

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 superior age, but even of superior culture; and when he left her that night he had an uneasy suspicion that she was, perhaps, "above" him.

He was ambitious. He was also proud — as proud as his mother. And when he came to ask the girl to call on Mrs. Regan with him, he gave the invitation as if it were a defiance. She accepted it — after a moment's reflection — with some of that feminine, Old-World dignity that refuses to recognize a lover until he makes his formal declaration.

It was this dignity that carried her outwardly unmoved through the interview with Mrs. Regan; and it was this dignity that sat so stiff upon her as she journeyed back to One Hundred and Third Street with Larry, in the roaring subway, after she had refused Mrs. Regan's cup of tea. There was 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 the theater to-morrow night?"

"No, thank you," she said.

"Why?"

Her manner replied that she did not feel he had any