



His First Holiday

Bosworth flushed. "I expect to, Mr. Krosson, but I'm not going into a monastery," he said.

"I'm glad you were not one of the guests at that ridiculous De Foe-Scoville wedding," said his old friend and new master. "That was the limit in outrages."

"It was very daring," said Bosworth, swallowing hard.

He had seven bundles and a suit case on the seat in front of him when the train pulled out of Jersey City. In his pocket was a great bunch of newspaper clippings, intended for the private eye of the new Mrs. De Foe's one-time secretary. He wondered how she would take the caustic, sometimes scurrilous things the editors were saying about the now historic wedding. Few if any of them left a shred on which the bride could depend for support if she ever presumed to apply to New York society for reestablishment. He was distressed by the fear that Mary Pembroke would take to heart the bitter things that were being said of her benefactress. He discovered, later on, that Mrs. De Foe had quite fully prepared the girl for the avalanche of criticism. And so it was that Mary was able to smile when he showed her the clippings.

"I'm still her private secretary, Mr. Van Pycke," she said, "and therefore I cannot discuss her private affairs with any one. As Mr. Krosson's secretary, you would n't think of discussing his affairs, would you?"

But we are getting ahead of the story, or, more properly speaking, ahead of the train. When he got down at Princeton, with his bundles and his bag, he was surprised and not a little mortified by the half-checked shriek of