

HIS of uncultured contempt for the man who could loll
MOTHER back, ogling, in a barber shop, while a woman
polished his nails.

The barber slewed Larry's head around—first this way and then that way—with the masterful hand of his trade; and Larry caught but fleeting glimpses of the girl's reddened ears and frigid haughtiness. The man was leaning forward on one elbow, a roll of flesh bulging above his collar. Larry's slanted eye fixed on that fat roll malevolently for a moment before the barber swung him around again. And when he was sheared and sleeked down with bay rum and out of the chair finally, he reached for his hat—with his eyes on the remembered neck—just as the girl, dropping her chamois pad, looked up appealingly at the barber as if for aid against insult.

Larry stepped forward, jabbed his fingers in between the neck and the collar and raised the man with one hand while he withdrew the chair with the other. (The tightened collar prevented any but a guttural, choked outcry.) Larry jerked him clear of the table and propelled him swiftly toward the screen door, shoved him through that, ran him across the sidewalk, and there, bumping him behind with a bent knee, sent him sprawling into the gutter. Then, without any undignified haste, but with sufficient celerity, he shouldered his way through the midday crowd on Broadway, turned a corner, and hurried back to his work.

He had almost forgotten the incident before he saw her again. He had not gone near the barber shop meanwhile. He had not given her a thought—except a vaguely resentful one. And when he met her face to face in City Hall Park, he was not sure where he had seen her before. She said, quite frankly and unembarrassed: "I want to thank you. Don't you remember me?"

"Sure I do," he replied, and he did not say it flippantly. She had spoken in that wonderful voice of hers, and it had made him respectful at once.