

Street, she told Larry of the visit and he said: **HIS**  
"Hundred and Third Street! Whereabouts?" She **MOTHER**  
replied: "Near the subway. First block east." He  
said: "I don't want you to be fooling around there.  
It'll look as if we were trying to follow her." And  
she remembered that Larry and the girl had come  
down from One Hundred and Third Street in  
"twenty minutes."

"Folly her!" she said, to herself. "Why should  
I folly her! It's yerself that'll do anny follyin' that'a  
to be done, me lad. I'd look nice goin' up there fer  
yuh, tryin' to patch up quarrels I know nothin' at  
all about. I'd look nice."

Anyone who understood Mrs. Regan would know  
that this fiercely contemptuous repudiation of any  
intention of "follyin'" Miss McCarty was the first  
sign of her purpose to do just that. The boy had  
begun to look bad about the eyes. When his face  
was in repose it took a worried wrinkle between the  
eyebrows. He had moments when he was so meek  
that he was as pathetic to her as if he were teething.  
She could not endure it. "If I knowed what was  
wrong between them," she told herself, "'tw'u'd not  
be so bad. I'd like to see that girl. Drat her! I'd  
put it to her atraight."

The next time she called in One Hundred and  
Third Street she examined the bella of all the apart-  
ment houses in the block, and when she came to  
"McCarty" she muttered: "There y' are, are yuh?  
If I thought yuh were up there now—but I s'pose  
yuh're at work. The devil take yuh. Do yuh go  
out nights, I wonder. I s'pose yuh think I'll tell  
Larry I'm goin' to church to-morra night, an' sneak  
up here to see yuh? Huh! I see meself! I'd look  
nice!" And turning her back resolutely, she walked  
off with her chin up.

Naturally, she said nothing to Larry of that visit,  
and he had no suspicion of her duplicity when she  
went out on the following Saturday evening to con-  
fession—it being the eve of the first Sunday of the  
month—and took the subway north.. ("I'll tell no