

door of a still more private office, but it was not until they heard the clash of an outer door opening on the corridor that the two young people felt free to speak.

"Well, Anne . . .?"

"Frank — can you tell me why your father has postponed his case against Kenneth?" Anne was nothing but direct.

Frank stiffened.

"That's in my father's department."

"But you know."

"I should think you could understand, Anne, that under the circumstances I'd try to know as little of it as possible!"

Anne looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Yes," she said; "for if you knew *all* about it you would n't be able to go on with it."

A dull red stung in his cheek and mounted to his forehead.

"I know," he answered with some heat, "that my father has been done by one of his most trusted employees."

Anne said she supposed that was what he had been told. But she could n't for obvious reasons push him too far on that line. She could n't in any case make out his father as a liar. She hoped, she said, that he'd see that if she did n't take it up on that basis, it was because she did n't need to do so in order to prove that Kenneth himself was far from supposing that he had received any commission from his employer in respect to the waters of Arroyo Verde. "He could n't, you see," she threw off, "because he was at the time under commission from me. I suppose" — she went further — "that your father knows it was I who set the newspapers going."