

how—well, I don't like it: that's all. If you'll leave these drawings, I'll think them over and call you up again in a few days."

At Judge Cutler's suggestion, Archey had been elected treasurer to take Burdon's place. Mary took the plans into his office and showed them to him. They were still discussing them, sitting at opposite sides of his flat-top desk, when the twelve o'clock whistle blew. A few minutes later, the four-hour workers passed through the gate, the men walking with their wives, the children playing between.

"I wonder how it's going to turn out," said Archey.

"I wonder . . ." said Mary. "Of course it's too early to tell yet. I don't know. . . . Time will tell."

"It was the only solution," he told her.

"I wonder . . ." she mused again. "Anyhow it was something definite. If women are really going to take up men's trades, it's only right that they should know what it means. As long as we just keep talking on general lines about a thing, we can make it sound as nice as we like. But when we try to put theory into practice . . . it doesn't always seem the same.

"Take these plans, for instance," she ruefully remarked. "I thought I knew exactly what I wanted. But now that I see it drawn out to