



The Husbands of Edith

"It may throw some light on the matter if I announce that the gentleman in question is *my* affianced husband." It was Miss Fowler who spoke. Every one stared at her as she moved over to Brock's side.

"If you will look in the office, you will find a telegram there for me," went on Mrs. Medcroft, pale but absolutely confident. The manager called out through the door. Absolute silence reigned while the reply was awaited.

"No telegram for Mrs. Medcroft last night or to-day," announced the manager sternly, as he glanced through the slim bunch of blue envelopes. "There are four here for a Mr. Brock, who has not yet arrived in —"

"Brock!" shouted three voices in one.

A tall man, forgetting his English and his eyeglass, sprang forward and grabbed the telegrams from the manager's hand. "Holy mackerel! Give 'em here!" he shouted. Two eager, beautiful young women were hanging to his elbows as he ruthlessly broke one of the seals. "The chump! It's from Rox! They're all from Rox — and they are two or three days old!"

Just then the unexpected happened.

The office door opened with a bang, and the real Roxbury Medcroft stepped into the room. He halted just inside the door and looked about in momentary bewilderment.

"This is a private —" began the manager, stepping forward. A flying figure sped past him; a delighted little shriek rang in his ears. He saw Edith Medcroft hurl herself into the arms of her own husband. At the same moment Brock bounded across the room and pounced eagerly upon the welcome intruder.

"Good Gawd!" gasped Odell-Carney. "Wot's all