

This is good. She accepts Lover's Delight from me. She has spoken very little ; but she urges me to make trial of a Banana Split. Is there some esoteric meaning behind the titles? Now Ecky passes over to the Dawn. Alexander's my name. They ca'd me Ecky when I was a boy. Eh, Ecky! Ye're a awfu' old man. Emotional stuff. Anyway Ecky has disappeared in the Dawn. I almost wish I took it. The hard stuff, I mean ; but it would ruin my hand. Where would my income be if Aquarius were to turn Gemini? She tells me a lot, each word huskily lisping over that round petulant vermilion lower lip, of a doctor friend of hers. I have only known her a few minutes ; but I hate to think she would change---her voice hits a pocket, just like a plane, when she talks of him---an honest station between King's Cross and Edinburgh for---what is it?---being's drone pipe, whose nostril turns to blight the strivelled stars and thicks the lusty breathing of the sun.

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