

one else in New York, to ask about a play which he is to produce this spring. I confess that it was my first experience as an actress. Will you forgive my deception?"

Shirley nodded, as he studied the animated face with a new interest. He admitted to himself that Holloway's prediction had come true—he had met his match.

"And so, my dear Helene (for such I shall always call you, whether your really, truly name be Mehitabel, Samantha or Sophronisba), you came here, went through all these horrors without a complaint, crushing the independence of my confirmed bachelorhood for the sake of what we newspaper men call 'copy?'"

Helene nodded demurely.

"Yes, but it was such wonderful 'copy,' Monty boy."

The criminologist scowled over his cigarette, yet he could not feel as unhappy as he felt this defeat should make him.

"When will the 'copy' be ready for publication, my dear girl. It would be most interesting, I fancy."

Helene caught his hand, drawing it toward