

At twelve o'clock, as Jerry finished with a customer, the Manager came to him and said: "Jerry, I want you to do something for me, and it won't be hard. My little ward is in town, over at the hotel, and I want you to take her to the theatre this afternoon. She's a dainty little thing, just the sort of girl you will like, not a bit spoiled for all she has lots of money; not like these hard-boiled, shingled, sexless creatures, who know it all and need no help. She is the sort of girl that brings out the protective instinct in a man, Jerry. I couldn't take her, but told her I'd send some nice boy along, and I've picked on you. Give her a good time, Jerry, and I'll make it right. You are free, aren't you?"

Yes, Jerry was free.

He 'phoned the hotel. Miss Dean was in, and would be delighted to go to the theatre. Could she be ready by two? Miss Dean thought not. Perhaps at two-thirty. She told him she would be wearing a pale green dress so as he would know her.

Jerry, freshened by a hair-cut, shave and shoe-shine, waited in the lounge of the hotel for Miss Dean, and watched the elevator for a little pale green girl whose coming seemed to be unreasonably delayed. Jerry waited impatiently. Saturday afternoon was too precious to be wasted in waiting. It was then he thought of Sally, and tried to 'phone her. But Sally had not come in, her mother said. She thought she had gone to the theatre, the early

At three-fifteen Miss Dean appeared, and Jerry found his words of reproof leaving him as he went to meet her. She was so small and sweet and apologetic.

"I slept too long," she said, dimpling. "I have