

Got anybody to take care of you?" jursued Mr. Waters. "Living at home or alone?"

"If you mean that as a question," answered the girl, "I live at home with my father, and he supports me."

"Well, six dollars wouldn't go very far," answered Mr. Waters thoughtfully. "Still, I guess you'd hate to go home and tell the old man you'd lost your job, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly should," answered Miss Jones.

"Now you're talking sense," said Mr. Waters. "Well, then, I want lively girls in my department. And not little spitfires. So you'd best make up with me and come to Coney tomorrow night, and I'll give you a good time, kid. What?"

Miss Jones bit her lip and reflected.

"I'm sorry for what I did this morning," she said penitently. "And I'll go with you to Coney."

"Now you're talking sense," said the manager, mollified. He glanced quickly about him. "Let's kiss and make up," he added.

Miss Jones extended him a frigid cheek, but Mr. Waters seized her face in his hands and kissed her on the lips. He saw her eyes fill with tears and smiled approvingly.

"You're a little peach, girlie," he said. "I'll wait for you at the side door at seven tomorrow."

At seven o'clock he met Miss Jones as by appointment and escorted her to the surface car. "We'll get supper out there," he said. "Lobsters and beer. Then we'll take in the shows."

All the way down to Coney he congratulated himself upon his partner. Miss Jones was well bred, there was no doubt of that. She was in a class by herself. He began to anticipate an enjoyable summer.

"What's that umbrella for?" he demanded.

"Why, it might rain, you know," faltered Miss Jones.

Mr. Waters roared with laughter. "Yes, and it may snow, or hail," he mimicked. "Say, if you ain't the limit! But I guess I'll educate you."

They had supper together at a flashy restaurant, filled with overdressed youths and girls. Under the stimulus of the beer Waters became exuberant in his professions of admiration, and he hardly noticed that Miss Jones only tasted hers.

"Now for the shows," he said. "Scenic railroad first, kid. I'll show you something."

They entered a car and shot down a declivity into a dark tunnel. Mr. Waters seized Miss Jones in his arms and clasped her to him, while he kissed her again and again. When they emerged into the light he saw that she was crying. She clutched her umbrella tightly.

"Well, of all the dead sports!" he exclaimed. "You'd carry that umbrella to your wedding, I guess, Dorothy."

Miss Jones returned no answer. They took in a number of other shows.

"I must be going home now," said the girl as they passed the terminal.

Mr. Waters laughed. "Come and have a whisky," he said. "It'll cheer you up. Say, what's the matter? You look as if this was your funeral."

"My father will wonder where I am," faltered the girl.

"Ah, cut it out," said Waters. "Say, Dorothy—" and he whispered something in her ear.

The girl turned and looked at him fixedly. In the intense light, among the moving crowds, they might have been alone, for none noticed them, each person was bent upon his own amusements.

"It'll be all right," coaxed Mr. Waters. "I took to you from the first minute I saw you, kiddo. I said to myself, 'that girl's a good-looker if ever there was one. And she needs a protector. Them fellows at the store are a pretty tough lot! Now, if you treat me right I'll treat you right."