

room," she said in explanation, "but you can have the rocking-chair. Now, what's on your mind, Jerry?"

"I deserted you to-day," he began. Sally nodded, with her mouth full of pins. "I took another girl to the Palace!"

Sally adjusted the pattern and put in two pins before she replied. "That was nice—for a change!" she said. "Tell me about her."

Jerry told the story, concluding: "She's a sweet kid, all right, with eyes of brown and purple and gold, and two little dimples, and dresses in ruffles—and she said I had been wonderful to her, and she is going to write to me every week."

"Is she, now?" Sally stopped pinning and looked at him. "I might have known," she said, with a sigh, shaking her head, "with that wave in your hair, and those square shoulders, and the idealism of youth in your blue eyes, you would be picked up like this and sold down the river. You were surely born to pay some woman's bills. There are two kinds of women—lifters and leaners. It is generally supposed that the best men prefer leaners. That's rather too bad, Jerry. had a different future mapped out for you . . . But we can't go against fate."

"Now, listen, Sally," said Jerry, drawing the rocking-chair up to the table, "and stop your dress-making. You do not need a new dress, anyway, and I want all your attention . . . The boss said to me to-day that his young ward is the sort of a girl who brings out the best in a man—his protective instinct—and that noble emotion makes men do their bravest and best, and brings life's greatest happiness. . . . But I did not get one bit of a thrill today in protecting this little fluffy thing. I was mad at her for coming out in