

lions upon which were chiselled the head of a workman wearing the square paper cap that the workman never wears, and a bent-up forearm, the biceps enormous, the fist gripping the short hammer that the workman never uses. An enormous round chimney sprouted from one corner; through the open windows came the vast purring of machinery. It was a boot and shoe factory, built by the great concern who had bought the piece of property from Geary for fifteen thousand dollars, the same property Geary had bought from Vandover for eight.

Across the street from the factory was a long row of little cottages, very neat, each having a tiny garden in front where nasturtiums grew. There were fifteen of these cottages; three of them only were vacant.

"That was *my* idea," observed Geary, as they approached the row, willing to explain even though he thought Vandover would not comprehend, "and it pays like a nitrate bed. I was clever enough to see that cottages like these were just what's wanted by the workmen in the factory that have families. I made some money when I sold out my block to the boot and shoe people, and I invested it again in these cottages. They are cheap and serviceable and they meet the demand." Vandover nodded his head in assent, looking vaguely about him, now at the cottages, now at the great building across the street. Geary got the keys to one of the vacant cottages and the two went inside.

"Now here's what I want you to do," began Geary, pointing about with his stick. "You see, when some of these people go out they leave the rooms nasty, and that tells against the house when parties come to look at