

pleasure-satiated life. She would enjoy the fun of the moment. Perhaps her escort was amazed, for in her own sphere she passed as one who daintily eschewed poverty and misery and all such vulgarity rampant among the lower classes of society. But this wretched little work-girl was so queer, so amusing, so new. It could do her no harm to listen to a few more of her witticisms.

"So I guess I don't work there any more," Pat rattled on, vastly pleased with the chance to air her views. "I came out here for a sniff of the spring. You know by yourself, miss, how tough work goes at this time of the year when the days first come warm."

The lady Isobel smiled faintly. No, there was no dim, far-back experience within herself to enable her to estimate the hardness of working in a factory on an April day.

"At least Vipe ought to know," said Pat vigorously, "seeing we're on night-work two weeks before Easter to make up for the holiday. When you sit under a twelve-pound fur coat felling in linings till half-past ten or eleven on some of these steamy spring nights—say, the firm might forgive you for coming in late the next day."

The gentleman picked at an imaginary flaw in the sleeve of his coat.

"You are rather hard on the firm of Wickins," he