

about it. After that, you got to drinking and left home."

"And then?" Smith's tone showed his utter bewilderment.

"You batted around and just went to the dogs."

Mary lifted her head and shook off Edith's hand from her shoulder. She indicated Simpson.

"He was drunk last night," she said in that dull, dreary tone which seemed now a part of her. "He's drunk now. Let me tell you."

"Please, please, tell us," Edith said gently.

"We were out in Shanghai. Gardner—the man you call Simpson—took me out there. It was a little over six years ago. He took me."

She tried to toss her head in scorn, but succeeded only in a gesture that emphasized her misery.

"Oh, they talk about drink! The only thing that really matters is what it does to women! You see what it's done to me! Anyway, he took me. And we met Jack Garland there. We didn't go to very nice places. That's how we met him." She indicated Smith again. A great sob choked her. "Oh, that awful country! There are ten thousand different kinds of flowers there—and ten million different kinds of sins."

Edith brought her back to the story.

"Oh, tell me! Tell me about Mr. Smith."

"His name's Garland," she said, as if she made a