

tickets; and to my wife an invitation to come to their clinic. But what we needed was ready cash. . . . I was working for the City at the time, but at a miserable pittance. I was really in need. And when I went to another society here, which shall be nameless, the President told me to my face it was a crime to bring children into the world like rabbits—those were her words!”

He lifted Winky on his knee and wiped her little sore nose with a piece of newspaper. “Bad lady, to call my Winky a rabbit . . .”

“What I want you to do for me now, for I am a direct man, and do not believe in beating about the bush . . . I want you to come with me to the bank and get me a loan sufficient for my needs on the journey, and then take Mrs. Martin and the children away from this depressing little house while certain repairs are being made. We made a plan of it last night. It is a good chance to get it done while I am away. I am anxious to be off—every day is precious . . . You helped me when we had nothing . . . So now, when I can repay you handsomely, I have chosen you from all the societies in this city! I am not the sort of a man who would forget his friends.”

Mrs. Martin smiled at us in turn, a sweet little congratulatory smile. She was glad for our sakes.

“No bank will give you a loan,” said Mrs. Burton. “Your aunt is not dead, and you have nothing to show that you have any money coming to you.”

“I am amazed at you, Mrs. Burton,” he said, “and you a banker’s wife! Must I go over all this again? You don’t understand . . . I am not a pauper to be spoken to in this way.”

Mrs. Martin dabbed her eyes with a very dirty handkerchief: “Don’t chew the lady’s handbag,