

ments of infantry, captured a complete squad of generals, and at the moment Arturo Strombellini was blowing the spit out of his trombone in preparation for his forthcoming solo, Officer Sullivan was grappling the spoils of victory in the form of a beautiful Eytalian signorina.

f.

Side by side the Rt. Rev. Samuel X. Fundament and the Rt. Rev. R. C. Versie emerged into the park. Though not scheduled to meet until eleven, chance had thrown them together beforehand, and having saluted one another after the usual fashion of ministers, they now stepped gingerly along in time to the "Light Cavalry Overture," steering their course in the direction of the Church of the Reconciliation where, under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary, they were to come to grips over the problem of The Immaculate Conception.

But though their course gave every outward and visible sign of being one, untroubled of wave or tempest, the Rt. Rev. R. C. Versie and the Rt. Rev. Samuel X. Fundament had no sooner met than their minds leaping, as it were, out of their hats, grappled each other. And thereupon ensued so furious and tempestuous a whirlwind of cerebral fisticuffs that neither the harmony of the Re Umberto Band nor the harmony of the Spheres Themselves, for that matter, could have ever brought those two embattled minds into concord again.

—You pervert the Apostolic creed, Pastor Fundament twittered, removing his hat.

—I pervert nothing, roared Pastor Versie.

—You pervert the Nicene creed, squealed Rev. Fundament as they passed behind Officer Sullivan.

g.

Young Mr. S. Trundle-Dick, curate of the Church of the Reconciliation, with bright red cheeks and a smile that would melt butter, greeted his flock on the front steps of the church. To each and all irrespective of name, sex, age, or color of hair, Mr. Trundle-Dick had a sweet smile and a cheery word.

—O goodmorning, goodmorning, he cried to Mrs. Handbilt who was being hoisted up the steps by her two footmen.