

sides,— but a regular fellow, as they say over here.”

The Marchioness: “Where did you say he is stopping?”

Mr. Trotter: “Can’t for the life of me remember whether it’s the ‘Sailors’ Loft’ or the ‘Sailors’ Bunk.’ He told me too. On the water-front somewhere. I knew him in Hong Kong. He says he has cut it all out, however.”

The Marchioness: “Cut it all out, Mr. Trotter?”

Mr. Trotter, laughing: “Drink, and all that sort of thing, you know. Jolly good thing too. I give you my personal guarantee that he —”

The Marchioness: “Say no more about it, Mr. Trotter. I am sure we shall all be happy to receive any friend of yours. By the way, where are you now — where are you telephoning from?”

Mr. Trotter: “Drug store just around the corner.”

The Marchioness: “A booth, I suppose?”

Mr. Trotter: “Oh, yes. Tight as a sardine box.”

The Marchioness: “Good-bye.”

Mr. Trotter: “Oh — hello? I beg your pardon — are you there? Ah, I — er — neglected to mention that the baron may not appear at his best tonight. You see, the poor chap is a shade large for my clothes. Naturally, being a sailor-man, he hasn’t — er — a very extensive wardrobe. I am fixing him out in a — er — rather abandoned evening suit of my own. That is to say, I abandoned it a couple of seasons ago. Rather nobby thing for a waiter, but not — er — what you might call —”

The Marchioness, chuckling: “Quite good enough