

TIN ROOF

magazines. Incident-
ally, and his friends
were taken—in ham-
per wheels and off

conclusion. No, v a
stood a tall, broad-
shoulder in hand. More-
over. He had come
with a sense of proprietor-
ship, and other
things over there. He
had the fire-escape, and his

of the quartet.
He had entertained on
Mary, when the guests
crossed back to Jack's

four Hundred. Mem-
orably, which has grown
with every decade."
"How! I wonder whom
it?"
"Dorothy, "he'll never

AND A FIRE-ESCAPE

find out who our grandpa was. It would be such
a disgrace to grandpa."

"He is bound to. In your wisdom you lent
grandpa's miniature to Jack for him to use in his
art work."

"Dear me! he must go among all our swell kins-
folk here! I do hope he won't tell them we're alive!"

In the room across the way the smoke from
Dick's cigar was describing pearly cloudlets around
grandpa's miniature, which Dick was regarding.

"By Jove!" he was saying, "a Vice-President's
granddaughters! And living that way!"

"Forbear, old fellow! I'm living that way,
you know."

"Oh, you—you're a man! That's different.
But old Vice-President ——'s granddaughters!"

"Well, he wouldn't be ashamed of them."

"Ashamed of them? By gad, no!"

"Cleverest girls I know. Wonderful how they
make a gentlewoman's home out of that fourth-
story den of theirs. Looks like an artist's studio
inside."

"How did they come to such straits?"

"Always been in them, I reckon."

"Then how the deuce did they pick up their ac-
complishments? When I took Mary over by the
chimney, because I thought you wanted a word
with that little 'Dot'——"