GREEN CHALK

time—a week or less will do. I've got a business transaction to make with a certain fashionable painter. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't."

" I think you do," she said gently.

"Be quiet !"

"Don't you need money? Of course you do! Philip Lenormand's got more than he needs. George, are you going alone this time?"

"You're the worst woman God ever made," he told her.

"And the most loving," she added. "I was very angry with you last time we met, now I'm only sorry for you. Won't you take me with you?"

" No."

" Why not ? "

"Because I hate you. I don't want to go through life with a serpent wound round my neck."

"Your simile isn't good—I'm not cold blooded and I have got arms to wind round your neck. Are you quite sure you want to go alone?"

" Yes."

"Then before you go away alone for the second time, will you give me another cigarette?"

He held out his open case to her.

"I didn't like the last one much," she said. "Are these brown ones Russian?"

" Yes."

She took one daintily and put it between her lips saying :