

were something bad you might keep it to yourself."

"Well, of all the immoral sentiments," protested the bride.

"But this sort of thing can't make any real difference," Babs continued severely, "and it does look as if you hadn't much confidence in him. I'd tell him beforehand, Jean. Truly I would. Tom says it isn't playing the game not to—that a man would hate not being told."

The girl before the mirror studied her own reflection anxiously.

"He'll hate it—but he likes me in white. Perhaps you're right. I'll go and tell him now. Pat me on the back, Babs. I feel as though I were going to confess that I'd been married three times and had two husbands living."

"Jean!" It was Tom Herrick's voice from the foot of the stairs and it sounded oddly choked and very solemn.

"Come down a minute. Burton wants to see you. It's important. He's in the library."

She went slowly down the stairs, slim and sweet and girlish in her simple white frock, but hesitating, all her blithe self-confidence gone, a mute appeal in her eyes.

The slimness and sweetness tugged at Teddy's