

males, as Morley had said, were in the majority in Saint Anthony. In they came, Squire among them, radiating an air of appetite and a kind of robustious, restrained wildness. How could it be otherwise? There were many kinds of men, but all had one trait in common, the love of being at the beginning of things.

Taking them by and large, taking them in the bunch, Sadie preferred them infinitely to an average crowd in any big city restaurant. She did not censorially condemn them for their way of amusing themselves in town, for the blowing away of hard-earned dollars in cigars, so that the street was hazy blue with them; for the nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines, hard at work despite gaming laws—their presence suggesting some connivance between store-keepers and the law-executors. Had she been less trustful she would have known that the innocent skittle-alley along the street was really a gambling-joint, and instead of thinking how childish were the young men to pour in there of evenings—well, she would have known the truth. But after all men gamble in other places than in nominal skittle-alleys.