

"Nearly got it then!" he declared.

The whisper, more than the burning eyes, made Sullivan all sympathy. He held forward a pen and spun the register around.

"Can you sign your name?" he inquired kindly.

The stranger took the pen and pushed the torn piece of coat-sleeve out of the way, preparatory to writing. He paused, the pen wobbling in his hand, while a new and grayer horror spread over his face. Then, with the new ugliness upon him, he began to laugh in a silly, scarcely audible, fashion.

"My name?" he giggled. "Somebody's stolen it!" Then, slowly, the words coming one by one through his vacuous laughter: "I—don't—know—my—name. Sort of a joke. I don't know who I am."

"All right," Sullivan said lightly, taking the pen from the other's palsied fingers. "I'll sign for you." He wrote it down and spoke it: "John Smith. There you are. That all right?"

"Yes."

John Smith laughed vacantly and began to look round the room furtively. The tramp Simpson, who had been watching him with absorbed interest, thought that every bit of the man's personality had been concentrated into the uncanny fire of the terror-stricken eyes. But apparently they saw nothing. They entirely ignored Simpson's steady, searching glance.