

no one to look after me now, and I never know the time."

When they went through the street door the dark clouds threatened rain, and drops fell on the pavement.

"Oh, my poor dress and hat!" she cried. "It's raining. Must we walk?"

Jerry hailed a taxi. It was only three blocks, but the fluffy green dress and hat would surely crumple in the dampness.

Jerry did not enjoy the picture. It was costing too much, and his young companion found fault with it all through. She had seen the real play in Toronto, and she never could get accustomed to mechanical music. She said that she was old-fashioned and peculiar, but she couldn't help it. Would he mind very much if they didn't stay for the last act. She could tell him how it ended . . .

It was really raining when they came out, and again Jerry got a taxi. When they reached the hotel his charming little friend insisted on his coming in.

"Do come and have dinner with me. I am really starving," she said, sweetly. "Do come so we can have a talk. I want to know you better. You have been so lovely to me. Oh, must you go? And will I have to eat all alone in that big room?"

There was a quiver in the voice, and the pansy brown eyes were clouding over. Jerry relented.

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At ten o'clock that night Jerry 'phoned to Sally. Could he come right over? He could.

Sally answered the door herself, and brought her guest out into the kitchen, where she was cutting out a dress on the table.

"My two sisters are entertaining in the living-