

maybe he wondered how Mirabelle would show up in a strictly domestic sketch.

"Torchy," says he, grippin' my hand as I'm about to load him on the 10:26, "I believe I'm not going to care so much about losing Mirabelle, after all."

"That's bucking up," says I. "And likely they'll let you draw back your deposit on the ring. But you might as well bid them oil stock margins good-by."

Oh, yes, I'm a bear at friendly advice. At least, I was until Vincent comes breezin' in from lunch yesterday wearin' a broad grin. He'd connected with a bull flurry and unloaded ten points to the good.

"Now for a king killing, eh?" says I.

"No," says Vincent. "I'm through with everything."

"Includin' near-vamps?" says I.

He nods enthusiastic.

"Then I don't see what's goin' to stop you from gettin' a Solomon Wise ratin' before they include you in the votin' list," says I. "Go to it, son."

THE END