

mosquito netting and holding me up for a taxi twice . . . And she chattered when I wanted to enjoy the picture. My little adventure today in the world of true romance cost me forty per cent. of my week's salary, and I had other plans for that eight dollars. I wanted socks and a new hat. This one has a shade of green, which does not betoken youth. And all I have for my eight dollars is the memory of deep brown pansy eyes and dancing dimples, and the taxi-driver's prolonged wink when I got stung the second time. I am not one of the best men, if your classification is right, for I do not want a leaner. I am not a hero. . . . I don't want to be a sacrifice! I want a fair break. That's not the way a gentleman of the old school would feel, so you see I am lacking in the manly virtues. . . ."

"I am not much of a lady, either," said Sally, "for this afternoon, when you didn't come, I concluded something else had come your way. So I went myself—alone, mind you, and unprotected—and enjoyed every minute of the play; and even when Tommy, my young brother, told me he saw you going in with a very pretty girl I did not grow pale, or tremble, or feel my heart stop beating, or call down curses on her head . . . I decided to make myself a dress . . . which brings up to the present . . . But, Jerry, this episode of the little girl in pale green has brought one truth home to me. I will have to watch you more carefully. You are far too good-looking to be left running around. Someone will nab you . . . and then I will feel mean. Your manager is right about the protective instinct, but it is women who have it . . . I want to see you marry some girl who will give you that fair break you spoke of, and just to be sure there is no mistake . . ."