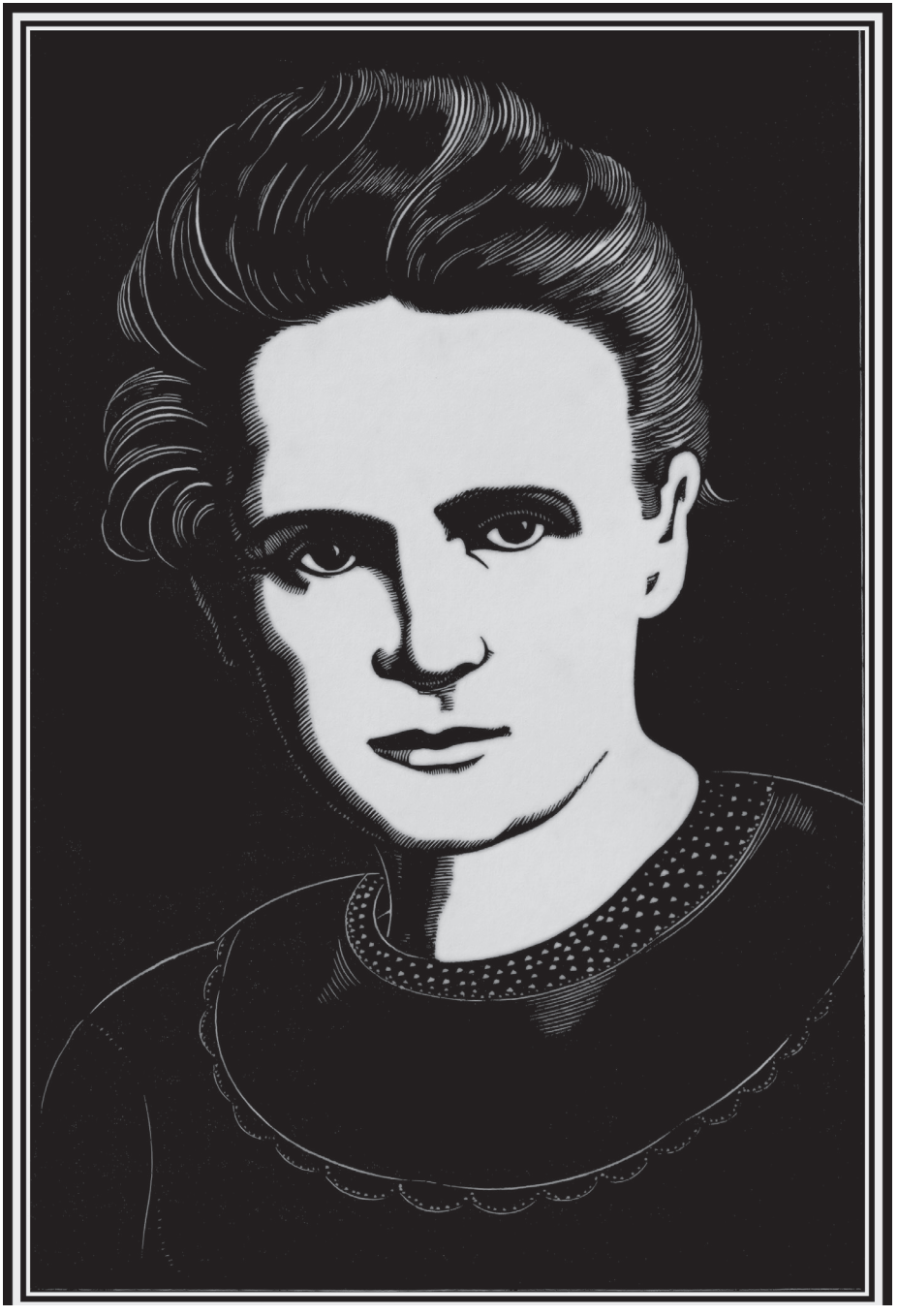
THE RADIUM WOMAN



THE RADIUM WOMAN

A Youth Edition of the
Life of Madame Curie

by ELEANOR DOORLY

and Woodcuts by

ROBERT GIBBINGS

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To

VICTORIA DE BUNSEN

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

The life of Madame Curie has been written by her daughter with a charm and beauty never surpassed. It is therefore with the deepest humility that I have ventured to make out of that lovely book a shorter tale for young people.

People ought not to wait till they are over sixteen to make the acquaintance of the greatest and most delightful human beings and to hear of the world's greatest deeds. Yet complete biographies are necessarily lengthy and are often written in words familiar only to those of much experience and many years.

I hope therefore that *The Radium Woman* and Robert Gibbings's beautiful woodcuts may help the younger members of a family to share the keen delight that their elders are taking in the life of Madame Curie and that it will prompt them to vow: "We will not let ourselves be deprived of a word or a hint concerning that wonderful woman. We will also read Eve Curie's *Madame Curie*."

Eleanor Doorly.

Warwick. March, 1939.

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CHAPTER I

MANYA SINGING

Why not? Why not? *Why* not? Why shouldn't Manya be allowed to read? She didn't ask the question. She would not think of asking her gentle, beautiful mother why not; she only puzzled her own little stubborn head where a pair of bright, grey-blue eyes looked penetratingly out from under a shock of yellow hair.

It was always like that! She had only to say: "Mayn't I read?" or to put out a hand towards a book and someone would be sure to say: "Manya dear, run into the garden" or "You haven't been to see your doll all day" or "Build me a house with those lovely new blocks." Manya knew all their wiles. Reading was naughty—naughty for her, but not for Bronia; and yet she could read and Bronia couldn't. It was very puzzling and apparently all the fault of the day when she had snatched a book from Bronia. She hadn't meant anything wrong. Bronia had asked her to play with the cardboard letters when they had nothing to do in their uncle's orchard except lie on the grass and move the bits of cardboard into words. Then one day, after they came home, their father had said to Bronia: "Let's see how the reading has got on." Bronia had stood with the open book, spelling the words and stumbling over them. So Manya had

seized it from her and read! "Manya!" her mother had exclaimed, surprised and shocked and her father had looked solemn while Bronia had sulked. There had been nothing for Manya to do but to cry and sob out: "Beg pardon . . . Manya didn't mean it."

Since that day no reading had been allowed, so Manya stood hesitating at her mother's door wondering what she should do. All morning she had been carrying ammunition for Bronia across the long dormitory floor in the great war against Joseph's and Hela's fort. The fort was built of the new blocks and the ammunition consisted of blocks also and she had grown too hot and tired, so that game had been stopped as far as she was concerned. There was nothing for it but to find her elder sister and go into the garden. "Zosia! . . . Zosia!" she called through the house and the two went off hand in hand. Zosia was twelve and almost grown up in the eyes of the other four, who were Joseph, Hela, Bronia, aged eight, and Manya. Manya was four when she learned to read and five on the day we are talking about, which explains why she was not allowed to read. Monsieur and Madame Sklodovski did not want their clever little girl pressed. But it had not occurred to them to tell her the reason.

The garden was big, level and walled in, with a rather worn grass patch and lots of trees. In much of it they could play to their hearts' content, but they had to be careful what they did on their way out and in, because they had to pass the windows of an Ogre. The garden belonged to the boys' High School, and in the school both the Sklodovskis and the Ogre lived. Even Zosia

was nervous when she had to pass those windows and lowered her voice to a whisper, telling her little sister to be quite silent while they tip-toed past.

Although she was only five, Manya already knew quite a number of things. She knew that the Ogre was an ogre because he belonged to the people who had cut her own country into three parts and shared them out, like a giant dividing his spoil with two other giants. She was a Polish child and the ogre was the Russian Director of the school in which her father taught Mathematics and Physics. He was there to see that all the Polish men, women and children pretended properly to be Russian and Manya knew that with such people you had to be on your guard, careful and quiet so as not to be caught.

There was another thing that Manya knew very well: the country was a lovely place, though she lived in the town. In the country there were crowds and crowds of uncles and aunts and cousins; there was a stream to paddle in and mud to make mud pies and plenty of sun to cook the delectable cakes. There was the old lime tree that seven cousins sat in, eating gooseberries from cool cabbage leaves. When she appeared they would hoist her up to their crooked perch and make a collection for her from each of the seven cabbage leaves. In July, Manya was a wild little peasant.

Then there was her mother. Manya knew that she loved her more than anything else in the world. She was very beautiful, so it was not surprising that Manya thought so, or that she loved her beautiful singing. She loved, too, her mother's odd little way of stroking her hair and her forehead when she went to bed, instead

of kissing her and when, in the evening all the family knelt around the table and prayed "Pray God make our mother better," Manya never supposed it was because her mother was ill or that that had anything to do with not being kissed.

Manya had been born on November the 7th, 1867, and named Marya, but she was more often called Manya or Manyusia—or oftenest of all, a strange pet name, Anciupecio, for in Poland they love nicknames. Zosia had spent the time in the garden telling her a long story about Anciupecio, because Zosia told stories better than anybody else and often made up gay little plays which she acted for her brother and sisters, taking all the parts herself. So real were those plays that Manya used to laugh and shudder by turns and not be quite sure in which country she lived or who were the people next door or who the people in the story.

When they reached the house, they found that their father had just finished school and was sitting in his study, the largest, happiest room in the house. The two entered very quietly. There sat their mother making a pair of shoes for Manya. Creak, creak went the scissors, cutting through the hard leather. Snap, snap crackled the waxed thread as it tightened and grew taut between the layers, and clack, clack tapped the hammer on the nails. Madame Sklodovski's thin white hands were nimble and cunning even at such hard work as that—and they needed to be, because five children wear out a mighty deal of shoe leather in a year.

That evening their father was talking about the Ogre. He often talked about him. The Ogre meant

much to the family and was going to mean more. He had recently punished a Polish boy savagely for making a grammatical mistake in Russian, which is one of the hardest of foreign languages, and Monsieur Sklodovski had not been able to resist the temptation of saying: "But you too, sir, though you are a Russian by birth, sometimes make a grammatical mistake in that language." The Ogre did not at once retort. He glowered and scowled, but he saved up his revenge for another year.

Manya wandered round her father's room, straight little nose in the air, dreamily thinking her own thoughts, touching her pet ornaments, keeping carefully from disturbing her brother and sisters, who were doing their homework around their father's big, flat-topped desk. Manya was not at all interested in the splendid picture of a bishop which hung on the wall; it was said to be by a famous painter, but that was not the kind of thing she liked. She loved the clock on the desk and stayed a long time peering into its face and listening to its loud tick, tock. Then she ran her fingers daintily along the smooth marble top of the many-coloured Sicilian table; she liked that too, but not the whatnot with its blue Sèvres cup. She drew herself carefully away from that as the thing was breakable and something terrible might happen if she touched it. Not so the next treasures; they were more friendly and more mysterious with lovely, long, incomprehensible names—the barometer hanging on the wall which her father examined and tapped so seriously every day under the children's watchful eyes; the glass cupboard containing glass tubes and delicate

balances and minerals and a goldleaf electroscope. "What . . . ?" Manya began one day.

"What are those?" interrupted her father in a solemn, teasing voice, "Those are *physical apparatus*."

Little did he think . . . ! Little did Manya think what was going to happen to her and physical apparatus, but she liked the odd sounding words and ran off chanting:

Phýs-ĭ-căl áp-păr-á-tús.

Phýs-ĭ-căl áp-păr-á-tús.

CHAPTER II

MANYA LEARNING

Manya's school was an odd place and she learned odd things: how, for instance, to do what one is forbidden to do; how to hide one's disobedience quickly; how to seem to be doing what one isn't; how to diddle government inspectors; and because Manya was cleverer than most children, she was soon doing all these things better than the others. But the strangest thing of all in that school was that her form mistress and the headmistress found her a great help and not, as you might have thought, a great nuisance.

One day her class of twenty-five were having a delicious history lesson—a much more delicious history lesson than English children have ever had because it was a forbidden lesson. All the twenty-five and their mistress knew it was forbidden.

There they sat, the twelve year olds. Manya, aged only ten, was in the third row, near the high window looking out on to the snowy lawn. All the twenty-five were in navy blue with steel buttons and white collars, their hair tightly plaited and tied behind their ears with a neat tight bow. Their ears were all stretched, left

ear listening hard for every word of history, right ear quick to catch the first tinkle of a certain door bell—conspirators all! Mistress and pupils were waiting, working, waiting to be caught!

Manya was in the middle of answering a question. . . . Her mistress liked her to answer as she was always top in history, top too in arithmetic, literature, German and French. On this occasion she was telling what she had learned of the Polish king, Stanislas Auguste.

"He was elected King of Poland," said she, "in 1764. He was a clever, highly educated king, a friend of poets and artists. He understood the causes of Poland's weakness and tried to make her strong, but alas, he had no courage. . ." Even Manya knew that a king should have courage and her voice was full of fierce regret, the fierce regret of a ten year old, who understood quite a lot. Tańg—, tańg—, tińg, tińg. Everybody shivered once. Everybody moved quickly, absolutely silently. Tupcia, as they called their mistress, piled her Polish books, every child piled her exercise books and her Polish history. The five whose duty it was, gathered all the books into their aprons and carried them with all speed to the boarders' bedrooms. The rest got out their needlework and were making exquisite buttonholes in cotton squares as if they had never done anything else.

The Russian inspector came in, accompanied by the unhappy headmistress, who had not been able to prevent his walking fast, and was in a panic lest the warning bell, with its two long rings and two short, had not given the children time to hide their disobedience.

But there was no sign of anything but needlework, except that perhaps five little girls looked rather hot and breathless. But a man would not notice that.

Monsieur Hornberg, the inspector, sat down heavily. He was a fine looking man in spite of his fat and his shaved head. His uniform helped him with its yellow trousers and blue jacket fastened with well-polished silver buttons. In silence, he looked piercingly at the children through his gold-rimmed glasses and glanced swiftly at the book Tupcia had laid open on the desk with a bored air.

"You were reading aloud while they worked?" he questioned. "What is the book?"

"*Krylov's Fairy Tales.* We have just begun it to-day."

M. Hornberg knew that Russian book well and sincerely approved of it. He opened one of the desks and found it tidily empty. The button-holing had stopped and the children were politely waiting for his words of wisdom. It was not he who would have the eyes to see in their motionless faces the fear, the cleverness, the hatred that was there behind their solemn eyes.

"Mademoiselle, call up one of those young people, please."

Tupcia was relieved; she could choose one who would not make a hash of things. The one, however, was praying not to be called up. "Don't let it be me, God, *please* God. . . ." She did not hear God say: "Marya Sklodovska, the world is waiting for you to learn to do disagreeable things greatly." She did hear Tupcia call Marya Sklodovska!

She got up, turned hot, turned cold; shame clutched at her young throat.

"Say the Lord's Prayer," ordered Hornberg.

Manya obeyed, saying it in Russian as the foreign ruler bade, not in Latin, according to the custom of her own religion.

"Mention the Czars of Holy Russia since Catherine II."

"Catherine II, Paul I, Alexander I, Nicolas I, Alexander II," recited Manya in perfect Russian as if she had been born in St. Petersburg.

"And the names and titles of the Czar's family."

"Her Majesty, the Empress, His Imperial Highness, the Czarevitch Alexander, His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke . . . "

"Good! Who governs us?"

Manya hesitated.

"Who governs us?" repeated the inspector, irritated.

"His Majesty, Alexander II, Czar of all the Russias," stammered Manya, turning pale.

The inspection was over and the inspector gone, very well satisfied with what he had seen and heard and feeling that he was making a real success of his department. But Manya broke down and cried as if her heart would break.

At the end of school, outside in the street, the excited children had a tale to tell their aunts and mothers and nurses who had come to fetch them; but in whispers they told it, for they knew only too well

that any passer-by, any lounger, might be a spy, who would repeat to the government what even a child said.

Hela and Manya took their Aunt Lucia by each arm. "The inspector questioned Manya," whispered Hela. "She answered like a brick, but cried like a baby afterwards. Anyway, the inspector hadn't any fault to find with anybody."

Manya held her tongue. She hated it all—hated being afraid, hated being made to feel that she belonged to an enslaved nation, hated having to lie, to lie all the time. As she clung to her aunt's arm, she remembered all the things she hated: the Ogre who had managed to turn her father out of his professorship. That had made them so poor that they were obliged to have students lodging in their house, which was horrid and often made them uncomfortable and unhappy. But that unhappiness was as nothing in comparison with not having Zosia any more, Zosia to tell her tales, Zosia to listen to all she had to say. Zosia had caught typhus from one of the students and had gone away for ever.

Across the sunny, snowy park the three made their way to the old town of Warsaw with its narrow streets and high, sloping-roofed houses ringed with snow. From unexpected corners, odd little sculptures looked out, Virgins' faces or strange stone animals.

Suddenly, the old church bells clanged out above their heads, clear and noisy in the frosty air. There were quite a crowd of churches just there and Aunt Lucia drew the children in through the dark door of one where they used to go to mass years before. How

could Manya go in now, without Zosia? But she went in, because there was a colder fear than any other in her heart now and she wanted to persuade God to let her mother get better. "Let mother get better, she prayed. "Let me die instead of mother, *please,* God."

Out in the crisp winter air again Aunt Lucia had a treat to propose: they were to go down to the Vistula to buy the household apples from the market boats. Forgetting their sorrows, the children ran down the long steps that led to the river. The great Vistula rolled its yellowish, sombre vastness around low sandy islands, great empty barges slowly heaved against one another, sometimes thudding with a low sound into the floating baths and wash-houses at the bank. Only around the two long apple barges was there life in that winter season, for they had come from far up the river to bring red, rosy joy to children in Warsaw. The master, cosy in his sheepskin coat, swaying as he moved about the craft, lifted the straw here and there to show the purchasers how red and polished and free from frost his merchandise was in spite of its many days' journeying down the Vistula.

Hela first, then Manya threw down muff and satchel and began excitedly choosing their own apples, piling them in the great wicker basket that was to carry them home, throwing any bad ones they had the luck to find far far out into the river, seeing who could throw the furthest.

Then Aunt Lucia engaged a boy to carry home the basket and marched her charges off the boat, each munching the reddest of all the apples.

At home at five o'clock, there was a meal of something more substantial than apples and then homework round the big desk. Soon a loud murmur rose from those aggravating people who do lessons aloud, a trying custom in other lands besides Poland. Those children had to learn their lessons in Russian. Mathematics in Russian for Polish children were even harder than usual. French and German grammar was all in Russian and words they did not know had to be looked up in Russian dictionaries. They might, of course, explain their difficulties to themselves in Polish, but when the next morning came they had to say the lesson in Russian and to go through a geometrical problem in a foreign language. They had to write their essays in a tongue not their own and to read French directly into Russian. Learning was a hard matter.

But Manya was a witch. She knew things by magic without learning them; she had to read her Russian verses only twice to know them without a mistake, lucky scrap! But she was also a kind-hearted scrap, for when her homework was done under time, she would help other people through their maze of difficulty. Not always, though. If she got a chance, she would put a book between her elbows on the table, her hands over her ears to keep out Hela's recitation, and . . . read. When Manya read, there was no waking her from her absorption; she heard nothing. A whole household might plan to tease and make a noise like all the zoos let loose with tin cans to play with and yet Manya wouldn't hear till her book was done. That was concentration and it was a joyful gift to have seized from the lucky-bag of life.



Once the others built a scaffolding of chairs round her as she read, a chair on each side, a chair behind and on top, three more chairs and so on over her head. She didn't hear or see a shadow of a chair or builder. She didn't hear delighted whispering or stifled laughter. When she had finished, she raised her head and down came the whole edifice amid shouts of laughter from the others. That didn't please Manya. She rubbed a bruised shoulder and went into another room, flashing at her elders as she passed just: "That's silly!"

When bedtime came, the Sklodovski girls slept on skins in the dining-room because the bedrooms had to be given to the students who paid. In the night the skins used to slip off and leave them cold. In the morning they had to get up in the dark because the dining-room had to be ready for the students' breakfast.

But such things as that were of no importance to Manya. Her mother was growing more and more ill,

even she could see that. She prayed to God always, but He seemed not to listen to ten year old Manya. And in the spring, in May, before she was eleven, her mother slipped away, whispering to her little girl: "I love you."

Manya was learning very much; was learning that life asks for courage from nations and men and children, not only from kings. She had thoughts of her own about it all. It seemed to her unjust and cruel and not at all to be understood. She was headstrong and angry and not at all submissive.

CHAPTER III

REBELS

Manya at fourteen was not yet as pretty as her sisters. Bronia was quite grown up with long sweeping skirts and her golden hair done up into a bun at the back. She had taken her mother's place and looked after the housekeeping and the lodgers. Hela was sixteen and a beauty, fair and tall and graceful. Joseph was also fair and tall and handsome. He was at the university studying medicine.

The girls would have liked to think of themselves as going to the university also, but in Russian Poland no woman was allowed to go to any university. If they wanted to learn more than they learned at school, they had to get their learning from books for themselves or in another country.

For the moment, Manya was content for herself. She had gone on to the High School and was as happy as a squirrel with all the nuts it needed; but she was worried about Bronia. What would Bronia do without a university? Couldn't she, Manya, invent a scheme to get Bronia to some country where girls could learn what they wanted to know? She made up her mind to work and earn money to help her elder sister. Well,

the high road to earning was to get through school successfully! Manya, that particular morning, would be late for school unless she finished breakfast quickly, cut up the sandwiches for school lunch, saved, yes saved, the meat from Lancet who had interrupted her thoughts by a quick grab at the last of the mutton which was waiting to be cut up for those sandwiches. Lancet was the red setter, the adored of the household. He was very beautiful and did everything he shouldn't. He had golden feathers on ears and tail and feet and should have been a most obedient shooting dog, but he had had no education. Manya, her brother and sisters spoilt him all day, kissed him, even made a lap dog of him. He slept in the chairs, brushed vases down with his tail, ate other people's lunch, upset visitors with his uproarious welcome, took their hats and gloves for them with the politest air—gloves and hats that looked sadly the worse for wear when they were returned to their owners.

At last, lunch having been safely wrapped up, her satchel slung on her back and Lancet persuaded to stay at home, Manya ran off to school.

At the blue palace where Count Zamoyski lived, she stopped, hesitated before the great bronze lion guarding one of its old stone courtyards and put her hand on the heavy ring in its mouth to turn it over its nose.

"Don't run away, Manyusia," called a voice from a window; "Kazia'll be there in a minute." Manya always picked up Kazia, who was the daughter of the Count's librarian, on her way to school; but if her friend were late, she turned the bronze ring up and went on. Then Kazia could be in no doubt whether she had passed.

"Come to tea this afternoon," called Kazia's mother; "there'll be your favourite iced chocolate."

"Of course you're coming to tea," said Kazia. "Oh! Aren't we late? Come on!"

So the two hurried along the narrow street and through the park, neither of them conscious of the difference everyone else could see in them. Kazia was so well dressed, so obviously the petted daughter of two devoted parents, while Manya was a little left to herself, a little shabby.

It was a long way to school and they had plenty of time for chatter, time too to play certain games. In the wet weather they made a point of trailing their goloshes through the deepest parts of the puddles; in the dry, they played the "green" game.

"Do come to the shops and buy a new exercise book," said Manya. "I have seen some awfully jolly ones with green covers that will . . ."

But Kazia wasn't caught. At the word green and before Manya could finish her sentence she handed her a piece of green velvet she was keeping ready for the purpose in her pocket. She escaped a forfeit and for the moment nothing more followed. Manya seemed to have given up the game. She began talking about their last history lesson in which the professor had gone out of his way to tell them that Poland was a mere province of Russia and the Polish language a Patois.

"Still he seemed uncomfortable," she remarked. "Did you see that he dared not look at us and turned quite pale?"

"Yes!" said Kazia; "he was almost green." And immediately, she saw Manya twiddling a young green chestnut leaf under her nose.

"We've passed the monument!" a cry of horror from Manya. "Oh, well! We've got to go back"; and back they went right to Saxe Square where there was a lofty column supported by four lions. On it was written "To the Poles faithful to their Monarch." The Czars had erected the monument to those Poles who, traitors to their own country, had died fighting on the side of the oppressor. It had become the duty of all Poles who were faithful to Poland to spit at the monument every time they passed it and Manya and Kazia would not leave that duty undone even if it meant retracing their steps or being late for school.

"Are you coming to watch the dancing to-night?" asked Manya. Naturally Kazia was going. Every week a few families met to dance at the Sklodovskis; but only the girls who were "out" were allowed to dance. Kazia and Manya were obliged to sit still and watch. Nevertheless they were getting hints of how to do it, studying the steps, discussing the movements, learning the tunes; and when the grown-up dancing was over, they practised by themselves.

They were eagerly discussing the joys of *coming out* as they walked under the school archway into the courtyard. Girls from every direction were trooping into the great bare, three-storied building; there were laughter and chatter and gaiety and many greetings. But one girl was hurrying in alone as if she wished to escape notice. As the two caught her up, they saw that her eyes

were swollen and red and her clothes were untidy as if she had scrambled into them anyhow.

"What's the matter with Kunicka?" they asked one another and one of them slipped an arm round the girl.

"What's the matter, Kunicka?"

Kunicka could scarcely answer, her pale face was drawn with pain. "It's my brother," she stammered. "He's been caught in a plot . . . For three days we hadn't had any news of him. . . . They're . . . they're going to hang him at dawn to-morrow."

The words seemed to have no meaning. The two drew Kunicka out of the crowd; bending over her, they tried to understand, tried to comfort her. But there was no comfort for someone whose brother was going to be hanged to-morrow! Manya and Kazia knew the young, gay brother. He was their friend. He had done nothing wrong. How could he be going to die?

"Make haste, children! Enough talking!" It was the hated voice of the German superintendent, Miss Mayer, and the three were obliged to bury their grief and go into school.

It was no longer the private school to which Manya had gone as a little girl, but the government High School, run by the Russian government. In it, everything except the pupils was Russian. The Polish children were obliged to attend it, because only by so doing could they get a certificate of any sort which would enable them to get work. They attended, but they were rebels and freer to express their opinions than their elders. Manya and Kazia took delight in inventing witticisms against their

Russian professors, their German master and especially against Miss Mayer who detested Manya only a little less than Manya detested her.

Little and dark Miss Mayer used to go about in soft slippers not to be heard and the better to spy on the girls.

"It's no more use speaking to that Sklodovska girl," she said, "than throwing green peas at a wall!"

"Look at your ridiculous, frizzy, disorderly head, Marya Sklodovska! How often have you been told to confine your curls? Come here and let me brush them down and make you look like a decent school girl." "Like a German Gretchen!" thought Manya, but she said nothing. So with the brush that brushed everybody's hair, she set on Manya's head with good hard blows. But however hard she brushed, the curls were rebels still—those light, capricious, exquisite curls that framed Manya's round, rebellious face.

"I won't have you look at me like that!" Miss Mayer would shout. "You have no right to look down on me!"

"I can't help it," said Manya truthfully, for she was a head taller than Miss Mayer. No doubt she was glad that words sometimes have two meanings.

But the girls liked some of their teachers, for some were Polish. In some of the Russians also, to their dumb surprise, they found Polish sympathies. They began to understand that even in Russia there were rebels. One Russian master had gone so far as to give as a prize a book of revolutionary poems. That silent act became the talk of the school and the pupils watched him with wondering, admiring eyes. Poles could live

with Russians. Oh, yes! Were not the pupils in that city school Russians, Poles, Germans, Jews? And were they not all happy together? In school they found no difference in the races. Outside school each nation kept apart, for all feared spies.

In spite of everything Manya loved her school; a little shamefacedly she confessed it. "Do you know, Kazia," she wrote one holiday, "I like the school. Are you going to laugh at me? I like it. I even like it very much. I am not longing for it. No! But I am not sad at the thought of term and two years more of it is no horrible thought."

But on that particular day, when Miss Mayer called the girls in from the courtyard, Manya had no thought for school. In the sunny morning, she had been dreaming of music and dance and jesting. Suddenly the world had changed. While the dim words of unheard lessons floated around her ears, she could see nothing but the young eager boy whom she knew . . . and a cold, pictured dawn with a gallows.

There was no thought of dancing at the Sklodovskis that night. Manya, Bronia and Hela, Kazia and Ula, her sister, all went to sit up the night through with Kunicka, keeping watch in the long night, thinking of the boy who had to die. That keeping watch is a Catholic custom, it is just staying awake to think. The six children sat with Kunicka. We who are happier cannot imagine what they thought or felt. It is so different when someone we love dies naturally, even children understand that; but this other—to sit and wait while the minutes pass and the hour of man's exceeding cruelty comes nearer to stain

the dawn with wrong—that was horror indeed. They must have watched in silence, for there was nothing to say, nothing to do, only plenty to think, rebel thoughts for the hearts of six young rebels. From time to time, they did what they could for Kunicka, their own hearts breaking with sympathy. They tried to get her to drink something warm; gently they put their arms around her or tried to dry her tears. Then suddenly they realised that the new light was no longer candlelight. There was a red line in the sky. The red dawn had come. The six buried their terrified faces in their hands and threw themselves on their knees to pray for the young rebel who was dead.