

worth inventing yarns about than the people and things I'm forced to sit around with and drink tea with at home."

"You'll do!" exclaimed the editor. "As soon as you really know something about the kind of young woman that you think you know all about, you'll do better still. Don't worry! Some day you'll see that a girl does not have to make her own gowns out of deer-skins and porcupine-quills to possess possibilities of romantic adventure outside of cities and big country houses. Now, if you will run out and amuse yourself for a little while, and come back in an hour, we'll repair together to a place I know and there eat and talk and make merry."

"Right!" said Beauchamp cheerily, rising from his chair and arming himself with his hat and stick.

Costin bowed his head again over the manuscript and concentrated his vision and his mind upon the adventures of Barry Newton. Unnoticed by him, his visitor went to a door, opened it, crossed the threshold, and closed the door behind him.

It was the wrong door. Instead of finding himself in the anteroom, where sat the young woman who had admitted him to the editor, James found himself in the presence of Miss Featherstonhaugh.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Not the way I got in, I'm afraid. My mistake."