

THE WONDER WOMAN

former feeling for Haidee was admiration, reverence for her goodness, and a wonder—she was a dream woman—she would remain a dream woman always—an elusive, charming personality, something too fine for the common round of daylight duties. I thought of the poet's lines:

"I love thee to the level of every day's most quiet need, by sun and candle light."

Had I thought of Haidee so?

When I turned back to the cedar room, Mrs. Olds met me at the door with a whispered, "Joey is lucid—he is asking for you." I crossed swiftly to the bed, knelt down and took my lad's hand. He smiled at me in his old way, but his eyes went past me to Mrs. Olds. His voice was distinct as he ordered, "Go, get Wanza, Mrs. Olds, please."

I heard Wanza's step at that moment. She came softly forward and crouched beside me. "I am here, Joey," she said in her rich young voice.

"That's all right then! Wanza; if I don't get well you got to marry Mr. David."

The troubled face bending down over the gray one on the pillow, flamed. "Joey—dear!"

"Yes, Wanza," pleadingly, "cause who'll take care of him?"