

"That sounds all right. I was afraid you were going to take me to hear Wagner, or something very classical and tedious."

"No, the Wagner concert was last night. Let's sit here. It all happened at the Wagner concert."

"All what?"

"All my little transformation" said Percy. "A match, please. Thanks. It is a very short story. I went into my place like a crab, all sideways, as one does when one is late, past an interminable row of indignant and apparently huge people, and found myself in a stall next Sybil."

"That is good," said Ernest; "the British public appreciates that sort of thing. Well?"

"Yes, it would make quite a good scene in one of your rotten little stories, if you had any sense of style. It is odd to me, considering how much you write, how badly you do it. On the other side of Sybil was Carnegie, looking very cool and gentlemanly. For a moment I thought of bolting; but I stopped, because I was so frightfully interested to know what she and I would do. At the moment I could not guess. And then I made the grand discovery."

"What was that?"

"That she was more beautiful than the morning, and that I did not love her. Then came in the second factor at which you made such an ingenious and correct guess. What an exquisite pleasure each of these discoveries was! In the interval Car-