

STUDIO TALK

on his nerves. He was hardly used last year, you know," Garvie hazarded.

Frye shook his head. "It's more than that. He must have managed to get into some real scrape to be so altered," he said.

"What do you think it is?"

"The old disturbing force—women. Perhaps some model has got hold of him."

Garvie laughed shortly. "Those eternal bugaboos of yours, you old woman hater. But I fancy he is under the rule of Miss Dorr—that dainty little Boston girl who designs fine clothes for Vanity Fair. You know her?"

"I've met her sometimes. She works hard, doesn't she?"

"Yes, and I remember in my Harvard days going to a dance at her home, when she was like a little queen to me. I got her to design my Theodora dress, but she is proud, and on the alert not to be helped."

"And Thorpe is a friend of hers?"

"He was, though his gloom may mean some break between them. Anyway, I shall keep a lookout for a chance to help him. He's got too good stuff in him to be let go under, as you and I have seen so many do since we've been here in the Quarter."

"It's Kismet, I suppose," Frye said, rising.

"Well, I must be off."

Opening the door, he revealed a girl standing outside as though about to knock.

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