

A queer little smile came to Rhoda Gray's lips, and her shoulders straightened back.

"Where are your clothes?" she asked.

"God bless you!" The tears were suddenly streaming down the grimy face. "God bless the White Moll! It's true! It's true—all they said about her!" The woman had lost control of herself.

"Nan, keep your nerve!" ordered Rhoda Gray almost brutally. It was the White Moll in another light now, cool, calm, collected, efficient. Her eyes swept Gypsy Nan. The woman, who had obviously flung herself down on the bed fully dressed the night before, was garbed in coarse, heavy boots, the cheapest of stockings which were also sadly in need of repair, a tattered and crumpled skirt of some rough material, and, previously hidden by the shawl, a soiled, greasy and spotted black blouse. Rhoda Gray's forehead puckered into a frown. "What about your hands and face—they go with the clothes, don't they?"

"It'll wash off," whispered Gypsy Nan. "It's just some stuff I keep in a box—over there—the ceiling——" Her voice trailed off weakly, then with a desperate effort strengthened again. "The door! I forgot the door! It isn't locked! Lock the door first! Lock the door! Then you take the candle over there on the washstand, and—and I'll show you. You—you get the things while I'm undressing. I—I can help myself that much."

Rhoda Gray crossed quickly to the door, turned the key in the lock, and retraced her steps to the washstand that stood in the shadows against the wall on the opposite side from the bed, and near the far end of the garret. Here she found the short stub of a candle that was stuck in the mouth of a gin bottle, and