

"And has she ever told you exactly why she left Atlanta?"

"Old man a malefactor of great wealth or something, isn't he?"

"He's merely the boss employer of child labour in those parts. And when the said D. Hope awakened to that, she gave him his ultimatum, disinherited herself between lunch and dinner, and came on here to live on a dollar a day at the Hudson Street Settlement. Spirit of the century, my son, spirit of the century!"

Then they found themselves stalled behind some five hundred other cars by the snow-cleaners' wagons and the new subway work at Fourteenth street. And for a time they could not even talk of Miss D. Hope.

What they didn't know was that less than an hour before, the young woman herself had been seeing a young man into the old Subway station at Fourteenth street. And if she herself was not going up to Mrs. Fisher's and the Casa Grande, the young man was.

He was thin and dark, with the long under jaw of war and humour. And he wore a pair of large, round, black-rimmed glasses which,