

CHAPTER IV

TO the surprise of his friends Alan Wayne gave up debauch and found himself employment by the time the spring that saw his dismissal from Maple House had ripened into summer. He was full of preparation for his departure for Africa when a summons from old Captain Wayne reached him.

With equal horror of putting up at hotels or relatives' houses, the Captain upon his arrival in town had gone straight to his club and forthwith become the sensation of the club's windows. Old members felt young when they caught sight of him as though they had come suddenly on a vanished landmark restored. Passing gamins gazed on his short-cropped gray hair, staring eyes, flaring collar, black string tie and flowing broad-cloth and remarked, "Gee, look at de old spoit in de winder!"

Alan heard the remark as he entered the club and smiled.

"How do you do, sir?"

"Huh!" grunted the Captain. "Sit down." He ordered a drink for his guest and another for himself. He glared at the waiter. He glared at a callow youth who had come up and was looking with speculative eye at a neighboring chair. The waiter retired almost precipitously. The youth followed.