

conscience-stricken. I'd been sticking up for him, saying how he'd altered. Does anybody ever alter? . . .

It was halfway through the luggage-hall that I caught up with the others. My precious Penitent was making all the running. During the short passage from the barrier to the luggage hall he'd managed to get the girls one on each arm and to be yapping to both of them at once. I came up in time to see them both lean forward across him at the same moment and to hear them both gasp out together, "Then it was *You?* "

"*You* were the girl who came in to Cromwell Road that night," cried Phyllis.

And my sweetheart, "*You* were the girl sitting on the piano! Why, I knew the snapshot——"

That's what I heard them say just before young Slim took boisterous command of the whole conversation again.

"Train's half an hour late again—what a line! *Jamais esprit*—never mind. I booked a table at the Croesus. New grill-room; table for four. Don't interrupt, you Jack. This is my birthday. I'm two. What d'you like to eat, Julia? Course your Grannie thinks you've been with me all day; naughty, naughty girl. What'll we eat? Dashed if I care what I eat tonight. I just told old Sapristi, the head-waiter, to feed us all he'd got and to keep some more by ready. Here you are, you kids!" He spun out a handful of silver to the boys who'd mounted guard over the taxi. "Tell him the Croesus as quick as the engine'll run."