

I wish she would tell me more. I wish she would give me some hint as to why the deceased wished us to know each other. Sitting here, stung by those wild gold waspish eyes, I wonder terribly. I wonder dreadfully. I do think it is a pity. Auroral imbibitious have set Alistair on young uncertain feet once more, and he's handsomely taken the Dagenham bus en route for the converted oast-house where his mother lives. I hope it won't backslide. Barbara passes from right to left, dear child. Her one-piece is yellow jasmine, and she spurns the concrete and especially the abstract with those bronze legs of hers. The tawny curls of her are springes to catch woodcocks, and more than woodcocks. She waves a towel capriciously, take it or leave it, at me. What would I do now, if the other leaned across and said what the blind sailor said? But wiseacres contend that it was Kismet. Off went his arm to-day. Yes, what would I feel like? She is delightful.

NOTES