

## AT ST ANTHONY'S CROSSING 17

liked, and had been clever instead of just making a fool of himself.

And then she saw him look past her, fix his gaze very definitely somewhere in the background. Glancing round to discover the cause she found Squire at a table. He looked a gross creature indeed sitting there, even more markedly than when he stood in the doorway of the private sitting-room. He met her eye and did not look away. It annoyed her to think that she was the one who did so. Make no mistake, nor think that Squire was the only man in the room who saw her—who looked at her. There was a mere kid at another table whose obvious devotion would have turned some girls' silly heads, and set them flaunting with the thought of one more conquest. He was just a kid, a roving, wander-fret kid, of the breed that a century ago used to tie up lunch and a jack-knife in a blue handkerchief and hit for the docks to be cabin-boy of a privateer, but nowadays works a passage, or beats his way, and somehow gets to the Saint Anthonys.

But Squire was a different matter. The sedate young tippler, who had roused Sadie's interest,