

Dickie's face flushed. "I suppose he would." He thought it over, then shrugged his shoulders. "I did n't. I don't know how it started . . . I went to New York and to that place you used to live in — the garret. I had the address from the man who took Pap there."

"The studio? *Our* studio? — *You* there, Dickie?"

"Yes, ma'am. I lived there. I thought, at first, you might come . . . Well" — Dickie hurried as though he wanted to pass quickly over this necessary history of his own experience — "I got a job at a hotel." He smiled faintly. "I was a waiter. One night I went to look at a fire. It was a big fire. I was trying to think out what it was like — you know the way I always did. It used to drive Pap loco — I must have been talking to myself. Anyway, there was a fellow standing near me with a notebook and a pencil and he spoke up suddenly — kind of sharp, and said: 'Say that again, will you?' — He was a newspaper reporter, Sheila . . . That's how I got into the job. But I'm only telling you because —"

Sheila hit the rung of her chair with an impatient foot. "Oh, Dickie! How silly you are! As if I were n't *dying* to hear all about it. How did you get 'into the job'? What job?"

"Reporting," said Dickie. He was troubled by this urgency of hers. He began to stammer a little. "Of course, the — the fellow helped me a lot. He got me on the staff. He went round with me. He — he took