

the same manner, compel it to go through the curtain of darkness that hid his past from him.

The splash of the fountain in the court and the singing of the thousands came through the open window.

"Go on!" Edith urged Mary again.

"And afterward we came back," the slow, flat voice went on. She indicated Simpson. "He ran against him in some charity house somewhere in the West and recognized him—but Jack Garland, Mr. Smith, couldn't recognize anybody. He'd lost his memory. Then Simpson—you people call him Simpson—lost sight of him until we happened to come to Washington. And they—they offered us money to do—what we did do. I think he—Simpson—fixed it up, and they accepted it."

"Garland—Charlie's place—Virginia," Smith repeated the words, oblivious to the presence of others. They could see how he searched the chambers of his mind, how he tried to overleap the things that shut off the corridors of his memory. His whole body was tensed, like that of a man about to spring forward. His clenched hands were thrust hard against his thighs. He looked always at the Leslie woman. "I don't—I can't remember," he said.

At last she raised her eyes to meet his.

"You used to talk a lot about your home," she said. "You used to say lovely things." Her un-