

SPEED ON THE HOME STRETCH 307

"Auntie's going out to dinner to-night," says I.

"Yes, I know," says Vee. "She has just told me. I am not included."

"Then whisper," says I. "Revise that wardrobe trunk of yours like you expected a cold winter in Jamaica. Have a bag ready, too, and a traveling dress handy."

"But why, Torchy?" she insists.

"Leave it to me," says I. "We'll be up about 8:30."

"We?" she asks.

"Now be good," says I, "and you may be happy. Also get busy."

You see, I figured that what she didn't know she couldn't worry about, nor discuss with Auntie. Besides, it was all too hazy in my head for me to sketch it out very clear to anyone.

Honest, I don't see now how I kept from gettin' things bugged, for I sure was crashin' ahead reckless. I felt like I'd been monkeyin' with a flyin' machine until I'd got it started and had been caught somewhere in the riggin' with nobody at the wheel. But I was glad of it.

Mr. Robert helped out wonderful. When I stops packin' my suitcase long enough to remark, "But say, if it does work, where am I