The LAPSE of ENOCA WENTWO SF ISABEL GORDON CURTIS Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG-COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY F.G. BROWNE & CO.

"Not if there is anything I can do

"If 't wan't be inconveniencin' she'd

ing horses are nothing to the wonder

ful things he has seen." Emiline entered timidly and stood

vaiting until Dorcas pointed to a chair. She was a neat-looking yellow

Dorcas nodded.

Dorcas.

thought!

green

"What do you mean?"

Emiline spoke in a frightened whis-

'Her tugcuoises am a-turnin' green,

l 'clar' to' Gawd, dey is!" Dorcas laughed. The octorocn's

statement was so irrelevant it was al-

most funny. "Lawdy, Mis' Wentworth, don' go to

don' happen exceptin' when a woman's

'Emiline, what on earth are you

"My granny once worked fo' a wick-

ed lady-was back in slave days. I.

'member hearin' her tell 'bout it when

was sho' sot arter. Her husband, de

fine ol' army man, he died sudden one night. She had er necklace on, de

bluest tuqquoises yo' ebber see, en de next day dey turned green. Den dey

was a little gal. Her Misses was

ez wicked ez de ol' serpint herself!'

talking about?"

'Rubbish!'

while Emiline talked.

"Did you ever see a fairy horse?" "I'm afraid I never did." Af we didn't have to take into con ration the question of a woman to play her part, there's her con-act. It is iron-bound for the whole season. There's nothing especially heroic about Miss Paget. Get her "Then how do you know that it's "Fairy stories tell us so." "Oh." The child's brown eyes turned to her eagerly. They were interrupt-ed by a knock at the library door.

mad," Enoch laughed grimly, "and she'll give you trouble to burn." Jason entered. "I reckon yo'se awful busy dis arter-"I'll look out for that myself. I'm noon, Missy?' responsible for her being here. Clean-minded citizens should not have to

(Continued)

herd in with a —moral leper." "That's scarcely a fit name for a lady.'

for you, Jason." "Emiline's downstairs. You know who Emiline is?" He paused and Grant Oswald's voice was emphatic. 'I never did class Miss Page withladies. like to see yo'." "Why does she want to see me,

"I might as well tell you before you go in for anything of the sort that I will fight you legally. It would be the Jason? Jason?" "I can't tell, Missy. She's des kep' a-pleadin' en a-pleadin' fo' yo' to see her, so I tol' her, I'd ask yo'." "I'll see her. And, Robin, suppose you go with Jason for a little while. worst sort of business proposition to drop Miss Paget in the middle of a successful run. It is not fair to her If an actress does the work you ask of her, she has the right to make any He keeps a doughnut jar in the pan-try. Make Jason tell you a story. Flysort of-domestic arrangement she

Wentworth's tone was conclusive. He lit his cigar again and stood si-lently beside his desk, blowing the smoke across the room in distinct rings. "You said you had several business matters to talk over. Is this rings. everything for today?" He lifted his



Irritation.

hat from the rack as if anxious to end an army lady, rich en beautiful ez could be, but she done hated her hus-band en der was anodder man she

the interview. Oswald spoke stiffly. "I hate to think of a quarrel with you, Wentworth. I'll confess I have not a great deal of fighting blood in me. We don't seem to get along as well as we did at first; I don't know whether it is your fault or mine." He paused as if waiting for Enoch to speak. Then he continued. Enoch to speak. Then he continued. "There was one other thing. I have been meaning to speak of it for some time. Probably others have men-tioned it to you. The newspaper men are asking me one question all the

w if you are at has this to do with Miss Paget?" "That Actor Won't Play It." The girl's eyes grew round with teror a few minutes, and his listless 'She had er necklace ob de swellest tuqquoises gib her a month ago by a gemman. She's always gittin' pres-iovered that it bore the dates of gemman. She's always gittin' pres-ents fr'm gemmen. Dey was ez pale the record of weeks which had passed and dropped it into the waste basket. blue ez de sky when she got dem. She wears dem all de time, day and night. The pen rested listlessly between his ingers. When he tried to write with You see dem on her when she was ingers.

THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1915

"She come upstairs wid er bunch ob letters in her hand, right arter lunch ime. She laid dem down; but béfoi she done took off her tings she took anodder one out er her muff. To' she took her hat off she opened it en read it. She dropped de envelope on de floor. I saw it. Hit wa'n't ad dressed to her, bit was somebody else's letter.' The negro girl paused irresolutely for a memen. "Well?" querice Doreas. "Hit was fo' Mirs. Allee V. Bourne, Gotham Theater.'" "'Allee V. Bourne, Gotham Theater.'" "Yessum." Emiline's tongue ran on excitedly. "Miss Paget, she was took wid de queerest ift yo' ebber see arter she done read it. She lay back en to a there due has tong on the scheme they call retribu-tion." He uttered the last word in an un-screecide an laughed. She to see at to scate do ner sait to so the see arter she done read it. She lay back en scate sho come is a for wear an in the scheme they call retribu-tion." He uttered the last word in an un-screecide an laughed. She tare at steame one were with a stree they call retribu-tion."

asked Dorcas. "Yo' kin search me," answered Emi-

rose to go. "Mis' Wentworth," she asked hesi-

anows where to infine anythme. She paused irresolutely. "You don' want a nurse fo' de little blind boy, I reck-on. I'se er born nurse I like it!" "I don't know yet, Emiline, what plans I can make, or what will be done with Robin; but I'll try to find some work for you."

The Irony of Fate. Wentworth locked himself in the ligirl, but there was a worried look on her good-natured face. "Anything wrong, Emiline?" asked "Wrong! Eberyt'ing's wrong, Mis' Wentworth. I'se lef Miss Paget fo' good en all. Lawd, what a whack she hit me when I tol' her somet'ings I

"She struck you?" Dorcas stared at the girl in astolishment. "Deed, Mis Wentworth, she struck I am asked every day if you are writ-

Agoin to. I se scared to death ob havin' anyt'ing to do wid her." The girl's face seemed to whiten, and she clasped her hands in an agony of ter-ror. "I wouldn't wuk fo' her nohow— I'd ruther go on de streets. Mis' Went-worth, 'her tuqquoises am a-turnin' sreen!"



He uttered the last word in an un-

she done read it. She lay back en screeched en laughed. She got clear hystericky. Den, all of er sudden, she started to fire questions at me bout little Julie Bourne en Mrs. Bourne, en where dev lived en where dev come hystericky. Den, all of er sudden, she started to fire questions at me bout little Julie Bourne en Mrs. Bourne, en where dey lived en where dey come fr'm. I didn't know nuffin' but where dey lived. I went up once to Harien wid Mrs. Bourne to help her bring some stuf ob Miss Julie's to er." "Where did she get the letter?"

line briskly. "Dat 'oman 'ould steal er murder er any ol' t'ing." There was a long silence. Emiline

tatingly, "ef yo' hear ob er good place, would yo' send fo' me? Jason, he knows where to fin' me anytime." She

CHAPTER XVIII.

brary one Saturday morning. Oswald, with quiet insistence, had continued the demand that he break away, go home, and begin work 'n another play. "Business can be carried along without you," was his daily assurance. "'The House of Esterbrook' is good

beed, ans weakword, she struck me hard, straight 'cross my mouf wid her han'. I could take de law to her, I reckon, en git damages, but I ain't are having should be an inspiration to

agoin' to. I se scared to death ob you." havin' anyting to do wid her." The The Waverly Place house was per-

"You dippy old black fool, I know my business. Cabby, take up that tsunk os I tell you to."

company.

Enoch shook his head. "You may get tired before I am through talking. It will take some time to discuss this affair." "What affair?" Wentworth turned on her with quiet scorn. "Don't be

"Tell Me What This Means," He Demanded Sharply. XONG foolish enough to try blackmail. Any-

thing like," he paused for a moment as if trying to find a suitable word, "like sentiment for instance—or call it what you wish—died a natural woman lets herself go and shows the

conscience. I treated you as gener-ously as any man would have done Wen under the circumstances."

laughed. "Sit down," she advised. head. "This is a different affair entirely. "Di laughed. Do not flatter yourself; there is not a ghost of sentiment in this." Enoch walked to the mantel leaned Enoch walked to the mantel leaned "God," he murmured, "if there is any way for me to come back—and

Enoch walked to the mantel, leaned begin again—show me that way." He did not raise his head; in an apathy he was listening curiously to a commotion in the lower part of the is about your child, I am quite as anx-house. From a wrangle of voices in ious to get him out of my house as the hall rose the clear tones of a you are." "My child! I will relieve your mind,

the hall rose the clear tones of a you are." woman. He jumped to his feet with consternation in his eyes and flung the door open. While he stood mo-tionless listening his forehead wrink-led in perplexity. A cabman was car-rying a trunk upstairs. It was so large that it blocked the stairway. A few

steps below Jason tried in vain to "Oblige me then," Enoch's voice was

pass. "Yo' ain't got no right to tote dat trunk up dar without Marse Went. worth's say so." cried the oid negro. "I'm gwine tell him 'bout hit." When a wornan's voice from the low er hall answered, Enoch's face went pallid white. "Oblige me then." Enoch's voice was full of cold indifference. "by getting down to business as quickly as pos-sible. You must be gone before my sister comes in." "Indeed." The actress looked up into his face with an insolent smile. "Why should we hurry? I want to ask you

realize how ridiculous you look. You are too white-livered to do such a thing as that. Desides," she glanced about the sunlit room, "where could you hide the body?"

Enoch tossed the blade upon his desk and began to walk up and down the floor. He rolled his handkerchie into a hard ball and dabbed with it continually at his moist forehead. The woman sat perfectly still. She turned to fold the sheets of paper, then she laid one hand upon them and lay back gracefully in her chair. Wentworth turned on her with a

sudden question. "How much do you want for-Exhibit A and the rest of the evidence?' She shrugged her shoulders. "I have

"Then what's your price?" Enoch's question snapped like a pistol shot. She looked up at him with a de-risive smile. "My price is ridiculously small, puer like a loss of the price of pa-the pistor and picture of the much less than it is worth. I am merely coming here—to live."

"You are coming here—to live." "You are coming here—to live? Here—in the house—with my sister?" "Here—in the house—with your sis-ter," she repeated mockingly. "Exact I have taken a fancy to this part of the city. It is rather attractive for of the city. It is rather attractive for New York. I think I shall enjoy the society of your-sister. You will not find me a troublesome guest. I can fit in happily to your home circle. Part of my luggage is there in the hall, you know. The rest is down-stairs."

A wave of scarlet swept over

noch's face. "To think of Merry squaring up through—you. It's the most infernal scheme ever concocted." "That's a bally bad guess of yours.

Merry does not come into this at all." "Where did you get these?" Enoch spoke fiercely and pointed to the

death one afternoon when I tried to sheets of paper that lay under her explain things to you. The minute a hand.

"It's rather an unusual story. Sit devil in her makeup at white heat, sentiment can die—die a very sudden death. Besides, I have nothing on my transformer of yours, you might find this worth

Wentworth threw himself into the chair in front of his desk and wiped Miss Paget threw back her head and beads of perspiration from his fore-

"Did you ever hear of George Volk?"

"I met him in London seven years ago," she continued, "and I was such a bally fool I married him. In those days he was a heroic looking figure. If you saw him as he is today you might say I had showed poor taste." Wentworth sat staring at her with multon quetosity.

sullen curiosity. "I have found out that he is in New York and that ten years ago he had been married here. Also that his wife



Your Liver is Clogged up

ZI

That's Why You're Tired-O Sorts-Hare as Aspatis. CARTERSLITTLE

LIVER PILLS will put you right in a fow days. They do

writing before."

"Whose was it?" stammered Went worth.

"Whose was it? Don't put up that "Whose was it? Don't put up that bluff on me," cried the actress scorn-fully. "It was Merry's, of course. You recognized it in a second. It was the last speech I made in the second act —as it used to be—before you, the author, changed it." "Wall" cande there the formets. The

"Well," cried Enoch fiercely. The woman paused and turned to him with an amused smile. "I had forgotten about George Volk.

He never showed up. He does not count anyway. I found the whole play in that closet." "Then what did you do?" Enoch's

face was full of hatred and defiance. His eyes flamed with the tumult of an animal at bay.

"There was only one thing to do." Zilla Paget lay back in the chair and smoothed the chinchilla of her muff caressingly. "Of course I brought it away with me, every scrap of it. You would not have let such a valuable asset into the hands of a dustman, would you? There are only two pages missing. Do you care to see it?

"Damn you, no! I have no wish to see it," snarled Wentworth. "Any fool can tell at a glance it is

a first draft. Merry must have written like mad. There is hardly a change in it. Except for my own role, every line stands almost as it was written." Enoch suddenly leaned forward in his chair. "You think you've got the

strangle hold on me?" Miss Paget laughed triumphantly. "The strangle hold! You Americans have such jolly strong words! That's great-the strangle hold.

She rose and folded the pages of manuscript, put them in her bag, then she drew off her coat and hung it on

the chair behind her. She lifted a gold case from the pocket, picked out a cigarette, and scratching a match lit it, blowing a delicate ring of smoke across the room. It flitted into Wentworth's face.

"I always knew," she bent over to drop a fleck of ashes on a tray be-side her, "or rather I have guessed for a long time, that you did not write The House of Esterbrook.'"

"What gave you that impression?" "For one thing, everybody tells how you and Merry were friends once-Castor and Pollux sort of guys, don't you know. You hate each other now. An owl could see that with its eyes shut.'

"If you ever left the stage you could

make big money in the detective busi-ness." Enoch laughed harshly.

"Perhaps," she acceded. "Then have rehearsed too many plays not to

know the author when I bump into

him. I knew months ago that Merry wrote "The House," but I could not

"Then I

She

The Girl's Eyes Grew Round With Terror. Dorcas had branded him as a thief. Dorcas had branded him as a thief. Still she had kept her word and never again questioned the authorship of the play. Her accusation left a welt in his soul like a stroke from the thin end of a whip. It was a welt which had not healed. He knew she had spoken the truth. He dropped his head upon his arms. It was years

head upon his arms. It was years since he had said a prayer. He had forgotten the form that prayer takes.

work on another play?"

Enoch gave him a savage look. It was a look which puzzled Oswald all day long. "I will think of that when ood and ready. The 'House of Esterbrook' is good for one season more-probably for two." Then he ing out of the office and slammed the door behind him.

Oswald sat in silence for a few mir utes. His face was full of anxious Dorcas nodded. perplexity. He rose, put on his hat and overcoat, and went out. In the lobby he met Zilla Paget. She turned eagerly as if to speak to him. He lifted his hat with grave courtesy and walked past her. She followed to the mornin'," Emiline paused as in terror door and watched him while he crossed the street. Her face flamed scarlet and she bit of repeating it, "dis mornin', Mis' Wentworth, ez sho' ez Gawd made me,

her lips, then she laughed contemptu-ously and hurried through the dark dem tuqquoises was turned green!" Dorcas sat staring at her. theater to the stage. The place was "I screamed when I sot my eyes on She went straight to the ... In the shelf marked P The girl's teeth chattered. deserted. asked what was de matter, en I tol' tter-rack. she found several letters for herself. her de story ob de ol' Colonel's Misses. Dat's when she whaled me 'cross de was turning away when her eyes fell upon an envelope in the lower cor-ner of the rack. She picked it out and mouf But," queried Dorcas with a puz

stord for a moment staring at it blankzled frown, "what does it all mean? "Lawdy, dem tuquoises would have stayed sky-blue on "o', Mis' Went-worth, er on any lady dat wa'n't doin' all dem kind ob wicked tings." ly, then sho gasned. The letter was not for her. It was addressed in coarse, shaky writing, "Mrs. Alice V. ourne, G than Theater, New York." bore the Madison Square postmark. "I swar to de Lawd hit's true." cried r 's cyes were furtively ; the gloomy theater in all di-She did not hear a sound; The wor searching the glo Emiline appealingly. Tvo heard my granny tell hit many time." nobody was in sight. She slipped the letter into her muff and ran upstairs. Dorcas laughed. Although the story was absurd, her skin had ;rown chilly

CHAPTER XVII.

dem tuqquoises on las' night when yo' come in wid de little blind boy? Lawd, The Green Turquoises. "Then," continued Dorcas, "Guleesh lifted the lady to the horse's back and I could er choked her dead wid my own han's! She was de ol' debil his leape? up before her. She put her about his waist and clung to seif, en der's a judgment a-comin' on him tightly. Rise, horse, rise, he cried. The horse and all the hun-dreds of horses behind him spread out her. their wings and rose in the air. They went flying swiftly across the sea.

"Miss Dorcas," interrupted Robin increduously, "I didn't know that horses could fly. I thought they trotted on the streets like this." The boy slipped down from his chair and kicked with his heels upon the floor.

"Guleesh's horse had wings—all alry horses have wings," Dorcas

terrible queer!" "What?"

it the ink had dried. He did not din It in the bottle again. A trail of sleep-less days and nights lay behind him "She nebber takes dem off. One day I tol' her dey wa'n't near ez blue -he felt as if his brain had drowsed ez dev used to be. She took dem to at its post. a jeweler man en hed dem cleaned. Hit didn't do dem a mite ob good. Dis He picked up a rubber band, twisted

it about his fingers, then pulled it thin till it suddenly snapped in two. He shock himself as if a strenuous effort to wake up. For days he had been evolving what seemed like a virile plot for a play. He tramped th streets to do his thinking and planned the scenario from beginning to The night before he had locked l self in his office at the Gotham and in a frenzy of haste shaped out each scene on his typewriter.

The manuscript lay at his elbow. He read it through. Suddenly he realized that the stuff fell short, what is could not decide. It lac reality. He compared it with Merry's drama. The story in that rose up out of the paper, each character a living. breathing man or woman. This story was dead, absolutely dead. He lifted the sheets and deliberately tore them across, gritting his teeth while paper zipped, as a man does when he ls in pain

"I'll tell yo'." The girl's voice grew He picked up a letter which lay be intense. "Don' yo' 'member she had side him on the desk. It was ad-dressed in Merry's irregular writing. There was nothing inside the envelop but a check for an amount in five figures. Wentworth glanced at it, then tore it across. He had sent the check to the actor without a word; it repre-When yo' was gone, de t'ings sented the entire royalties on the she done say was curdlin' to de "House of Esterbrook." The "Miss Paget is not a good woman I brought it back to him as it had gone. A small clock ticked out the time on

know, but-"" "Good!" interrupted Emiline. top of the desk. He remembered it was a Christmas gift from Merry. The "She didn't murder nobody den, en I reck-on she ain't since, but dar was murder ceaseless round of its second-hand fasin her heart! En den, dis mornin'---'fore she woun' out 'bout de tuqquoises cinated him.

"It would be great if one could work as that ridiculous needle does," he -somet'ing queer happened, somet'ing thought. "It is such a lifelike thing. It goes on with a regularity that

his desk. Wentworth could hear Jason expos tulate again. "Marse Enoch don' know me?

yet. en she ain't gib me no orders 'bout 'Missy Dorcas!" repeated the womscrutiny.

an with a contemptuous laugh. "Ge this out of your noddle straight away: "Get I'm not company Miss Dorcas is expecting. And here's a bit of advice .-ose your doddering old jaw, then announce me to your master.'

Enoch, with a few quick steps reached the top of the stair and leaned over the balusters. The cabman glanced at his stern face, then dropped the trunk from his shoulder and steadied it on the edge of a step. "Stay right where you are." ordered Wentworth abruptly.

He turned to the woman, who stood on the stair. She lifted her face and greeted him with a derisive laugh. "Will you be good enough, Miss Paget, to tell me what this intrusion

means? The Englishwoman laughed again. It was a peculiar laugh, a sweet, shrill ripple, without a ghost of merriment in it. It had a thrill as of something noniac. She did not answer his stion, but turned to the cabman.

"Take that 'trunk up and set it on the landing. I block the stair. landing. I can't pass while you Then go down and wait until I call you." The man obeyed. The actress

paused on the top step and looked down at Jason. "As for you," she down at Jason. "As for you," she looked at him with a sneering smile, "mind your own business now. I have announced myself to your master."

Wentworth stood with his hand upon the railing of the stair. His face was stern and there were hard lines about his mouth. He held the door of the library open.

"Come in here," he said. There was no cordiality in his welcome. The actress brushed past him with

a short, unpleasant laugh. Her man-ner was full of self-confidence. Went-worth realized that he had never seen her look more beautiful; still his pulses did not quicken by a beat. She wore a gown of strangely lurid blue which few women would have dared

to affect. The harmony between the dead gold of her hair and a willowy blue plume that swept down from her hat was almost startling. Her atti-tude was aggressive and a certain. The woman watched him with cool

"I have not begun to place parts you're comin'. Missy Dorcas am out

> "Ah!" She watched him with calm "How is it coming along" Will it be as big a go as "The House

"Is it any of your business?" "Probably not; still, I am interested I have been wondering," she spoke slowly, as if thinking aloud, "if it can possibly come up to the expectations of the public. A second play is ofter such a-rotter.

"What in thunder are you drivin: asked Enoch fiercely. She sprang to her feet and faced

There was a malevolent snee in her face.

"My opinion is that anything yo could do would be a rotter." "Why?"

Zilla Paget drew one hand from ha muff and pulled out a few sheets o crumpled paper. She laid them o the table, smoothing them carefull with the blank side up. Suddenly sh turned them over and placed both he hands firmly on the paper.

Enoch took a few steps forward an peered down through his glasses. 116 gait grew unsteady and his finger gripped at the edge of the table. purplish flush swept over his check: then he became ghastly pale. His ver

lips grew white. There were gra hollows about his eyes like the shad ows which creep into a face after death. His mouth moved, but he did not utter a word, because his tongue touched dry lips.

"I knew you would understand," murmured the woman. Wentworth's hands sprang at he

wrists like the grip of a wild beast snatching at its prey.

"Don't." entrcated the actress. "You hurt terribly. You do not know how strong you are. Besides—you are fool ish, horribly foolish. If you should tear this, it is nothing but Exhibit A. There are hundreds of sheets where it came from. And let me tell you-they are where you won't find them Wentworth unclasped her wrists, but his eyes were blazing with mur-

Sec.

derous fury. He turned with a quick gesture to the wall behind him. Against a rug of Oriental matting

least he might insist on paying the royalties to the—author. Or, I could get a fancy price for the story from a Yes, Curse It!" Repeated Zilla With New York paper. I am told they pay tremendously on this side for a ripan Amused Laugh. ning sensation. This would make one. and child are alive. Interesting sit don't you say so yourself?" "My God!" Enoch stared at her uation, isn't it? Bigamy releases a woman, though I had not felt terribly

with desperate eyes. Miss Paget rose, unpinned her hat fettered. 1 have George Volk to thank for bringing that brat across. It was one of his masterly little schemes of and tossed it upon the table. stood surveying Wentworth with a revenge. Then, in a curious w learned that Volk's wife is the w Then, in a curious way, I gleam of amusement in her eyes. Then she crossed the room and leaned out at the window. "Hi, there, Cabby," you call Alice Bourne. He laid a scheme to get money out of her yes terday. I got a detective and planned she called, "wake up. Bring in the rest of that luggage." to face him when he reached his

"What the devil has Volk and you natrimonial affairs to do with that? Wentworth pointed to the sheets of

"Don't be in such a blooming hurry. tell you the situation is dramatic I went to the house where Alice Volk lives in Harlem—oh, I was disguised, I tell you; you would never have known me. The detective got in first and opened the area door. I slipped in and waited. He was to give me a signal when Volk arrived. A servan came clumping down the cellar stairs after coal. I hid in a closet when they store trash and-waste paper.' Enoch's eyes narrowed and a yellow pallor crept over his face. "Curse it!

He spoke in a hoarse whisper. "Yes, curse it!" repeated Zilla Paget with an amused laugh. "My word! it was a blooming queer accident! I closed the door the latch caught and I couldn't get out. There I was, locked in that beastly hole. I struck CHAPTER XIX.

A Break in the Waverly Place Home. 'There is another bit of baggage. Dorcas spoke to the cabman, who stood beside a carriage in front of the who Waverly Place house. He lifted little Robin and set him on a seat with a grip beside him. Dorcas paused with

her hand on the carriage door. "Wait," she ordered, as the man turned to go in the house; "here comes Jason with a valise.

The cabman lifted it from the hands of the old negro and swung it up on the front seat.

"Jason," said the girl, beckoning to him as she ran up the steps of the house. The servant followed her. They stood under the dull gleam of a lamp in the vestibule. She laid her fingers on the nob of the inside door and held it as one does when in fear of an intruder. "Jason," she repeated, want to talk with you for a minut truder.

(To be Continued)

"Thank you." Enoch laughed unsteadily "Here's the whole situation. If Miss Wentworth and you do not fancy have ing me here as a-guest, no better

