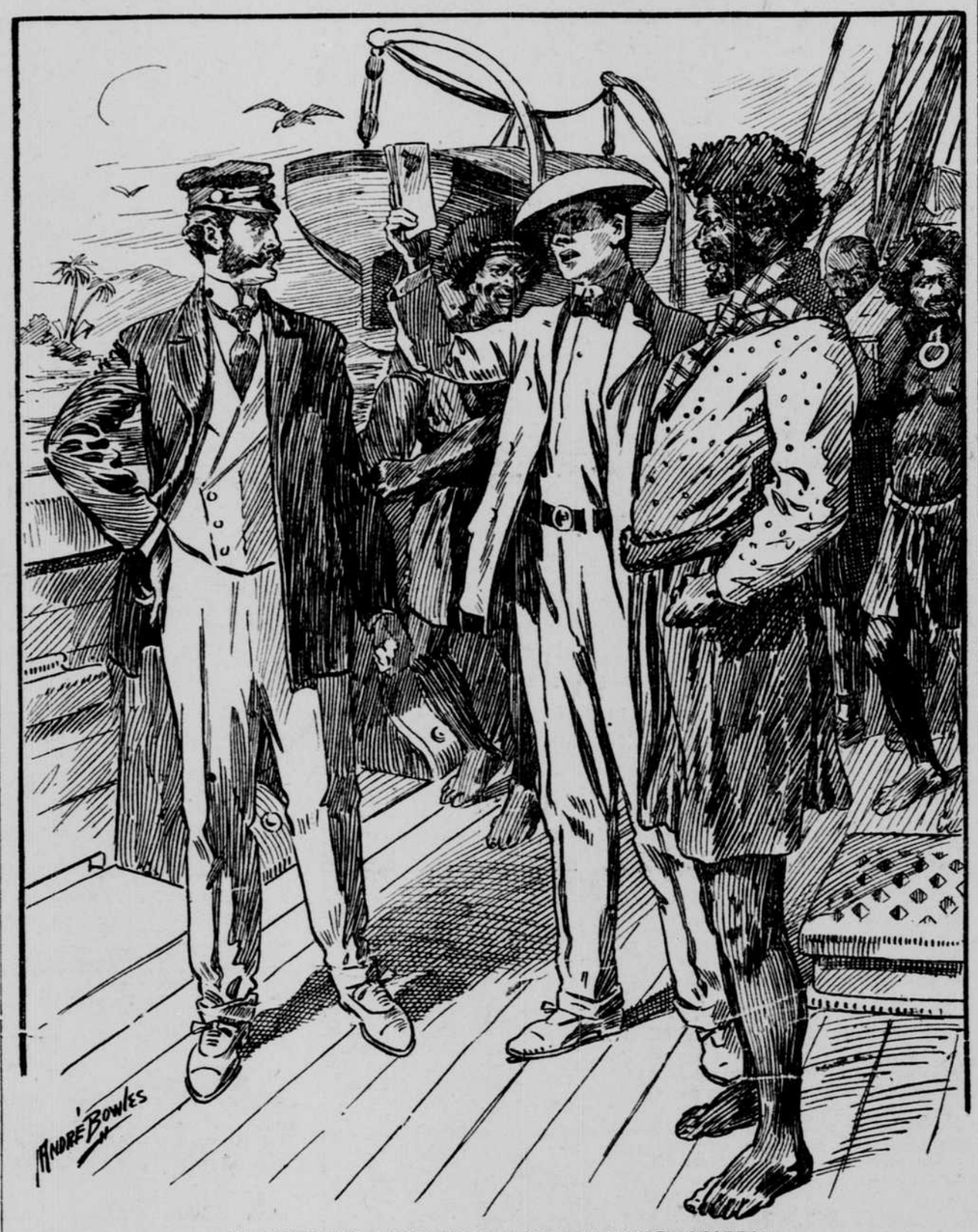
"Come out of here," he said abruptly, "I want to talk to you!"

The Chinaman followed him aft. He had a pretty good idea of what was coming. That was why he was sewn up with $200 in hard cash together with a twenty-dollar bill under his left heel. He began to cry and in five minutes had blurted out the whole thing. Self-preservation is the first law, and he had, besides, some dim conception of state's evidence. Skiddy made the conception clearer and promised him immunity if he would make a clean breast of it. This the Chinaman forthwith did in his laborious pigeon. A good part of it was incomprehensible, but he established certain main facts and confirmed the stout, blue, important-looking letter. As Satterlee came off on a shore boat, pulling like mad, and then darted up the ladder in a sweat of apprehension, he was met at the top by Skiddy—not Skiddy his friend, but Skiddy the arm of the law, Skiddy the retributive, Skiddy the world's avenger, with Seniko, his towering cox, standing square behind him.

"John Forster," he said, "alias Satterlee, I arrest you in the name of the United States, on the charge of having committed the crime of barratry, and warn you that anything you say now may be hereafter used against you."

It was a horrible thing to say—to be forced to say—and no sense of public duty could make it less than detestable. Skiddy almost whispered out the words. The brutality of them appalled him. Remember, this was his friend, his hero, the man whose intimacy an hour before had been everything to him. Satterlee gave him a quick, blank, panicky look, and then, with a pitiful bravado, took a step forward with an attempted return to his usual confident air. He professed to be dumfounded at the accusation; he was the victim of a dreadful mistake; he tried, with a ghastly smile, to reassert his old dominion, calling Skiddy "old man" and "old chap" in a shaky, fawning voice, and wanting to take him below "to talk it over." But the little consul was adamantine. The law must take its course. He was sorry, terribly sorry, but as an officer of the United States he had to do his duty.

Satterlee preceded him into the boat. The consul followed and took the yoke lines. They were both dejected, and neither dared to meet the other's eyes. It was a mournful pull ashore, and tragic in the retrospect. A silence lay between them as heavy as lead. The crew, conscious of the captain's humiliation, though they knew not the cause, felt also constrained to a deep solemnity. Yes, a funereal pull, and it was a relief to everyone when at last they grounded in the shingle off the consulate.



"I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES."

In less time than it takes to write Alfred Scanlon was appointed a United States marshal, Charles Scanlon an assistant United States marshal, and the arrangement was made with them to take full charge of Capt. Satterlee during his trial. He was to live in their cottage, have his meals served from the International hotel and, while carefully guarded night and day, was to be treated "first-class" throughout.

"The law of the United States," boomed out little Skiddy, "assumes that a prisoner is innocent until he is actually convicted. I want both of you to remember that."

The Scanlons didn't understand a word of what he said, but they saluted and looked very much impressed. When you bought a Scanlon you got a lot for your money, including a profound gravity when you addressed him. It was the Scanlon way of recognizing that you were paying, and the Scanlon receiving, two dollars and fifty cents a day!

At the head of his two satellites, who kept pace respectfully behind him, Skiddy next directed himself to find Dillon. Dillon was a variety of white Scanlon, though of an infinitely lower human type, who kept a tiny store and cobbled shoes near the Mulivae bridge, and who, from some assumed knowledge of legal procedure, invariably acted as clerk of the court—any court—American, English or the Samoan high. You associated his heavy, bloated, grog-blossomed face and black-dyed whiskers as an inevitable part of the course of justice. It was his custom to take longhand notes of all court proceedings, as, of course, stenographers were unknown in Apia, and at times it would seem as though all Samoan justice boiled down to dictating to Dillon. As a witness you never looked at the judge; you looked at Dillon, and wondered whether he was taking you down right. A careful witness always went slowly, and used the words that Dillon was likely to understand.

What a stir was made in the little town as the news went round! Satterlee, the cherished, the entertained, the eagerly sought after—Satterlee, had been discovered to be a pirate! The Southern Belle was no Southern Belle at all, but the James H. Peabody! He had shipped as supercargo, putting in a thousand dollars of his own to lull Mr. Crawford's suspicions, and then had marooned the captain and mate on Ebon island and levanted with the ship! Heavens! What cackle, what excitement, what a furious flow of beer in every saloon along the beach! It was rumored that the great bargain day sales might be canceled; that the goods might have to be returned; that not a penny of compensation would be paid to the unlucky purchasers. Then what a rubbing off of marks took place, what a breaking up of tell-tale cases, what a soaking off of tags! The whole 80 tons disappeared like magic, and you could not find a soul who would even confess to a packet of pins!

The trial took place in the large room of the consulate. The big front doors stood open to the sea, where a mile away the breakers tossed and tumbled on the barrier reef. The back door was kept shut to keep out the meaner noises of domesticitiy, but at intervals in the course of the trial you could hear the deliberate grinding of the consular coffee; the chasing of consular chickens; the counting of the consular wash; shrill arguments over the price of fish—a grotesque juxtaposition that seemed to make a mock of the whole proceedings.

On the reassembling of the court on the morning of the third day little Skiddy, from the majesty of the dais, summed up the case at length. It covered nine sheets of foolscap and had cost him hours of agonizing toil. Beginning with a general rhetorical statement about the "policy of nations" and "the security of the high seas," he descended by degrees to the crime of barratry—or, in plainer English, the theft of ships. He looked at barratry from every side, and the more he looked the less he seemed to like it. It was the cradle of piracy; it destroyed the confidence of owners; barratry, if frequently repeated, would shake the whole commercial structure. A person who committed barratry would commit anything. In this manner he went on and on, reviewing the evidence of the case, destroying the whole fabric of the defense, dwelling at length on the enormity of the entire transaction. The James H. Peabody had been deliberately seized. The prisoner had lawlessly converted her, the property of another, to his own base uses. He had broken into the cargo and shamelessly sold it as his own. He could plead neither the extenuation of youth, nor ignorance, nor the urging of others. He had conceived the crime, and had carried it out single-handed. The court could not accept the contention that Ah Foy, the Chinaman, had been in any sense a confederate or an accomplice. The court dismissed the charge against Ah Foy. But, after mature deliberation, its unanimous judgment was that John Forster, alias Satterlee, was guilty. The court sentenced John Forster, alias Satterlee, to ten years' penal servitude.

Purdy popped up with some question as to the scale of court fees. Thacher winked at Dillon, and began to roll up his papers. Skiddy descended from the dais and became an ordinary human being again. The captain, leaning forward in his chair, gazed absently out to see. The Scanlon brothers appeared, officiously wanting to know what they were to do next. Skiddy was unable to tell them, except that they were to stay by the prisoner until he could consult with the authorities. He put on his hat, lit a cigar and forthwith departed.

The president was kind, the chief justice urbane. The income of the kingdom barely sufficed for their two salaries and they judged it incumbent (as they could do nothing else) to be as polite as possible to the American consul. But jails? Oh, no, they couldn't oblige Skiddy with a new jail! He was welcome to what they had, but it wasn't in reason that he could expect anything better. Skiddy said it was a hog pen. The president retorted that the king's allowance was eight months in arrears and that the western end of the island was still in rebellion. Jails cost money, and they had no money. Skiddy declared it was an outrage and asked them if they approved of putting a white man into a bare stockade, with none of the commonest conveniences or decencies of life? They were both shocked at the suggestion. The pride of race is very strong in barbarous countries. A white man is still a white man, even if he has committed all the crimes in the calendar. The chief justice very seriously pointed out that it would disgrace them all to confine Satterlee in the stockade and force him to mix with the dregs of the native population. Surely Mr. Skiddy could not consider such a thing for a moment. Mr. Skiddy wanted to know, then, what the deuce he was to do? The chief justice benignantly shook his head. He had no answer to that question. The president murmured suavely that perhaps next year, with an increased hut tax, and the suppression of the rebellion, the government might see its way to—

"Next year!" roared Skiddy. "I want to know what I'm to do now!"

Skiddy flung himself out lest his anger should get the best of him. He went and had another look at the jail and liked it even less than before. Faugh! it was disgusting! It would kill a white man in a week. It would be nothing less than murder to put Satterlee into it. He returned to the consulate to talk over the matter with the trusty Scanlons.

Would they consider a monthly arrangement on a reduced charge, giving Satterlee the best room in their cottage and pledging themselves that he should never quit the confines of their three-acre cocoanut patch? The half-caste brothers fell in joyfully with the suggestion, and their first wild proposals were beaten down to $40 a month for custodianship and $15 for the room and the transport of Satterlee's food from the International hotel—$55 in all. Thirty dollars a month for the hotel raised the grand total to $85. Skiddy wondered ruefully whether Washington would ever indorse this arrangement, but in his desperation he couldn't see that he had any other choice. He would simply make Washington indorse it. It was with great relief that he saw the captain's departure from a corner of his bedroom window and felt that, for the moment, at least, he had a welcome respite from all his perplexities.

He put a captain and crew on board the James H. Peabody, and packed her back to San Francisco, at the same time apprising the state department by mail, and begging that a telegraphic answer might be sent him in respect to Satterlee's imprisonment and the expense it had necessarily entailed. He calculated that the telegram would catch an outgoing man-of-war that was shortly due. The consular salary was $200 a month, and if the $85 for Satterlee was disallowed the sum was indubitably bound to sink to $115. Deducting a further fifty which little Skiddy was in the habit of remitting to his mother, a widow in narrow circumstances, and behold his income reduced to sixty-five a month! It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Skiddy waited on pins and needles for the department's reply.

In the course of weeks it came:

"Skiddy U S consul apia samoa satterlee case the department authorizes charge for food, but none for custody or lodging, bronson assistant secretary."

This was a staggering blow. It definitely placed his salary at $95. He sat down and wrote a stinging letter to the department, inclosing snapshot pictures of the jail, the prisoners, the huts and other things that cannot be described here. It evolved an acrimonious reply, in which he was bidden to be more respectful. He was at liberty (the dispatch continued), if he thought it advisable as an act of private charity, to maintain the convict Satterlee in a comfortable cottage, but the department insisted that it should be at his (Skiddy's) expense. The department itself advocated the jail. If the situation were as disgraceful as he described it ought not the onus be put on the Samoan government and thus place the department in a position "to make strong representations through the usual diplomatic channels?"

"But in the meantime what would happen to Satterlee?" returned the consul in official language across 6,000 miles of sea and land.

"You are referred to the previous dispatch," retorted the department.

"But it will kill him," said Skiddy, again crossing an ocean and a continent.

"If the convict Satterlee should become ill you are at liberty to send him to the hospital."

"Yes, but there isn't any hospital," said Skiddy.

"The department cannot withdraw from the position it took up, nor the principle it laid down in dispatch No. 214 B."

Thus the duel went on, while Skiddy cut down his cigars, sold his riding horse and generally economized. A regret stole over him that he hadn't sentenced Satterlee to a shorter term and he looked up the consular instructions to see what pardoning powers he possessed. On this point the little book was dumb. Not so the department, however, to whom a hint on the subject provoked the reply, "that by so doing you would stultify your previous action and impugn the finding of the consular court. The department would view with grave displeasure, etc.—"

Satterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison. His winning personality never showed to better advantage than in those days of his eclipse. He dandled the Scanlon offspring on his knee; helped the women with their household tasks; played checkers with the burly brothers. He was prodigiously respected. He gathered in the Scanlon hearts, even to uncles and second cousins. You would have taken him for a patriarch in the bosom of a family of which he was the joy and pride. He received the best half-caste society on his front porch and dispensed Scanlon hospitality with a lavish hand. These untutored souls had no proper conception of barratry. They couldn't see any crime in running away with a schooner. They pitied the captain as a bold spirit who had met with undeserved misfortunes. The Samoan

A Scanlon Brother Stood for the United States Government.

has ever a sympathetic hand for the fallen mighty, and the hand is never empty of a gift.

On Sundays Skiddy paid the captain a periodical visit. He would bring the latest papers, if there were any, or a novel or two from his scanty stock. Their original friendship had died a violent death, but a new one had gradually risen on the ashes of the old.

Satterlee and he took long walks into the mountains, invariably accompanied by a Scanlon brother to give an official aspect to the excursion. It maintained the fast-disappearing principle that Satterlee was a convict and under vigilant guard. It served to take away the appearance, besides (which they might otherwise have presented), of two friends spending a happy day together in the country. A Scanlon brother stood for the United States government and the majesty of the law, and propriety demanded his presence as peremptorily as a chaperon for a young lady. A Scanlon brother could be useful, too, in climbing cocoanut trees, rubbing sticks together when the matches were lost, and in guiding them to noble waterfalls far hidden in the forest.

In this manner nearly a whole year passed, which, for the little consul, represented an unavoidable monthly outlay of $55. He got somewhat used to it, as everybody gets somewhat used to everything; but he could not resist certain recurring intervals of depression when he contrasted his present circumstances with his bygone glory. Fifty-five dollars a month made a big hole in a consular income and he would gaze down that ten-year vista with a sinking heart. But relief was closer at hand than he had ever dared to hope. From the department? No, but from Satterlee himself.

The news was brought to little Skiddy early one morning. Alfred Scanlon, with an air of gloom, deprecatingly coughed his way into the bedroom and handed the consul a letter. It was written on pale pink notepaper, of the kind Samoans like best, with two lavender birds embossed in the corner. It was from Satterlee. The letter ran thus:

"Dear Friend: When this reaches you I shall be far to sea. My excuse for so long subsisting on your bounty must be laid to my ignorance, which was only illuminated two days ago by accident. I had no idea that you were paying for me out of your own private purse, or that my ease and comfort were obtained at so heavy a cost to yourself. Regretfully I bring our pleasant relations to an end, impelled, I assure you, by the promptings of a heartfelt friendship. I loved the simple people among whom my lot was cast and looked forward, at the termination of my sentence, to end the balance of my days peacefully among them. The world, seen from so great a distance, and from within so sweet a nest, frightened me, old stager that I am. God knows I have never seen but its ugliest side and return to it with profound depression. Kindly explain my abrupt departure to the Scanlons, and if you would do me a last favor buy a little rocking-horse that there is at Edward's store, price three dollars, and present it in my name to my infant goddaughter, Apeli Scanlon. To them all kindly express my warmest and sincerest gratitude; and for yourself, dear friend, the best, the truest, the kindest of men, accept the warm grasp of my hand at parting. Ever yours.

"JOHN SATTERLEE."

"It must have been the Hamburg bark that sailed last night," quavered Scanlon.

Of course Skiddy blew that Scanlon up. He wiped the floor with him. He roared at him till the great hulking creature shook like jelly and his round black eyes suffused with tears. He made him sit down then and there, swore him on the consular Bible and made him dictate a statement, which was signed in the presence of the cook. This accomplished Alfred was ingloriously dismissed, while the consul went out on the back veranda and sat there in his pajamas to think the matter over.

That night the consul had champagne at dinner, and drank a silent toast:

"Good luck to him, poor old devil!"

"Act Well Your Part."

The question: "Why we exist" has no answer. As we happen to be here it is a part of the scheme "to act well your part and do your best."

Change in Old Adage.

"Money makes the mare go," says the Philosopher of Folly, "but it takes a fortune for an automobile."

SQUANDERSFORTUNE

LORD ARMSTRONG PREY OF ENGLAND'S MONEY "SHARKS."

Misdirected Business Energy Proves Disastrous to the Extent of $6,000,000—Inherited Famous Elswick Gun Works.

London.—Lord Armstrong, head of the greatest private arsenal and engineering works in Great Britain, has demonstrated conclusively that misdirected business energy may be as disastrous to the heir of a great fortune as the extravagances more commonly imputed to the younger members of the aristocracy. Eight years ago Lord Armstrong, equipped with a technical rather than a business education, inherited through a granduncle who had been raised to the peerage $6,000,000, a controlling interest in the famous Elswick Gun works, two country estates—among the most spacious in England—and a magnificent town house in London. His vast fortune has now been dissipated, and last week he entered into a deed of arrangement for the liquidation of $2,500,000 debts in long-term installments.

It was all due to a lack of familiarity with modern business methods. He had one of the most stable and well-intrenched manufacturing businesses in England behind him and the prestige of a family name which has been associated with solid, conservative business methods. He was told he was failing to keep abreast of the modern industrial expansion, and he admitted among his counselors men who were more familiar with stock

LORD ARMSTRONG

jobbing methods than they were with the manufacture of munitions of war.

Then he resorted to money lenders in league with the other interests, and to these "sharks" he found himself obliged to pay 60 per cent. interest. It was due to this that he put aside his pride and made a public agreement providing for long-time payments of the gross amount of his debts.

Lord Armstrong, by birth and christening W. H. A. F. Watson, was born in 1863, the son of John William Watson of Adderstone hall, and the grandnephew of the late Baron Armstrong of Cragside, through whom he inherited his fortune. He was educated at Eton and Trinity college, Cambridge, later pursuing studies of a mechanical and engineering character.

The great engineering establishment of Elswick is one of the most celebrated in the world. From a nucleus of 5½ acres the plant has grown to 230 acres, and when fully employed has 28,000 workers. The weekly pay roll involves the distribution of about $200,000.

In its shops were turned out some of the most formidable of the modern machine guns, the deadly precision of which the Japanese demonstrated in the late war with Russia. While the Armstrong works are chiefly noted for their high power guns they also embrace a shipbuilding department whence the Abdul Hamid, a 4,000-ton cruiser, was recently launched for the Turkish navy.

The founder of the house of Armstrong was William G. Armstrong, who constructed a small shop to the west of Newcastle for the manufacture of the various hydraulic machines which he, while still a solicitor, had begun to invent. This was about 60 years ago. Gunmaking was begun at Elswick in 1855, and it was largely the application of hydraulic mechanism, of which the late Lord Armstrong had been a close student, that made the working of the high power artillery possible.

Five years later captain, now Sir Henry Noble joined the staff and as managing director he did much toward the development of modern ordnance. Some of the largest guns used by the Japanese during the late war fired a projectile weighing 850 pounds with a velocity of 2,580 feet per second. The energy of these huge shots is nearly 40,000 foot-tons, measured at the muzzle, and they are effective at eight and ten miles' range. The evolution of hydraulic machinery, largely brought about at the Elswick works, makes it possible to handle these ponderous engines with great rapidity.

The present Lord Armstrong's most famous country place, Bamburgh castle, once the home of the kings of Northumbria, is a historic place. It has been carefully restored and is now a comfortable house. Lord Armstrong and his wife are both devoted to out-of-door sports and are keen motorists and fond of golf, shooting and fishing.

The White Evening Waistcoat.

Anything that breaks through the gloomy, funereal, waitereal aspect of male evening dress is to be commended. But practically, as a general rule, the white evening waistcoat cannot be effectively worn much after the age of 21.

Black, it is well known, diminishes the proportions, but white undoubtedly increases them. I see men whom I have hitherto considered to be slim appear in white evening waistcoats and look absolutely corpulent.—London Graphic.