

HIS MOTHER given her. (She had quarreled with Larry! He would be leaving her. It was all over.)

She prepared for him, broken-heartedly, a lavish dinner of stuffed heart and mashed potatoes; and he came home earlier than usual to eat it with what she mistook for signs of a better feeling toward herself. That night, to her surprise, he did not go out; he read his newspaper and re-read it and read it again, until it was evident to her that he was reading the same pages twice without knowing it. She watched him—but without gathering any idea of what was going on in his mind.

And she watched him all next day (which was Sunday) without understanding his lack-luster mood, his absent-mindedness and his gentleness toward herself. He did not go out; he sat gloomily indoors; and when he proposed a street-car ride in the cool of the evening, she went with him, in a remorseful state of wonder.

At last, when she could bear it no longer, she asked: "What's become o' the girl that yuh don't take her?"

"Her," he said bltterly. "We're not good enough for her."

"An' why not?" she cried.

"I don't know," he answered, in a tone hard and even. "And I don't care."

"There now!" Mrs. Ragan addressed herself aloud. "What d' yuh think o' that?" She stared at him, turning in her seat, with such an expression of bewilderment that he asked, sourly: "What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," she said, collecting herself. "Nothin' at all."

But throughout the silence in which they finished their car ride, she kept saying to herself in her thoughts: 'What d' yuh think o' that? An' me thinkin' he was mad at me an' goin' to leave me fer the girl. . . . What d' yuh think o' that? The likes o' her! The likes o' her to be