

ROMANCE OF A TIN ROOF

make his way by illustrating magazines. Incidentally he owned several cameras, and his friends revelled in having their pictures taken—in hammock and off hammock, on wheels and off wheels.

"Can I bring my friend?"

The answer was a foregone conclusion. No, it was impossible, for behind Jack stood a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, violin in hand. Moreover, Jack didn't wait for answer. He had come to look upon the roof with a sense of proprietorship. His hammock, potted plants, and other properties had taken position over there. He swung his long leg over the fire-escape, and his friend followed suit.

That was the first night of the quartet.

"Do you know whom we have entertained on the roof to-night?" asked Mary, when the guests had made their adieus and crossed back to Jack's over the fire-escape.

"Mr. De —,"

"Exactly. One of the Four Hundred. Member of an old Huguenot family, which has grown richer and more exclusive with every decade."

"This is becoming dreadful! I wonder whom Jack will bring up here next?"

"Jack's ways are inscrutable."

"I do hope," whimpered Dorothy, "he'll never