



THE RIVER

EDNA AIKEN

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MacLean's attention was deferential. He had always liked Hardin; all the fellows did. But he was jumping off wrong this time. He'd brought it all on himself.

"He said something about a levee for the towns. He's got to investigate that before he goes to the front."

"A levee? Well, wouldn't that jar you?" Hardin addressed the stenographer in the transparent shirtwaist. "Does he think we're going to have another flood this season? Thinks it's going to reach the hotel and wet his clothes? Take the starch out of his shirts?" He flung out of his chair, throwing the papers back into the drawer.

He stamped out of the office, mad clear through. To this crisis they had sent down a dandy, a bookman who wanted to build a levee. Oh, hell!

"They'll come crawling after me to help them after this fellow's buried himself under river mud, come calling to me as they did after Maldonado failed. Please, Mr. Hardin, won't you come back and finish your gate? I'll see them dead first. No, I'll be fool enough to do it. I can't help myself. I'm a Hardin. I have to finish what I've begun."

It was not because this was a pet enterprise, the great work of his life, that he must eagerly eat humble pie, take the buffet, the falls, and come whining back when they whistled to him. He told himself it was because of his debt to the valley, to the ranchers. The colonists were about desperate. Who could blame them? The last year's floods had worked havoc with their crops; this year had been a horror. The district they called No. 6 was a screaming irony of ruin. The last debacle of the river had made great gashes through the ranches, had scored deep gorges which had undermined the canals on which the water supply for No. 6 depended. The suits were piling up against the D. R., damage suits, and they held up his gate, while he gets the curses of the valley. And Mr. Rickard thinks he'll build a levee!

He flung himself on the couch in the tent. Gerty was lying a careful cloth for supper. A brave, determined smile was arranged on her lips. The noon storm had passed. She hummed a gay little tune. If there was anything Hardin hated it was humming.

"You'll have your duds to dinner all right," her husband announced. "He's in town."

"Yes, I know," rejoined his spouse. "I had a letter from him yesterday. From Imperial."

Tom sat up glaring. "He wrote to you from Imperial?"

His wife misinterpreted the accent. She misunderstood Tom's scowl. It was the old story over again. Whenever those two men came together the old feeling of jealousy must be revived again! It was unpleasant, of course, very unpleasant, to have men care like that, but it made life exciting. Life had been getting a little stale lately—like a book of obvious, even plot. Rickard's entrance into the story gave a new interest, a new twist. She hummed an air from a new opera that had set the world waltzing.

Hardin's thoughts did not touch her at the moment. He was at the headgate, his gate. What the devil had Rickard gone to Imperial for? If he wasn't the darndest ass! Imperial! And the gate hung up!

"For God's sake stop that buzzing!" The happy little noise was quenched. Innes, entering at that moment, heard the rough order. She looked imploringly at her sister-in-law.

"Supper's on the table," cried Gerty, the fixed, determined smile still on her lips.

CHAPTER X.

A Desert Dinner.

Innes Hardin was completing her simple toilet. Not even to please Gerty would she "dress up" for the dinner. It would have been easy for her sister-in-law to postpone it. How could she expect Tom to go through with it! She couldn't understand Gerty!

An hour ago, hearing distinctly the whirr and splash of egg-beating, she had run over to the neighboring tent. The clinking of the cake tins had suddenly silenced. "Excuse me, won't you?" Gerty's voice had come from the tent-to, the little kitchen shed. "I'm lying down."

"Joking, yes!" grinned the Hardin mouth to its reflection in the mirror. How many times that week had she been repulsed by a locked door, a sudden curtain of silence or a "Run away for a while. I'm trying to catch a nap." Easy now to see why Gerty had wanted to "hold the reins" that week!

She didn't need to pierce those canvas walls to know that there had been feverish activity for this dinner.

A new gown would appear tonight, made secretly. An exquisite meal, and no one must comment on its elaboration. Twice Tom and she had been asked to take their lunch at the hotel. "Because of a headache!" A headache!

Tom's wife could not even shop openly! Bundles had always the air of mystery, never opened before Tom or herself. She must have yards of stuff laid away, kept for sudden emergencies.

"She can't help it. It's her disposition. She can't help being secretive. Look at your face, Innes Hardin!" What was it to her, the pettiness of a woman whom an accident of life had swept upon the beach beside her? Gerty was not her kind, not the sort she would pick out for a friend. She was an oriental, one of the harem women, whose business it is in life to please one man, to keep his home soft, his comforts ready, keep him convinced, moreover, that it is the desire of his life to support her. Herself dissatisfied, often rebellious, staying by him for self-interest, not for love—ah, that was her impeachment. "Not loving!"

Soberly she covered her plain brassiere with a white waist of cotton ducking. A red leather belt and crimson tie she added self-consciously. "Where is my bloodstone pin?"

Hadn't she spent an hour at least matching that particular leather belt? But he was a man, in battle. The headgate held up; it was too bad. Silent, Rodefeldt, Wooster, Grant, all of them fighting mad because of the deadlock at the headgate. All up in arms, at last, against Marshall, because of this cruel cut to their hero, Hardin. Her eyes glowed like yellow lamps as she recalled their fervid partisanship.

"Only one man who can save the valley, and that's Tom Hardin," Wooster had said that; but they all believed it. The loyalty of the force made her ashamed of her soft woman fears. For there were times when she questioned her brother's ability. He had a large, loose way of handling things. He was too optimistic. Those men, those engineers must know. It was probably the man's way of sweeping ahead, ignoring detail. The verdict of those field-tried men told her that the other, the careful, planning way, was the office method. Rickard, as a dinner neighbor, she had found interesting; but for great undertakings a man who would let a Gerty Holmes jilt him, ruin his life for him! The whole story sprang at last clear from the dropped innuendoes.

She adjusted a barrette in her smoothly brushed hair. Slowly she walked over to the neighboring tent. Gerty frowned at the white duck.



Gerty Frowned at the White Duck.

"You might at least have worn your blue!"

"You're elegant enough for the two of us. Isn't that something new?"

Gerty said carelessly that she had had it for a long time. For she had had the material a long time! It wasn't necessary to explain to her husband's sister that it had been made up that week. She hoped that she didn't look "fussed up." Would Mr. Rickard think she was attaching any importance to the simple little visit? For it was nothing to him, of course. A man of his standing, whom the great Tod Marshall ranked so high, probably dined on several times each week, with white-capped maids and candleabra! If Tom had only made the most of his opportunities. What a gamble, life to a woman!

She made a trip into her bedroom and took a reassuring survey in her mirror. The lingerie frock would look simple to a man who would never suspect it of hand-made duplicity. Her glass declared the hand-whipped medallions sacred and

a long time ago, a lifetime ago, Rickard had told her that she always should wear blue, because of her eyes. Innes from the next room could hear Gerty teasing Tom to wear his Tuxedo.

"Isn't one dude enough for you?" growled her surly lord. Innes recognized the mood and shrank from the ordeal ahead. It was the mood of the Hardin in the rough, the son of his frontier mother, the fruit of old Jasper Glegg, whose smithy had been the rendezvous for the wildest roughs, the fiercest cattlemen in Missouri.

"I'd let him see you knew what's what, even if we do live like gipsies." The answer to that was another growl. Innes could hear him dragging out the process, grumbling over each detail. That confounded laundry had torn his shirt. He hadn't a decent collar to his name. Where was his black string tie? If Gert would keep his things in the lowest drawer! Hang that button! Gerty emerged from the encounter, her face very red. Innes could see her biting her lips to keep the tears back as she put the last touches to the table.

"She's tired out," thought the sister of Tom Hardin. "She's probably fussed herself to death over this dinner."

A few minutes later Rickard arrived in a sack suit of tweeds. Gerty's greeting was a little abstracted. But could she make Innes understand it? Tell Tom to change his coat? The duty of a host, she suddenly remembered, was to dress down rather than up to the chances of his guest. She regretted bitterly her insistence. Was ever anyone so obtuse as Innes? Mr. Rickard would see that they thought it a big event. She was watching the curtain where Tom would emerge. And his coat was a style of several seasons ago and absurdly tight! She made an unintelligible excuse and darted behind the portiere.

Tom's face was apologetic. He was wrestling with a mussed tie; the collar showed a desperate struggle.

Gerty made wild signals for him to change his clothes. She waved a hand indicating Rickard; she pointed to Tom's sack suit lying on the floor where he had walked out of it.

"What is it all about?" "Ssh," whispered his wife. Again the wild gestures.

"Well, aren't you satisfied? Don't I look like a guy?"

He could be heard distinctly in the next room. Gerty gave it up in despair. She dabbed some more powder on her nose and went out looking like a martyr—a very pretty martyr!

Rickard praised the miracles of the tent. Gerty's soft flush reminded Innes of their old relation. "Exit Innes," she was thinking, when Tom, red and perspiring, brought another element of discomfort into the room.

Gerty ushered them immediately to the table. She covered the first minutes which might be awkward with her small chatter. Somewhere she had read that it was not to make apologies for lack of maid or fare. Besides Mr. Rickard remembered Lawrence! That dreadful dining room, the ever-set table! How she had hated it, though she had not known how fearful it was until she had escaped.

"We are simple folk here, Mr. Rickard," she announced, as they took their places around the pretty table. That was her only allusion to dedications, but it covered her noiseless movements around the board between courses, filled up the gaps when she made necessary dives into kitchen or primitive ice chest, and set the key for the homeliness of the meal itself. The dinner was a triumph of apparent simplicity. Only Innes could guess the time consumed in the perfection of detail, details dear to the hostess's heart. The almonds she had blanched, of course, herself; had dipped and salted them. The cheese straws were her own. She did not make the mistake of stringing out endless courses. An improvised buffet near at hand aided the serving a triumph.

Rickard praised each dish; openly he was admiring her achievement. Innes, remembering the story Gerty had told her in dots and dashes, the story of the old rivalry, glanced covertly at Tom sulking at the head of his own table.

"Poor sulky Achilles," she thought. "Dear, honest old bear!"

"Innes!" cried Mrs. Hardin.

She turned to find that the guest was staring at her. She had not heard his effort to include her in the conversation.

"Mr. Rickard asked you if you like it here?"

"Thank you—why, of course!" Her answer sounded pert to herself.

Her sister-in-law hastened to add that Miss Hardin was very lonely, was really all alone in the world; that they insisted on her making her home with them.

Innes had with difficulty restrained a denial. After all, what other home had she? Still the truth had been detected. She recalled the sacrifice it had been to cut her college course in order to make a home in the desert for the brother who had always so gently fathered her, who had helped her invest her small capital that it might spell a small income. She recalled his resistance when she had called in a mortgage; who could watch that mad scapegoat of a river playing pranks with desert homes and not yearn to help? Not a Hardin. She still gloried in remembering that she had at least driven one pile into that rebellious stream, even if when she left the valley it would be as a bread-winner. She was prepared. She was a good draftsman; she would go as an apprentice in an architect's office.

She had already settled on the architect!

"Are you going to Los Angeles soon?" She heard the new manager address his host.

"I'm taking orders."

There was another awkward moment when Hardin pushed back his plate declaring he had reached his limit; it was too big a spread for him! It was the stupid rudeness of the small bad boy; even Innes flushed for her sister-in-law.

With resolution Gerty assumed control of the conversation. Her role sounded casual; no one could have suspected it of frequent rehearsal. They must not talk of the river; that was taboo. Railroad matters were also excluded. Equally difficult would be reminiscences of Lawrence days. So she began brightly with a current book. The theater proved a safe topic, and by that natural route they reached New York. Innes, who had never been farther east than Chicago, was grateful to play audience. Hardin, who knew his New York perhaps better than either, refused to be drawn into the gentle stream.

Things must be kept sprightly. Had Mr. Rickard met many of the valley people? And it was then that she threw her bomb toward the listening, silent Hardins. She would like Mr. Rickard to meet some of their friends.

He said that he would be delighted, but that he was planning to leave shortly for the headgate.

"Of course," she did not give her husband time to speak. She meant afterward! She was planning to give something a bit novel in his honor. She refused to see the glare from the angry man in his outgrown dinner coat. She did not glance toward the sister. What did Mr. Rickard think about a progressive ride?

"It sounds very entertaining, but what do you do?"

There was a loud guffaw from Tom. With deepened color Gerty told her idea. A drive, changing partners, so he could meet all the guests.

"I think it will surprise you to find so many nice people in here; it certainly did me. One doesn't expect to find congenial people in a new country like this."

Rickard remembered that he had to get back to his hotel. He had letters to write. It had been a splendid dinner! And what a wonderful home she had made out of a sand-baked lot, out of a tent! He spoke of the roses and the morning glories. His eyes fell on the open piano, the reading table with the current magazines. Now he couldn't understand why they ever went to that hotel!

Gerty's eyes were shining as deep pools of water on which the sun plays. She looked almost infantile as she stood by the two tall men, her head perched birdlike. "Good-by! and I hope you'll come again!"

Of course he'd come again! "And you will let me know when you return, so that I may set the date for my party?"

Innes did not get his answer. She had been observing that he was not taller than her brother. He looked taller. He was lean, and Tom was growing stocky. She wished he would not slouch so, his hands in his pockets! In Tucson, before she knew that she must dislike Rickard, she had had an impression of virile distinction, of grace, a suggestion of mastered muscles. He had known that it was her brother he was supplanting—did he get any satisfaction from the fact that he was the husband of the woman who had jilted him? Anyway, she did not like him. She could never forgive a hurt that was done to her own. She was a Hardin.

"Innes! Mr. Rickard said good night!"

She gave him the tips of her cool, browned fingers. Her eyes did not



Her Eyes Did Not Meet His.

meet his; she would not meet that laughing scrutiny.

"Good night, Mr. Rickard."

CHAPTER XI.

The Fighting Chance.

"Casey's back, spying!" announced Wooster at mess one evening. By that time the feeling against "Marshall's man" was actively hostile. There had been a smudge of slumbering fires before Rickard had left the town.

Fanned by much talk during his absence, it had burst into active blaze. They were ready to show their resentment against the man who had supplanted Hardin, the Napoleon, if it cost them their places. By this time the cause of the desert was as compelling to these hardy soldiers as were

the lily banners of France to the followers of the Little Corporal.

Rickard was not expected. He had been gone less than a week. The effect of his return was that of a person who returns suddenly into a room, hushing an active babel of tongues. He knew what he would find, ample reasons why! He was not given the satisfaction of locating any particular act of disobedience. The men presented a blank wall of politeness, reasonable and ineffectual. Silent explained briefly that he had not been able to collect enough men. Most of the force was busy in the No. 6 district, trying to push the shattered Wistaria through by a new route before that year's crops were entirely ruined. A gang was at Grant's Headgate; the floor needed bracing. Another squad, Irish, was in the Volcano Lake region, where they were excavating for the new headgate.

"No hurry for that," Rickard was glad to pick a flaw in such a perfect pattern. "Tom might have withdrawn those men and put them to work on the levee."

"I was given no authority to do that."

The chief pretended to accept the reason; else it was a case of changing horses in midstream. What he had seen at the headgate, his peep at the exposed valley, his glancing of the river's history had convinced him that in haste and concentration lay the valley's only chance. He must refuse to see the insubordination of the engineers, the seasoned desert soldiers. He needed them, must win their confidence if he could. If not, they must save the valley anyway! The imperturbable front of Silent, his bland, big stare, exasperated him, easier to control the snapping temper of a Wooster. He had told Silent distinctly to gather his men and rush the levee. A good soldier had made a better guess than his, and had stopped the casual work at Black Butte, or had found Indians! Thoughtfully Rickard followed that last suggestion across the ditch into Mexican.

He gathered all the recruits he needed that morning. The Indians, lazy Cocopahs, crept out of their huts to earn a few of the silver dollars held out to them by the new white boss. A few Mexican laborers were bribed to toss up earth to the west of the town. Estrada, at his request, put a squad of his road force at the service of the manager. He could not spare many men.

The railroad had already started the line projected by Hardin to Marshall the year before, a spur across the desert, dipping into Mexico between the lean, restless sandhills, from Calexico to Yuma. The Mexican government had agreed to pay five thousand dollars a mile were the road completed at a certain period. Estrada was keeping his men on the jump to fill the contract, to make his nation pay the price. The completion of the road meant help to the valley; supplies, men, could be rushed through to the break.

In spite of his haunting sense of ultimate failure the growing belief in the omnipotence of the Great Yellow Dragon as the Cocopahs visualized it. Estrada's work was as intense as though he were hastening a sure victory. The dauntless spirit of the elder Estrada pushed the track over the hot sands where he must dance at times to keep his feet from burning. Many of the rails they laid at night.

"Rickard's gone hog-wild," Hardin told his family the next morning. "Building a levee between the towns! The man's off his head."

"There isn't any danger?" Gerty's anxiety made the deep blue eyes look black.

Innes looked up for Tom's answer. His face was ugly with passion.

"Danger! It's a bluff, a big show of activity here because he's buffaloed; he doesn't know how to tackle the job out there."

It had begun to look that way to more than one. It was talked over at Coulter's store; in the outer office of the D. R. company where the engineers foregathered; among the chair tilts who idled in front of the Desert hotel. "The man does not know how to tackle his job!" A levee, and the gate held up! What protection to the towns would be that toy levee if the river should return on one of its spectacular sprees? A levee, and the intake itself not guarded? He was whispered of as incompetent; one of Marshall's clerks. He was given a short time to blow himself out. A bookman, a theorist.

"As well put sentinels a few miles from prison and leave the jail doors open!" This was Wooster's gibe. All saw the Colorado as a marauder at large. "And a little heap of sand stacked up to scare it off! It's a scream!"

Mrs. Hardin found it difficult to meet with diplomacy the confidences which inevitably came her way. As Hardin's wife she was expected to enjoy the universal censure the new man was acquiring. Gerty's light touches, too slight for championship, passed as a sweet charity. Her own position those days was trying. She did not yet know her diplomatic lesson.

Apparently unaware of the talk, Rickard spent the greater part of his time superintending the levee. He could trust no one else to do it, no one unless it were Estrada, who was rushing his steel rails through to the front and was needed there.

Things were moving under his constant goading. The extra pay was showing results. He should be at the headgate now, he kept telling himself, but he was convinced that the instant he turned his back, the work on the levee would stop; and all the reasons excellent! Some emergency would be cooked up to warrant the withdrawal

of the hands. Chafe as he might at the situation, it was to be guerrilla warfare. Not a fight in the open, he knew how to meet that, but that baffling resistance, the polite silence of the office when he entered—"Well, they'll be doing my way pretty soon, or my name isn't Rickard. That's flat."

He was fretting to be at work, to start the wheels of the O. P., its vast machinery toward his problem. He knew that that organization, like well-drilled militia, was ready for his call. The call lagged, not that he did not need men, but there was no place ready for them. The camp, that was another rub. There was no camp! It was not equipped for a sudden inflation of men. The inefficiency of the projectors of this desert scheme had never seemed so criminal as when he had surveyed the equipment at the intake. "Get ready first; your tools, your stoves, your beds." That was the training of the good executive, of men like Marshall and MacLean. Nothing was to be left to chance; to foresee emergencies, not to be taken by them un-

aware. The reason of Hardin's downfall was his slipshod habits. How could he be a good officer who had never drilled as a soldier? There was the gap at the intake, Hardin's grotesque folly, widened from one hundred feet to ten times the original cut; widening every day, with neither equipment nor camp adequate to push through a work of half the original magnitude. Cutting away, moreover, was the island, Disaster island! It had received apt christening by the engineers, its baptismal water the Colorado. The last floods had played with it as though it were a bar of sugar. There was no rock at hand; no rock on the way, no rock ordered. Could anyone piece together such recklessness?

Rickard knew where he would get his rock. Already he had requisitioned the entire output of the Tacna and Patagonia quarries. He had ordered steam shovels to be installed at the quarry back of old Hamlin's. That rock pit would be his first crutch, and the gravel bed—that was a find! As he paced the levee west of the towns, he was planning his campaign. Porter was scouring Zacatecas for men; he himself had offered, as bait, free transportation; the O. P. he knew would back him. He was going to throw out a spur-track from the headgate, touching at the quarry and gravel pit, on to the main road at Yuma. Double track most of the way; sidings every three miles. Rock must be rushed; the trains must be pushed through. He liked to begin. It never occurred to him that, like Hardin, he might fail.

"Though it's no pink tea," he told himself, "it's no picnic." At Tucson he knew that the situation was a grave one, but his talk with Brandon, who knew his river as does a good Indian, made the year a significant, eventful one. Matt Hamlin, too, whose shrewd eyes had grown river-wise, he, too, had had tales to tell of the tricky river. Maldonado, the half-breed, had



Maldonado Had Confirmed Their Portents.

confirmed their portents while they sat together under his oleander, famous throughout that section of the country. And powerfully had Corneil, the Indian who had piloted Estrada's party across the desert, whom Rickard had met at the Crossing, deeply had he impressed him. The river grew into a malevolent, mocking personality; he could see it a dragon of yellow waters, dragging its slow, sluggish length across the baked desert sands; deceiving men by its inertness; luring the explorer by a mild mood to rise suddenly with its wild fellow, the Gila, sending boat and boatmen to their swift doom.

Rickard was thinking of the half-breed, Maldonado, as he inspected the new stretch of levee between the towns. He had heard from others beside Estrada of the river knowledge of this descendant of trapper and squaw, and had thought it worth while to ride the twenty miles from down the river to talk with him. The man's sniveling, his narrow slits of eyes, the lips thin and facile, deep lines of cruelty falling from them, had repelled his visitor. The mystery of the place followed him. Why the "dobe" wall, which completely surrounded the small, low dwellings? Why the cautious admittance, the atmosphere of suspicion? Rickard had seen the wife, a frightened shadow of a woman; had seen her flinch when the brute called for her. He had questioned Corneil about the half-breed. He was remembering the wrinkles of

old Indian's face as he delivered himself of an oracular grunt.

"White man? No. Indian? No! Coyote!"

Though he suspected Maldonado would lie on principle, though it might be that two-thirds of his glib tissue were false, yet a thread of truth coincided with the others, Brandon and Hamlin and Corneil, might be pulled out of his romantic fabric.

"When the waters of the Gila run red look out for trouble!" He doubted that they ever ran red. He would ask Corneil. He had also spoken of a cycle, known to Indians, of a hundredth year, when the Dragon grows restless; this he had declared was a hundredth year.

Following his talk with Maldonado and the accidental happy chance meeting with Corneil at the Crossing Rickard had written his first report to Tod Marshall. Before he had come to the headgate he had expected to advise against the completion of the wooden headgate at the Crossing. Hamlin had given him a new viewpoint. There was a fighting chance. And he wanted such a bad idea! He picked up his hat, and went out.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Wrong Man.

Mrs. Hardin heard from every source but the right one that Rickard had returned. Each time her telephone rang, it was his voice she expected to hear. She began to read a meaning into his silence. She could think of nothing else than the strange coincidence that had brought their lives again close. Or was it a coincidence? That idea sent her thoughts far afield.

She was thinking too much of him, for peace of mind, those days of waiting, but the return of the old lover had made a wonderful break in her



She Spent Most of Her Days at the Sewing Machine.

life. Her eyes were brighter; her smile was less forced. She spent most of her days at the sewing machine. A lot of lace was whipped out into lingerie frocks of pale colors. She was a disciple of an Eastern esthete. "Women," he had said, "should buy lace, not by the yard, but by the mile."

As her fingers worked among the laces and soft smills, her mind roved down avenues that should have been closed to her, a wife. She would have protested, had anyone accused her of infidelity in those days, yet day by day, she was straying farther from her husband's side. She convinced herself that Tom's gibes and ill-humor were getting harder to endure.

It was inevitable that the woman of harem training should relive the Lawrence days. The enmity of those two men, both her lovers, was pregnant with romantic suggestion. The drama of desert and river centered now in the story of Gerty Hardin. Rickard, who had never married! The deduction, once unveiled, lost all its shyness. And every one saw that he disliked her husband!

She knew now that she had never loved Tom. She had turned to him in those days of pride when Rickard's anger still held him aloof. How many times had she gone over those unreal hours! Who could have known that his anger would last? That hour in the honeysuckles; his kisses! None of Hardin's rougher kisses had swept her memory of her exquisite delight—delicious as was her joy, there was room for triumph. She had seen herself clear of the noisy boarding house. Herself, Gerty Holmes, the wife of a professor; able to have the things she craved, to have them openly; no longer having to scheme for them.

It was through Rickard's eyes that she had seen the shortcomings of the college boarding house. She had acquired a keen consciousness of those quizzical eyes. When they had isolated her, at last, appealing to her sympathy or amusement, separating her from all those boisterous students, her dream of bliss had begun.

In those days, she had seen Hardin through the eyes of the young instructor, younger by several years than his pupil. Her third of disapproval, anger, of dislike, when the face of Hardin peered through the leafy screen! To have waited, prayed for that moment, and to have it spoiled like that! It had been days when she had wept because she had not shown her anger! How could she know that everything would end there; end, just beginning! Her boarding-house training had taught her to be civil. It was still vivid to her, her anxiety, her tremulousness—with Hardin talking forever of a play he had just seen; Rickard growing stiffer, angrier, refusing to look at those lips still warm with his kisses! (Continued next Saturday)