

ENOCK CRANE

"You'd better dress, dear," he said, snapping out his watch. "It's after seven. We'll go around to Solari's."

Her hand went back of the pillows. She touched an electric button to summon her maid.

Marie was still with her.

"*Bon soir, Marie,*" said Lamont to her pleasantly, as she appeared.

"*Bon soir, monsieur,*" returned the girl cheerily. "*Monsieur va bien!*"

"My black chiffon—high neck, Marie."

"*Bien, madame,*" and the maid left the room.

"One moment, Rose," he said, detaining her as she started to rise from the divan. "There is something that I can't quite understand."

"Come, Jack! I must get dressed," she protested.

"Forgive me," he persisted, "but I can't help wondering a little. Only last week you were worrying about your dressmaker's bill, and now you are financing a yacht—with guests."

She had risen to her feet, despite his detaining hand, and stood looking down into his eyes with an amused smile.

"You are indiscreet, *monsieur,*" said she, and rushed to her bedroom.

He waited for her to dress, striding impatiently up and down the polished studio floor, still wondering over her unexpected generosity and the real secret of her sudden wealth. Like most women left with an income, she had, as he knew, already made dan-