

attended to the scenic side of the great theatre and was a famous "producer."

A very thin young Jew hurried in, looking feverishly alive.

"Mr. Grant?"

"Bring three whiskies and sodas, will you, Meyer?"

"Certainly, Mr. Grant."

The young Jew flew out on surely winged feet that seemed shod with silence.

"I can't agree with you, Mr. Champion," said Dale, directly he was gone, with a sort of embittered determination.

"Agree with me? What about?"

"That there are a dozen actresses in London who could play the part of Magdalen Smith on their——"

"By the way," interrupted Grant. "We must change the name. Smith's too common. They're thousands of Smiths. What shall we call her?"

"I can't have the name altered. I wish it to be common."

"Why?" said Champion. "What's the object of that?"

"Because I intend her to be a star in a dust heap."

"Star in a—I say, that's a bit far fetched! What do you say, Lez? Think they'll get that?"

But at this juncture Meyer slipped in with the drinks, and the joint managers of the Great Central Theatre became really interested in what they were doing for a moment.

"Not too much soda, Meyer!"

"No, Mr. Champion."

"Drink up, Mr. Dale."

"Thanks very much, but I'm not——"

"Here's luck!"

"Oh, well! The same to you!"

"Of course Valmont's never done anything really big, Jack. But she'd look it all right. And she gets sex over."

"What about Averil Mulholland?" said Champion.

"She's a splendid actress!" broke in Dale, who hadn't been addressed. "She's got intellect, and——"

"Oh—intellect!" said Grant, lighting a cigarette. "Much the British Public cares about that! Mulholland's got no more sexual appeal than that chair."

"I'm sick of sexuality."

"That's all right, my boy. But your play won't run a week unless we get plenty of it over. The women want it. And it's the women who matter to us."

"Miss Mulholland's the most accomplished actress we——"