

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN PRINCE MEETS PRINCE

SIX o'clock was striking when Lionel Osborne rousing from his dog-sleep in front of blazing fire, rang the bell with the effortless mechanical punctuality of a methodical man and sipped the resultant cocktail.

"Old Nap's takin' his time, what?" he observed. "I wish he'd hurry up, 'cos I want to clear out of here before old Kavanagh butts in to call for an apology."

"I think it's up to Nap to stand us all dinner and show," suggested Armitage. "After all, he started this stunt," he went on, generously making light of his own contribution, "and we owe something to the Kitten. D'you happen to know the drill for getting a fellow out of quod? I to-day and thou to-morrow, as the poet says; it might come in handy."

Osborne shrugged his shoulders.

"Seein' it's Nap," he said, "you'll probably find he's dug himself in at the Hendon Flying School behind a breastwork of the Foreign Secretary's body-belts, and there he sits with his face