

THE WORLD'S DAUGHTER

PART I

AS I turned and looked at her she was in the act of formulating the word "damn." You may say I took her in the act. "Damn," she breathed with subdued and quite unconscious vehemence, and the tail of her train disappeared out of the station.

She gave the saddle of her bicycle an annoyed little thump and stared pathetically after the disappearing train. It was the merest little bit of commonplace, everyday drama : scarcely that, but I was interested, I was attracted. She was so obviously herself, and something in me awoke and responded as I stood there looking at her. Then she caught my eye and knew that I had overheard her, and she blushed. I remember I was glad she blushed. It indicated a certain modesty and added the shade of an intangible "something" to my awakened interest. I wondered who she was and where she might be