

STUDIO TALK

selles that legacy of black hair and grey eyes. Her death made him restless, and, giving up his job as foreman, he went off to British Columbia where he got interested in mines. Everything prospered with him, but it is only within the last few years that he has blossomed into a millionaire. Now he has left his sons in charge and come abroad to see the world. The father is as simple socially as I suppose he is shrewd financially."

"Not an uncommon combination," put in Frye.

"And he seems to feel that for the sake of 'old man Garvie' as he calls him, we're bound to be friends. It's rather a nuisance, though I like the old fellow, too."

"And the daughter?"

"Well, she is a bit crude and emphatic, something like her costumes. And yet there is an appealing touch about her, an occasional wistful way, as though she understood they weren't quite up to the social mark, and were feeling astray."

"A dangerous pose," Frye commented.

"You old cynic! I've half a mind to introduce you to her. But, seriously, I feel bound to keep a friendly eye on them. There's a Mrs. Mallock who has fastened on to them whom I don't much fancy. I've heard of her before as exploiting newcomers."

"A picker up of crumbs from rich men's tables?" Frye asked. "Well, I suppose Cræsus can spare the crumbs."

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