

## A TIN ROOF

nce!" he said, blushing.  
The washerwoman will  
ay. I just didn't know  
I didn't know anybody

clothes-pins," faltered  
at she had done her best  
his own fire-escape, she  
r troubles to Mary, who  
appended, and hoped that  
give up his room because  
ages of the situation.

, and played it well.  
stepped on to the roof,  
e-escape, playing softly.  
and beat a hasty retreat.  
e him somehow, and to  
seemed to be so lonely;  
and he was so self-effa-  
ee use of their roof might

appearance had driven  
ment behind his shutters,  
Dorothy with her banjo  
dy. Presently his man-  
timidly, a note now and

## AND A FIRE-ESCAPE

He no longer took flight when they appeared.  
Unless very serious laundry operations were go-  
ing forward.

Indeed, one Sunday Mary looked out of the  
window to behold him, after hanging out his own  
wash, seated on the fire-escape playing the man-  
dolin to Dorothy while she hung out her stock-  
ings. Various neighborly interchanges of soaps  
and washing-sodas marked each week's intercourse.

"Hardly good form," mused Mary. "But it  
isn't good form to be at all, if you've got to be  
poor."

Almost every evening found the trio repeating  
joint and sweet discourses on mandolin, banjo,  
and guitar. He had a good voice, and the three  
dropped into the way of singing all the jolly, pop-  
ular new choruses together.

Bicycles constituted another bond of union.

It began by his stepping over from his fire-escape  
and taking the job of cleaning her wheel off Mary's  
hands one day. After that, he cleaned all the  
wheels—his own included—on the roof.

Of course they got to riding together. He was  
a blessing to them in this respect, for there were  
rides they had longed to take and had never taken  
because of having no male escort at command.

They had found out all about him.

He was a Southerner, a gentleman by birth and  
breeding; and he was an art student, trying to