THE SUN ALSO RISES by Ernest Hemingway This book is for Hadley and for John Hadley Nicanor "You are all a lost generation." --GERTRUDE STEIN IN CONVERSATION "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever... The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose... The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. .. . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." -- ECCLESIASTES. BOOK ONE 1 Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn. He cared nothing for boxing, in fact he disliked it, but he learned it painfully and thoroughly to counteract the feeling of inferiority and shyness he had felt on being treated as a Jew at Princeton. There was a certain inner comfort in knowing he could knock down anybody who was snooty to him, although, being very shy and a thoroughly nice boy, he never fought except in the gym. He was Spider Kelly's star pupil. Spider Kelly taught all his young gentlemen to box like featherweights, no matter whether they weighed one hundred and five or two hundred and five pounds. But it seemed to fit Cohn. He was really very fast. He was so good that Spider promptly overmatched him and got his nose permanently flattened. This increased Cohn's distaste for boxing, but it gave him a certain satisfaction of some strange sort, and it certainly improved his nose. In his last year at Princeton he read too much and took to wearing spectacles. I never met any one of his class who remembered him. They did not even remember that he was middleweight boxing champion. I mistrust all frank and simple people, especially when their stories hold together, and I always had a suspicion that perhaps Robert Cohn had never been middleweight boxing champion, and that perhaps a horse had stepped on his face, or that maybe his mother had been frightened or seen something, or that he had, maybe, bumped into something as a young child, but I finally had somebody verify the story from Spider Kelly. Spider Kelly not only remembered Cohn. He had often wondered what had become of him. Robert Cohn was a member, through his father, of one of the richest Jewish families in New York, and through his mother of one of the oldest. At the military school where he prepped for Princeton, and played a very good end on the football team, no one had made him race-conscious. No one had ever made him feel he was a Jew, and hence any different from anybody else, until he went to Princeton. He was a nice boy, a friendly boy, and very shy, and it made him bitter. He took it out in boxing, and he came out of Princeton with painful self-consciousness and the flattened nose, and was married by the first girl who was nice to him. He was married five years, had three children, lost most of the fifty thousand dollars his father left him, the balance of the estate having gone to his mother, hardened into a rather unattractive mould under domestic unhappiness with a rich wife; and just when he had made up his mind to leave his wife she left him and went off with a miniature-painter. As he had been thinking for months about leaving his wife and had not done it because it would be too cruel to deprive her of himself, her departure was a very healthful shock. The divorce was arranged and Robert Cohn went out to the Coast. In California he fell among literary people and, as he still had a little of the fifty thousand left, in a short time he was backing a review of the Arts. The review commenced publication in Carmel, California, and finished in Provincetown, Massachusetts. By that time Cohn, who had been regarded purely as an angel, and whose name had appeared on the editorial page merely as a member of the advisory board, had become the sole editor. It was his money and he discovered he liked the authority of editing. He was sorry when the magazine became too expensive and he had to give it up. By that time, though, he had other things to worry about. He had been taken in hand by a lady who hoped to rise with the magazine. She was very forceful, and Cohn never had a chance of not being taken in hand. Also he was sure that he loved her. When this lady saw that the magazine was not going to rise, she became a little disgusted with Cohn and decided that she might as well get what there was to get while there was still something available, so she urged that they go to Europe, where Cohn could write. They came to Europe, where the lady had been educated, and stayed three years. During these three years, the first spent in travel, the last two in Paris, Robert Cohn had two friends, Braddocks and myself. Braddocks was his literary friend. I was his tennis friend. The lady who had him, her name was Frances, found toward the end of the second year that her looks were going, and her attitude toward Robert changed from one of careless possession and exploitation to the absolute determination that he should marry her. During this time Robert's mother had settled an allowance on him, about three hundred dollars a month. During two years and a half I do not believe that Robert Cohn looked at another woman. He was fairly happy, except that, like many people living in Europe, he would rather have been in America, and he had discovered writing. He wrote a novel, and it was not really such a bad novel as the critics later called it, although it was a very poor novel. He read many books, played bridge, played tennis, and boxed at a local gymnasium. I first became aware of his lady's attitude toward him one night after the three of us had dined together. We had dined at l'Avenue's and afterward went to the Café de Versailles for coffee. We had several fines after the coffee, and I said I must be going. Cohn had been talking about the two of us going off somewhere on a weekend trip. He wanted to get out of town and get in a good walk. I suggested we fly to Strasbourg and walk up to Saint Odile, or somewhere or other in Alsace. "I know a girl in Strasbourg who can show us the town," I said. Somebody kicked me under the table. I thought it was accidental and went on: "She's been there two years and knows everything there is to know about the town. She's a swell girl." I was kicked again under the table and, looking, saw Frances, Robert's lady, her chin lifting and her face hardening. "Hell," I said, "why go to Strasbourg? We could go up to Bruges, or to the Ardennes." Cohn looked relieved. I was not kicked again. I said good-night and went out. Cohn said he wanted to buy a paper and would walk to the corner with me. "For God's sake," he said, "why did you say that about that girl in Strasbourg for? Didn't you see Frances?" "No, why should I? If I know an American girl that lives in Strasbourg what the hell is it to Frances?" "It doesn't make any difference. Any girl. I couldn't go, that would be all." "Don't be silly." "You don't know Frances. Any girl at all. Didn't you see the way she looked?" "Oh, well," I said, "let's go to Senlis." "Don't get sore." "I'm not sore. Senlis is a good place and we can stay at the Grand Cerf and take a hike in the woods and come home." "Good, that will be fine." "Well, I'll see you to-morrow at the courts," I said. "Good-night, Jake," he said, and started back to the café. "You forgot to get your paper," I said. "That's so." He walked with me up to the kiosque at the corner. "You are not sore, are you, Jake?" He turned with the paper in his hand. "No, why should I be?" "See you at tennis," he said. I watched him walk back to the café holding his paper. I rather liked him and evidently she led him quite a life. 2 That winter Robert Cohn went over to America with his novel, and it was accepted by a fairly good publisher. His going made an awful row I heard, and I think that was where Frances lost him, because several women were nice to him in New York, and when he came back he was quite changed. He was more enthusiastic about America than ever, and he was not so simple, and he was not so nice. The publishers had praised his novel pretty highly and it rather went to his head. Then several women had put themselves out to be nice to him, and his horizons had all shifted. For four years his horizon had been absolutely limited to his wife. For three years, or almost three years, he had never seen beyond Frances. I am sure he had never been in love in his life. He had married on the rebound from the rotten time he had in college, and Frances took him on the rebound from his discovery that he had not been everything to his first wife. He was not in love yet but he realized that he was an attractive quantity to women, and that the fact of a woman caring for him and wanting to live with him was not simply a divine miracle. This changed him so that he was not so pleasant to have around. Also, playing for higher stakes than he could afford in some rather steep bridge games with his New York connections, he had held cards and won several hundred dollars. It made him rather vain of his bridge game, and he talked several times of how a man could always make a living at bridge if he were ever forced to. Then there was another thing. He had been reading W. H. Hudson. That sounds like an innocent occupation, but Cohn had read and reread "The Purple Land." "The Purple Land" is a very sinister book if read too late in life. It recounts splendid imaginary amorous adventures of a perfect English gentleman in an intensely romantic land, the scenery of which is very well described. For a man to take it at thirty-four as a guide-book to what life holds is about as safe as it would be for a man of the same age to enter Wall Street direct from a French convent, equipped with a complete set of the more practical Alger books. Cohn, I believe, took every word of "The Purple Land" as literally as though it had been an R. G. Dun report. You understand me, he made some reservations, but on the whole the book to him was sound. It was all that was needed to set him off. I did not realize the extent to which it had set him off until one day he came into my office. "Hello, Robert," I said. "Did you come in to cheer me up?" "Would you like to go to South America, Jake?" he asked. "No." "Why not?" "I don't know. I never wanted to go. Too expensive. You can see all the South Americans you want in Paris anyway." "They're not the real South Americans." "They look awfully real to me." I had a boat train to catch with a week's mail stories, and only half of them written. "Do you know any dirt?" I asked. "No." "None of your exalted connections getting divorces?" "No; listen, Jake. If I handled both our expenses, would you go to South America with me?" "Why me?" "You can talk Spanish. And it would be more fun with two of us." "No," I said, "I like this town and I go to Spain in the summertime." "All my life I've wanted to go on a trip like that," Cohn said. He sat down. "I'll be too old before I can ever do it." "Don't be a fool," I said. "You can go anywhere you want. You've got plenty of money." "I know. But I can't get started." "Cheer up," I said. "All countries look just like the moving pictures." But I felt sorry for him. He had it badly. "I can't stand it to think my life is going so fast and I'm not really living it." "Nobody ever lives their life all the way up except bullfighters." "I'm not interested in bull-fighters. That's an abnormal life. I want to go back in the country in South America. We could have a great trip." "Did you ever think about going to British East Africa to shoot?" "No, I wouldn't like that." "I'd go there with you." "No; that doesn't interest me." "That's because you never read a book about it. Go on and read a book all full of love affairs with the beautiful shiny black princesses." "I want to go to South America." He had a hard, Jewish, stubborn streak. "Come on down-stairs and have a drink." "Aren't you working?" "No," I said. We went down the stairs to the café on the ground floor. I had discovered that was the best way to get rid of friends. Once you had a drink all you had to say was: "Well, I've got to get back and get off some cables," and it was done. It is very important to discover graceful exits like that in the newspaper business, where it is such an important part of the ethics that you should never seem to be working. Anyway, we went down-stairs to the bar and had a whiskey and soda. Cohn looked at the bottles in bins around the wall. "This is a good place," he said. "There's a lot of liquor," I agreed. "Listen, Jake," he leaned forward on the bar. "Don't you ever get the feeling that all your life is going by and you're not taking advantage of it? Do you realize you've lived nearly half the time you have to live already?" "Yes, every once in a while." "Do you know that in about thirty-five years more we'll be dead?" "What the hell, Robert," I said. "What the hell." "I'm serious." "It's one thing I don't worry about," I said. "You ought to." "I've had plenty to worry about one time or other. I'm through worrying." "Well, I want to go to South America." "Listen, Robert, going to another country doesn't make any difference. I've tried all that. You can't get away from yourself by moving from one place to another. There's nothing to that." "But you've never been to South America." "South America hell! If you went there the way you feel now it would be exactly the same. This is a good town. Why don't you start living your life in Paris?" "I'm sick of Paris, and I'm sick of the Quarter." "Stay away from the Quarter. Cruise around by yourself and see what happens to you." "Nothing happens to me. I walked alone all one night and nothing happened except a bicycle cop stopped me and asked to see my papers." "Wasn't the town nice at night?" "I don't care for Paris." So there you were. I was sorry for him, but it was not a thing you could do anything about, because right away you ran up against the two stubbornnesses: South America could fix it and he did not like Paris. He got the first idea out of a book, and I suppose the second came out of a book too. "Well," I said, "I've got to go up-stairs and get off some cables." "Do you really have to go?" "Yes, I've got to get these cables off." "Do you mind if I come up and sit around the office?" "No, come on up." He sat in the outer room and read the papers, and the Editor and Publisher and I worked hard for two hours. Then I sorted out the carbons, stamped on a by-line, put the stuff in a couple of big manila envelopes and rang for a boy to take them to the Gare St. Lazare. I went out into the other room and there was Robert Cohn asleep in the big chair. He was asleep with his head on his arms. I did not like to wake him up, but I wanted to lock the office and shove off. I put my hand on his shoulder. He shook his head. "I can't do it," he said, and put his head deeper into his arms. "I can't do it. Nothing will make me do it." "Robert," I said, and shook him by the shoulder. He looked up. He smiled and blinked. "Did I talk out loud just then?" "Something. But it wasn't clear." "God, what a rotten dream!" "Did the typewriter put you to sleep?" "Guess so. I didn't sleep all last night." "What was the matter?" "Talking," he said. I could picture it. I have a rotten habit of picturing the bedroom scenes of my friends. We went out to the Café Napolitain to have an aperitif and watch the evening crowd on the Boulevard. 3 It was a warm spring night and I sat at a table on the terrace of the Napolitain after Robert had gone, watching it get dark and the electric signs come on, and the red and green stop-and-go traffic-signal, and the crowd going by, and the horse-cabs clippety-clopping along at the edge of the solid taxi traffic, and the poules going by, singly and in pairs, looking for the evening meal. I watched a good-looking girl walk past the table and watched her go up the street and lost sight of her, and watched another, and then saw the first one coming back again. She went by once more and I caught her eye, and she came over and sat down at the table. The waiter came up. "Well, what will you drink?" I asked. "Pernod." "That's not good for little girls." "Little girl yourself. Dites garcon, un pernod." "A pernod for me, too." "What's the matter?" she asked. "Going on a party?" "Sure. Aren't you?" "I don't know. You never know in this town." "Don't you like Paris?" "No." "Why don't you go somewhere else?" "Isn't anywhere else." "You're happy, all right." "Happy, hell!" Pernod is greenish imitation absinthe. When you add water it turns milky. It tastes like licorice and it has a good uplift, but it drops you just as far. We sat and drank it, and the girl looked sullen. "Well," I said, "are you going to buy me a dinner?" She grinned and I saw why she made a point of not laughing. With her mouth closed she was a rather pretty girl. I paid for the saucers and we walked out to the street. I hailed a horse-cab and the driver pulled up at the curb. Settled back in the slow, smoothly rolling fiacre we moved up the Avenue de l'Opéra, passed the locked doors of the shops, their windows lighted, the Avenue broad and shiny and almost deserted. The cab passed the New York Herald bureau with the window full of clocks. "What are all the clocks for?" she asked. "They show the hour all over America." "Don't kid me." We turned off the Avenue up the Rue des Pyramides, through the traffic of the Rue de Rivoli, and through a dark gate into the Tuileries. She cuddled against me and I put my arm around her. She looked up to be kissed. She touched me with one hand and I put her hand away. "Never mind." "What's the matter? You usick?" "Yes." "Everybody's sick. I'm sick, too." We came out of the Tuileries into the light and crossed the Seine and then turned up the Rue des Saints Pères. "You oughtn't to drink pernod if you're sick." "You neither." "It doesn't make any difference with me. It doesn't make any difference with a woman." "What are you called?" "Georgette. How are you called?" "Jacob." "That's a Flemish name." "American too." "You're not Flamand?" "No, American." "Good, I detest Flamands." By this time we were at the restaurant. I called to the cocher to stop. We got out and Georgette did not like the looks of the place. "This is no great thing of a restaurant." "No," I said. "Maybe you would rather go to Foyot's. Why don't you keep the cab and go on?" I had pick ed her up because of a vague sentimental idea that it would be nice to eat with some one. It was a long time since I had dined with a poule, and I had forgotten how dull it could be. We went into the restaurant, passed Madame Lavigne at the desk and into a little room. Georgette cheered up a little under the food. "It isn't bad here," she said. "It isn't chic, but the food is all right." "Better than you eat in Liege." "Brussels, you mean." We had another bottle of wine and Georgette made a joke. She smiled and showed all her bad teeth, and we touched glasses. "You're not a bad type," she said. "It's a shame you're sick. We get on well. What's the matter with you, anyway?" "I got hurt in the war," I said. "Oh, that dirty war." We would probably have gone on and discussed the war and agreed that it was in reality a calamity for civilization, and perhaps would have been better avoided. I was bored enough. Just then from the other room some one called: "Barnes! Jacob Barnes! "It's a friend calling me," I explained, and went out. There was Braddocks at a big table with a party: Cohn, Frances Clyne, Mrs. Braddocks, several people I did not know. "You're coming to the dance, are n't you?" Brad docks asked. "What dance?" "Why, the dancings. Don't you know we've revived them?" Mrs. Braddocks put in. "You must come, Jake. We're all going," Frances said from the end of the table. She was tall and had a smile. "Of course, he's coming," Braddocks said. "Come in and have coffee with us, Barnes." "Right." "And bring your friend," said Mrs. Braddocks laughing. She was a Canadian and had all their easy social graces. "Thanks, we'll be in," I said. I went back to the small room. "Who are your friends?" Georgette asked. "Writers and artists." "There are lots of those on this side of the river." "Too many." "I think so. Still, some of them make money." "Oh, yes." We finished the meal and the wine. "Come on," I said. "We're going to have coffee with the others." Georgette opened her bag, made a few passes at her face as she looked in the little mirror, re-defined her lips with the lip-stick, and straightened her hat. "Good," she said. We went into the room full of people and Braddocks and the men at his table stood up. "I wish to present my fiancée, Mademoiselle Georgette Leblanc," I said. Georgette smiled that wonderful smile, and we shook hands all round. "Are you related to Georgette Leblanc, the singer?" Mrs. Braddocks asked. "Connais pas," Georgette answered. "But you have the same name," Mrs. Braddocks insisted cordially. "No," said Georgette. "Not at all. My name is Hobin." "But Mr. Barnes introduced you as Mademoiselle Georgette Leblanc. Surely he did," insisted Mrs. Braddocks, who in the excitement of talking French was liable to have no idea what she was saying. "He's a fool," Georgette said. "Oh, it was a joke, then," Mrs. Braddocks said. "Yes," said Georgette. "To laugh at." "Did you hear that, Henry?" Mrs. Braddocks called down the table to Braddocks. "Mr. Barnes introduced his fiancee as Mademoiselle Leblanc, and her name is actually Hobin." "Of course, darling. Mademoiselle Hobin, I've known her for a very long time." "Oh, Mademoiselle Hobin, Frances Clyne called, speaking French very rapidly and not seeming so proud and astonished as Mrs. Braddocks at its coming out really French. "Have you been in Paris long? Do you like it here? You love Paris, do you not?" "Who's she?" Georgette turned to me. "Do I have to talk to her?" She turned to Frances, sitting smiling, her hands folded, her head poised on her long neck, her lips pursed ready to start talking again. "No, I don't like Paris. It's expensive and dirty." "Really? I find it so extraordinarily clean. One of the cleanest cities in all Europe." "I find it dirty." "How strange! But perhaps you have not been here very long." "I've been here long enough." "But it does have nice people in it. One must grant that." Georgette turned to me. "You have nice friends." Frances was a little drunk and would have liked to have kept it up but the coffee came, and Lavigne with the liqueurs, and after that we all went out and started for Braddocks's dancing-club. The dancing-club was a bal musette in the Rue de la Montagne Sainte Geneviève. Five nights a week the working people of the Pantheon quarter danced there. One night a week it was the dancingclub. On Monday nights it was closed. When we arrived it was quite empty, except for a policeman sitting near the door, the wife of the proprietor back of the zinc bar, and the proprietor himself. The daughter of the house came down-stairs as we went in. There were long benches, and tables ran across the room, and at the far end a dancing-floor. "I wish people would come earlier," Braddocks said. The daughter came up and wanted to know what we would drink. The proprietor got up on a high stool beside the dancing-floor and began to play the accordion. He had a string of bells around one of his ankles and beat time with his foot as he played. Everyone danced. It was hot and we came off the floor perspiring. "My God," Georgette said. "What a box to sweat in!" "It's hot." "Hot, my God!" "Take off your hat." "That's a good idea." Some one asked Georgette to dance, and I went over to the bar. It was really very hot and the accordion music was pleasant in the hot night. I drank a beer, standing in the doorway and getting the cool breath of wind from the street. Two taxis were coming down the street. They both stopped in front of the Bal. A crowd of young men, some in jerseys and some in their shirt-sleeves, got out. I could see their hands and newly washed, wavy hair in the light from the door. The policeman standing by the door looked at me and smiled. They came in. As they went in, under the light I saw white hands, wavy hair, white faces, grimacing, gesturing, talking. With them was Brett. She looked very lovely and she was very much with them . There is an actual harlot . I'm going to dance with her, Lett. You watch me." " The tall dark one, called Lett, said: "Don't you be rash.". The wavy blond one answered: "Don't worry, dear." And with them was Brett. I was very angry. Some how they always made me angry. I know they are supposed to be amusing, and you should be tolerant, but I wanted to swing on one, anyone, anything to shatter that superior, simpering composure. Instead, I walked down the street and had a beer at the bar at the next Bal. The beer was not good and I had a worse cognac to take the taste Out of my mouth. When I came back to the Bal there was a crowd on the floor and Georgette was dancing with the tall blond youth, who danced big-hipped ily, carrying his head on one side, his eyes lifted as he danced. As soon as the music stopped another one of them asked her to dance. She had been taken up by them. I knew then that they would dance with her. They are like that. I sat down at a table. Cohn was sitting there. Frances was dancing. Mrs. Braddocks brought up some meb ody and introduced him as Robert Prentiss. He was from New York by way of Chicago, and was a rising new novelist. He had some sort of an English accent. I asked him to have a drink. "Thanks so much," he said, "I've just had one." "Have another." "Thanks, I will the n." We got the daughter of the house over and each had a fine a l'eau. "You're from Kansas City, they tell me," he said. "Yes." "Do you find Paris amusing?" "Yes." "Really?" I was a little drunk. Not drunk in any positive sense but just enough to be careless. "For God's sake," I said, "yes. Don't you?" "Oh, how charmingly you get angry," he said. " I wish I had that faculty." I got up and walked over toward the dancing-floor. Mrs. Braddocks followed me. "Don't be cross with Robert," she said. "I said. "I just thought perhaps I was going to throw up." " Your fiancée is having a great success," Mrs. Braddocks looked out on the floor where Georgette was dancing in the arms of the tall, dark one, called Lett. "Isn't she?" I said. "Rather," said Mrs. Braddocks. Cohn came up. "Come on, Jake," he said, " have a drink." We walked over to the bar. "What's the matter with you? You seem all worked up over something?" "Nothing. This whole show make some m brandy and soda." She stood holding the glass and I saw Robert Cohn looking at her. He looked very expectation. Brett was damned good-looking. She wore a slipover jersey sweater and a tw of it with that wool jersey. "It's a fine crowd you're with, Brett," I said. "Aren't they lovely? And you, Jake. It's an insult to all of us. Look at Frances there, and Jo." This for Cohn's benefit. "Ih, one can drink in such safety, too." The music started and Robert Cohn said: "Will you dance about the next?" asked Cohn. "We're going," Brett said. "We've a date at Montmartre." Da about it. Poor chap. I never knew it till just now." "Oh, well," I said. " I suppose you like to add ancing with another one banjo. It was hot and I felt happy. We passed close to Georgette dancing with another one of them. "Wh at posse sed you to t's get out of here. She's well taken care of." "Do you want to?" "Would I ask you if I didn't want to?" We left the floor and I took d them for an envelope. The patronne found one. I took a fifty-franc note from my pocket, put it in the envelope, sealed it, and handed it to the patronne. "If the girl I came with asks for me, will you give her this?" I said. "If she goes out with one of those gentlemen, will you save this for me?" "C'est entendu, Monsieur," the patronne said. "You go now? So early?" "Yes, I said. We start ted out the door. Cohn was still talking to Brett. She said good night and took my arm. "Good night, Cohn," I said. Outside in the street we looked for a taxi. "You're going to lose your fifty francs," Brett said. "Oh, yes." "No taxis." "We could walk up to the Pantheon and get one." "Come on and we'll get a drink in the pub next door and send for one." "You wouldn't walk across the street." "Not if I could help it." We went into the next bar and I sent a waiter for a taxi. "Well, I said, " we're out away from them." We stood against the tall zinc bar and did not talk and looked at each other. The waiter came and said the taxi was outside. Brett pressed my hand hard. I gave the waiter a franc and we went out. " Where should I tell him?" I asked. "Oh, tell him to the driver to go to the Parc Montsouris, and got in, and slammed the door. Brett was leaning back in the corner, her eyes closed. I sat beside her. The cab started with a jerk. "Oh, darling, I've been so miserable ," Brett said. 4 The taxi went up the hill, passed the lighted square, then on into the dark, still climbing, then levelled out onto a dark street behind St. Etienne du Mont, went smoothly down the asphalt, passed the trees and the standing bus at the Place de la Contrescarpe, then turned onto the cobbles of the Rue Mouffetard. There were lighted bars and late open shops on each side of the street. We were sitting apart and we jolted close together going down the old street. Brett's hat was off. Her face in the lights from the open shops, the hair was dark, then I saw her face clearly as we came out on the Avenue des Gobelins. The street was torn up and men were working on the car-tracks by the light of acetylene flares. Brett's face was white and of the flares. The street was dark again and I kissed her. Our lips were tight together and then she turned away and pressed against the corner of the seat, as far away as she could get. Her head was down. "What's the matter?" "I can't stand it." "Oh, Brett." "You mustn't. You must know. I can't stand it, that's all. Oh, darling, please understand!" "Don't you love me?" "Love you? I simply turn all to jelly when you touch me." "Isn't there anything we can do about it?" She was sitting up now. My arm was around her and she was leaning back against me, and we were quite calm. She was looking into my eyes with that way she had of looking that made you wonder what her eyes. They would look on and on after every one else's eyes in the world would have stopped looking. She looked as though there were nothing on earth she would not look at like that, and really she was afraid of so many things. "And if we could do," I said. "I don't know," she said. "I don't want to go through that hell again." "We'd better keep away from each other." "But, darling, I have to see you. It isn't all that you know." "No, but it always gets to be." "That's my fault. Don't we pay for all the things we do, though?" She had been looking into my eyes all the time. Her eyes had different depths, sometimes they seemed perfectly flat. Now you could see all the way into them. "When I think of the hell I've put chaps through. I'm paying for it all now." "Don't talk like a fool," I said. "Besides, what happened to me is supposed to be funny. I never think about it." "Oh, no. I'll lay you don't." "Well, let's shut up about it." "I laughed about it too, myself, once." She wasn't looking at me. "A friend of my brother's came home that way from Mons. It seemed like a hell of a joke. Chaps never know anything, do they?" "No," I said. "Nobody ever knows anything." I was pretty well through with the subject. At one time or another I had probably considered it from most of its various angles, in clude ing the one that certain injuries or imperfections are a subject of merriment while remaining quite serious for the person possessing them. "It's funny," I said. "It's very funny. And it's a lot of fun, too, to be in love." "Do you think so?" her eyes looked flat again. "I don't mean fun that way. In a way it's an enjoyable feeling." "No," she said. "I think it's hell on earth." "It's good to see each other." "No. I don't think it is." "Don't you want to?" "I have to." We were sitting now like two strangers. On the right was the Parc Montsouris. The restaurant where they have the pool of live trout and where you can sit and look out over the park was closed and dark. The driver leaned his head around. "Where do you want to go?" I asked. Brett turned her head away. "Oh, go to the Select." "Café Select," I told the driver. "Boulevard Montparnasse." We drove straight down, turning around the Lion de Belfort that guards the passing Montrouge trams. Brett looked straight ahead. On the Boulevard Raspail, with the lights of Montparnasse in sight, Brett said: "Would you mind very much if I asked you to do something?" "Don't be silly." "Kiss me just once more before we get there." When the taxi stopped I got out and paid. Brett came out putting on her hat. She gave me her hand as she stepped down. Her hand was shaky. "Is ay, do I look too much of a mess?" She pulled her man's felt hat down and started in for the bar. Inside, against the bar and at tables, were most of the crowd who had been at the dance. "Hello, you chaps," Brett said. "I'm going to have a drink." "Oh, Brett! Brett!" the little Greek portrait-painter, who called himself a duke, and whom everybody called Zizi, pushed up to her. "I got something fine to tell you." "Hello, Zizi," Brett said. "I want you to meet a friend," Zizi said. A fat man came up. "Count Mippipopolous, meet my friend Lady Ashley." "How do you do?" said Brett. "Well, does your Ladyship have a good time here in Paris?" asked Count Mippipopolous, who wore an elk's tooth on his watchchain. "Rather," said Brett. "Paris is a fine town all right," said the count. "But I guess you have pretty big doings yourself over in London." "Oh, yes," said Brett. "Enormous." Braddocks called to me from a table. "Barnes," he said, "have a drink. That girl of yours got in a frightful row." "What about?" "Something the patronne's daughter said. A corking row. She was rather splendid, you know. Showed her yellow card and demanded the patronne's daughter's too. I say it was a row." "What finally happened?" "Oh, some one took her home. Not a bad-looking girl. Wonderful command of the idiom. Do stay and have a drink." "No," I said. "I must shove off. Seen Cohn?" "He went home with Frances," Mrs. Braddock put in. "Poor chap, he looks awfully down," Braddocks said. "I dare say he is," said Mrs. Braddocks. "I have to shove off," I said. "Good night." I said good night to Brett at the bar. The count was buying champagne. "Will you take a glass of wine with us, sir?" he asked. "No. Thanks awfully. I have to go." "Really going?" Brett asked. "Yes," I said. "I've got a rotten headache." "I'll see you to-morrow?" "Come in at the office." "Hardly." "Well, where will I see you?" "Anywhere around five o'clock." "Make it the other side of town then." "Good. I'll be at the Crillon at five." "Try and be there," I said. "Don't worry," Brett said. "I've never let you down, have I?" "Heard from Mike?" "Letter to-day." "Good night, sir," said the count. I went out onto the sidewalk and walked down toward the Boulevard St. Michel, passed the tables of the Rotonde, still crowded, looked across the Street at the Dome, its tables running out to the edge of the pavement. Some one waved at me from a table, I did not see who it was and went on. I wanted to get home. The Boulevard Montparnasse was deserted. Lavigne's was closed tight, and they were stacking the table s outside the Closerie des Lilas. I passed Ney's Statue standing among the new-leaved chestnut-trees in the arc-light. There was a faded purple wreath leaning against the base. I stopped and read the inscription: from the Bonapartist Groups, some date; I forget. He looked very fine, Marshal Ney in his top-boots, gesturing with his sword among the green new horse-chestnut leaves. My flat was just across the street, a little way down the Boulevard St. Michel. There was a light in the concierge's room and I knocked on the door and she gave me my mail. I wished her good night and went up-stairs. There were two letters and some papers. I looked at them under the gas-light in the dining-room. The letters were from the States. One was a bank statement. It showed a balance of $2432.60. I got out my check-book and deducted four checks drawn since the first of the month, and discovered I had a balance of $1832.60. I wrote this on the back of the statement. The other letter was a wedding announcement. Mr. and Mrs. Aloysius Kirby announce the marriage of their daughter Katherine--I knew neither the girl nor the man she was marrying. They must be circularizing the town. It was a funny name. I felt Sure I could remember anybody with a name like Aloysius. It was a good Catholic name. There was a crest on the announcement. Like Zizi the Greek duke. And that count. The count was funny. Brett had a title, too. Lady Ashley. To hell with Brett. To hell with you, Lady Ashley. I lit the lamp beside the bed, turned off the gas, and opened the wide windows. The bed was far back from the windows, and I sat with the windows open and undressed by the bed. Outside a night train, running on the street-car tracks, went by carrying vegetables to the markets. They were noisy at night when you could not sleep. Undressing, I looked at myself in the mirror of the big armoire beside the bed. That was a typically French way to furnish a room. Practical, too, I suppose. Of all the ways to be wounded. I suppose it was funny. I put on my pajamas and got into bed. I had the two bull-fight papers, and I took their wrappers off. One was orange. The other yellow. They would both have the same news, so whichever I read first would spoil the other. Le Toril was the better paper, so I started to read it. I read it all the way through, including the Petite Correspondance and the Cornigrams. I blew out the lamp. Perhaps I would be able to sleep. My head started to work. The old grievance. Well, it was a rotten way to be wounded and flying on a joke front like the Italian. In the Italian hospitals we were going to form a society. It had a funny name in Italian. I wonder what became of the others, the Italians. That was in the Ospedale Maggiore in Milano, Padiglione Ponte. The next building was the Padiglione Zonda. There was a statue of Ponte, or maybe it was Zonda. That was where the liaison colonel came to visit me. That was funny. That was about the first funny thing. I was all bandaged up. But they had told him about it. Then he made that wonderful speech: "You, a foreigner, an Englishman" (any foreigner was an Englishman) "have given more than your life." What a speech! I would like to have it illuminated to hang in the office. He never laughed. He was putting himself in my place, I guess. "Che mala fortuna! Che mala fortuna!" I never used to realize it, I guess. I try and play it along and just not make trouble for people. Probably I never would have had any trouble if I hadn't run into Brett when they shipped me to England. I suppose she only wanted what she couldn't have. Well, people were that way. To hell with people. The Catholic Church had an awfully good way of handling all that. Good advice, anyway. Not to think about it. Oh, it was swell advice. Try and take it sometime. Try and take it. I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. Then I couldn't keep away from it, and I started to think about Brett and all the rest of it went away. I was thinking about Brett and my mind stopped jumping around and started to go in sort of smooth waves. Then all of a sudden I started to cry. Then after a while it was better and I lay in bed and listened to the heavy trams go by and way down the street, and then I went to sleep. I woke up. There was a row going on outside. I listened and I thought I recognized a voice. I put on a dressing-gown and went to the door. The concierge was talking down-stairs. She was very angry. I heard my name and called down the stairs. "Is that you, Monsieur Barnes?" the concierge called. "Yes. It's me." "There's a species of woman here who's waked the whole street up. What kind of a dirty business at this time of night! She says she must see you. I've told her you're asleep." Then I heard Brett's voice. Half asleep I had been sure it was Georgette. I don't know why. She could not have known my address. "Will you send her up, please?" Brett came up the stairs. I saw she was quite drunk. "Silly thing to do," she said. "Make an awful row. I say, you weren't asleep, were you?" "What did you think I was doing?" "Don't know. What time is it?" I looked at the clock. It was half-past four. "Had no idea what hour it was," Brett said. "I say, can a chap sit down? Don't be cross, darling. Just left the count. He brought me here." "What's he like?" I was getting brandy and soda and glasses. "Just a