

ROMANCE OF A TIN ROOF

might tell her so. A maiden's pride was worth something. Artists were light o' love—had she not heard that?

The moon looked down on the roof, and on Dorothy and Jack—studying astronomy perhaps. Dick had taken Mary to see his mother.

A mandolin and a banjo lay idle on a pile of cushions.

Jack was bubbling over with spirits. Why not? Artists are light o' love. His drawings were becoming all the rage in magazine circles, \$50 orders were snowing him under, and a great publishing house was about to send him abroad—indeed, he thought he might go on the same ship that took Dick and Mary on their bridal tour. Dick and Mary had besought her to accompany them—but no, she would not. What would become of her? The winter was coming; she would be shut in her lonely room; no roof garden, no anything. Poor Dorothy, try as she would, could not look in high feather.

"What's the matter, Dot? Thought you'd be glad of my luck. What you so glum about?"

"It's abominably hot," she yawned; "and I'm tired and sleepy too, Jack. I wish you'd go home."

"You're fibbing"—tenderly. "It's not the weather. Grieving about Mary, Dot?"