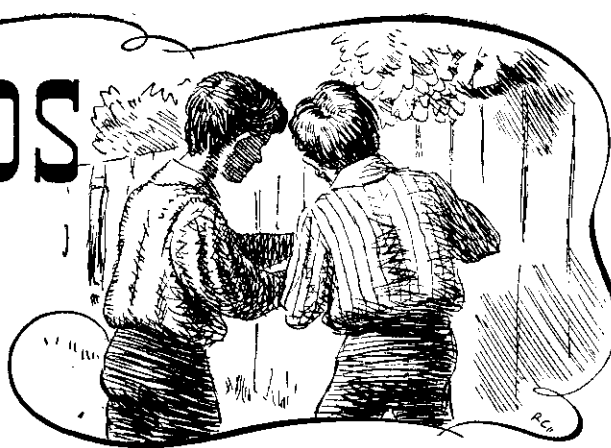


TWO WORLDS

A Short Story

Written for "The Listener"
by FRANK SARGESON



MY granpa Munro was a Belfast man. He was also a Loyal Orangeman, and I think I first became aware of these facts when I asked why granpa was dressed in a fancy apron in a photograph that hung on the wall. Granma explained to me, but I was too young to have much idea what it all meant.

Then one time during the school holidays, when my brother and I were staying with granma and granpa Munro, we found a string of beads in the street. I say "we," but my brother said he saw it first. I said I did.

Neither of us had ever before seen such a string of beads. Instead of the beads being all of an even size, or else threaded so that they began small and grew large and then got small again, this string was made of a number of small beads that were interrupted at regular intervals by a big one. We counted the number of big beads and the number of small ones in between, and the number altogether, and this kept us occupied for quite a time. Then we squabbled over who was to be the owner, but my brother was the older, he had the advantage of me, and the findings disappeared into his pocket.

I got my own back by saying they weren't worth anything, anyhow. And as soon as we were home, I said that we'd found something, and told my brother to show granma. He gave me a look that told me plainly what he was thinking, but he brought the beads out, and granma hardly had them in her hand when she gave a sort of groan and dropped them on the table. She spread out her arms to keep us from going near, and granpa got up from his chair and looked at the beads over the top of his glasses. Granma said that we were not to touch, and she took the tongs and would have put the beads in the fire if granpa hadn't stopped her.

Granma went on getting the tea, we asked her what the beads were, and she said they were a Catholic thing. Meantime, granpa was walking up and down, stopping now and then to look at the beads. I suppose there must have been quite a tug of war going on between the man who was a loyal Orangeman and the man who didn't want to do anything dishonest. Finally, he pushed the beads on to a piece of paper with one finger and put them on the mantelpiece.

I don't think we thought about the beads for very long that evening. My main feeling about them was quite a satisfactory one. My brother had pre-

vented me from being able to say they were mine, now he couldn't say they were his, either. I felt that we were quits.

* * *

WHEN we came home from going to the butcher's for granma the next morning, we found that granpa had the horse harnessed in the buggy, and was waiting to take us for a drive. We ran and put our boots and stockings on, which was the rule whenever we went out driving, then we climbed up and sat beside granpa. He touched Beauty with the whip, and driving out the gate, we waved to granma, who was standing at the door to watch us go.

Granpa turned in the direction of the main street, and at the corner a man was lighting his pipe in the middle of the road. "By your leave!" granpa shouted out, and he made the man jump. But my brother and I turned round and saw him laughing, and we knew it was mainly because of the straw hat, with holes for his ears to stick through, that Beauty wore. On hot days granpa always put it on, and it was supposed to keep him from getting sunstroke.

All the way along the main street granpa shouted out "By your leave!" to people that were crossing the street, even though it didn't look as if any of them were going to be run over. And my brother and I saw so many people laughing that we felt a little shy and uncomfortable, until we were through to the other end of the town.

It was a part of the town we didn't know very well, the houses were smaller and closer together than in the part we knew, though granpa pulled up outside a big house with a lawn and trees in front. He gave us the paper that he had wrapped the beads in, and told us we were to go and knock at the front door and ask for Mr. Doyle. When Mr. Doyle came to the door, we were to say we'd found some beads, give him the parcel, and come straight back again.

* * *

WE went up a path that wound through the trees and took us out of sight of the street, we knocked at the door, and it was opened by a fat lady with a red face.

"Please is Mr. Doyle in?" my brother said.

"Mister Doyle?" the fat lady said, and we were frightened by the way she looked down at us.

"Do you mean the Very Reverend Dean Doyle?" she said, and what she

said made us more frightened. I looked at my brother, my brother looked at me. Neither of us had a voice any more.

Then a voice from behind the fat lady said, "Well, boys?"

The fat lady stepped back, and in her place was a white-haired old man wearing a parson's collar.

My brother held out the parcel, and I was quite surprised to hear myself speak.

"We found them," I said.

"Did you now?" the old man said, and he looked at me as he unwrapped the paper.



Views with pride his herd of cows;
Sees the milk within the pail,
Knows his profits cannot fail.

HERE, a man with gleaming collar,
Sleek of hair and face of brass—
He is dreaming of a dollar
That never from his fist shall pass
Till it change and change again
In a never-ending chain.

HERE the Critic plies his trade,
Dreamless, practical, unbent,
So his "article" home-made
May his editor content.
If he ever dreams at all
'Tis outside the concert-hall.

YONDER leans the poet dream-
ing,
Rapt, expressionless, im-moulded;
While his fairy mind outstreaming
Sees his golden dream unfolded
Like a tale before his eyes,
Beckoning from Paradise.

* * *

SO the pianist at his task
Casts a spell upon the minds
Of all who list. Despite his mask,
Our thoughts are gone upon the
winds!

He, a Messenger Heav'n sent
Fills our minds with sweet content.

—H. E. Gunter.

WHAT a cataract of sound
Breaks upon the listening air,
Like a rushing river bound
Seaward from its mountain lair,
As his fingers from the keys
Draw the rhythmic harmonies.

IS he dreaming as his fingers
Chase each other o'er the keys?
Some past scene in life that lingers
Paralleling melodies?
Has a fancy seized his brain
That has come to life again?

BAH! His dream has come and
gone
Long before he ever came
Winging earthward. It has shone
Above him as a living flame
Long before this final night
As he now appears to sight.

SEE! His face is set and stern,
Concentration binds him fast;
Workmanly his muscles burn
With accomplishment at last.
Close your eyes and listen! Lol
His dream is manifested now.

* * *

EACH according to his kind
Listening, dreams of what he
knows.
He of simple country mind