

"Poor boy! I understand quite well. Now I tell you what we will do. You haven't any engagement tonight, have you?"

"No," stammered Rawlinson.

"Then we'll take dinner somewhere together and you shall see how I talk and put me into your story. You see, I want you to make it a success, because I know myself what it is to be up against it."

He could hardly restrain himself from too earnest a declaration of gratitude. It was practically his first friendship, and a woman's friendship meant a great deal to him. When she was ready and came out of her room, neatly dressed, in the expensive furs, he felt that he would like to have her at his side forever.

In the restaurant she drew him out further. Before the evening was ended he had told her all about his home and his struggles in New York.

"You musn't give way," she said. "Everybody who has accomplished anything has had to go through just what you have experienced. That story once printed in the magazine may lead to other orders. And then it will be an advertisement for you. Cheer up, Mr. Rawlinson!"

He left her in high elation, and with the promise that she would listen to him reading the story to her on the following Saturday afternoon.

Rawlinson gathered that Miss Arthur was herself connected with some publishing house, from the way in which she spoke. She knew many of the leading people in the literary field, and wanted to give him some introductions. But his pride revolted against accepting this kindness, and she had had the tact to see and not to press the matter.

On Saturday, when he entered her pretty room to read his story, he felt that they were already old friends. She did not interrupt while he was reading it, but when he had finished she said:

"I think that is a splendid story, Mr. Rawlinson, although I don't re-

cognize myself in your heroine. At least, the hero must have been a very impetuous young man. I should change that love scene. No girl could fall in love as fast as that."

"But she might—later?" asked Rawlinson, and he was conscious of waiting for her answer as if his whole fate depended on it.

Miss Arthur blushed. "She might—later," she admitted; and then Rawlinson's hopes went high up in the air.

He knew already that he loved her. He had dared to surmise that she was not indifferent to him. But how many years must lie between that love and its fruition!

"I am going to end it in a note of hope on the hero's part, then," he said.

"That's capital, Mr. Rawlinson. One can always hope."

He rewrote the story in accordance with Miss Arthur's suggestions and sent it in. For three days he waited with a heart that thumped every time the postman's whistle was heard. On the third morning a letter came from the magazine. He tore it open. Inside was a check for \$75.

When Rawlinson gathered courage to read the letter he found that it contained besides an acceptance a suggestion for another story. And the signature, which had formerly been impersonal, was now "Julia Arthur."

It was the girl below. He had heard a friend address her as Julia once. He could not be mistaken. He ran downstairs. He was a mixture of emotions; joy, indignation, hurt pride. So she had accepted the story to help him!

But when he rapped at the door and she came out, and stood before him, he could say nothing, but only stared at her speechlessly. The girl beckoned him in. And again she seemed to understand his feelings though he had not spoken.

"Now you musn't be foolish, Mr. Rawlinson," she said. "I did know