

HIS
MOTHER

tha shop-girl of a department store where she workad. And it wae here that Larry began to "see thinge diff'rent" (ae he told hie mother) in tha matter of politics. Here, too, he got another impression of Miss McCarty, from the deference which her two room mates showed her and the air of right with which she accepted it—to say nothing of the graceful dignity of the way in which she reclined upon a shabby corner couch and listened to the argument between Larry and the Socialist.

She gave him an impression not only of superior experience and euperior aga, hut even of superior cultura; and when he left her that night he had an uneasy suspieion that she was, perhaps, "above" him.

He was ambitious. He wae also proud—as proud as his mother. And when ha came to aek the giri to call on Mrs. Regan with him, he gave tha invitation as if it were a defiance. She accepted it—after a moment'e reflection—with some of that feminine, Old-World dignity that refusee to recognize a lover until he makee his formal declaration.

It wae this dignity that carried her through the interview with Mrs. Regan outwardly unmoved; and it wae this dignity that sat so stiff upon her as she journeyed hack to One Hundred and Third Street with Larry, in the roaring eubway, after she had refused Mrs. Regan's cup of tea. There wae nothing to say; the noise about them, in any case, prevented them from saying anything; and Larry waited until they were in the street before he even asked when he might see her again.

She replied calmly: "I don't know."

"Will you come to—to tha theatre to-morrow night?"

"No, thank you," sha said.

"Why?"

Her manner replied that she did not feel he had any elaim upon her that would justify tha question. Sha looked straight ahead of her in silence.