

fell from him, as he concluded desperately—
“for God’s sake, come and take care of me.”

“You don’t know what Min has done?”

“Min?”

She told him, showed him the letter. He read it silently, weighing every word written or implied. Then he said slowly, “He is your son.”

“Dick, he has gone from me for ever. Oh, I know.”

“That is true,” he answered slowly. “And there is not a true mother in all the world who has not felt the pangs which are tearing you. Doll, at this moment, don’t you think that you do want me a little: about one twentieth as much as I want you? I asked you yesterday in my arrogance to let me take care of you; a minute ago I asked you with greater reason to take care of me; now, for the third time, I beseech you to let us take care of—each other.”

Susan Judkins said afterwards, with a complacency which Min adequately described as “fat,” that nothing else could possibly have happened.

“No sensible person,” she remarked, “could think of my Miss Dorothy as an old maid.”