

girl. She had resented his liberties in the first reel, but he kept right on laughing and putting on his antics—so funny it'd kill you—and gradually she melted until, at the finish, when he boldly pinched her firm cheek, she showed all her white teeth and the picture faded out with his short-sleeved arms around her delicious neck.

To Gus it was both a "hunch" and a prophecy. The women liked that "cave-guy stuff." He had read about it in a German book. But, to make assurance doubly a cinch, attack the woman also in her other weak spot—her sense of humour. The funny fellows always seemed to get there first with the women. He had seen the table comedians and roast-beef "kidders" split the ladies' sides and get all the attention, while the handsome dinner leading man sucked his steak morosely and in silent neglect.

He had hung up his own coat and donned the livery of labour—the dickey, the looking-glass collar, and the monkey jacket.

When he turned toward the outer restaurant Evelyn was just climbing her high stool. He saw a flash of white hose—just what the girl in the picture