

business. He had no home for men, but he had had his Bluebird Laundry for women, for some time.

All his reports from it he received at night. The director would join him on the Drive, usually at midnight, and they would walk to and fro and talk of more things they could do for the benefit of girls and women who were out of employment, and who hated restraint.

Master never visited the place, for he didn't want to be recognised. He was astonishingly keen, however, in knowing all about it. One night, I heard him ask the director if a certain room didn't want repapering.

The man looked at him in surprise. "It does, but how do you know?"

Master's face glowed. "I see it all in my mind's eye." Then he added, "Refurnish the room too, and have the bluebirds larger than ever. Women need more and more happiness."

One evening, as we were setting out earlier than usual, we walked down by the collie dog's house, and met Miss Stanna coming out to exercise him.

I had got to love this young girl who often visited the Grantons. She was not so very young—twenty-two or thereabout. She had a brave, fine face, and it never grew weary, no matter how worried she was inside.

By things the servants said, I knew that Stanna and her brother lived with a grandmother, that they had been very rich, but the war had made them poor, and the grandmother was trying to find a rich husband for Stanna, and the girl wouldn't help her.

"Hello! Wasp," said my master, quite like a jolly