

THEY ALSO SERVED.

Within the great Hall of the Clock That measures Life and Time, The spirits of the martyred dead Slain in the mighty War—'tis said— Gather in light sublime.

ASPEN MANAGES.

Aspen disciplined herself to sit away from the window during this last brief, intolerable wait, which she employed in rereading Harry's letter, fancying she heard his voice.

"I don't believe she has any idea—" Emily began. "That cash an' culture are makin' eyes at her!" he finished. "No; she wears a charm against even seein' 'em. I've caught her more than once fishin' down her neck for these skim-milk-colored letters with a red triangle branded on the shoulder."

Harry grumbled in a gratified bass as they entered the motion-picture house, featuring a millionaire melodrama in which the figure, coiffure, gowns, lingerie and furs of a current favorite were shown among regal surroundings obviously unaffected by the servant problem.

good, an' get out of the shop and in to the business end of it where you meet with men like Quay and like them some say; I may be a partner yet. I got it in me, an' somethin' drivin' me to it."

Aspen held to her task with difficulty as a noisy nickel clock on the bookcase showed the moments passing three. She had not counted on Harry's unfamiliarity with the neighborhood interfering with his record for promptness, by making him ten minutes late.

He had been staring at the floor, speaking in a dreary monotone that correctly gave the impression of an endless repetition; it was clear that the thoughts at last uttered had been revolving restlessly within him till they had become an obsession.

He watched her stupidly while she collected her sewing materials and without further glance at him left the room. When he no longer heard her slightly unsteady steps mounting the stairs he stumbled from the house.

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—“and from there we went to Japan”

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