

That mood passed, and a more characteristic one succeeded it.

She knew the girl would be some "gum-chewin' young gad-about with no more than brains enough to dress herself like a fool." A shop-girl, no doubt—a shop-girl that carried all her wages on her back and walked with a wiggle! There were no girls, no more, like the girls of her day. Never a one. Now, they went to work in offices instead of staying home and learning the things a girl ought to know. They made poor wives and worse mothers; they were half of them sickly and all of them silly; they knew no more about their proper business in life than a peacock knows about hatching duck's eggs.

She muttered and grumbled it over and over while she dressed—angry at herself now, because she had dared Larry to bring the girl. What could she say to the fool creature? Let him marry her and go off with her out of this. She could take care of herself—and that's all she would do. She didn't want to see the girl. Why should she? Drat the young snip. Who wanted to listen to her cackle? If Larry liked it, let him take it and live with it. There was no accounting for tastes. Larry!—of all boys in the world! Well, live and learn, live and learn.

She plumped herself down in her rocking chair by the window and waited indignantly for them to come. She looked very sour, very stiff and forbidding. Hard work had kept her thin and angular. She snorted and muttered to herself.

And she was still in this frame of mind when the arrival of Larry and his "girl" brought her to her feet. "Now, then," she said, "now then."

There entered a meekly dressed young woman, about thirty years old, tall, in black, with a plain pale face and a subdued manner. "Miss McCarty," Larry introduced her, very proud and somewhat apprehensive. ("God help us," Mrs. Regan said