

"How did you get out so soon?" she asked when she had given her friendly nod. "I don't remember that Thursday's a short day at the Poly."

"It isn't; but I manœuvred to steal ten extra minutes in order that I might catch you here. Something has happened, Estelle—they have offered me Tinayre's place."

"As head of the Art Classes," she said inquiringly. "It'll make a difference, won't it, Eugene? I'm very glad."

"A difference of a hundred a year. Poor Tinayre goes back to his vineyards—so we are both satisfied. I thought you'd be glad."

"I am glad, of course. Everybody who knows you will be. I suppose it means more work?"

"I don't mind that. It will make other things possible," he said rather significantly.

"But it won't give you any more time for your writing, will it?" she asked, with some solicitude.

"It will at least give me more heart."

"We had better walk on, hadn't we?" suggested Estelle. "At least, if you are going my way. They'll all be swarming out presently from the school, and you know what some of them are."

She spoke with quite a snap in her voice, and her pleasant face hardened.

"You're deadly sick of that crowd, Estelle," said Eugene quickly.

"Oh, I am! only goodness knows how sick! I've simply loathed everything to-day—even the children. I could have slaughtered them every one!"

"You're overtired. Yours isn't a woman's work. It's killing you, Estelle," he said anxiously.

"Oh, no. I'm an able-bodied woman, as strong as a horse. It's only the spirit that gets the better of me. I'm most awfully interested in poor old Monsieur