

did not know he was married. He told me he was single.

"After that I always seemed to be meeting him until three months later, when I told him I would never see him again. That was when he made improper proposals to me.

"But I did see him again—and again, and again. He met me on the street, at the houses of friends, in the store where I worked to help my father out, everywhere.

"I was seventeen when I first—when Zollinger . . ."

The girl's voice died away. The sobs of the gray-haired mother in the corner became louder. The crowd pressed forward.

"He came to see me one night"—the girl's voice was very low—"I was alone, looking after two of the younger children. He—stayed until 2 o'clock in the morning.

"It was after that I found out he was married. His wife was pointed out to me in the store. I asked him about it. He confessed.

"My wife is so much older than me," he said. "I was married when I was just a boy. I do not love her. I love you."

"I begged him to go back to his wife. I told him it was the only thing for him to do. He said he would not because he loved me alone.

"I tried to break away with him by going with other boys. He had one boy I made a date with beaten up on his way home, and after that whenever he heard of

me talking to boys he would ask me to remember what happened to this boy.

"I could not get away from him. He met me going to and coming from work. He seemed to be everywhere that I was.

"I tried so hard to stop being his slave, but it was no use.

"Time and again he promised that our friendship would only be platonic thereafter. But always he broke his word.

"He told me that when I did not submit to his wishes that he drank and gambled and did not work and support his family. I was sorry for his wife.

"Once he went to Dayton to work. I thought that would end it. He wrote me saying that if I did not come to see him he would come to Columbus and make a disturbance that would lose me my job. I went. What else could I do?

"I thought at this time that I loved him. I only wanted to break away from him because I knew it was not right, and because I was sorry for his wife.

"But in February, 1911, I met Jerome Quigley, and I knew then that I never had really loved Zollinger. I came to love Quigley with all my heart and soul.

"Quigley also loved me. He asked me to marry him. I told him it was impossible, and when he asked me why, I told him—about Zollinger.

"And Mr. Quigley said that he loved me despite the past, that he loved me better because of it through sympathy.