

up the steep incline toward the stone gates and on between them along the walk which led to the main women's building. Susan Pierce would be there, waiting for her in her office to the right of the great entrance door, smoking too many cigarettes, looking at Emma Davis with stern, yet kind gray eyes, not thinking Emma quite a fool, quite a blithering idiot, as she herself often feared she was.

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"What have you done now, Davy?" Susan would say. "Out with it! I'm sure it's quite wrong and entirely right."

Susan Pierce was there. She had been there in the same chair for many years, seeing endless anxious people, studying strange eyes, watching for countless forbidding signs. She gave Emma Davis a cigarette. They smoked together for a few quiet minutes. She had rooms ready for Melvina Rust and Annie Tiddle, she told Emma then, next to each other, looking out upon fields and trees. She feared that Mrs. Christianson must go elsewhere for a time, but who knew what might be done even for Mrs. Christianson? She did not at all object to a tea set, although such paraphernalia was usually not admitted with its owners, although she might think best to keep it in her own room for just a bit. She would herself have a cup of