

Tilly, dressed like a bacchante, danced her virginal little dance with shamed, downcast eyes, a travesty of bacchanalia, a child repeating passion by role.

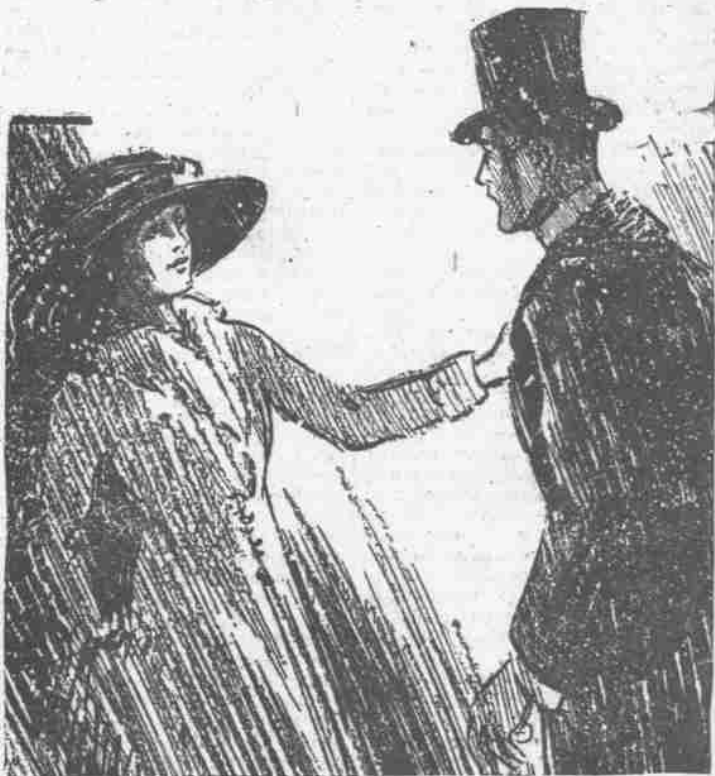
And now Tilly wat at her last ditch. Before long, at dawn probably, Weininger would dismiss her—not pas her off, for Tilly had drawn her salary ahead, being given to the afore-said riotous living, and having at Christmas, the week before, present-ed to the children of the portier at

her pension, the only Christmas they had received.

The barmaid was large and very blonde. Tonight, with pothing but champagne on sale, she was not busy, having only the waiters' checks to look after. She pinned a pink rose in her bosom and looked at Tilly with not unfriendly eyes.

"Hove you seen Weininger?" she asked. "He was looking for you."

"I'm right here when he wants me." Tilly's tone was defiant.



He Had Taken Perhaps a Dozen Steps When a Slim Figure Stepped Out From the Shadow of the Building and Put a Timid Hand on His Arm.