

A SILENCE expression flashed over Glen's face, and he turned his attention back to Palomino.

"I see you've heard of me," she said with a little toss of her head. "The wicked other woman in the Lewis case."

"Bob Lewis was a friend of mine," Glen said coolly.

"Was?"

"Was. And Vera still is."

"She got her divorce on incompatibility," Jo reminded him.

"That was nice of her."

"Think what you want," she said icily.

"My friends know that Bob Lewis made a fool of himself."

Glen gave her a fleeting glance, then continued to brush Pal. "I agree," he replied.

She walked away, her slender body straighter than ever; and a moment later when Sundown was saddled, she spurned the mounting block, swung quickly into the saddle and, using her spur, left the stable at a canter.

"Hey!" yelled Glen.

But if she heard, she did not turn in the saddle.

"Some people get my goat," Glen told Pal. "Some people don't know what rules are for."

Although he should have gone up to the clubhouse to make arrangements for the Sunday morning breakfast, he waited for Jo to return, relishing the idea of telling her a thing or two. She was back in an hour, looking prettier than ever, her face flushed, her eyes shining, her hair loosened by the wind.

Before she dismounted, he said coldly.

"When you leave the stables, always walk your horse."

"Check," she replied in an equally frosty voice.

He thought that she would never come back; in fact, he told himself he sincerely hoped he would never see her again. But his wishes were wasted. She came down for a canter every morning and had lunch at the clubhouse every noon. And in the afternoon she was usually to be found in the clubrooms surrounded by an ever-increasing crowd of girls and men.

And, if gossip had it right, at least two of the men were in love with her: Phil, tall and thin; Chuck, short and stocky. The thing that made Glen maddest was that they were letting it spoil their polo game. Glen was trying hard to build up a good team, and had done rather well until his two best players got to quarreling. In practice games, when they were on opposite sides, they rode for blood and every few minutes had to have fouls called on them.

Chuck actually seemed bent on unhorsing Phil; and Phil, Glen noticed, was pretty free about swinging his mallet where it might hit Chuck's mount.

"Hey, you guys!" yelled Glen one day. "This is a polo game, not a wrestling match."

After that he was careful to see that the rivals always played on the same side. But they did not make very good teammates, often trying to steal each other's shots.

Glen carefully avoided running into

Jo; but one afternoon he was passing through the club on his way to the kitchen when Chuck called to him.

"Here is a lady you really should meet," said Chuck. "Miss Travis, this is Glen Stewart, the best polo player in the club."

Jo took his hand demurely, as though she had never seen him before.

"I collect polo players," she drawled. "Sorry." Glen's smile was a mixture of condescension and disdain. "Sorry, but I don't collect."

And he walked away as though being introduced to a girl like Jo was an everyday experience with him. It would do her good to know that there were some men who were not completely unhorsed by her charms.

Sunday morning the air was brisk and clear—an ideal day for the hunt. A dozen horses and riders were gathered together waiting impatiently while Glen explained the rules.

"There's a gunny sack buried somewhere in the field," he announced. "If you see a corner of it sticking out, dismount and claim it. The one who finds the sack gets the treasure, which is back at the clubhouse. But don't get off your horse unless you're sure it's the sack you're looking at. If you dismount more than once, you're disqualified."

HE gave the signal and the horses were off at a gentle canter in all directions. Glen was watching Jo and was surprised to see her stop in the middle of the field. She slipped from her saddle, and shortened the left stirrup a notch and a moment later calmly joined the hunt.

Glen's eyes flashed angrily. Always breaking the rules, he thought. She thinks they apply to every one but herself.

He strode into the field and intercepted her horse.

"You're out of the race," he said.

"But I only dismounted to shorten my stirrup," she argued.

"Rules are rules," he said sternly.

"But I wasn't comfortable!"

"Any one could give that excuse," he said coldly.

She flashed him a stony look and reined her horse over to the side lines.

Chuck won the hunt. When the crowd returned to the clubhouse Glen pre-

"It's a good thing you are not a man," said Glenn. "Oh, I wish I were," she choked. "I wish you would beat me. I didn't know I was hurting her"

sent him with a package, which he immediately handed to Jo.

"With my compliments," he said grandly.

"Oh, look!" squealed Jo, on unwrapping the treasure. She held up a bronze statue of a polo player on a horse.

Glen had been proud of his choice of prizes, as the small statue was very well done. And he could see that Jo appreciated it, even though she tossed her head impudently and said: "I told you I collected polo players, Mr. Glen Stewart."

THE following week he was able to avoid the annoying girl without much trouble, as he was very busy preparing for the club's first real polo match, which was to be held on Sunday afternoon. Phil and Chuck seemed to have come to their senses at last and were playing a very good game.

Saturday things looked fine for the event. The horses and players were in excellent condition; the game had been well advertised and a large number of tickets sold. Glen rounded up the team for general instructions, adding:

"And no stepping out tonight. No dancing, no drinking and no late hours!"

In the middle of the first chukker, with one goal credited to the visiting team and cars still blowing their horns for a goal by the home team, Glen saw her. She was riding Sundown in the space beyond the grandstand. Phil and Chuck saw her, too. Glen groaned as Phil tried for a grandstand play and missed.

When the chukker ended, Glen left the field and galloped over to where she rode.

"Will you please stop waving the red cape?" he begged.

Her brows arched in surprise. "What red cape?"

"This isn't a bull fight," he raged.

"I get it." She turned her horse haughtily and cantered back toward the stables.

The home team lost the game by one goal; and Glen couldn't help feeling that

couldn't feel flattered. It had just been her way out of a difficulty.

They led the procession in a smooth canter.

"Pal's a darling," Jo said happily.

"She surely is," he agreed. "If any one should mistreat Pal, I'd want to hang him."

"No one would, I'm sure," said Jo.

Glen grinned. "Why aren't you always agreeable like this?"

"I am," she insisted, "except when you pick on me."

"You're always breaking rules," he accused her.

"I can't help it. They just don't seem important."

"Some rules are mighty important. And when you break them, you're sure to get into trouble."

The next moment Pal had darted ahead. For an instant, Glen was alarmed. Was Pal running away? Then he saw Jo use her crop. Apparently it was the girl and not the mare who was running away. He made no effort to catch up with her. She could wait for him at Livingston Drive.

THEY arrived at the clubhouse grounds and rode out to the oak grove where there was a barbecue pit and long tables; but there was no sign of Jo. Glen began to be worried. The mare had been in pretty high spirits; maybe Jo couldn't handle her. He went back to the stables to see if Pal had come in, but she had not.

"Hey! Where's Jo?" asked Chuck when Glen returned.

"She rode on ahead." He tried to speak casually. "No telling where she is by now."

However, it was with a great feeling of relief that he finally saw Jo riding toward them.

"We had the grandest ride, Pal and I," she cried. "Pal was crazy to go, so I let her run all she wanted to."

There was a strange silence among the group around the table.

"Isn't any one going to offer me a sandwich?" Jo laughed nervously. "How about it, Glen?"

He did not even hear her. He was running his finger over the mare's wet body. Then he felt her forelegs, and without a word led Pal toward the road.

the watering trough, where she drank thirstily. Glen stopped her before she had taken too much.

"That's enough for now, old girl."

She willingly went into her stall, and Glen covered her with a blanket. When he had come out and closed the door, she stuck her head through the opening and let Jo pet her nose.

"I do believe she forgives me!" Jo laughed shakily.

"I hope so."

Glen purposely kept all sympathy out of his voice, although he knew the poor child must be exhausted.

"Well, then I guess there's nothing to do but go home. Is there?"

"No," he replied. "Nothing to do but go home. Good night."

"Good night." And then faintly, "And I am sorry."

GLEN got into his car and drove away without looking back to where her car was parked. It would be just like her to have engine trouble or something. And he didn't want to have to tow her home.

But then there was Pal. Had he remembered to cover her with a blanket? Pal mustn't catch cold. He turned his car around, telling himself firmly that it was only because of Pal.

Jo's car was right where she had left it, and Jo was nowhere in sight. Wonderingly, he went down to Pal's stall. He stopped when he heard a voice—a sweet, contrite little voice.

"I wouldn't have hurt you for the world, darling. Nobody ever told me before that rules were important. And he hates me now, Pal—and— There was a little choking sob. "And I've gone and f-faller in l-love with him!"

"Who's there?" asked Glen loudly.

The air was filled with sudden heavy silence.

"How many times have I told you not to talk to yourself, Pal!"

He opened the door of the stall and his arms encircled a trembling little figure in white. He held her close, her head nestled against his shoulder, and he could feel warm tears through his flannel shirt.

"Everything's all right, honey. Pal's going to get well. Don't cry."

She raised her head and looked at him in wonder.

"And you don't hate me?"

If his heart had not already melted, it would have melted now at the child-like radiance in her face. He had to swallow a lump in his throat. She was so beautiful in the moonlight.

"No, darling, I don't hate you. Is there any room for me in your collection?"

She smiled at him with starry eyes.

"I never really liked collecting," she said, and added softly, "I'd much rather be collected."

Then he did the thing he had been wanting to do all evening. He kissed her.

And Pal turned her head in faint surprise, swishing her tail to show her approval.