

She looked up swiftly.
 'You must not call me that, Ogden. I have not said that I would marry you.'
 'But you will, won't you, dear?' he pleaded.
 'No!'
 'Why not?' he asked quietly.
 'Because I don't love you. Nor do I think,' she pursued relentlessly, 'that you love me.'
 'Then you don't know anything about it,' he replied calmly, 'because I do.'
 'Words are so easy,' she observed coldly.
 'I don't believe that I quite understand you, Gladys,' he answered rather formally.
 She turned to him in sudden anger.
 'Can you blame me, Ogden?' she asked swiftly.
 'Last week I wanted you especially for a sailing party which Jack Reddington was getting up, but no, you had an engagement—'
 'But that was one of my clinic days—' he interrupted, a slight change in his voice.
 'Yes, and you were unwilling to give it up for just one afternoon for me—'
 Again he interrupted her, coldly. 'Do you realise, Gladys, that there are about fifty sick and destitute people dependent upon me?'
 'You could have got some one else to take your place for that one day—'
 'But you see, I understand their cases, and they want me.'
 'And of course you can sympathise with them in that—' she began, a trifle sarcastically, then paused, a little conscious-smitten.
 'No, Ogden, you were right in that, of course. But, then, when I wanted you the next day for a bridge party at the Bentleys—'
 'I went to see one of my dispensary patients who could not get to the clinic, a poor little actress who got ptomaine poisoned at a table d'hôte—'
 'Spare me the details. Surely there were plenty of doctors closer at hand!'
 'Gladys,' he said, sternly, 'one would think to hear you talk that you were as cold-blooded as a snapping-turtle, whereas you are actually as kind-hearted a woman as—'
 'Thanks,' she interjected dryly.
 'The trouble is that you have been brought up in the lap of luxury and know absolutely nothing about poverty and suffering. If you would only come with me some afternoon—'
 'That is all very interesting,' she interposed, 'but permit me to remind you that you are interrupting the thread of my argument. Yesterday I took advantage of your insistently repeated requests to use the Lotus and made up a party for to-morrow afternoon. Now you tell me that you have made other plans for Sunday—'
 'But, my dear girl,' he cried desperately, 'why didn't you let me know? I promised the Lotus only yesterday afternoon to some friends.'
 'Why can't you tell them that they must wait?' she asked sharply.
 'Because—' He hesitated—'I can't,' he finished abruptly.
 'Who are they?' she asked indifferently, albeit with a slight tremor in her voice.
 'They are patients of mine. See here, Gladys, you know perfectly well that you can have the boat any time you want her, for the rest of the season—for good and all; but I just can't disappoint these people to-morrow!'
 'Oh, very well,' she answered lightly. 'It really is of no consequence. Your uncle said that we could use the schooner if we wished.'
 Promptly at seven bells the following morning Ogden stepped into the Lotus cutter and was pulled smartly in. It was a glorious August day, and Ogden walked slowly up and down the pier awaiting the coming of his guests.
 They were punctual in arriving, and with their coming the young physician experienced a succession of quick shocks. There are few people so destitute as to be unable to rally for an outing, and while Ogden was personally acquainted with the conditions, financial as well as physical, of his prospective guests, he had not reckoned on the ingenuity born of poverty and the paradox of lower mathematics where nothing plus nothing equals something.
 M. Lajoux was the first to arrive. The little Frenchman was elegantly attired in a stylish blue serge suit, immaculate linen, patent-leather half-shoes and a new Panama hat—all doubtless borrowed for the occasion.
 'Ah, Docteur Moore!' cried the volatile patient, his quick eye taking in at a glance Ogden's costume, the cutter and the yacht, 'it is upon your yacht that we are to sail! What happiness! A pathetic note crept into his voice as he concluded wistfully, 'It is many, many years since I have had the pleasure of being entertained aboard a yacht.' His face brightened, 'Hola! Here come the others!'

Ogden glanced up and discovered the old prospector, who was stalking down the ill-paved sidewalk, one of the little shopgirls on either arm.
 'Morning, Doc!' called the miner, cheerfully. 'Here we are—me an' the gals. I met up with 'em on the First avenue horse car and tuk 'em right in tow.'
 'Good,' replied Ogden cheerfully, noting with fresh surprise that the hardened old rustler was, when carefully groomed, a really distinguished-looking man, tall, and with a stern, deep-lined face, grizzled; and that, although bearing the marks of dissipation, he was not without a certain dignity of presence. The two girls were prettily and tastefully dressed in fresh muslin frocks, and their pale faces were flushed with pleasure as they gazed in breathless admiration at the yachting costume of their host.
 'Say, Doc,' observed the miner, who was neatly clad in a well-fitting frock-coat, fresh linen, flowing black scarf and polished boots of the 'congress' type, 'I tuk advantage of your liberal invite to fetch an old friend o' mine—old Major Harris. I ran into him the other day down at the Mills Hotel.'
 'Glad of it,' said Ogden heartily. He glanced up to see a daintily-gowned woman carefully picking her way between the piles of fire-proofing with which the wharf was strewn. Not for several seconds did he recognise in the flushed and pretty face that was up-turned to him the unfortunate victim of the illuminating gas.
 'I'm very glad that you could come, Mrs. Morell,' he said cordially, then turned to the others.
 'Those of us here might as well be getting aboard. The boat will have to make another trip. We'll leave the Colonel as chairman of the reception committee.'
 The sun was about two hours from the clear western horizon as the fleet Lotus ripped her way through the calm waters of the Sound.
 The day had been one of unalloyed delights. Thanks to the candid hospitality of their host, the guests were entirely at ease with their novel surroundings before Hell Gate was reached.
 From the first their delight in the swift motion claimed all of their attention. They overhauled waddling excursion steamers, skimming past them with aristocratic ease, the target for scores of admiring eyes. They had seen the big cup defenders out for practice sails, and listened with deepest interest to the skilled but comprehensible comments of their host on these marvels. Later they had landed at Lobster Bay, where a most delicious 'shore dinner' had been served them at the Casino.
 Ogden, from the bridge where he had gone to speak to the captain, contemplated his guests thoughtfully. His eyes rested upon them successively. The Armenian student, a handsome fellow naturally and becomingly dressed in a suit of clothes given him by one of the clubmen for whom he rendered valet duty, might easily have passed for an aristocrat. The same was true of M. Lajoux, with his little ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. Martin, the grizzled miner, and his loquacious old friend, Major Harris, were the typical statesmen of the South-west. As for the women, Ogden thought that he had been often presented to those of far less charm of manner and appearance than several among his guests. Yet all these people represented a class as far removed from his set as if they had belonged to a different race. They were the 'other half,' the herd; indigents; objects of charity. He felt that he was drawing closer than ever in his life to the deep truths of humanity. His firm lips came together with a new decision.
 'Every Sunday hereafter,' he said to himself. 'These or others like them. Hereafter the clinic gets a seventh share in this packet, Gladys or no Gladys!'
 He went aft and a moment later was pointing out various places of interest on either shore to Mrs. Morell and the little shopgirls. While so occupied the captain approached.
 'Dr. Moore,' he said, 'the Aurora is becalmed on our port bow and is signalling that she would like to speak you, sir.'
 Ogden glanced up in vexation. The Aurora recalled an episode of the evening before which he had been trying all day to put from his mind. Had he sighted her in time he would have instructed the captain to give her a wide berth. As it was, there seemed to be no way of avoiding her, especially as she was the flagship of his home club and owned by his uncle.
 'Very well,' he replied; 'run over and see what she wants.'
 The fleet Lotus was soon abreast of the stately schooner, which lay motionless, a silent tower of tall canvas, creamy pink against the late sun. In the shadow of the mainsail was a bright little group of people, and as they slowed down alongside a handsome middle-aged man in ducks and serge walked to the rail and hailed them through a megaphone.
 'Can you take us aboard and drop us at the Yacht Club? The tide's turned ahead and this calm is likely to last until midnight.'