

went to work for her! It made one feel at once that something was being done, where before people had merely tried to do things."

King was making rapid calculation. At the end of it, "Would you mind telling me whether you have had any sleep at all?" he begged.

She turned her face toward him for an instant. "Do I look so haggard and wan?" she queried with a quick glance. "Yes, I had a good two hours. And I'm so happy now to know that Estelle is sleeping quietly that it's much better than to have slept myself."

"Do you do this sort of thing often?"

"Not just such spectacular night work, but I do try to see that a little is done to look after a few people who have had a terribly hard time of it. But this is all—or mostly—since I came back from my year away. I learned just a few things during that year, you know.

"Your cousin—do you mind?—give me just a bit of an idea why you went," he ventured.

"Oh, Leila Stockton." He took on an amused curl. "Of course Leila. She—chatters. But she's a dear girl; I think that she can't easily get a new point of view.

He pressed her with his questions. His discernment told him that it was of no use, while they were flying along the road at this pace, with a tempo