

and things *did* go on, — his stenographer's attitude never altered. In the time that he spent there, nothing hurt his feelings; he was not bored, and he didn't want to get out. All of these things happened daily "up at the house."

Here, in this office room, the only obligations between the man and the woman were financial; the questions were business questions, and the woman who was paid for her duties was a combination of slave and free woman.

On this morning, she did not smile at her employer. The other part of her world was labelled in her mind "out home." "Out home" referred to a cottage in East Orange, where she supported a mother and a brother, and in an unbusinesslike way helped people she could not afford to help, as people who can't afford it usually do. Not very long ago, Mary had tasted the bitterness of lending money which you can't afford to lend to some one who has no intention of ever paying it back. She was short a hundred dollars. A hundred dollars is a little thing in the budget of many of us; in Miss Moreland's present financial state, the loss of it was a catastrophe.

She heard Mr. Maughm's familiar: "Will you kindly take this letter?" and opened her book. On the page before her, however, the following facts fell down, as though shaken from her mind into form:

"Amber Doane will never pay back that money. The rent is due. I ought to have twenty dollars for mother's doctor's bill. It's a new doctor — a specialist. He won't wait — I'd be ashamed to ask him, anyway. I haven't paid for my tailor suit — that's forty dollars."

Maughm began to dictate.

"Robert Aym's, Somerset Club, Boston.

"Dear old man, — If I don't write to some one, I shall go mad. I would like to come over to-day, but am tied