

claim upon her that would justify the question. She looked straight ahead of her in silence.

Larry put his hands in his coat pockets, with the air of a boy who has been insulted and who puts away his fists temporarily until he can make sure that the insult was intended. He asked: "Don't you want me to come to see you?"

"I think not," she said, in her smoothest voice. "No."

Larry took her to her door without another word. He stopped on the pavement. "Good night," he challenged.

She looked back over her shoulder as she took the first step. "Good-by," she replied cheerfully; and it was a cheerfulness that only made finality sound more final.

Larry nodded briefly and turned away. And to match the finality in her cheerfulness, there was, in his nod of dismissal, an anger that was as implacable as an Irish hate.

IV

Mrs. Regan, when he returned to the flat, had apparently gone to bed, but after he was in bed himself she came to his room in her blue flannel wrapper with a light, to make her peace with him; and he pretended that he was asleep, lying very stiffly on his back with his eyes shut, in an attitude that would not have deceived the blind. There was nothing for her to do but to go back to her misery and lie awake with it, staring at