

had worn, and he saw other round and attractive resemblances in the same look.

It couldn't fail. The girls were as alike as two coffee cups.

Her moist blue eyes turned toward him and his back stiffened. She put her lily hand over her mouth and ha-haed into it. His back limped. He passed her with his head high in air. As he swung open the door he made a bow to it and salaamed, and she laughed aloud. See? It was working.

The next time he passed he had four glasses of water and as many knives, forks, and butters and a bottle of ketchup. He held all the rest in his left hand, balanced nicely and whirled the bottle like an Indian club. The top wasn't screwed on securely and slipped off while he had it on its head, and he spilled a flood of crimson down his funny coat.

Evelyn almost fell from her chair laughing.

He put the things down and scraped off the ketchup, then washed it with a wet napkin and swabbed it with a dry one. Her laughter was uncontrollable.

Great! He had found her weak department.

During the dinner he kept the exquisite checker throbbing and moaning with laughing. He juggled