

"Oh!" says she, tiltin' her head on one side. "Then you still approve of me?"

"That's the only motto on my wall," says I, "only I put it stronger."

"Silly!" says she once more.

And then—well, I was watchin' the pink spread up her cheeks, and was sort of gazin' into them big gray eyes, and gen'rally takin' one of them long, lingerin' looks; and we was both leanin' back not so very far apart, with the slides of the cab shuttin' everything else out—and then all of a sudden I heard her sort of whisper "Well?"—and—and— Ah, say! With a pair of cherry ripers as close as that, what else was there to do?

"Why, Torchy!" says she, jumpin' away. "What made you dare—— Quick, now, here comes Marjorie. Over on the front seat! And—and perhaps I shall see you again sometime."

"Your eyesight'll be bad if you don't, Vee," says I. "Good-by."

Just before the Ellins' front door closed behind her I caught the wave of a handkerchief; so I guess she can't be so awful mad. Ride back to the office? Say, I paid off the taxi and floated down Fifth-ave. as light as if it was paved with gas balloons.

"Huh!" grunts Mr. Robert, after I'd made