

It was dusk when she was through, and the rain had stopped for a time. Near the entrance to the house on the hill—a turn where she always had to drive slowly—a shabby man was standing—a bearded man with rounded shoulders and tired eyes.

“I wonder who he is?” thought Mary. “That’s twice I’ve seen him standing there. . . .”

Without seeming to do so, a pretence which only a woman can accomplish, she looked at him again. “How he stares!” she breathed.

As you have guessed, the waiting man was Paul.

For the first time that morning he had heard about the strike—had heard other things, too—in the cheap hotel where he had spent the night—obscure but alarming rumours which had led him to change his plans about an immediate return to his ship. A bit here, a bit there, he had pieced the story of the strike together—a story which spared no names, and would have made Burdon Woodward’s ears burn many a time if he had heard it.

“There’s a bunch of Bolsheviks come in now—” this was one of the things which Paul had been told. “‘Down with the capitalists who prey on women!’ That’s them! But it hasn’t caught on. Sounds sort of flat around here to