

"Asleep," Joan answered. "She has n't made a bit of trouble since the doctor gave her that dope — whatever it was."

"Good. He'll be along presently with a nurse he can trust. And by that time I'll have you out of the way. I know just the place for you, a little flat uptown, on Fifty-ninth Street, overlooking the Park. You'll be very quiet and comfortable there, and near the theatre besides."

"I'm glad of that. I was thinking, of course, I'd have to go to some hotel . . . and I did n't want to."

"And quite natural. You want to be alone until you feel yourself again. . . . I'll find you a good maid, and make everything smooth for you. You're not to fret about anything, and if you're troubled you must come right to me."

"You're awf'ly kind."

"Don't look at it that way, please."

"How can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, we'll talk that over some other time." Arlington removed his hand from her shoulder and went back to the table, upon which he had deposited a bundle of newspapers. "There's no doubt of your success," he pursued soothingly. "Your notices are the finest I've seen in years. I brought you the lot of them in case you care —"

Joan uncovered her face and looked up quickly. "Oh, do let me see them!"

Arlington placed the papers in her eager hands.

"They're all folded with your reviews uppermost."

"Oh, thank you ever so much!"

But in the act of opening the bundle, Joan hesitated and let it fall into her lap.

"There's nothing about — ?" she questioned fearfully.

"No, and won't be," he promised. "Besides, these were already on the presses by the time it happened. . . . You need n't worry," he resumed, moving to a window and looking abstractedly out, hands clasped behind him; "the affair will be kept perfectly quiet. Everybody's