

"Have another? No? Come right along then. There are the girls."

They were standing at the top of the stairs; Phyllis all black-and-white and vivid in a frock I'd never seen her wear before; colour of green Chartreuse. My little girl had taken off that hat that had got soaked in the thunderstorm and dried before The Blurter's fire. Her hair under the clustered lights of the vestibule was the realest gold anywhere near the place; her face was the sweetest rose-and-cream against some soft black silk affair that she'd slipped on to wear over her jacket and skirt. I saw, presently, that this garment was Phyllis's evening wrap that she'd lent her to wear in the restaurant.

"Did you know they knew each other?" I managed to get out to Slim as we went downstairs to the grill.

"Knew each other?" he laughed. "All my girls have to know each other, I guess. Regular Bond of Union I am. Only crab about me is that, long as I am, there's not quite enough of me to go round, so——"

"Yes, but look here. Seriously——"

"Seriously will do when we've had something to eat, Old Horse. That's all right. We'll have a little, quiet explanation when we're at table; that's the scheme. . . . Ah! This our table? Good. Now, darling, you come and sit here——"

(This to Phyllis!)

"You two sit where you like. Good and close to the band, aren't we? We're going to have *Give me the Moonlight* By Request, in a minute."