

"It's a shame you've forgot someone else so quick, though," I adds.

"Who's that?" says he.

"Mirabelle," says I.

"Oh, I don't know," says Chuck. "Maybe it's just as well."

"She don't think so," says I.

"Who was feedin' you that?" asks Dempsey.

"A certain party," says I. "But you know how easy a queen like her can pick up an under study. Some have been mighty busy lately, too, one in particular. And I don't mind sayin' I'd hate to see him win out."

"Yes, she's some girl, all right," says Chuck, "even if I did get a little sore on her one night. I might be droppin' around again some of these days."

"If I was you," says I, "I'd make it snappy. In fact, not later than 6:30 this evening. That is, unless you're content to figure as an also ran."

He's an enterprisin' young gent, Mr. Dempsey. And it seems he ain't closed the book on Mirabelle for good. He's rather interested in hearin' where she'll be waitin' at that hour and makes a note of it.

"Much obliged for the tip, Torchy," says he. "I'll think it over."

I hoped he would. It was the best I could do for Vincent, except hang around and 'phone out to Vee that probably I'd be late home for