

## EVENTS.

class room. She heard them, and her greenish eyes hardened to sullenness. She was all but openly rebellious. Her grievances against fate expended itself on the unoffending class; she hated them.

On the last evening he was there when she arrived, already in position, making up for lost time. It was a cold, snowy night, and as Liz halted by his easel, the wet snow which had clung to her small, clumsy boots melted into little pools on the class room floor. The student looked up and smiled at her.

"Well, it's a cold night!" he said. "Aren't you wet? Why don't you go over by the stove and get warm?"

She smiled back at him, the half-bashful smile that sat so oddly on her grave, unchildish face. Something in her look appealed to him; in his suburban home he had a small sister just Liz's age. He put his arm round her and pulled her close to his chair.

"Well, do you think that's like you?" he said.

Liz looked at the canvas, then back at him, flushing to the roots of her red hair. "I dunno," she said.

He picked up a tube from an open paint box at his feet and began to squeeze out colour on his palette. She still hung near, wistful, expectant. But he went on with his work; presently other students came in there was a clatter of tongues, a scraping of easels. The clock-hands ticked to seven and Liz crept disappointedly away.

One of the newcomers lounged across the room, pulling on a linen painting coat. "That kid's taken a fancy to you, Guild!"

"Rats!" said the tall student.

There was a smaller attendance than usual, owing to the stormy night. The evening had never seemed so short to Liz. The approaching reorganization of holiday-time had affected the class. Even the Visitor fell under the spell of geniality. He had arrived late, wearing a dress suit under his overcoat. He forgot for once to be sarcastic, and even smiled at Liz as he crossed the floor. The spirit of the last night of the session remained unchecked.

Ten o'clock struck and the class broke up.

Some of the students had left earlier. Those who remained were gathering together their belongings, exchanging holiday plans as they hunted for missing brushes and struggled into coats. Someone of the day class had taken someone else's painting jacket; it was discovered at last and hurled hilariously from head to head. Liz dressed very slowly. On the other side of the screen she could hear the tall student talking to a companion. She felt an odd, empty sensation, that was akin to homesickness, had she ever known what homesickness was. Presently the voices lapsed into silence; there were final good-nights and the fading echo of feet along the corridor outside.

Liz came out from behind the screen. The big room was all but deserted. The tall student remained; he was buckling a strap round his paint box and the two finished canvases.

"Hallo, kiddie!" he said, "I thought you'd gone. Want your frock buttoned?"

She came over to him slowly, and he left his task to fumble with the shabby button-holes.

"So it's the last night," he said. "Guess you'll be glad of a holiday, won't you?"

Liz did not answer. Her face was averted from him, and a lump rose in her throat. She battled with it fiercely.

"That's fixed," he said at last. "Well, good night."

She turned and faced him, shifting from one foot to the other. Her face flushed hotly, and she wriggled with deep embarrassment.

"I'll—wash your brushes for you," she stammered finally.

The tall student smiled at her.

"O! thanks; but I've got 'em all done up," he returned. "I guess they'll do when I get home."

He bent over his paint-box again. Liz watched him put the strap through the last fastening. Her shyness once conquered, she felt the courage that comes of despair; the eager clutching at a forlorn hope. She drew a circle with her toe on the floor and gulped. The student glanced at her expectantly. She gulped again.

"I'll come an' pose for yer anytime you