A slight, demurely mischievous girl with a pale face and auburn hair darted from the shadows by the front door and caught him by both hands.

"Cheero, Yolande," he answered. "Promise not to ask which part of my most interesting travels I enjoyed most, and I won't ask how you or your people are. The question

begins to pall."

"So did my people," Yolande Stornaway answered with laughing eyes. "You know I've run away from home? Oh yes. There was a frightful row; I'll tell you all about it some time, but now I want you to meet my particular friend Dr. Manisty. Uncle Raymond's brought him down to squeeze endowments out of your poor father; I call it an abuse of hospitality, but you know what darling uncle is. Come and say 'How do you do?' to the pretty gentleman."

She slipped her arm through his and dragged him away to a spectacled and absent-minded scholar who was spilling tea with one hand and with the other inverting his saucer to inspect the marks on the china. By 1913 and in despite of criticism by the learned and disparagement by the rich, Felix Manisty had excavated more of Silver Greece than any ten other men of the century; he had discovered the site of Hellenopolis in Asia Minor, when earnest young German students wrote theses to prove that no such city existed and, alternatively, that he had not discovered it; with his unaided hands he had laid bare the posts of the Lion Gate and traced the course of the Street of Bridges at a time when Morrison-Grahame of Edinburgh and Pawley of King's, abandoning minor controversies, were jointly protesting in print that a city built by one of Alexander's generals was too late for their period and, by implication, not worth excavating. It was twelve years' work, however, and Manisty had turned forty. For six months of the year, when Hellenopolis lay in the grip of malaria, he lectured, exhibited, catalogued and wrote; it was in the office of the "Utopia Review" that he had chanced upon Yolande Stornaway, flushed with enfranchisement from her family and