

wrapped in a telephone, holdin' the Cabinet to ransom. Nap's a Hun for thoroughness and ingenuity. Meantime the poor Kitten . . ."

He paused as the door opened and slammed. With grimy shirt and collar, unpolished boots, and disordered hair, the Kitten was standing behind his chair, caressing an extra half-day's growth on his chin.

"You unmitigated swine!" he exclaimed, with feeling.

"Cold feet again, Kitten?" asked Armitage. "Have a drink."

"No time," answered the Kitten, reaching for the decanter. "This leave is too much for my nerves; I want to get back to the peace and quiet of a trench. Why didn't you beer-swilling Bosches come and bail me out? If my uncle George knew I'd spent a night in the cells, he'd cut me out of his will."

"We were engaged with one Henley," said Armitage, deliberately dispassionate; then he yawned and thereupon wove into a piece the scattered strands of their exploits overnight. Nap Fenwick came in before the recital was done and added a chapter here and there, taking credit to himself for all things from the original masquerade to the Kitten's ultimate release.

"We saw you bein' run in all right," interposed Osborne, "but Nap's such a man for legality that we didn't dare risk a rescue."