

Gerry nodded. With his eyes still on the child he put his arm around Alix and drew her to him. What Margarita had done for him, Alix had done. As he felt her frail body quivering in his embrace, as he looked back and measured the sacrifice by what the awful night of the coming of the Man had taught him, he was overwhelmed by a new humility. He turned Alix's face up to his. His lips moved in an effort to thank her but words failed him. Alix understood. She lifted her arms around his neck and drew his head down. He held her body very close as he kissed her, softly, adoringly. Alix hid her face against his shoulder for a moment and then threw back her head and shook the tears from her eyelashes. She smiled through wet eyes. "I am afraid he's not quite perfect — inside. Such a temper, Gerry. I'm afraid he'll grow up into a man about town and awfully wild." She turned grave eyes on Gerry, Junior, and her brows puckered. "What do you think?"

Gerry smiled. "From the looks of him I predict he gets his letter in Freshman year — center on the football team."

"Yes, perhaps," said Alix thoughtfully. "Everybody calls him Fatty already."

It was from Alan that Gerry learned that Kemp was still in town closing up his connection with the orchid firm. Gerry wired him, begging him to come to The Firs for a few days before he went West. Alix had told of Kemp's word of comfort.

After the first excitement of getting home was over Gerry found himself restless with the same restlessness