

limit. An express elevator shot me up to the proper floor and I burst into the presence of the outer guard. By this time I had acquired the necessary momentum and, in reply to his swift, interrogatory glance, snapped out a card and "flashed."

"Mr. Swiftbrain — appointment — 3.30."

He grabbed a telephone, repeated my claim of an appointment, listened a moment, then waved me to an upholstered chair that looked rather better than the ones from the Kaiser's Throne Room that are now for sale in New York.

"I am to send you in in five minutes!"

I was glad of the respite, for it would enable me to recover my breath. Office boys who were in the waiting-room — ready to "Post o'er land and ocean without rest" in obedience to the autocrat of the switchboard — were so full of the jazz-time spirit of this temple of the movies that they could n't keep still. Even when resting, their feet beat time to some inaudible, syncopated rhythm.

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