

He read mine over my shoulder.

"Mother sails Paris tuesday meet hotel  
d'angleterre love

"father."

"Yes, she's coming to take me home," I  
choked. "I wouldn't have believed it of  
Mother. I *can't* believe it! What does your  
message say?"

Jerry did not reply. Black eyes staring,  
mouth agape, he put the sheet before me.

"Curtis-castleman consolidated congratu-  
lations all around kiss philura for me

"JEREMIAH B. CASTLEMAN."

"Jeeminy Christmas!" Jerry's voice  
sank rapt and low. "And we thought—we  
thought—Philura, look up, honey! Don't  
you understand? Curtis-Castleman Consoli-  
dated! See what that means! Your mother  
isn't coming to take you home. Not on your  
life! She's coming to help you buy your  
trousseau!"