

"Mildred Downer amusing?" inquired Trask.

"She amuses me. She's new, modern, queer."

"Queer? Why not? Her father was a man and so was her mother."

Lady Bob's laughed.

"I'll put Mildred the Manling next you for punishment."

"When is O'Toole's leave up?" he inquired.

"I haven't asked him."

"He manages to be about London a good deal."

"Don't fuss about Larry. He's perfectly charming, even if you don't like him."

Brooks entered and offered Lady Trask a letter. She opened it, looked through it, a slow flush rising to her face. She glanced at her husband and turned to the butler, who waited at the door.

"Did this come by messenger, Brooks?"

"Apparently, Lady Trask. It was pushed under the door."

"There is no answer."

"Has Kendrick changed his mind?" asked Trask amusedly.

"No," she said.