

plained one, from the door. "My wife sits up when I'm out after midnight. Meet me here for breakfast some bank-holiday, and we'll give the day to it."

Maginnis, who never got over feeling disappointed when he saw his audience slipping away from him, sighed, searched through his frowzy pockets for a match, lit his pipe, and fell upon a lounge near to all the society that was left him.

"Why were n't you up?" said this society presently.

"The idea of dinner was repellent to me."

"To you, Peter — the famous trencherman of song and story? Why this unwonted daintiness?"

"Lassitude. Too weary to climb the stairs. Besides, I was n't hungry."

"Ah," said Reggie Townes, "you have the cave-man's idea of dinner, I see. It strikes you as purely an occasion for purveying provender to man's interior. The social feature eludes you. You know what I think, Peter? You ought to go to work."

"*Work!*"

"That's the word. What of it?"

"Not a thing. The idea was new to me; that's all."

"Persiflage and all that aside, why don't you take a stab at politics?"

"Politics! Here in New York! I'd sooner go into Avernus of the easy descent. If you had a town to run all by yourself now, there might be something in it. That idea of yours as to going to work, while unquestionably novel, strikes me as rather clever."

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