

HIS "There now," she reproached him, "Why 'd yuh
MOTHER waste yer money?"

He laughed shamefacedly and went back toward his bedroom.

He knew that she would fold the shawl away in a bureau drawer, and show it to her visitors as a "present from Larry," and perhaps on some special occasion wear it with all the pride in the world. He did not know that after he left her, she returned to her tea-making so absent-mindedly puzzled to know what was "up" that she forgot to put in the extra spoonful 'fer the pot."

Her suspicions were not allayed by his talkativeness at the table, for she knew him well enough to understand that whenever he had anything on his conscience he was always instinctively ingratiating and good-humored. She said little; she listened without betraying herself; she watched him furtively with her sharp old eyes. But she saw nothing in his talk until he had finished telling her about the opening of the new subway from Brooklyn Bridge to Harlem. Then—having pushed away his plate and tilted back his chair comfortably—he said: "We could get a fine big flat uptown for what we pay here. It wouldn't take me any longer to get home, either, now. We don't have to live down here. We could move for next to nothing—five or ten dollars."

He had evidently been leading up to that proposal, diplomatically; and with equal diplomacy she evaded it. She did not reply that this was her home; that all her friends were about her here; that the church in which she had been married, in which he had been christened, in which she had heard mass for the last thirty years, was just around the corner—to say nothing of her grocer and her butcher! She suggested merely: "Yuh'd miss the boys."

This referred to the younger members of the Dan Healy Democratic Association in which he was