

did n't like it. I took up manicuring because I could do that — and could n't do anything else."

"Have yuh no relatives? Are y' all alone here?"

"Yes. All alone — except for the girl friends I've made."

"There now," Mrs. Regan relented. "He'll make y' a good husband. He's the best boy in the world." And she launched out in a mother's eulogy of him. "Yuh're a fine, big, healthy-lookin' girl," she ended. "Yuh'll be happy together. I must get back now." She rose to go. "Don't tell him I've been here." She paused, frowning. "How'll I —"

Miss McCarty kissed her. "I'll write to him. Don't worry about that. Let me take you to the subway."

"I will not," Mrs. Regan replied. "I'm not so old I can't walk alone. Good-by to yuh."

And when Larry, on the following Monday, had received his letter and had gone out (rather sulkily, but in his best clothes), to reply to it in person, Mrs. Regan sat down by her window with an exclamation that was between a sigh of satisfaction and a grunt of disgust. "There y' are," she told herself. "That's what it is to be a mother. 'Tain't only that yuh can't keep yer boy, but if yuh try it, y' end by goin' down on yer bare knees to the girl to marry him. A nice thing to have to be doin'! A nice thing!" She grumbled indignantly. "Well," she said, "that's what it is to be a woman an' have to be lookin' after the men all yer