

ing him. And in the background, dim in the shadows, were Westville, the sick woman, Fairview, the hostess of the roadside booth—

"And Harriet?" said Mrs. Latimer.

He told her, with satisfactory detail; and after that he spoke of his own adventure, though only in outline, all the way across the river, and across town in the taxi, and up Broadway, as unlovely as ever with its wooden pavements and contractor's sheds in the effulgence of the whiskey signs. But after a little while Broadway was not so hideous after all. He caught its pulse. He began to identify the city, to place himself in it, as they sped on in silence.

"That third one—" said Mrs. Latimer.

He stared down at her. "Oh, Polly you mean. Yes?"

"She has a kind face."

THE END