

along—kind of a trailer. Staying there, duty to guest and all that. Now this other girl and me—well it's important. You'll know what I mean when I tell you it's Mary Fox I'm taking. Now this other girl——"

"Nothing doing! Besides, the last time you spoke of Mary Fox you said you and she were definitely off."

"Yes, I know. So we were. But Mary didn't really mean it. Any way she said she would go to the show to-night if she could bring along this little friend. The friend's a peach, really. She's a kind of remarkable girl. Just the kind you like."

"Ever met her?"

"No—o. But she's the kind you don't have to meet in order to appreciate."

"Thanks. That is the kind I like. I'll do my appreciating at a distance. What I want to get next to is my breakfast. Vanish! And go canny on the stairs. You'll make a scandal in this house, yet."

"No, but Greig—I say, David—you'll see a fellow through, won't you? You see I was so sure you would I just invited 'em. Don't you really want to meet a perfectly nice girl?"

Denial trembled on David's eyes and lips, but—after all he had earned a holiday. "What colour hair has she?" he asked thoughtfully.

"What kind do you like?"

"Red," said David, caught by the quickness of Billy's strategy.

"Well, that's what her's is. Red, brick-red! The reddest hair I ever saw—you have to wear green glasses as a protee——"

A well-aimed pillow smashed harmlessly against the door of his retreat but a suppressed "Och"! from outside showed that the insulter had not escaped quite unscathed. Some one, with boots, had trodden upon his Cinderella toes.

Then the door, jammed by the fallen pillow, was pushed slowly open and the person with boots squeezed through. He proved to be a young man in a gray tweed suit. A very spick and span young man and so

slender that he squeezed through easily.

"Come right in," said David, "don't mind me. I'm not up yet but the Kings of France always received in pajamas. Did you come in with the milk? What's the row?"

"Person in a green dressing-gown got it's foot stepped on. As for the milk, if it has as hard a time getting in as I had, no wonder it turns sour. Truth is I didn't intend to be here for an hour yet. Beastly trick of that gay lad Matheson! Got hold of my watch last night and saved some daylight on it. I *thought* there was something wrong with the sun, but then, suns are so erratic. I say, that landlady of yours is the coldest thing since last Christmas. I gather she doesn't approve of saving daylight?"

David groaned. "Between you and Silly Billy I'll be turned out of this house. And it's the only decent place I've struck in years. You're not a bit welcome."

"Oh, I don't mind that," cheerfully, "what I really want are your notes on the yesterday lecture of old Moses. I was, ahem, unfortunately among those unable to be present."

David sat up, "I, also, was unavoidably absent," he said gravely.

"You? no—really? Then I'm done! But you, of all people! Who was she?"

"She—wasn't."

"No? Oh well, I'm not curious."

"It wasn't a girl, stupid. I was working."

"Oh yes, I forgot, you do work occasionally. Queer idea! What do you work at anyway? Is it over there on that table?"

David was out of bed in an instant.

"Hands off!" He shouted and so urgent was the note of warning in his voice that the hands of the other halted in surprise above the queer-looking jumble on the work-table.

"Why so hasty, brother?" he chided. "Does it explode if it's touched?"

"No, but I do," grinned David. "Just you leave it alone like a good fellow. Take a cigarette, take a lot, take two."