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They were both using a tone intended to indicate that they were enemies from everlasting to everlasting, and that mere words could not express the intensity of their mutual hatred and scorn. The casual distant observer might have conceived the encounter to be a love idyll.

There was a short silence.

"I broke off my engagement last night," Andrew Dean muttered, ferociously.

"Really!" Helen commented.

"You don't seem to care."

"I don't see what it has to do with me. But if you talked to Lilian Swetnam in the same nice agreeable manner that you talk to me, I can't say I'm surprised to hear that she broke with you."

"Who told you *she* broke?" Andrew demanded.

"I guessed," said Helen. "You'd never have had the courage to break it off yourself."

Andrew made a vicious movement.

"If you mean to serve me as you served Emanuel," she remarked, with bitter calm, "please do it as gently as you can. And don't throw me far. I can only swim a little."

Andrew walked away.

"Good-night," she called.

"Look here!" he snarled, coming back to her.