

have been good-looking,"  
 nically. "Me growing out of  
 pants, a brace on my teeth."  
 out you, Jane," Dan said.  
 t long before Alice Shearer  
 the conversation possessively  
 long paths strange to Jane  
 haps she was a little nervous.  
 ne wasn't meaning anything  
 Jane's it was getting off on  
 ot at the first family dinner,  
 then Kirk was glancing her  
 own puzzled.  
 ok tired, dear," Mrs. Shearer

fifth time," Dan noted. Jane  
 the least tired. That is, she  
 ng at the airport.  
 d into the kitchen to help  
 with something of relief. He  
 much about women, even  
 ars of marriage. Perhaps it  
 right for his mother to keep  
 Jane's dress, with apologetic  
 after she'd changed for din-  
 dress had looked all right.  
 Aunt Bella say something?  
 ot, troubled.  
 said once, "we must help to  
 ne's visit a success. We—must  
 "She was forcing her words.  
 said.

hear Kirk's voice, and it  
 clear and jubilant. He could  
 low laugh, so perhaps things  
 better. When he went back  
 smiled at him.  
 e now?" He sounded protec-  
 d taken a protective stance,  
 r her. If he could ease her  
 gaiety of the ride home! She  
 they were both so young. A  
 ng came over him, looking  
 room toward his mother.  
 young," he wanted to say.  
 nds me so much of Martha."  
 oughed a little. "She's quiet."


Kirk's denial was  
 t Jane, puzzled.  
 you two children hop out  
 Dan's smile felt cold.  
 Jane's first evening! We  
 a chance to talk or—" We  
 ve all week to talk," Dan  
 "This little girl has been sit-  
 ne half the day, Mother. Go  
 se her dancing."  
 with mother for a while, and  
 Kirk decided it that way.  
 finally gone, and Dan got up  
 nk I'll go out and look around  
 ther," he said abruptly.  
 much fun, sitting alone in a  
 r. He had one drink, and lin-  
 t a long time. He got up at  
 was living downtown now,  
 ed to her apartment house,  
 n the other side of the street.  
 d what had moved him to  
 by Martha's house, slowly.  
 ee days later. Dan took the  
 car, and Kirk and Jane rode  
 seat, going home. They'd  
 p at the office again.  
 voice was suddenly low and  
 h feeling. "I wanted to—  
 ything in the world I wanted  
 doesn't like—"  
 nitwit."  
 t."

ever knew my own mother,  
 t—" Jane's voice was lower.  
 s it."  
 hat, Kirk?" It was a mere  
 et waiting.  
 dor. "m up to mine."  
 to breathe, and his chest was  
 ed his motor. "Go it, kid,"

"I'm glad the bouillon  
 pleased you, Mam.  
 I made it as we do in  
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