

ets on Diana's dresser. We'll be along pretty soon."

"What did you mean, Jim?" she asked, struggling with her veil.

"It's so late," he said, "that you'd better wait for me to get into my jeans, and then I'll take you over and you can get into yours, and then we'll dine together, and go in for the last act if we have time."

"I've spoiled your evening," she said.

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, I know it. *Did* Mr. Rivett think me an utter lunatic?"

"He didn't say so over the wire."

"What *did* he say, Jim?"

"Nothing that meant anything."

"Tell me!"

"All he said was for me to take care of you.

. . . You perceive the irony, don't you?"

"Irony?" she repeated, looking at him.

"Why? Aren't you capable of doing it?"

"Do you need anybody to look after you?" he asked, smiling.

Slowly she lifted her eyes to his; his smile died out. Never had he looked into such a desolate face.

"What is it?" he said, astonished; "what