



CHAPTER V.

"I don't know," said Mr. Plunket...

The rehearsal of "The World's Way" was on...

The days were too short for all he found to do...

The interludes showed of his love to Virginia had not been finished...

"Delate? The critic on The Challenge?"

"The same. See here, Murray. A little story goes a long way with him...

"What do you think of the play? Some of you fellows would rather roast us than do the other thing any day...

Five minutes before the curtain went up he peeped over the gasman's shoulder...

A little more shadow at Virginia. Tom scarcely knew her in the new gray gown...

A tenderness swept over his heart, and the thought of all she was to him rose triumphant above every other feeling...

Perhaps as they went home he might whisper those three words that hold imprisoned in their small circle the harmony of the world...

The first few moments following the tinkle of the bell he never remembered clearly...

As he strode along his blood tingled in the self-conviction of a dream where passion and triumph walked hand in hand...

"It's a go."

"I was looking for you. I wanted a word with you," he said, tone and glance commiserative...

"The first that has not died almost at birth."

"You interest me," said Delate. "I must have you tell me more of your life. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, New York won't be averse to hearing a little about you tomorrow..."

The act had commenced, and he scarcely passed to hear Tom's murmured confession. It was a foregone conclusion that a new author would not dream of raising another Delate...

When the curtain fell, the excited audience rose and cheered. They wanted the leading actors, the manager and lastly the author...

When he reached the theater, the second act was over. He felt a little tired, and his breath came fast, yet in his excitement...

domination of a romantic passion—perhaps the first. And he is so married he doesn't know he has cause to cry aloud and beat his hands for joy...

"You have heard of Max Glendenning, of course. He leaves for Japan tomorrow and gives a farewell banquet tonight. Quite informal, you know...

"It will be different tomorrow," she said, with a heavy sigh, as she fell asleep that night.

"CHAPTER VI."

"We won't dine to-night," said Delate, with a dry smile, as he led Tom across Madison square...

"There was not much about the ingenuous young fellow beside him that Delate did not shrewdly understand. It was his custom to study the people he met and adapt them if possible to his requirements of the moment...

"Oh, you needn't thank me, Murray," he said, with his acid smile and shivering even in the depths of his cumbersome coat...

"I haven't known much life," said Tom, "and I suppose I'm unsophisticated and credulous. But somehow I understand this game in which as yet I've scarcely taken a hand..."

"I'm sure I won't. But if I can't accept your biting skepticism you mustn't blame me. Are you going to tell me not to fall in love?"

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