

light used only when necessity compelled it, lest its gleam might attract the attention of some other occupant of the house. And at times Gypsy Nan's head lay cheek to Rhoda Gray's, and the other's body grew limp and became a great weight, so heavy that it seemed she could no longer support it.

They gained the street door, hung there tensely for a moment to make sure they were not observed by any chance passer-by, then stepped out on the sidewalk. Gypsy Nan spoke then:

"I—I can't go much farther," she faltered. "But—but it doesn't matter now we're out of the house—it doesn't matter where you find me—only let's try a few steps more."

Rhoda Gray had slipped the flashlight inside her blouse.

"Yes," she said. Her breath was coming heavily. "It's all right, Nan. I understand."

They walked on a little way up the block, and then Gypsy Nan's grasp suddenly tightened on Rhoda Gray's arm.

"Play the game!" Gypsy Nan's voice was scarcely audible. "You'll play the game, won't you? You'll—you'll see me through. That's a good name—as good as any—Charlotte Green—that's all you know—but—but don't leave me alone with them—you—you'll come to the hospital with me, won't you—I——"

Gypsy Nan had collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk.

Rhoda Gray glanced swiftly around her. In the squalid tenement before which she stood there would be no help of the kind that was needed. There would be no telephone in there by means of which she could summon an ambulance. And then her glance rested on a figure far up the block under a street lamp—a