

"Why," says I, "it looks like the S.R.C. sign was out already."

Yes, it was a bit raw for Vincent. He shows his polite bringin' up though. No rash moves or hasty words from him. He backs out graceful, even if he is a bit pale about the gills. And not until we're well outside does he let loose a husky remark.

"Well, I—I've been made a fool of, I suppose," says he.

"That depends on who's doing the judgin'," says I. "This Dempsey's no newcomer, you know. Anyway, now you can go home to dinner with Mother."

"But I can't," says Vincent. "You see, I left word that I was dining in town and she—she would want to know why I didn't."

"That's easy fixed," says I. "You're havin' dinner with me, out at my Long Island shack. Haven't seen the large-sized family I'm startin', have you? Well, here's your chance. And we can just make the 6:47."

Not that I'd planned it all out, but it was the best antidote to Mirabelle that I could have thought up. For Vee is—Well, she's quite different from Mirabelle. And I suspect after Vincent had watched her playin' her star part as the fond little wife, and been led up to the nursery to have the baby exhibited to him, and heard us joshin' each other friendly—Well