

"Shut up, Nap! It's three to one, and I've been disappointed in love. Let's say seven-thirty at the Berkeley, and we can discuss the show afterwards. I must go and shave."

He was starting to the door, when Osborne intervened solicitously.

"Can I help, Kitten?" he inquired. "I'm pretty useful at barbin'."

"Body-snatcher!" cried the Kitten, hurling a cushion and slamming the door behind him before it could be returned.

Left to themselves, the other three yawned and looked simultaneously at the clock. Their broken night had made them sleepy, and all were a little limp with reaction after their excitement. All, too, were uneasy in conscience, and, when the front door bell rang loud and authoritatively, they jumped to their feet and gazed at each other in consternation.

"It's that blaspheming General!" whispered Osborne, staring apprehensively at the door.

"I'm going to lie down for half an hour before dinner," remarked Fenwick carelessly.

"You hog, Nap! You're not desertin', Tony?"

Armitage dropped back into his chair as Fenwick sidled out of the room.

"I'll see you through," he promised. "What line are you going on?"

"I'm takin' no risks, old son. I shall deny everything, just to be on the safe side, what?"