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No wonder that Mr. Johnson, who was, it must be confessed, exceedingly shabby, took his pipe from his mouth and stared at his quondam friend in amazement.

"Hullo, Burton, you back again?" he exclaimed weakly.

"I am back again just to settle up here," Mr. Burton explained, with a wave of the hand. "Just run down in the car to take the missis out a little way."

Mr. Johnson held on to the railing tightly.

"Your car?"

"My car," Mr. Burton admitted, modestly. "Take you for a ride some day, if you like. How's the wife?"

"First-class, thanks," Mr. Johnson replied. "First-class, thank you, Mr. Burton."

Burton protested mildly.

"No need to 'Mr. Burton' me, Johnson, old fellow! It shall never be said of me that a great and wonderful rise in the world altered my feelings towards those with whom I was once on terms of intimacy. I shall always be glad to know you, Johnson. Thursday evening, isn't it? What are you and the wife doing?"

"I don't know," Johnson confessed, "that we are doing anything particular. We shall turn up at the band, I suppose."