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She was in the parlor reading one of the dozens of detective stories that filled the shelves of the Algonquin hotel. She was looking up, and reading her book, when he came in. He was whistling cheerfully, as he always did, and his step was light and jaunty. A few drops of rain were falling. He gave a little gay laugh as he put his hat on, and laughed a little louder as he looked at her. One of the first things he did was to ask her what she was reading, and the first thing she said was: «I am reading a story of murder. Is.» «What murder?» he asked, with his pleasant smile. Then she told him the story about the detective who went to the house where a murder had been committed to interview the suspects, and how she, at the time a little girl, had had a great adventure of the kind she was reading about. He said: «My dear, I am greatly delighted. Is.» «You are?» she said. «Why?» «Because you are a detective,» he said, laughing again. «Oh!» She laughed too, but then he said: «It is only a pleasantry. Is.» «If you are a detective,» she said, «I am glad you are not like the detective in the story. Is.» «Why?» «Because I don't want to be killed.» «Nonsense, my dear. Is.» «But I do.» «Why?» «I don't know,» she said, looking at him with her eyes wide open. «Because I am a heroine, and all the detectives in the story were wicked. Is.» «Oh, but I am not a detective. Is.» «How can you be a detective, then?» «I am not a detective,» he said. «But I am going to be one. Is.» «How?» «Don't you see? Is.» «No, I don't. Is.» «I am going to be a detective. Is.» «How?» «I am going to learn everything about it. Is.» «How can you learn about it? Is.» «I'll tell you later. Is.» «

