

He turned back with her, and she accepted his escort as a matter of course. They said nothing of any importance; they parted at the step of the "El." in Park Place, with a nod and a smile; and Larry was half way back to his own station of the Third Avenue Elevated at Brooklyn Bridge before it occurred to him that he would like to see her again and had not provided the opportunity of doing so.

HIS
MOTHER

The omission made it necessary for him to stand opposite the barber shop, next noon, and wait for her to come out for luncheon.

There is, in such affairs, an unwritten code that prohibits the asking of personal questions. The young man must accept the young woman "sight unseen"—as the boys say when they "swap" with their hands behind them—until the first trial of acquaintance has been proven. Then, if the interest becomes serious, mutual confidences are naturally exchanged, the right to receive them having been established. It was for this reason that even after Larry and she had gone to the theaters together, sat in the parks, and patronized the museums of art and of natural history—which a thoughtful public has erected for the use of New York lovers who need sheltered benches on wet Sunday afternoons—he knew as little about her past, her parentage and the private circumstances of her life as she knew about his. She remained placid, uncoquettish and still reserved with the reserve of a woman whose voice was not made for chatter. (That voice haunted him. He heard it even in the midst of the crashed metallic tinklings of the linotypes.)

Then, one evening, when he called upon her by appointment to take her to the theater, she did not meet him at the door of the flat-house; and he ascended to the top floor apartment to find her with a headache and unwilling to go out. She was sharing the flat with two friends—one a head waitress in a dairy restaurant, the other a black-haired little Socialist who was trying to organize a union among