

hopeless look came into them, and he seemed to settle down in his chair like a loose sack of flour.

"I don't want to see you pinched," he said, sulkily, "ain't us thieves gotta stand together?"

The woman looked into his shifty eyes for a moment. Then she reached a slight hand across the table and laid it on one of his shaking ones.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are the first man who ever did anything for me without asking something in return?"

"Aw, I ain't done nothing," said Jimmy, wriggling uneasily in his chair.

"Nevertheless," said the woman, "you are the first man to do even the littlest thing without asking payment. I've had so few friends. I've found so little kindness in the world. I thought it had gone out of fashion."

Jimmy leaned across the table, his eyes eager, his face flushed.

"Say," he said, "I'll put you wise to something else you oughta know. You know Forsythe? Well—he don't want to send you up. He wants you, an' he wants to get the goods on you so he can—so he can—"

"I understand," said the woman, softly.

Jimmy reached over and touched her arm. He did not dare to touch her hand.

"Forsythe's goin' to get me for a job I done," he said. "It's just a question o' time. If you think you owe me something for what I've done tonight, you can pay it by comin' to court when they're

railroadin' me to Joliet, an' sittin' where I can see you."

The woman's face softened.

"I'll come," she said, and rose and left him.

Jimmy the Wop ordered another drink, and sat there mournfully for a moment. Then he caught sight of himself in the glass opposite—bleary eyes, short, stunted figure, every deep line on his face making of it a thing to be despised.

"Gee, I wish I was big an' handsome," he said.

Three night later, as Jimmy the Wop stepped out of the Silver Moon lodging house, a big hand grabbed him by the collar, and a voice hissed in his ear:

"So I got ye at last, you—double-crossin' little crook, you. You gave the Wendon girl the office!"

It was Forsythe. Jimmy wriggled in the big policeman's grip, and shook with the fear that was turning his stomach to water.

"I didn't," he cried.

"You lie," said Forsythe, twisting an arm. "You lie, like the crook you are! You were with her in the Mint that night. An'—an' nobody else knew."

"She just had a drink wit' me," said Jimmy.

"I have a picture o' Margaret Wendon drinkin' wit' the likes o' you, you little gutter brat," said Forsythe, increasing the pressure on the arm until the bones cracked. "You lie, an' you know you lie. It's Joliet for yours now."

"Listen, Forsythe," cried Jimmy. "I never gave her the of-