

"You don't need to lose a man!" announced Jimmy exultantly, taking the head of the table and resting his knuckles upon it, in the argumentative oratorical fashion of a statesman who is sure of his ground. "Dymp Haplee is calling up the nobles as fast as he can get the numbers, and warning them to get some bricks and mortar themselves up in the northeast corner of the cellar. They're so scared by this time that none of them has called you up yet. They'll begin inside of half an hour, and by that time you can tell them exactly what to say."

A plump lady in a lavender kimono, but wearing a green sash which betokened extreme agitation in one so particular about colors, bustled into the room, and blinked. Old Amyah, who had so far stood his ground and endured his humiliation, shriveled, and broke for cover at last.

"Didn't my telephone bell ring?" asked Aunt Gee-gee. "I thought maybe it did, and waited for it to repeat, and then I heard the voices, and came where I saw the light. What on earth is the matter?"

"Wahanita's tower has been blown up by five or ten thousand people, maybe more," announced Bezanna, to whom all other news was as nothing.

"Over ten thousand—maybe fifteen!" gasped Aunt Gee-gee, and dropped speechless into a chair to puff.