

her lips, but Alix clung to him and laughed. Then suddenly all her slim body relaxed and slipped through his arms to a little white heap on the floor. She began to sob. Gerry stooped down, picked her up tenderly and laid her on the great leathern couch. He knelt beside her. On one arm he pillowed her head, with the other hand he sought hers. "Please, Alix," he begged, "please don't cry."

"I'm not crying," sobbed Alix, "I'm laughing."

Gerry smiled and waited. Soon Alix became quiet. Her eyes closed. She drew a long, quivering breath and then she opened her eyes again and her lips broke into the old dear smile, the smile of an opening flower. "I am tired — tired," she said, "but I believe I'm almost hungrier than I am tired."

"I'm glad you said it first," replied Gerry giving serious thought to the fact that he was faint with hunger himself. "Ever since some funny Johnny wrote, 'Feed the brute,' we men have been shy about echoing our stomachs. It's four o'clock. Hours after lunch time."

"Really?" said Alix, nestling down closer to his arm and letting her smiling eyes wander over him. "How well this suit fits you. There's something about it — It is n't, is it?"

Gerry nodded. "Same old suit. By the way, when I came in John said you told him to telephone to the club and say you wished to see me. What made you think I would go to the club first?"

Alix looked puzzled. "I did n't. I did n't think you would go to the club and I did n't tell John to