

beginning, when you try to be cross you are even more delectable than when you—"

"Go on with your story."

He began. "My father, recently married, had started out for himself as an architect. Being young and unknown, clients were scarce. He had one draughtsman, but not enough work to keep him busy. So he dismissed the draughtsman. This condition lasted about a year, until he and Mumsey moved to a cheaper boarding house."

"Oh, your poor mother! What a come down!"

"Yes. It was certainly a change from Drumworth Castle. I knew Mumsey came from England, but she never talked about it. And the questions I asked when a little boy were answered in such a way that I knew there was a secret she wished to keep to herself. But as nothing she could do or had done could lessen my respect and affection, I never bothered her about it.

Well, to continue. My father had about decided to take in his sign and look for a position as draughtsman when Fortune one morning walked right into his office without knocking. She was disguised as a real estate man, short and stout. She wore a diamond ring and a chin beard and was smoking a strong cigar, which she kept in her mouth as she talked. This man was "booming" a new town in Colorado and wanted designs for a wooden hotel, and a wooden opera house. Father made the drawings. And when the work was