

they smiled. . . . They knew—these two, out of all the world—they knew what it meant—that the child was safe.

And out in the glowing dawn, the great car thundered home, and Betty Harris's mother looked out with swift eyes, on the lighting way.

"See, Phil—the sun is up!" She reached out her hand—

"Sit still, Louie—don't tremble so—" he said gently. "She is safe now— They have brought her home. She's there, you know, asleep." He spoke slowly—as if to a child. . . . He was gathering up the morning in his heart—this big, harsh, master of men—his little girl was safe—and a common Greek—a man out of the streets—peddling bananas and calling up and down—had made his life worth living. His big, tense mind gripped the fact—and held it. Something seemed speaking to him—out of the east, over there, past the rushing car. . . . A common Greek. . . . He had flung his wealth and