

ENOCK CRANE

yers, those women. Don't worry about threats, Jack. The more a woman threatens, the less she does. Nothing has happened yet, has there?"

He shook his head. "You don't know her, Rose; she's a devil incarnate. Sometimes I think she's really insane."

"She's a good actress, Jack; most women are who get control of a man's nerves. Suppose she does bring suit—you won't be here."

"I don't see how I can very well get away," he declared with a shrug.

"A question of money?"

"I'm afraid so, Rose."

"Jack, you've been gambling."

"A little."

"You never gamble for a little. Why *will* you gamble?"

"Why does any one gamble—or drink—or do anything in life?"

She did not reply.

Finally she said, after a pause:

"Don't worry about the money. I've got plenty of money."

"Rose!"

"I don't see why you should worry," she smiled, "as long as I've got it."

He started to speak, but she sealed his lips again, this time with the tips of her fingers. "What I'd like to know is, how you like Gladys Rice?"

"Who—little Mrs. Rice?"