

IN ROOF

terested!"
opped into French
talks French like a

er belonged to the
married a French-
c, you see. Died
Island—after losing
His wife, never too
s a splendid woman
ated her daughters
y were beginning to

oung man, speak'g
who would help them
—"

Dick together. The
ir easels in C——'s
musical bonds; they
club; into the same
oney to burn, Jack
Murray-Hill palace,
; and Jack, a South-
est strain, became it
ting; but he preferred
palace and drawing-
overfond of Jack, and

AND A FIRE-ESCAPE

Jack wouldn't come to Dick, Dick went to Jack,
and presently became a great frequenter of the roof.

His smart friends began to wonder what had
become of him, and were scandalized to discover
that he had taken up with typewriter girls—styl-
ish, pretty-looking girls, but typewriter girls, for
all that, and girls who rode wheels on Sunday.

By this time Dick was so deliriously in love
that he did not care what became of him. Ah!
those long, beautiful rides under soft summer
moons, up Riverside drive, to Yonkers, to Fort
Lee, over the bridge to Brooklyn, and along the
cycle-path to Coney—delightful, disreputable
Coney, where they checked the wheels, and strolled
out on the beach, and stretched themselves full
length on the sands, and looked up at the stars or
out on the ocean to the lights of passing ships; and
sang snatches of songs, and jabbered nonsense;
and ate sandwiches and hot tamales, and drank
sarsaparilla, root-beer, and other abominations.
"Sometimes," as Dorothy described these times
years after in her Murray Hill home, "we fell so
low that we actually drank clam-chowder!"

The four went bathing Saturday afternoons at
Coney—than which nothing could be more per-
fectly dreadful, for everybody that's nobody
washes himself at Coney Saturday afternoons, and
nobody that's anybody ever goes there at all.

Dick proposed Manhattan Beach.