

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE BIRTHDAY

The Boy's Story

WELL! Of my journey back to town with the little girl I can't tell you anything, except that it was just a golden dream.

Seemed to make no difference that I'd got to see Phyllis Carteret at the end of it all and that there was the deuce of an explanation to come at 99, where I'd said, by telephone, that I should turn up as soon as possible. That could wait. Made no difference, either, that we couldn't get a carriage to ourselves but had to pack in with four Canadian officers on each side and two standing up. For every now and again I caught her sweet eyes and held them for just a moment. That was enough. The dream brooded over us. . . .

But no sooner had the train come to a stop at Waterloo platform than—

Now I've come to it I'm hanged if I know how to tell about the rest of that time.

Here goes for a start though.

It was a packed train as I say; crowds getting out on to the platform. Our carriage was halfway down the train. Funny how even from that distance I found my eyes turning at once to the barrier where they col-