

let her down, but, since she hadn't once done so in thirty years, Angelina really required no confirmation. Instead, she started for the doorway with a crisp sound of cleanliness and starch, bound straight, as Angelina Norton well knew, for the room of Mrs. Melvina Rust.

"Just a moment, Davy," Angelina said, turning quickly from her window space. "There's nothing happening up there that hasn't happened every day for a fortnight. You haven't told me a thing about what you did yesterday."

Emma Davis turned from the open doorway and faced Angelina's accusing eyes. She tried to be nonchalant and easy, and she failed. She stood there, looking at Angelina, readjusting her cap, running her forefinger under a pleat of her uniform which needed loosening from its load of starch.

"First, I had my hair done," she said. "I shouldn't have, but I did. It's getting thin on the left side, so now it's parted on the right and curled. Of course, you haven't noticed. Then I had supper at Ferry's. Oyster stew and very good. It cost sixty-five cents. Then I went to the movies and saw a picture called *A Night to Remember*. It was very silly, and I liked it. You wouldn't have. Is that all?"

"No," said Angelina. "You shopped. What-

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