

## THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT

there were other things he knew of that Mr. Guion could do—things quite in keeping with his dignity.

"I've already talked to papa about it," she said. "He's very grateful—very much touched."

"There's no reason for that. I should like his company. I'm—I'm fond of him."

For a few minutes she seemed to be pondering, absently. "There's something I should like to ask you," she said, at last.

"Yes, Miss Guion? What is it?"

"When people have done so much harm as—we've done, do you think it's right that they should get off scot-free—without punishment?"

"I don't know anything about that, Miss Guion. It seems to me I'm not called upon to know. Where we see things going crooked we must butt in and help to straighten them. Even when we've done that to the best of our powers, I guess there'll still be punishment enough to go round. Outside the law-courts, that's something we don't have to look after."

Again she sat silent, watching the shifting splendor of the sunset. He could see her profile set against the deep-red glow like an intaglio on sard.

"I wonder," she said, "if you have any idea of the many things you've taught me?"

"I?" He almost jumped from his seat. "You're laughing at me."

"You've taught me," she went on, quietly, "how hard and narrow my character has been. You've taught me how foolish a thing pride can be, and how unlovely we can make even that noble thing we call