

he was growing to be sceptical over that; Sir Aylmer was not the first millionaire in history, but of all their number Cecil Rhodes alone had departed from the facile practice of giving doles to libraries and hospitals. It was not so easy, after all, whatever Raymond Stornaway might think—as he would find if any unexpected accident within the next few weeks put him in possession of the estate to which he was already heir. . .

Deryk abruptly let fall his cigarette. He had just remembered that Raymond had set out for Vienna some weeks before and was probably still out there. And, if he did not get away very speedily, he would find himself shut up in a fortress, or whatever you did with foreigners who happened to be in your country when war broke out. Poor fat Raymond! How he would hate it! He must find out from Yolande whether any news had been received, whether he had actually got back (it was hard to keep count of time when you were busy on things, as he had been on the house, for weeks on end). And, by the same token, they must be waiting for him at his rooms!

To his dismay he found that it was past six o'clock, but he could still hardly bear to go back to them. The fact of the matter was that they got on his nerves and that he preferred his own company; this was really the most exquisite moment of the afternoon, when he had got rid of them all; a man must be very much in love to prefer any woman's society to his own. Of course, there were moments when you yearned to be with a woman, as he had yearned when he tramped the streets, with restless, hot eyes, yearning to hear Idina's voice rather timidly saying "Good-night" to him over the telephone. She had a very sweet voice and beautiful eyes and an extraordinarily slender softness and warmth; one arm would go all the way round her shoulders without unduly crushing her—as he knew; at such moments, seen from such angles, she was irresistible; but the fascination was momentary, and he was trying to decide whether he would sooner forego moments of