stood poised for a second like a bird arrested in flight.

Mike, at the other end of the pool beyond her vision, drank his fill of the picture she presented. In her clinging black silk suit, her exquisite figure stood out in bold relief. He walked to the spot where she would emerge from the water, and when her face arose he saluted her with an impudent grin.

"Yay-and good morning."

"Oh-good morning," Diane returned, a little curtly.

"How's the water—warm?" Mike blandly ignored his cool reception.

Diane studied him thoughtfully for a moment. She must put a stop to his attentions immediately.

"Awfully cold—I don't think you'd like it—really—" Her last word was flung back as she struck off up the pool in an overhead Australian crawl, with long, sure, swift strokes.

He waited for a moment, a set smile on his face. Inwardly he was rather chagrined. Well, he thought stubbornly, anything worth having is worth going after, and here's where I go! Plowing steadily through the water he was at her side, wet curly head bobbing up beside hers.

"I'm not chasing you. I just turned up here," he added in elaborate explanation, "like an old cantaloupe rind."

"The ocean's full of them." Diane smiled involuntarily, then quickly compressed her lips. But not quickly enough, for Mike had seen. As she shot up the pool he came up in pursuit.

"Or maybe I'm the Fuller brush man."

"No brushes to-day." Diane stopped for breath.

"How about a broom?"

"Couldn't use it."

"A bath brush"

"What for?" she snickered.

"A nail brush?"

"No."

"A hair brush?"

"Why? This is just a wig I'm wearing."

"A ---"

"Go home!" Diane yelled.

"I haven't any."

"Any what?"

"Any sense."

"I'm sure of it."

"Then stop arguing."

"I'm not arguing about any-"

At just this moment, a large part of the pool, taking advantage of Diane's uncontrollable laughter, decided to find its way down her throat. She choked and laughed and laughed some more. "O-oh-I-ho-ope you ch-choke-" she sputtered.

"You're better at it than I am—here
—" Mike pounded her on the back unmercifully.

Diane beat at him with her fists. "Unhand me," she laughed.

"Your eyes are very large and beautiful," Mike stated sententiously.

"St-stop it."

"Even when they're bloodshot."

Diane was frankly smiling with him now. "Will you tell me what this is all about?" she begged.

Mike shrugged in comic imitation of a Frenchman. "I don't know—but isu't it fun?"

"Yes—it is—" Diane was shocked to hear herself replying. Again, her honesty had tricked her into saying the wrong thing—the dangerous thing.

(To be continued.)



