

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΕΗ

MANNA

At four o'clock there is hardly anybody in
Rumpelmayer's.

I have my choice of place and service ; the
babble of the apes will begin soon enough.

“ Pioneers, O Pioneers !”

Sat not Elijah under the Juniper-tree, and
wept?

Was not Mohammed forsaken in Mecca, and
Jesus in Gethsemane?

These prophets were sad at heart ; but the
chocolate at Rumpelmayer's is great, and the
Mousse Noix is like Nephtys for per-fection.

Also there are little meringues with cream and
chestnut-pulp, very velvety seductions.

Sail I not toward LAYLAH within seven days?

Be not sad at heart, O prophet ; the babble of
the apes will presently begin.

Nay, rejoice exceedingly ; for after all the
babble of the apes the Silence of the Night.