

entrancing than a corn-cob doll when you set your hand to a Miss Burchill or a Caroline Nevill? Tell me that, my son, and I'll take you out to lunch. I'll take you to lunch anyway."

Charles Beauchamp dropped his cigarette to the floor and recovered it fumblingly. He sat back in his chair with a flushed face.

"I'm sorry," he said, smiling. "I've often wondered if you'd noticed it. You're very good not to have criticized me for it long before this."

"I thought I'd better wait until I'd seen you and sized you up," returned Costin. "It is a small matter, anyway; and I'm no knocker. Of course, if you had packed more than one of those hanks of hair into any one story, I'd have braced my feet and set up a holler. As it is, it doesn't matter so much; but I'm relieved to find that you have noticed it yourself."

"I think the trouble is that girls of that sort don't really seem to belong in my stories," said Beauchamp. "Some of my sister's friends strike me as being very agreeable and charming, and all that sort of thing; but no one of them has ever suggested possibilities of romantic adventure outside of cities and big country houses. It is my own fault, I know. To a lesser degree it is the same with men and places. The things and people I only half know seem to me far more picturesque and romantic and