IF HE SHOULD COME

If Jesus should tramp the streets tonight Storm-beaten and hungry for bread, Seeking a room and candle light And a clean though humble bed,

Who would welcome the Workman in, Though He came with panting breath, His hands all bruised and His garments thin

This Workman from Nazareth? Would rick folk hurry to bind His And shelter His stricken form?

Would they take God in with His muddy shoes Out of the pitiless storm?

Are they not too busy wreathing their flowers

Or heaping their golden store-Too busy chasing the bubble hours For the poor man's God at the door?

IN THE MEXICAN QUARTERS.

Life in the first place had been over kind. For life, I think, had led Billys youth along sheltered ways and of her bounty given with both hands. All that, of course, was very pleasant but it wasn't particularly good training for the somber days. And then life, with a little insistent and suddenly Billy found himself from it all and came out here.

That's my belief, at least. No one start. For all this, you must remember, had come to pass before to soil and tarnish his own life and is less fettered." his own dreams, none of us ever sought out Billy's reasons. And, of

course, none of us ever judged. Mike, the forest ranger, first told me of Billy's coming to Verde. Part me. "Why did you come here?" I of Mike's job is to know everything, so it's only natural he should have discovered the new arrival.

Mike was mildly curious. "Why, you must have noticed him," he insisted, draping a spurred boot over the desk. "New England sticks out all over the kid like cestors done in oil looking down at quills on a porcupine." And as I still me in eternal disapproval.

the ranch. Who is he?'

"Nobody knows. He stepped off the Santa Fe Friday and by Satur- indifference slipped away. day night he'd tried to drink up everything liquid in the Mexican molds that don't fit." His voice had quarter. Next he commits financial lost its quality of quiet monotone. suicide playing gold pieces on the "You asked me why I came out double 'O' at Mendoza's. Before here. Well, partly to escape peomidnight he's flat as a Basque sheep ple who talk of careers and success herder. Then for some reason he and all that. Nobody ever seemed

the month's report. "You're the forest ranger,' he accuses me, kind of unsteady. I admitted it. "Billy's my name. Billy
Whitney,' and he perched on my
desk. "Tell me. Is this a pretty

To my own life. Or that I had any light to my own life. Perhaps I hadn't.

But I know that little by little they
Billy? For I'm just about busy that Billy took my advice and rode
with longer stirrups and a western
with longer stirru

-devil-may-care stuff. all the conveniences of Chicago or ing the exepcted thing too long."
Gomorrah, but I thought he was "Why didn't you tell your pregetting along nicely with what we had. You know he's a clean-looking youngster. Not weak; just—just "How could I? I couldn't sudden-

"A good many years ago," I told not to." I couldn't say that, could him, 'another Billy came into this I? In the first place it would have country. He was even younger than broken my mother's heart. And you and he, too, was looking for a then,' he added slowly as if some paved and graded road to hell.'

"He found it?" "'By the time he was twentyone he found it, and they tell me he didn't particularly enjoy the trip.' 'I know. You're talking of Billy he sighed. the Kid." He looked at me in silence for a time, then shook his head. He thought things were worth fight- a let-up, and before long the colt

"Well, you came to the best place

Greasy for a cup of coffee. Didn't like to be alone, I suppose."

Suddenly Mike pointed a leather forefinger in my direction. 'Wasn't it at Yale you got what you humorously call an education?' 'Spent four years there," I evaded.

"So did he. That's about all of his past life he mentioned." Mike smiled thoughtfully. "Well, another misfit has come to Verde. I've seen 'em vicious and I've seen 'em weak, but this kid doesn't seem to be either. Just all fed up with everything except loafing the rest of his life away out here on the rim of the desert.

"Queer little hombre. No starch. No interest. And just a little fearful. Like a pup in a strange street. What can you do when a man's de-

Whitney had roused a memory of an old New England family, almost as old as New England's elm. At any rate, I found Billy sitting in remember thinking, wasn't so easily in a sweet bundle of lies and now ing upward." the sunshine outside Dad's reading lost. one of Barnes' range stories. A slender, pleasant-faced boy with pink cheeks and hair that just missed

"Mike tells me you're Yale." began by way of greeting.

He smiled slowly up at me.

For some reason I felt an obliga-

low. He came up each year to shook his head. "Tnanks just as it looks as if I'll have to be the college and lectured us on the im- much. I'm not in need of either partner." er family."

Billy smiled. "He's my father." Then he chuckled aloud at my dis- They let him alone.

Well, as a matter of fact, his family had played its part in our history—in each generation a Whit-ney had found prominence as soldier, nearer the Mexican quarter and jurist or statesman. No New Eng-easier for him to avoid us all. jurist or statesman. No New England museum is quite complete withname. And I caught myself wondering why a son of that old timehonored clan had chosen to hide himself out on the desert's edge. But Billy, I soon saw, didn't warm to a discussion of family.

ing, telling him tales of Verde and there. the open range. Later, for a couple over the month's account with Bud. my foreman from the lower ranch. simle, began demanding her price Toward the evening's end Billy drifted back. His eyes weren't so clear unwilling to pay. So he ran away and I knew that he had been down to the Quarter.

"And you've lived in this petrified will know certainly just what put water hole nearly twenty years," he Billy out of the race at its very reflected while I gathered up my face. papers. "Strange you keep up your interest in things."

Billy arrived in Verde. Later he "You'll find, if you stay long told me a little—but not all. And enough, that life here can be just since to each is the inalienable right as full as elsewhere. Certainly it

> "Oh, I suppose one can go through the same motions here as elsewhere-if one cares to." That sort of thing always tires

> famous relatives and friends who.

something of his life?" For a brief moment that cloak of

"I object to being forced into quite harbored a song bird. dropped in here while I'm finishing to think I might want to lead my own life. Or that I had any right gan,

desk. "Tell me. Is this a pretty their faces and be my own self, no good town for a chap to go to the matter how little that amounted to. devil in?" He tried to look reckless And by that time I couldn't. I hadn't realized all this until I was back out to where the road meets "So I told him we couldn't boast too far enmeshed. I had been do- back out the mesa.

"How could I? I couldn't sudden-That's it. As if life had ly say, "This dream about my bebeaten him. So I added a word of ing a lawyer and a statesman is all well enough, but I have decided not to." I couldn't say that, could far-away regret had awakened, "there was another who expected

"That book of Barnes' tells of a I couldn't go through with it. I I have written telling them how didn't want to be successful or mas- busy I am and how well I'm doing." in the world for that, too, son." I didn't want to be successful or mastold him. 'Here in Verde we spe- terful or a power in the community. cialize in minding our own business. I'm not built for it. I'm one of 'And while I finished my monthly life's deuce spots and satisfied to fiction for the supervisor he wan-dered about the office. Later he earthly career I'm going to lie earthly career I'm going to lie went over with me to the Quick and around in the sun, like a cat, and waste the days as I choose."

> law-musty, inhuman stuff. Then for a year I dutifully thumbed those deadly law books. And in the evenings I made small talk, usually thinking if only the world had let seat with me and tried not to seem with Claire."

> "Claire?" "The girl I was to marry. But Claire didn't just want a mere man en him. to love her. She wanted a man she could respect and look up to. Power in the community. That sort of thing. Well, Lord knows I tried," Celes details and was leaving for I agreed heartly. I would have

loved had wanted-what? Something to do?"

Billy hadn't. So he ran away.

Well, he wasn't the first who had come out to the desert bruised and Billy."

had lost all interest in the world of it's big and quiet and ageless and men. It's big and quiet and ageless and it seems to tell you that here at least is rest from the grinding gears of the world and freedom from the tyranny of those garish idols the "Twenty-seven was my year." world worships. That, I suppose, is "Mine is so far back I'm not even why many of life's misfits come out here.

At last I said, "Perhaps you were tion to be friendly. You see, he was right in chucking it all back there. so utterly alone, so uncompromising- Many of us have done that. But I ly eastern. And lacking a better can't see that it's any good reason for him. subject, I talked of the New Haven for wanting to rot on your feet. Then for that's gone forever—the New Haven that I had known.

Lots of work to be done. crazy not "Does old Senator Whitney hap- Why not try a month riding the to failure. And yet—
And through it all Claire, shent the was little to failure. And yet—
pen to be a relative of yours?" I range with my boys at the ranch?" "So you're a partner in a ranch and imperturable, stood behind the know that by very necessity some asked him once. "Amazing old fel- He smiled a little tired smile and here." I turned toward him. "Well, old lady's chair watching me with thing of a man's assertion had asked him once. "Amazing old fel- He smiled a little tired smile and here." I turned toward him. "Well, old lady's chair watching me with thing of a man's assertion had the wide contemplative eyes. And when

portance of being born in the prop- work or money. All I want is to be let alone." And Verde granted that request.

> his dress. He was going down the ladder. Still later he moved to a small

Now the Quarter, you know, out a bust or two bearing that just south of Verde on the Mexican side of the line. The sky's the lim- way, but it seems your only chance." it over there, especially at Men-doza's, where I had gone one night in search of a vagrant Mexican herder: A marimba band was pounding like a broken-down faro dealer than out Spanish music, and the bar was So I myself did most of the talk- jammed, but my herder was not

Turning to go, I caught sight of of hours, I left him while I went Billy at a secluded table dealing in the clutch, and as we rolled down himself a hand of Canfield. One of the big hill from the mesa I added. the girls of the place stood watching him, and as I spoke she laid of you." her hand on his shoulder. Billy set down the cards and rose.

Billy never answered, but taking a condition."

my arm for greater steadiness led me toward the bar and with a hand folks depart you can go to the that shook a little raised a glass of devil as quickly and completely as whisky

"Life." he muttered, and a bithad crept into his voice, "life must delight of every mongrel dog in have given any woman a tough deal town. when it's worth her while to smile At at me. You know, in the days when was cluttered up with a world of girl who didn't care for what I had or what I was to be." And then his through. laugh jarred above the other voices. "I thought she cared all for little me. Until I learned at some excestors done in oil looking down at pense that she cared more for the world's judgment." And again that shook my head he added with deep disgust. "Don't you ever see anything but steers?"

"You object to the old-fashioned notion that a man should make "Somtimes. But I just got in from "You object to the old-fashioned notion that a man should make again into Verde. Meantime spring discordant laughter jangled in my pull out." again into Verde. Meantime spring had come and all the desert had blossomed and every clump of mes-

> Filled with the benediction of that spring morning, I stopped the car and nail. before Verde's post office, and looked Before here. Well, partly to escape peo- down with an unpleasant start into folks' coming Billy rode with us. he sheep ble who talk of careers and success Billy's face. A kind of terror was He sat a horse in that queer, stiff stamped there.

"I've got to talk to you," he be-

But I,ve got to talk and you've got to listen."

"How's this?"

His trembling fingers tore clumsily of the long platform, swapping platiat the envelope,

In silence he rolled a cigaret, spilling half the bag. The boy was gether and began to talk in his expressionless voice.

for the West, it broke her up pretty badly-Dad, too. And it happens for a time, then shook his head. colt that was ridden too hard at that, except for a girl I knew once, 'No, I'll never be like that Billy. the start. Spur and quirt and never their happiness is the only thing in a let-up, and before long the colt life I care for. It would just about ing for and I'm through with all was broken and done. He wasn't kill my mother to know what I've that rot. All I want is to be let cut out for a racer. Well, that's become. So for them I've invented that rot. All I want is to be let cut out for a racer. why at twenty-four I am out here another life out here. Each week

Drearily he gazed out across the Yes, they had heard of me. To spring-clad world. "I've lied delibthe old senator I recalled the days they've wanted me to be, I've been back East,"

What a harmless, likable boy he herself. might have been, I caught myself him alone, to fill some inconspicuous too proud of Billy as I showed him niche in life. Instead it had driven our ranch property and some of our him, goaded him, and finally brok- live stock.

Suddenly he checked himself. "I'm Colorado to buy cattle. Today I agreed to anything. an awful ass telling you all this. get this letter from mother telling But you knew Father, you said." me they will be in Verde next week. Billy took his father on a tour of the buildings. Throughout that suningness and for a long time we sat my ranch and wait." Hopelessly lit afternoon his mother sat in the in silence. Difficult, of course, to the boy looked up at me. You patio. And there she told me a seen a good many hard lives, some cided no game is worth the candle?

Just let him alone—like he asks."

And of course I did just the opposite. I looked him up. Which, as I looked him up. Which is a looked him up. Which cided no game is worth the candle? know just how much of this talk know what Verde will say when little tale of her hopes and dreams rough people, and a few quick un-I think back, is probably what Mike model a pleasant, normal boy into mother's ears as long as she lives. funked the eastern career. intended. For one thing, that name an incipient Gladstone. A girl he In heaven's name, what am I going "Some said then he wo

But the memory of that girl, I wheel. "You've sewed yourself up you're looking for the easy way out. I'm afraid there is no easy way,

would solve so much."

Then for long minutes we sat brooding silence. I was forming a And more than once I saw corazy notion that seemed destined happiness—even at a price.

And through it all Claire, and the stood behing stood behing.

Even then he didn't understand. "It's clear enough, isn't it? can't let your parents spend ten minutes in Verde, or you're lost, asked abruptly. "I think you are ning he told me his parents had de-It's a bare piece of deceit, but if probably the most imaginative liar cided to leave. comfiture. "Didn't he explain, too, As the days passed Billy slumped It's a bare piece of deceit, but if that every time the little old U.S. in every way. Deliberately he was I'm going to help you, we might as A. got herself in a fix some Whit- wasting himself and the youth that well do the thing right. We're partners in the ranch and as soon And not until after dark could I them look so happy. You know until as your parents arrive, we whisk get Billy alone to tell him of Claire's til the day they die, they'll be proud of a man who lives only in their ney was always there to save the was in him. He became slovenly in partners in the ranch and as soon keep them from learning the truth. It'll have to be close herding. And gloomily. when they're ready to go, we'll put them on the train.

"The scheme may blow up— it may succeed. It's a rotten lie either I saw a spark of hope in his eyes.

"What can I do to help?" Plenty. Just now you look more a ranch owner. For the next week you've got to ride hard. Get some tan on your face and learn one end of a horse from the other." I threw "And let's hope this makes a man

"I don't want to sail under false looked up at her, then deliberately colors," he replied slowly. "Especially with you, for I owe you a big "Not going, are you, handsome?" debt of gratitude. But I haven't the The girl smiled confidently into his least desire to buck up and be somebody. Please don't make that

"I won't. As soon as the old. you see fit."

And in a thoroughly bad humor I terness too old for Billy's years dashed through Verde to the noisy At the ranch that night I called

the boys out to the bunk house and asked abruptly.

I was playing the part of poor little told them of my conspiracy. Some "Blessed if I know. Back East I rich boy, I thought I had found a of them grinned; most of them swore, but all promised to see me "And," Bud added, "if I have to

perjure my immortal soul too heavi-I'll show the kid that life can be interesting for five minutes at least. That is, when his parents

I nodded. "It's the parents we've All that was back in February. got to think of. They're old, you to the property of the proper in this worthless pup. Well, we can't take that away."

So again they all swore violently, wihch is the cowboy's way of telling you that they're with you tooth

eastern fashion and tried to persuade my sorrel mare to trot in the approved English style until she got theory is true?" not once did he ask for a drink. Which may or may not have been

a good sign.
Now it's unimportant whether Billy or I happened to be the more too much for him. nervous that morning as we drove He pulled a letter from his pock- to the Santa Fe station before train "I'm in the devil of a fix" time. Twice we walked the length "You calm down," I growled. show how unconcerned we were. At In silence he will a state of the which a state of th the blast of the whistle, Billy jumped a foot. Then with a grinding of brakes and the hiss of steam, a battle ground of protesting nerves. long cars stopped. And suddenly But at last he did pull himself to- felt my arm clutched as in a vise. long cars stopped. And suddenly I "We're lost," Billy whispered;

they've brought Claire.' me to do things."

He stood in the doorway looking out into the warm night. I think over all the family plans and left act delighted," I said and thrust nim

forward. I remember a lovable and gentle old couple talking with that same back East dialect that some of us once knew and have since forgotten. But the little old lady had eyes for no one but Billy.

He had lifted her in his arms and carried her to the car. I was presented. "Biliy's partner."

erately and persistently. I've told when he spoke at college banquets them I was prospering. Everything back East. That pleased him. Claire I couldn't quite make out. By for them in those letters. And not that time I had remembered she for a minute do I regret it. It's was the girl Billy almost married-"How long did you stick it out?" the last decent thing I could do for the girl who had insisted on Billy's "Long as I could. I graduated in the love of those two old people being somebody. Well, she seemed a very competent little somebody

Billy's father shared the front

"Blood, sir, blood in both cattle

Luncheon went by safely and

I drummed for a while on the looked at me with those kindly eyes -"but I knew he couldn't help go-

And now her hopes were being justified. He was making a place fire-eater you are! You know I wish for himself out here—helping to I could believe that—almost." You know there's something infinitely old and weary. Eyes that finitely comforting about the desert. The easy way would be to shoot myself."

build up the country. Always the Whitneys had been nation builders. The build up the country way would be to shoot myself." "Yes, that would be helpful. That ould solve so much."

Was I wrong, I wonder, in resolving to preserve to her that dream of a man who never lived? For in Tightly his white thin hands the next two hours I painted a picclutched my arm. Don't let me ture of a vigorous, masterful man

"Not for me. Of course not." my ranch and by unending labor play his unenviable role before the Poor chap. He had ceased even and sheer personality was turning level gaze of this girl he couldn't to expect anything might be done a losing venture into a glorious quite forget to love. For Billy wasn't success. I told her of the devotion Then for long minutes we sat in of the men and their trust in him. least—a smile from her would have And more than once I saw tears of

wide contemplative eyes. And when come to him during those days he sauntered over and stood before

We me. "Do you know what I think?" she in all New Mexico." She left me

to digest that. ral fence talking. Billy nodded imaginations. Claire said that. She

"Neither you nor I can take her in. But I think she'll help us.

He left me and not many minutes later returned with Claire. To Billy's look of entreaty, I shook my soon as they left I wanted to sink "It's your story," I reminded him

-"you tell it." Billy didn't tell it well. But he did manage to make a clean breast

at him. she said among other things, and the pitiless disdain in her voice made "Only it will come too late with him flinch. "What a rotten job Claire." you've made of living-and I suspect you'll make a rotten job of that. dying." For a minute her lips quivered. "And if it weren't that pose you know much about love." I loved those old people in there As a matter of fact I don't. too much—" Then abruptly, "After Hereford steers are my only weakall, you're not worth getting steam-ed up over, are you, Billy? Of course ing this roundabout way of telling

boy began.

smoking on the corral fence while a yours, she'd listen." tiny moon rose in the eastern sky. Somehow out on the dessert frailties corral. "You give so much advice, seem unimportant. And perhaps a little of the brooding peace of it all asked a little defiantly, "You're thinking I've been hard?"

"I shook my head. "I didn't hap-

"Stampede?" "With the necessity of being some body. Driving him, as he once told tremulous, me, like a colt spurred and quirted at every step. So he fled away, broken. And new he's good for nothing. Yes, Berhaps I do think you've all been a little hard."

"Do you blame me-even if your know that Billy loved you, and I? If Billy had come through just feeling that you, too, were among the success worshipers, he played up to you. Played the big competent man of the world. And the role was

millions who are just plain nice boys. Out here we think more of living and less of getting some-where. Still, that's all aside from Billy's ship wrecked love."

She seemed to consider that for a time. "The world has wasted a deal of emotion over the thing you call 'shipwrecked love' hasn't it? That sort of thing is not love,, just attraction—a mating kind of thing."
"And that isn't love?"

"It is? It's not what I want to Some quality of the intelligence at least. My generation's not willing if it can find something cleaner and

better." I groaned. "In another minute you're going to tell me you belong to the generation that wants to think things out for itself. You know, back in the past geologic ages even my own benighted contemporaries were saying that. But life found us out. And some of us found life out. And one of the things life taught us was that love isn't the milk-and-water kind of emotion you describe but a dear, unreasoning content to love. Love doesn't ask if you're a judge or a horse thief." "Was it milk-and-water to give perhaps is a redeeming force.
Billy back his ring when he decided mother's love had led this boy to be a rich man's son rather than a man in his own right? You say

he played up to me-but all I ever

man you love?" "Perhaps. At any rate, when love hairs or go through any laboratory tests. You'll go to your man. In the years I've lived out here, I have "Some said then he would just hell. This congealed partnership of get out the boys." become an ordianry cowboy"—she yours—well, I'm prophesying that when love reaches out and touches you, you'll ask no questions."

In answer she smiled that rare smile of hers. "What a sentimental

admire her fearless sincerity. Two weeks passed. Billy's parents were basking happily in the boy's down, old man. You'll find a way, whose coming to Verde had put new haps the most miserable man in for the car won't you?"

"If I do, it will be for those two trusting people back East. Not—"

I told her how this Blliy of hers that introduced new methods into little jest was that Billy had to (Continue)

deceiving any of us in that, at brought paradise down. But paradise remained far away.

And it was little compensation to at last the mother had gone, Claire rode the range. For one thing, Buc strained his knee and Billy had been doing his best to fill the breach Then on the corral fence one eve-

"Life is funny in a cruel kind of way," he added. "I've never seen said, too, that you ranked a big gold medal for being the most barefaced liar in the Southwest."

"Thanks." Billy kicked his heels on the corral bars. "Once I told you that as back into the old life and be a bum again. But somehow the way you've trusted me, the way the boys have treated me-I'm trying to say that I want to begin again. of it in his fashion and I think her I want to make another start, a contempt for Billy grew in the real start this time." He smiled telling. At the end she blazed up across at me almost happily. "Wouldn't you be surprised "You're a loathsome beast, Billy," have in me the makings of a he-

I had nothing to contribute to

Then after a time, "I don't sup-I'll lie like the rest of you if the me that you've been bamboozling need comes."

me that you've been bamboozling yourself for a long time, Billy, "You're a good fellow, Claire," the about the uselessness of life in general? What you're really suffer-She raised her hand. "Don't praise ing from is a bad case of dislocated me, please—somehow praise from hopes because a little girl once you makes me feel unclean." said you hadn't the right stuff in And Billy slunk away like a dog. you. It's just possible that if you For a time the girl and I sat went to her with this new plan of

And Billy climbed down off the some of it ought to be sound."

I sat and smoked and watched the touched the girl, for presently she desert. Perhaps I had finished two cigarets when Billy came out of the house. Without a word or a look he passed me and disappeared in the pen to be thinking of that at all. stables. A moment later he was lost No, but it's interesting to speculate in a cloud of dust on the high lope on what kind of man he might to Verde. The sound of gallopinghave become if everybody hadn't conspired to stampede him." hadn't for she came down the path to where I sat.

"Billy's gone?" Her voice was I pelated toward Verde. "Gone as "They were." She looked up at me with white lips. "I sent him away. I tried to be kind, but he wouldn't let me. He asked me to

one test with flying colors, if he—"
"What did he say?" I interrupted. "He just stood there in the doorway looking at me; then he pulled on his hat and said, 'I 'guess after "You've got to remember that for every Abe Lincoln there are a few millions who are a success-worshiper, arent you, Claire? From now on I'll take my own road." A tear gleamed in her lashes. "But he was wrong, wrong. I'm not a success-worshiper. I just wanted him to be a man-

> out his own destiny." "You know what you've done, don't you?" I asked grimly. "You've sent him back to that death in life -back to that cursed existence he

> to face life like a man, to work

led before you came." "I sent him? How have I sent him? Can't you realize how terribly believe. I want to believe there's easy it would have been for me to something finer to it all than that. surrender to that unreasoning love you talk of? And yet love alone won't help him. He's got to help to accept your ready-made definitions himself. He's got to find manhood for himself, just for the sake of manhood -or fail. And now he's lost it all. And now he's lost it all. And I-I'm making a fool of myself, crying about milk that was spilt years ago." Tearfully, resentfully she add-

ed, "Much you know about love." It seemed unanimous around there that my ignorance of love was profound. So I went in and read about

Hereford breeding for pront. And once during that interminable evening the thought came to me that neither Claire nor I was wholthing that suffers and helps and is ly right or wrong. For this thing we call love may assume as many aspects as beauty. And not all love mother's love had led this boy to play an unenviable role in the eyes of the girl. And love for that girl had driven him back again to the wanted was that he stand on his own two feet. Is it milk-and-water Yes, it may be that only to the to ask a little self-respect in the strong does love inevitably come as a glory and a fulfillment. Claire-well, I believed life had one seeks you out you won't split any or two lessons in store for her. Somehow the evening passed. At five next morning the tele-

phone roused me. It was Bud at the lower ranch. "Those greasers have rustled fifty

"Billy went alone?" "All alone. This cursed leg kept me out. He pulled out soon as he

"Phone Sam at Number Four to saddle all the horses he's got. I'll drive over in fifteen minutes." Altohugh we spoke a different As I hung up Claire stood in the language, I could find it in me to doorway. "What about Billy? she

heard.

asked. So I told her while I gathered up an armload of miscellaneous artilreflected glory. And through it all lery. I saw her face go white, then Billy played his part and was per- I called three of the boys and ran lery. I saw her face go white, then the most miserable man in for the car. Claire jumped into the

> "You're not going," I announced. (Continued on page 3, Col. 3.)