

HIS MOTHER

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MRS. REGAN was at the front window of her tenement-house flat, watching. She was not beautiful. Her eyes were sunken and beady under the worried wrinkles of her forehead; her high-boned cheeks would remind you of the corners of a battered leather trunk; her withered old mouth was drawn as tightly shut as if she were holding pins between her lips. And yet, in those eyes, about that mouth, there was an expression of anxious and loving expectation that was more beautiful than beauty, because it was so human, because it had that endearing ugliness of worn life. She was watching for Larry—her son Larry!—and she kept saying to herself: "He's late.. I wonder what's keepin' him."