

One whole story. One whole story. And there is so little time. There is only time to nod civilly and lock arms; and time to say goodbye, and to brush a wild, wild smile from the lips. And the telephone bell always ringing. I won't live here any longer, said the boy to himself as he went out.

I won't live here any longer.

I won't live here any longer.

I won't live here any longer.

But the entrance to the passage, sir, said the doorman in red livery, is only a few feet away.