

HIS
MOTHER

him. The boy waa wanting to take hia life into hia own handa again, to turn against hia politics, hia claaa and all his old associations. So much she understood with a mother'a jealous instinct, instantly, though she did not accuse him of understanding it himaelf. He had been influenced by someone. She set heraelf to find out who it waa.

She aaked: "Are yuh goin' out to-night?"

He accepted the queation with relief. "I thought I would—a little while. I'll be back early." He sat with his elbows on the table. "I promised I'd see some one."

She turned her back craftily before she asked: "Can't yuh bring him here?"

"Well, not very well," he said. "It'a a girl."

He tried to give it in a matter-of-fact tone, but he did not succeed. She tried to receive it in a matter-of-fact manner, and she was more successful. She kept her back to him and continued with her work, only glancing at the shawl with her lips tightened. A girl!

It was her opinion that every girl in the town was a designing hypocrite who was bent upon flattering Larry into marrying her so that she might not have to work for a living. Not one of the whole useless set would know how to cook for him. Not one would be able to do anything but spend hia money in clothes for herself and ruin hia digestion with stuff bought at delicatessen countera, and with her folly and extravagance worry him to death.

It is a mortifying thing to raise a boy to the lovable helplessness of manhood only to have him taken advantage of by one of your own sex. She said angrily: "Are y' ashamed to show her?"

After a moment of silence, he replied: "All right, then. I'll bring her." And rising abruptly from the table, he stalked into the front room and sat down at the window.

She did not need any further proof that the girl had caught him, for he waa not the sort of boy to