

you. So that's one of the questions I don't ask. I thought somewhat of asking you what I had better do. But how could you tell me? No one can tell me that. Perhaps, when he comes back, I shall know what to do. I must take my chance. I wanted to ask you if there was anything you could say, knowing some of the circumstances, as I think you do — was there anything you could suggest, anything . . . ?" Mrs. Maughm paused.

Mary's voice was thin now when she spoke.

"When you called me on the telephone I thought you wanted me to take some letters."

"Of course you did, but you see how much more serious it was."

"Yes," said the stenographer, and she put on her grey gloves and got up from the chair, wondering if her legs would give way before she could get out of the room and down-stairs and out of the house.

"You said," she managed to get out, "a minute ago, could I suggest anything?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Maughm eagerly.

"I think," she said in her strained little voice, "that a man likes a woman to be there when he comes home — where he expects her to be." She paused. The beautiful rich colour that the years of confining occupation had not quenched rose to her cheeks, filled her face now. Mrs. Maughm thought with a tightening of her heart: "She is lovely, after all."

"I think," Mary finished, "that Mr. Maughm is fond of children."

Thomas Maughm walked back and forth before the gates in the South Station, waiting for the arrival of the train from New York. His hands were behind his back, his head was bent. He was a *soi-disant* lover, awaiting the arrival of a pretty woman who, at his suggestion, was to