

their way, single file, through the hall and down the stairs, but when they reached the street Mr. Orthwein took Mr. Burton's arm and as they walked homeward talked incessantly—apparently to himself rather than to his companion as he never paused to hear any comments Mr. Burton might wish to make.

'To think that it has come to this for the Sheas—and in six years! They were young—mere children—and so happy and hopeful. They were neighbors in Ireland and lovers after a childish fashion. And then they came here, she first, and learned stenography; he followed after a few months and got a place with us. She lived at my boarding-house; that's why I chanced to know her. Such a pretty girl, a sprightly imp with roses in her cheeks and music in her laughter, and endless mischief in her bright eyes. But who would guess it to see her now?'

He looked up into Mr. Burton's face as he continued more slowly. 'I was the first person who knew of their engagement. Tim proposed to Mary at a circus, they told me with shrieks of laughter, and they were both so happy when she said "yes" that when the show was over they didn't discover the fact and kept their seats until a man asked them to go, and then they found that they were the only people left in the tent. Of course, I had guessed long before how it would all end. Even crabbed old bachelors like myself aren't quite blind. And I was at their wedding. How happy they were! Full of life and hope. And now—God help them.'

He and Mr. Burton parted a minute later. George said nothing more than a crisp 'Good night,' and hurried on his way, and Mr. Orthwein stood and looked after him as long as he was in sight and noted that he did not turn in at the club house. Instead Mr. Burton walked the two miles to his own home, his head bowed, miserable to the depths of his soul.

It was early in the morning, not yet 6 o'clock and still dark, when he stole into his garage with his arms full of bulky packages. Without waking the chauffeur he tumbled everything into one of the automobiles, then squeezed in as best he could. A quarter of an hour later he stumbled up three flights of stairs and knocked at Mr. Shea's door. When Mrs. Shea opened it she did not recognise him.

'I was here last night with Mr. Orthwein,' he explained. 'And—and I came back to bring some things.' Then, to relieve his embarrassment and hers, he laughed and added, 'I stole these odds and ends out of the refrigerator at home. I don't know what the cook will do with me!' So saying, he deposited his bundles on the table and tore off the papers, displaying some oranges, half a chicken, about a dozen eggs, a couple of pounds of butter and two grape fruit.

Mrs. Shea's face beamed. She was very hungry. 'Oh, how nice!' she cried rather tremulously, trying to keep the tears back, and while she divided an orange between the children and peeled a second for her husband, Mr. Burton was summoning up courage to say what was in his mind. At last he began, looking at Mr. Shea rather than at his wife:

'I must tell you something that for the first time in my life I am ashamed to tell. It's my name. I'm George Burton, president of the Burton Manufacturing Company, but I didn't know—I had no idea—and I'm awfully sorry! Truly, it never occurred to me that 40 dollars a month is starvation wages these days, and—and, Tim Shea, you worked for that for seven years, so I owe you a good deal. You'll have to let me make up a little bit. I've been desperately miserable since I was here last night. I had not understood before. I am going to raise the 40 dollar men to 60 dollars. It's the least I can do, and henceforth they must be paid just the same when they are ill.' He talked fast and incoherently, perhaps, but with intense earnestness, and his listeners understood. Mrs. Shea ran to her husband, and forgetting that he ought not to be agitated sobbed convulsively on his shoulder. He patted her head with a big, weak hand.

'I'll soon be well now, Mary?' he whispered, and when she was quieter he added: 'Didn't I tell those men

from the I.W.W. that the rich don't understand? It's never come home to them, poverty hasn't. That's the trouble.'

He put out his hand then, and George Burton clasped it. Both men's eyes were full of tears, both hearts full of good will and of respect. Each had confidence in the other; each recognised the other as a child of God. Between those two the problem that so fiercely clamored for a solution had found the only safe and sane one.

A MEXICAN REBEL

Towards evening a tall and handsome man, dressed like a rebel officer, but not bearing any arms, was directing his steps toward the rebel camp, situated then at about ten miles from X, the city he had just left. His business was doubtless of an urgent nature, since he continued to walk even when the night overtook him on the lonely road.

The rebel encampment toward which he was going was a large one, and the officer in command, General Rodriguez was famous not only by reason of the many victories he had gained over the Federals, but also because of his severity toward his soldiers and his cruelty toward prisoners. All feared him, and his name was whispered with awe in many homes.

The Constitutionalists had been stationed around X for about a week or two and were soon to move southward. This was known to the stranger and was the cause of his haste. 'I must see the General before they strike tents,' he was muttering between his nervous strides, when suddenly out of the darkness ahead of him came a sharp 'Quien vive?'

'A friend,' he answered.

'Halt, or you will be shot,' was the reply.

The stranger had stopped already. Through the gloom of the night he could scarcely distinguish the trees, and the mountain road was almost completely hidden. He had been told that the rebel camp was on the western slope of the mountain and he had directed his steps thither, but did not expect to encounter the pickets so soon.

Three armed men approached him and asked him where he was going, who he was, and what he wanted. The stranger told them he was a gentleman of a neighboring town, on his way to their camp, where he hoped to find their chief, whom he must see on important business. 'All right,' they said, 'we will bring you to him, but if he is asleep you will have to remain the whole night as a prisoner of war.' The stranger made no protest, and so was led forward, with an armed soldier on either side of him.

They walked together for about a quarter of an hour, meeting now and then sentinels on duty, who, on receiving the watchword, let them pass, and finally, after marching through a long line of tents, they reached a small house guarded by several armed men. The stranger was told that the general had not yet retired, and after a short time was shown in.

Like many of his colleagues, the general was a young man: his eyes, his gait, his whole bearing, bespoke his Spanish descent. He asked the stranger his name, and on hearing it seemed to start. The stranger explained the reason of his visit. A young man who was working in a hacienda not far away had been forced by his (the general's) soldiers to join the rebel army, and as he was the only support of a large family, the visitor had come to ask for his release.

On leaving the town for the rebel camp the stranger had been warned that it was very difficult to secure such a favor as he was going to ask. Great, then, was his surprise and joy when the general not only granted his petition, but offered him two horses, one for himself and another for the young man, and placed at the visitor's disposal for the night his own quarters. The stranger thanked the general for his kindness, and was about to leave him, when, to his great surprise, he was asked to follow his host into another room. When man of war uncovered his head and, kissing the right