

"Hardly that. It's just an announcement about our class—young men's Bible class, you know. It meets in the basement of the church over there; you can see the place from here. Say, can't you come over tonight? We're having our monthly bun-feed; it will be a splendid chance to get acquainted. Around town they call us the Hang Together Boys. We rather liked it, and adopted it for a class name. You know, in a place like this it's necessary—hanging together, I mean. There are so many strangers, and everybody is lonesome. Say, we'd love to have you drop in; will you come?" The jerky sentences showed that Bob Hunt felt it some effort to give his invitation.

Austin didn't know why he felt so contrary, but he was conscious that his aloof manner threw a wet blanket over his companion's enthusiasm. "Oh, I don't know about that," he murmured ungraciously, fearful lest he might be walking into a trap. Yet he was fearfully lonely—

"You'll like it," urged Bob Hunt. "We do all sorts of stunts, of course as long as it's suitable for a church. Do say you'll come."

Austin thought of the lonely evening that confronted him, knocking about the streets with nowhere in particular to go, and consented.

"I'll call for you," offered Bob Hunt.

No doubt that was for fear he would back out. "Don't need to," replied Austin shortly; "I've said I'll come."

But it proved one of the hardest things Austin had ever set himself to do. As soon as Bob Hunt left him, he didn't want to go at all. He felt in a sort of panic about it. He go to a Sunday-school class meeting! That was a kid's affair. He hung around the restaurant, dreading to make a move. It was Stubbs, industriously brushing up and carrying out dishes, who finally roused him.

"What's the rush, Stubbs?"

"Huh! Trying to git me work done in time for the bun-feed. Let's go together," he suggested, laying aside his apron. And so it was settled.