

Mr. Waddington nodded, but Mr. Bomford took up his hat. He was dressed in the height of subdued fashion. His clothes and manners would have graced a Cabinet Minister. He had, as a matter of fact, just entered Parliament.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "I make it a rule never to take anything at all in the middle of the day."

He took his leave with the auditor.

"Pompous old ass!" Mr. Waddington murmured.

"A snob!" Mr. Alfred Burton declared, — "that's what I call him! Got his eye on a place in Society. Saw his name in the paper the other day — a guest at Lady Somebody's reception. Here goes, old chap — success to Menatogen!"

Waddington drained his glass.

"They say it's his wife who pushes him on so," he remarked.

Mr. Burton's wine went suddenly flat. He drank it but without enjoyment. Then he rose to his feet.

"Well, so long, Waddington, old chap," he said. "I expect the missis is waiting for me."

Mrs. Burton was certainly waiting for her husband. She was sitting back among the cushions of her Sixty horse-power *Daimler*, wrapped in a motor-coat of the latest fashion, her somewhat brilliant coloring only partially obscured by the silver-gray veil which drooped from her motor bonnet. Burton