

boy — there's something — there might be something behind that face of yours. It might come out, you know, *it might come out!*"

Kenton drawled the last words out slowly in a deeply speculative tone, and then asked abruptly: "How old are you?"

"Twenty-four," admitted John, feeling suddenly as if he confessed the years of Methuselah.

But the dark eyes of the old actor sparkled, and his long, mobile lips parted in the ghost of a sigh which crept out through teeth stained yellow by years and tobacco, after which he ejaculated admiringly: "My God, but you are young!"

This came as an inspiring thought to John. He did feel young, all but his eyes. What was the matter with them that the lids were so wooden of late? Yes; he was young, despite seven submerged years, and the wings of his soul were preening.

Back in the General Freight Office, John fell upon his work with happy vigor. Spat, spat, spat, and a letter was on its way from Dear Sir to Yours truly. But in the midst of these spatting, he paused to muse.

"Kenton said he could make me graceful," the big fellow was communing over his typewriter, when abruptly the outer door opened and, after a single glance, John appeared to forget both his communings and his work. Swinging about, he sat transfixed, his odd features turned eccentrically handsome by a light of adoration which began to glow upon them, as if an astral presence had entered.

Yet to the unprejudiced observer the newcomer was no heavenly being, but a mere schoolgirl, whose dress had not been long at the shoe-top stage. With a swish of skirts and an excited ripple of laughter, she had burst in like a breeze of youth itself. But to this breeziness of