fied top secret, Don. Hush-hush and double-shush." It seemed to be so.

Still, there were other ways to find out what was delaying Jim Preston's return home . . . And no time to be lost trying them, Don realized.

He caught a cruising cab in front of the hotel. "Ambletts Fifth Avenue," he said.

The driver craned his neck. "You must be one them winda dressers, going to work this time night, hah?"
"We try to put on a show." Don answered irritably.

He was annoyed with himself for not having taken the fur buyer more seriously. He might have expected Grolheim to be a little jumpy; having the responsibility for safe delivery of a hundred-thousand-dollar item might put any store executive on edge. But the man had been more than apprehensive; he'd really been scared. You saw that, but you discounted it. You thought he was a worry wart, that his overactive imagination had brought him to the point of seeing things at night. But what if Grolheim had been right about someone trailing him every time he stepped out of the store?

Don hadn't laughed at him, of course. But neither had he taken any stock in the mysterious shadower who hadn't been seen clearly enough for identification; what he had done was to agree to convoy the jumpy buyer and his precious cargo the short distance from Ambletts to the Buckinghurst. Then there had been a hitch.

Grolheim had been instructed—by no less an authority than Bob Stolz, the general manager himself-to make delivery precisely at eight-thirty.

Unfortunately that had been curtain time for Love Life ... for which Don had previously managed to wangle two in the sixth row center. He hadn't wanted to disappoint Sibyl, had said as much to Press, who had been in the Protection office when Don came back from the fur salon. Old Press had agreeably taken over what had promised to be a routine assignment with possibly the added fillip of seeing the sexiest star on television in the flesh. At the time, Press had joked about that. Now it didn't seem much like a kidding matter.