

CHAPTER III

SOME letters in Dale's round handwriting lay on the library table awaiting my signature. Dale himself had gone. A lady had called for him, said Rogers, in an electric brougham. As my chambers are on the second floor and the staircase half-way down the arcade, Rogers's detailed information surprised me. I asked him how he knew.

"A chauffeur in livery, sir, came to the door and said that the brougham was waiting for Mr. Kynnersley."

"I don't see how the lady came in," I remarked.

"She didn't, sir. She remained in the brougham," said Rogers.

So Lola Brandt keeps an electric brougham.

I lunched at the club, and turned up the article "Lola Brandt" in the living encyclopædia—that was my friend Renniker. The wonderful man gave me her history from the cradle to Cadogan Gardens, where she now resides. I must say that his details were rather vague. She rode in a circus or had a talking horse—he was not quite sure; and concerning her conjugal or extra-conjugal heart affairs he admitted that his information was either unauthenticated or conjectural. At any rate, she had not a shred of reputation. And she didn't want it, said Renniker; it would be as much use to her as a diving suit.

"She has young Dale Kynnersley in tow," he remarked.

"So I gather," said I. "And now can you tell me something else? What is the present state of political parties in Guatemala?"

I was not in the least interested in Guatemala; but I