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"Uncle Oscar took both Basset and Paul into Richmond Park for an afternoon, and there they talked. 'We're all right when we're sure,' said Paul. 'It's when we're not quite sure that we go down.' 'Oh, but we're careful then,' said Basset. 'But when are you sure?' smiled Uncle Oscar."
There was a woman who was beautiful, who started with all the advantages, yet she had no luck. She married for love, and the love turned to dust. She had pretty children, yet she felt they had been thrust upon her, and she could not love them. They looked at her coldly, as if they were finding fault with her, and hurriedly, she felt she must cover up some fault in herself. Yet what it was that she must cover up, she never knew. Nevertheless, when her children were present, she always felt the center of her heart go hard. This troubled her, as in her manner she was all the more gentle and anxious for her children, as if she loved them very much. Only herself knew that at the center of her heart was a hard little place that could not feel love, no, not for anybody. Everybody else said of her, "She is such a good mother." She adores her children." Only she herself, and her children themselves, knew it was not so. They read it in each other's eyes.

There were a boy and two little girls. They lived in a pleasant house, with a garden, and they had discreet servants, and felt themselves superior to any one in the neighborhood.

Although they lived in style, they felt always an anxiety in the house. There was never enough money. The mother had a small income, and the father had a small income, but not nearly enough for the social position which they had to keep up. The father went in to town to some office. But though he had good prospects, these prospects never materialized. There was always the grinding sense of the shortage of money, though the style was always kept up.

At last the mother said, "I will see if I can't make something." But she did not know where to begin. She racked her brains, and tried this thing and the other, but could not find anything successful. The failure made deep lines come into her face. Her children were growing up, they would have to go to school. There must be more money! And the children would stop playing, to listen for a moment. They would look into each other's eyes, to see if they had all heard. And each one saw in the eyes of the other two, that they too had heard. "There must be more money! There must be more money!"

It came whispering from the springs of the still-awaying rocking-horse, and even the horse, bending its wooden, charming head, heard it. The big doll, sitting so pink and smiling in her new pram, could hear it quite plainly, and seemed to be snickering all the more self-consciously because of it. The foolish puppy, too, that took the place of the teddy-bear, he was looking so extraordinarily foolish, for no other reason but that he heard the secret whisper all over the house: "There must be more money!"

Yet nobody ever said it aloud. The whisper was everywhere, and therefore no one spoke it. Just as no one ever says: "We are breathing!"—in spite of the fact that breath is coming and going all the time.

"Mother!" said the boy Paul one day. "Why don't we keep a car of our own? Why do we always use uncle's, or else a taxi?"

"Because we're the poor members of the family," said the mother.

"But why are we, Mother?"

"Well—I suppose—" she said slowly and bitterly, "it's because your father has no luck."

The boy was silent for a long while. "Is luck money, Mother?" he asked, rather timidly.

"No, Paul! Not quite. It's what causes you to have money."

"Oh!" said Paul vaguely. "I thought when Uncle Oscar said filthy luck, it meant money."

"Filthy luck does mean money," said the mother. "But it's luck, not luck."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Then what is luck, Mother?"

"It's what causes you to have money. If you're lucky you have money. That's why it's better to be born lucky than rich. If you're rich, you may lose your money. But if you're lucky, you will always get more money."

"Oh! Will you? And is Father not lucky?"

"Very unlucky, I should say," she said bitterly. The boy watched her with unsure eyes.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know. Nobody ever knows why one person is lucky and another unlucky."

"Don't they? Nobody at all? Does nobody know?"

"Perhaps God! But He never tells."

"He ought to, then. And aren't you lucky either, Mother?"

"I can't be, if I married an unlucky husband."

"But by yourself, aren't you?"

"I used to think I was before I married. Now I think I am very unlucky, indeed."

"Why?"

"Well—never mind! Perhaps I'm not really," she said.

The child looked at her, to see if she meant it. But he saw, by the lines of her mouth, that she was only trying to hide something from him.

"Well, anyhow," he said slowly, "I'm a lucky person."

"Why?" said his mother, with a sudden laugh.

He stared at her. He didn't even know why he had said it.

"God told me," he asserted, brazening it out.

"I hope He did, dear!" she said again, with a laugh, but rather bitter.

"He did, Mother?"

"Excellent!" said the mother, using one of her husband's exclaimations.

The boy saw she did not believe him: or rather, that she paid no attention to his assertion. This angered him somewhat, and made him want to compel her attention.

He went off by himself, vaguely, in a childish way, seeking for the clue to "luck." Absorbed, taking no heed of other people, he went about with a sort of stealth, seeking inwardly for luck. He wanted luck, he wanted it, he wanted it. When the two girls were playing dolls in the nursery, he would sit on his big rocking-horse, charging madly into space, with a frenzy that made (Continued on page 122)
the little girls peep at him uneasily. Wildly the horse cantered, the waving dark hair of the boy flapped, his eyes a strange gleam in the moonlight. The little girls dared not speak to him.

When he had ridden to the end of his mand little journey, he climbed down and stood in front of his rocking-horse, staring steadily into its lowered face. His red mouth was slightly open, its big eye was wide and glossy bright.

"Now, I'll command the sorcery of him.

"Now, take me to where there is...

He knew he could get there. If he would try to get him, how could nothing of him be done? Anyhow, he was growing more and more.

**ONE** day his mother and his Uncle Oscar came in when he was on one of his furious rides. He did speak to them.

"Hello, you young jockey! Riding a winner?" said the uncle.

"Aren't you awfully too big for a rocking-horse? You're not a little boy any longer, you know," said his mother.

But Paul only gave a blue glance from his big, rather close-set eyes. He would speak to nobody when he was in full tilt. His mother watched him with an anxious expression on her face.

At last, he suddenly stopped forcing his horse into the mechanicalgallop, and slid down.

"Well, I got there!" he announced fiercely, his blue eyes still staring, and his sturdy legs straddling apart.

"Where did you go to?" he asked his mother.

"Where I wanted to go to," he said back at her.

"That's right, son!" said Uncle Oscar.

"Don't you stop till you get there. That's the horse's name. I'm sure he knows it. But don't you stop till you get there. That's the horse's name. I'm sure he knows it.

"He doesn't have a name," said the boy.

"Doesn't he?" asked the uncle.

"Get on with the boy, all right?" asked the uncle.

"Well, he has different names. He was called Samovar last week.

"Samovar, eh? Won the Ascot. How did you lose his name?

"He always talks about horse-races with me," he said.

The uncle was delighted to find that his small nephew was well supplied with all the racing news. Bassett, the young gardener who had been wounded in the left foot in the war, and had his present job through Oscar Cramwell, whose brother he had been, was a perfect blade of the turf. He lived in the racing events. And the small boy lived with him.

Oscar Cramwell got all it out of Bassett.

"Master Paul comes and seeks me, so I can do more than tell him, sir," said Bassett, his face terribly serious, as if he were speaking of matters of religious matters.

"And does he ever put anything on a horse he finders?"

"Well, I don't want to give him away—his young sport, a fine sport, sir. Would you mind asking him himself? He's sort of takes a pleasure in it, and perhaps he'd feel I was, giving him away, sir, if you don't mind.

Bassett was serious as a church.

**THE** uncle went back to his nephew, and took him to race in the Mayor's.

"Say, Paul, old man, do you ever put anything on a horse?" the uncle asked.

The boy watched the handsome man closely.

"Why, do you think I oughtn't to?" he parroted.

"Not a bit of it! I thought perhaps you might give me a tip. The Lincoln.

The car sped on into the country, going down to Uncle Oscar's place in Hampshire.

"Honor bright!" said the nephew.

"Honor bright, son!" said the uncle.

"Well, then, Daffodil?"

"If you say so, Mr. Daffodil?"

"Daffodil, eh?"

There was a pause. Daffodil was an obscure horse, comparatively.

"Yes, son?"

"You won't let it go any further, will you?"

I promised Bassett.

"Bassett be damned, old man! What's he got to do with it?"

"We're partners! We've been partners from the first! Uncle, he lent me my first five shillings, which I lost. I promised him, honor bright, it was only between me and him. He only wanted ten shillings. I started winning with, so I thought you were lucky. You won't let it go any further, will you?"

"But where's your tip private? Daffodil, eh? How much are you putting on him?"

"All except twenty pounds," said the boy.

"I keep that in reserve."

The uncle thought it a good joke.

"Don't keep your reserves in reserve, do you, young man?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm betting three hundred, said the boy, gravely.

"But that's between you me, Uncle Oscar! Honor bright?"

The uncle burst into a roar of laughter.

"It's between you and me, and my sister-in-law. You young Mr. Nash, you'd say. But what's that to me?"

"Bassett keeps it for me. We're partners.

"You are, are you! And what is Bassett putting on Daffodil?"

"He wasn't going quite as high as I do, as I thought. Perhaps he'll go a hundred and fifty."

"What, p'raps?" laughed the uncle.

"Pounds," said the child, with a surprised look at his uncle. "Bassett keeps a bigger reserve than I do."

Between wonder and amusement, Uncle Oscar was silent. He pursued the matter no further, but he started to take his nephew with him to the Lincoln races.

"Now, son," he said, "I'm going twenty on Miras, and I'll put five for you on any horse you fancy. What's your pick?"

"Daffodil, Uncle?"

"No, not the fever on Daffodil?"

"I should if it was my own fever, said the child.

"Good! Good! Right you are. A fever for me and a fever for you on Daffodil."

The child had never been to a race-meeting before, and his eyes were blue fire. He pursued his mouth tight, and watched. A freshman just in, had put his money on Lancelot. Wild with excitement, he yelled hisares up and down, yelling "Lancelot! Lancelot!" in his French accent.

Daffodil came in second, Lancelot third, Miras third. The child, flushed, and with eyes blazing, was curiously serene. His uncle brought him five five-pound notes more: forty to one.

"What am I to do with these, sir? He cried, waving the boy's eyes.

"I suppose we'll talk to Bassett," said the boy.

"I expect. I expect I'll do more than that. Twenty and twenty with you."

His uncle started off some moments.

"Look here, son!" he said. "You're not serious about Bassett and that fifteen hundred, are you?"

"Yes, I am. But it's between you and me, Uncle! Honor bright!"

"Honor bright, all right, son! But I must talk to Bassett."

"If you'd be like to be a partner, Uncle, with Bassett and me, you'd be smart. Only you'd have to promise, honor bright. Uncle, don't let it go beyond us. Bassett and I are lucky, and you must be lucky, because it was your ten shillings I started winning with."

"Uncle Oscar took, bassett and Paul into Richmond Park for an afternoon, and there they talked.

"It's like this, you see, sir," Bassett said.

"Master Paul would get me talking about racing events, spinning yarns, you know, sir. And he was always keen on knowin' if I'd made or if I'd lost. It's 'bout a year since, now, that I put five shillings on Bussell of Downs for him, and we lost. Then the band turned, with that ten shillings he had from you, that we put on Sibboos. And since that time, it's been pretty steady, all things considerin'. What do you say, Master Paul?"

"We're all right when we're ravin'" said Paul. "It's 'bout we're not quite sure that we go down."

"Oh, but we're careful then," said Bassett. "But when are you sure!" smiled Uncle Oscar.

"It's Master Paul, sir," said Bassett, in a secret, religious voice. "It's as if he had it from heaven. Like Daffodil, now, for the Lincoln. That was as sure as eggs"

"Did you put anything on Daffodil?" asked Oscar Cramwell.

"Yes, sir. I made my bet."

"And my nephew?"

Bassett was obstinately silent, looking at Paul.

"I made twelve hundred, didn't I, Bassett?" I told Uncle I was putting three hundred on Daffodil."

"That's right," said Bassett, nodding.  

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THE ROCKING-HORSE WINNER
D. H. Lawrence's Story

(Continued from page 122)

"But where's the money?" asked the uncle.

"I keep it safe locked up, sir. Master Paul, he can have it any minute he likes to ask for it."

"What, fifteen hundred pounds?"

"And twenty! And fifty, that is, with the twenty he made on the horse."

"That's amazing," said the uncle.

"If Master Paul goes on as he is, he will be thousand dollars, sir. I will, if I were you, if you'll excuse me," said the uncle.

Oscar Conwell thought about it.

"I'll see the money," he said.

They drove home again, and sure enough, the horse, with fifteen hundred pounds in notes, the face hand twenty pounds reserve was left with Joe Glee, in the Toff Community deposit.

"You see, it's all right, Uncle, when I'm sure. Then we go strong, for all we're worth. Don't we, Bassett?"

"Yes, sir," said the uncle, laughing.

"Oh, well, sometimes I'm absolutely sure, like about Daffodil," said the boy; "and sometimes I have an idea; and sometimes I haven't even an idea, do I, Bassett? Then we're careful, because nothing goes down."

"You do, you? And when you're sure, like about Daffodil, what makes you sure, Sonny?"

"Oh, well, I don't know," said the boy uneasily; "I'm sure, you know, Uncle; that's all."

"It's as if he had it from heaven," said Bassett.

Oscar Conwell said no more.

"I should say so," said the uncle.

But he became a partner. And when the lawyer was coming on, Paul was "sure" about Lively Spark, which was a quite considerable horse. The boy insisted on putting a thousand on the horse, Bassett went for five hundred, and Oscar Conwell took one hundred. Lively Spark came in first, and the betting had been ten to one against him. Paul had made ten thousand.

"You see," he said, "I was absolutely sure of him."

Even Oscar Conwell had cleared two thousand.

"Look here, son," he said, "this sort of things makes me rich."

"It needs, Uncle! Perhaps I shan't be sure again for a long time."

"But what are you going to do with your money?" asked the uncle.

"Of course," said the boy, "I started it for Mother. She said she had no luck, because Father is unlucky, so I thought if I was lucky, I might stop whispering."

"Whose horse is it?"

"Why? Why do you ask?"

"The boy watched him with big blue eyes, that had an uncertain cold fire in them, and he said a word or two."

"Well," then," said the uncle. "What are you doing?"

"I shouldn't like Mother to know I was lucky," said the boy.

"Why not, son?"

"She'd stop me."

"I don't think she would."

"Oh," said the boy wistfully in an odd way, "I don't want her to know, Uncle."

"All right, son! We'll manage it without her knowing."

They managed it very easily. Paul, at the other's suggestion, handed over five thousand pounds to the uncle, who deposited it with the family lawyer, who was then to inform Paul's mother that a relative had put five thousand pounds into his hands, which sum was to be paid out as one thousand pounds at a time, on the mother's birthday, for the next five years.

So shall have a birthday present of a thousand pounds for five successive years, said Uncle Oscar to Mother, such as he is, and the horse was, and the boy went into town nearly every day. She had discovered that she had an odd knack of sketching furs and dress materials, so she worked secretly in the studio of a friend who was the chief "artist" for the leading drapers. She drew the figures of furs in furs and furs in silk and argued for the newspaper advertisements. The young woman artist earned several thousand pounds a year, but Paul's mother only made several hundred, and she was again dissatisfied. She wanted to be first in something, and she did not succeed, even in making sketches for drapery advertisements.

She was down to breakfast on the morning of her birthday. Paul watched her face as she read the letter. He knew the lawyer's letter. As he made a mark, it was the same mark she had used and became more expressionless. Then, a determined look came on her mouth. She bit the letter under the pin of others, and said not a word about it.

"I didn't have anything nice in the past for your birthday, Mother," said Paul.

"Quite moderately nice," she said, her voice cold and abrupt. She went away to town without saying more.

But in the afternoon Uncle Oscar appeared. He said Paul's mother had had a long interview with the lawyer, about the whole five thousand could not be advanced at once, as she was in debt.

"What do you think, Uncle?" said the boy.

"I leave it to you, son."

"Oh, let her have it then! We can get some more with the other," said the boy.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said Uncle Oscar.

"But I'm sure to know for the Grand National; or the Lincoln; or else the Derby. I'm sure to know for them," said Paul.

So UNCLE OSCAR signed the agreement, and Paul's mother touched the whole five thousand. They were a very curious bargain. The voices in the house suddenly went mad, like a chorus of frogs on a spring evening. There were certain new furnishings, and Paul had a tutor. He was really going to Eton, his father's school, in the following autumn. There were flowers in the winter, and a blossoming of the luxury Paul's mother had used to have. And yet the voices in the house, behind the veils of immovable almond-blossom, and from under the piles of indescribable cushions, simply trickled and screamed in a sort of ecstasy: "There must be more money! Oh, oh, oh, oh! Many more! Oh, now, now, now! There must be more money!" More than ever! More than ever!

It frightened Paul terribly. He studied away at his Latin and his geography, but his intense hours were spent with Bassett. The Grand National had gone by; he had not "known," and had lost a hundred pounds. Summer was at hand. He was in fancy, for the Lincoln. But even for the Lincoln, he didn't "know," and he lost sixty pounds.

He became wild-eyed and strange, as if something were going to explode in him.

"Let it alone, son! Don't you bother about it," urged Uncle Oscar, but the boy couldn't really hear what his uncle was saying.

"I've got to know for the Derby! I've got to know for the Derby!" the child reiterated, his big blue eyes shining with a sort of madness.

His mother noticed how overworked he was.

"You'd better go to the seaside. Wouldn't you like to go to the seaside, instead of working? I think you'd better," she said, looking down at him anxiously, her heart curiously heavy because she didn't know to you, unless you promise to be reasonable about it, go away to the seaside and forget it. You've all served..."

"I'll do what I promise, Mother, so long as you don't send me away till after the Derby," said the boy.

"Send you away from where? Just from this house?"

"Yes," he said, gazing at her.

"Why, you could tell me what makes you care about this house so much, suddenly? I never knew you loved it!"

He gazed at her without speaking. He had a secret written in a secret, something he had not (Concluded on page 126)
THE ROCKING-HORSE WINNER

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 12)

Paul's secret of secrets was his wooden rocking horse, that had no name. Since he was emancipated from a nurse and a nursery governess, he had had his rocking horse removed to his own bedroom at the top of the house.

"Surely you're too big for a rocking-horse," his mother had remonstrated.

"Well, you see, Mother," till I can have a real horse, I like to have some sort of animal about," had been his quaint answer.

"Do you feel he needs company?" she laughed.

"Oh, yes! He's very good, he always keeps me company; when I'm there," said Paul.

So the horse, rather shabbily, stood in an arrested prince in the boy's bedroom.

The Darby was drawing near, and the boy grew more and more tense. He hardly heard what was spoken to him; he was very frill, and his eyes were really waxy. His mother had sudden, strange flashes of uneasiness about him. Sometimes, for half an hour, she would leave the sudden anxiety about him, that was almost anguish. She wanted to rush to him at once, and know he was safe.

Two nights before the Darby, she was at a big party in town, when one of her rushes of anxiety about her boy, her first-born, gripped her heart till she could hardly speak. She fought with the feeling, might and main, for she believed in common sense. But it was too strong. She had to leave the dance and go down-stairs to telephone to the company. The children's nursery governess was terribly surprised and startled at being rung up in the night.

"Are the children all right, Miss Wilton?"

"Oh, yes, they're all right. Master Paul? Is he all right?"

"He went to bed as right as a trivet. Shall I run up and look at him?"

"No! Not Paul to mother reluctantly. 'Not trouble. It's all right. Don't sit up. We shall be home half soon.' She did not want her son's privacy intruded upon.

"Very good," said the governess.

It was about one o'clock when Paul's mother went to his room and slipped off her white fur cloak. She had told his maid not to wait up for her. She heard her husband down-stairs, making a whisky-soda.

And then, because of the strange anxiety at her heart, she strode up-stairs to her son's room. Noisily she went along the upper corridor. Was there a faint noise? What was it? It was his step, with arrested noises, outside his door. There was a strange, heavy and yet not loud noise. Her heart stood still. It was a soundless noise, yet rushing and powerful. Something huge, in violent, lashed motion. What was it? What in God's name was it? She ought to know. She felt that she knew the noise. She knew what it was.

Yet she could not place it. She couldn't say what it was. And on and on it went, like a madness. Softly, frozen with anxiety and fear, she turned the candle-lantern.

The room was dark. Yet in the space near the window, she heard a sound; saw something plodding to and fro. She gained in fear and amazement.

Then suddenly she switched on the light, and saw her son, in his green pajamas, madly surging on his rocking-horse. The blaze of light suddenly lit him up, as he urged the wooden horse, and let him up, as she stood, blonde, in her dress of pale green and crystal, in the doorway.

"Paul!" she cried. "What are you doing?"

"It's Malabar!" he screamed, in a powerful, strange voice. "It's Malabar!"

His eyes blazed at her for one strange and solemn second, as he crossed surging his wooden horse. Then he fell with a crash to the ground, and she, all her tomted and trembling motherhood flooding upon her, rushed to gather him up.

But he was unconscious, and unconscious he remained, with some faint, tender feeling and touch. Except for the fact that his mother sat by his bedside.

"Malabar! It's Malabar! Bennett, Bennett, I know it's Malabar!"

So the child cried, trying to get up and urge the rocking-horse that gave him inspiration.

"What does he mean by Malabar?" asked the heart-frozen mother.

"I don't know. It's the father, stonily."

"What does he mean by Malabar?" she asked her brother Oscar.

"It's one of the horses running for the Darby," was the answer, said Paul.

And, in spite of himself, Oscar Cresswell spoke to Bennett, and himself got a thousand on Malabar; at fourteen to one.

The third day of the illness was critical: they were watching for a change. The boy, with his white curly hair, was tossing feverishly on the pillow. Neither kept nor regained consciousness, and his eyes were like blue stones. His mother sat, feeling her heart had gone, turning actually into a stone.

In the evening, Oscar Cresswell did not come, but Bassett sent a message, saying he could not come up for or moment, just now. That Paul's mother was very angry at the intrusion, but on second thoughts she agreed. The boy was the same. Perhaps Bassett might bring him to consciousness.

The gardener, a shortish fellow with a little brown moustache and sharp little brown eyes, tiptoed into the room, touched his imaginary cap to Paul's mother, and stole to the bedhead, sitting with glittering, small-lidded eyes at the tossing, dying child.