

reason for having her look at Gus then and there and thus elide detail into an important situation. But he did not drop the glasses. He only trembled and felt his head swimming and all he did was to spill the water all over himself. So he got the look, anyway, and it was a look such as Queen Isabella gave Columbus the first time he said he could find Michigan by sailing toward Palm Beach.

Gus walked out of the passageway backward forty times more during that luncheon to look at her. She was creamy-white, her hair was like butter, her lips were like strawberries, her hands were dimpled dumplings decked with lady fingers, her ears were as little as cherry stones, and her eyes were as brown and liquid as Culmbacher in a crystal stein.

Gus had never seen any one so beautiful. The way she chewed her gum and sassed his boss, Shorty, was exquisite. The lady had charm, manner, and command.

The regular luncheon hour had waned. There were but a few left in the dining room, dawdling over their coffee and cigars and trying to sell each other something, as is the custom at luncheon in the area of the business section. Shorty waved to Gus that he