

Mr. Burton, Senior, answered by wire.

"Congratulations. Will be there. Job waiting for you."

Not effusive but satisfactory, Teddy told himself. His father was coming, would meet Jean. The rest was sure to be clear sailing.

Jean, too, had written a letter—a letter that was a feminized version of Teddy's. She, too, stated the facts but she did not leave them bald. She adorned them with luxuriant tresses and marcelled the tresses.

How could a girl write bald facts about the only man in the world to her dearest friend, particularly when the dearest friend would be sure to think some of the facts damning to the man?

Of course Teddy *was* the only man in the world, whatever friends might think or say; but it would be a great comfort to have Barbara Herrick thoroughly understand his superlative excellence, so she tried to give her some slight idea of it and, at the bottom of the twentieth page, abandoned the undertaking.

"There's no use writing, Babs," she admitted. "You'll have to know him to understand. Maybe you won't understand even then. I don't. I wouldn't have believed I could give up all the 'half gods.' They seemed so terribly important when I was putting flowers on their altars; but now—well,