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her with one hand, while the other, with a quick, vicious blow, reduced the guide to a blurred huddle of clothes at her feet.

"Still right, ladies," he said with a reassuring grin, "but we gotta beat it 'fore d' mutt comes outta it," and he hurried them through the odorous gloom of the alley, both feeling a grateful sense of security at the tight grip of his strong hands on their elbows. As they gained the lighted street Hilda's overwrought nerves gave way in a fit of hysterical sobbing, and they paused a moment on the edge of the shadows to allow her to recover.

"Gee," he murmured, "ain't she all t' d' good!"

A few reassuring caresses and Hilda was drawn presently into the street, faintly daubing tear-blinded eyes with her handkerchief and drawing long, quivering breaths—the dying echoes of her storm of sobs.

"May I ask whom we have to thank for our rescue?"

"Me name's Brady," he replied with an effort, as one emerging from a trance.

"Mr. Brady, simple thanks seem so inadequate for such a service," vaguely came to his ears as they moved off up the street.

"Oh da's alright," returned The Kid uncertain, but grateful. "Y' know I spotted yuh in dat chop suey joint an' I had a hunch dat hop-head was stackin' it on yuh, so I tacked on t' cut into d' game."

The girl but half comprehended his meaning, sifting it quickly from his unintelligible dialect, enjoying his quaint expression, then, thinking some explanation due, gave him the history of her adventure. "It only served me right," she concluded, "and but for your timely arrival it might have ended disastrously. Now, thanks to you, I only lose my trip, not my purse."

"Yuh bet yuh don't lose nottin'," The Kid cut in quickly, as one grasping at an advantage. "Youse goin' t' see Chinkville an' youse goin' t' see it right, an' I'm d' guy t' put youse t'rough."

A laughing argument followed, interspersed with objections from the timorous Hilda, but the quaintness of their escort, the unconventional allurements of the affair and the stubborn determination of Gladys not to turn back on an unaccomplished adventure decided her upon seeing it through now that they were so ably protected.

"Besides," she concluded in a tone that completely subdued the rebellious Hilda, "we owe it to Mr. Brady to discharge our obligation to him, since he is so insistent."

ANOTHER guide was procured, a Chinese this time, and one of The Kid's selection. They visited the shops and bazaars where Gladys learned to suppress her enthusiasm in the matter of purchases, for The Kid promptly bought the object inspiring it regardless of price or protest. They peered into opium dens, endured half an hour of Chinese drama, marveled at the squalor of domestic life contrasting with the barbaric splendor of the restaurants and joss houses. At length the lateness of the hour and the continuous protests of the apprehensive Hilda combined to turn their footsteps back to the more familiar regions of the outer world.

The first cab encountered The Kid engaged and, bundling his charges and the accumulated bric-a-brac he carried into it, gave the driver the address of a fashionable apartment house which Gladys whispered to him, and climbed in after them.

"Say, youse don't know what a swell time yuh give me t'night," sighed their escort happily, gazing across at the pair opposite, their faces revealed now and then by the passing lights as the cab rolled along.

"Why Mr. Brady, it is we who are in debt to you," protested Gladys.

"Aw naw," was the growling re-

joinder, as the broad-shouldered youth settled back into a happy silence which was unbroken until the cab wheels ground against the curb. The Kid handed the girls out with the elaborate gallantry of his best dance-hall manner, then filled their arms to overflowing with the trophies from the bazaars.

"Oh, Mr. Brady, how can I ever thank you?" cried Gladys laughing. Then glancing back over her shoulder as she tripped up the steps, "you must come and see me some time," and slipped through the door Hilda held open for her.

"Gladys, suppose he should?" ventured Hilda in an awed whisper, as they transferred their burdens to the sleepy buttons, and the elevator shot up.

"Sufficient unto the day," laughed Gladys promptly proceeding to dismiss her knight from her mind.

Mr. Kid Brady, however, gazed long at the obscuring door, then turned to the waiting cab and gave the driver an address that he mentally contrasted with the present neighborhood as he climbed with a grin to the box. The Kid settled back against the cushions still warm with his divinity's presence, and abandoned himself to luxurious day-dreams. Still in the thrall of their rosy haze he walked into the presence of his despairing trainer who, having looked in vain for the backslider, had resigned himself to waiting and expecting the worst. That The Kid had come back sober was beyond his comprehension.

"Now, wat t'ell—" he began, on mastering his astonishment.

"Aw, close yer face, dere's a draft," interrupted The Kid, beginning to undress and whistling "Just One Girl," off the key.

"Aw, dat's d' dope yer smokin'," sarcastically remarked the trainer, dodging a well-aimed shoe and then beginning his own nocturnal preparations, relieved that his charge and main source of support had chosen the lesser of two evils.

The trainer stood a moment looking down on the muscular figure, noted the clear complexion with no flush of alcoholic dissipation, heaved a sigh of relief and remarked as he turned out the light: "Would n't dat bump yuh!"

WHEN Kid Brady arose the next morning the thing was clearly fixed in his mind, as it had been on many another morning after an encounter, that victory could only be gained by following up an advantage. He looked over his wardrobe and selected his latest fawn-colored suit with the large check pattern that had been the envy and admiration of his associates upon the one occasion that he had donned it. His yellow, tooth-pick shoes were new even to odor, but the inspection of his neckwear and linen found nothing suitable for the occasion, so forth he went to a haberdasher. After much painful mental travail he selected a wall-paper shirt of a most pronounced shade of blue. A necktie of fluffy pattern and a warm shade of red took his fancy, together with a pair of openwork hose of pale lavender with clocking of a darker hue. When he had attired himself and stood before the mirror breathless from profanity and perspiring with effort, wiped his beaded brow with a wide-bordered handkerchief and pulled his black derby down with just the proper tilt to the left side, the effect of the ensemble was not displeasing to him.

With a courage worthy of such an embassy, he made his way to the fashionable apartment, which housed the divinity, but it took several turns around the block to subdue the unaccountable fluttering of his heart, a sensation he had never experienced when entering a ring. At length he mustered supremacies of heroism and pressed the bell. A boy with a triple row of buttons and a visorless cap

answered it. The Kid was taken un-awares by the apparition, but managed to stammer the cherished name.

"Card?" inquired the boy, measuring him coolly from top to toe and causing The Kid to follow his glance with apprehension as to his appearance.

"Naw, jest tell her a gen'lman fren'," he replied gruffly.

He relieved the tension of waiting by busying himself adjusting his cuffs to the proper length, when the boy returned and conducted him to the elevator.

The object of his visit, with no idea as to who her caller might be, was awaiting Hilda's appearance after a night and morning of nervous headache, when the door of her apartment opened and Mr. Brady stepped in, the grinning buttons beating a retreat before collapsing entirely. Colors seen by candle light do not appear the same by day and The Kid, a riot of hues in the streaming sunlight, seemed the frankenstein monster of unconventionally accusingly confronting her. She received him with somewhat frigid enthusiasm, considering.

"How good of you to call so soon," she murmured in a voice kept in cold storage and only brought out on rare occasions. The Kid murmured an unintelligible reply, sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair, leaned his hat against the leg and gracefully put his foot on it. Even his rescue of the derby and his careful restoration of its shape did not appeal to her pity, for the girl began to realize the fire she had kindled, and experience told her that the extinguisher must be applied immediately. She did all the talking, thanked him conventionally for his gallantry, then shifted to the weather and a contemplated trip to the country. The Kid, with many wiggles of embarrassment, replied in throaty monosyllables, his dazed mind groping for an opportunity to escape. He wanted to crawl under the ropes; he was going, going, going! He arose in desperation, swallowed convulsively to lubricate his vocal cords, tried then, once or twice with an agonized cough and said: "I jest t'ought I'd see if yuh was alright. Got a date down d' line, but I t'ought I'd bat me lamps at yuh."

"You are so kind after last night—" began Gladys.

"Oh t's alright," and The Kid backed to the door, struck it with his heel and fumbled blindly behind his back for the knob. "I jest t'ought I—I'd—" he stopped out of breath and words.

The Superior Being smiled with her lips only, a thing utterly new in his experience, and gave him his opportunity to escape. "Miss Wright has been ill all morning, I must tell her you called."

"Sure, sure," he struggled with the knob. "Well, s'long," and he stumbled down the hall, past the grinning buttons and paused around the corner to convert his wide-bordered handkerchief into a perspiration soaked rag.

IN the very small hours of the following morning the peacefully sleeping trainer was startled by a crash of furniture in the darkened training quarters, and switching on the light he helped the wreck of Kid Brady to the cot and sat him down on it. The fawn-colored suit had brown, evil-smelling stains down the front; the yellow shoes were thickly encrusted with mud.

"Buck," said The Kid thickly, then paused to swallow a hiccough, "Buck, ye sign up wit' Kelly t'morrer."

"Say, ye git t' bed," and the faithful trainer stooped over the yellow shoes.

"Git t' hell wid youse," growled The Kid. "Goin' t' fight Kelly, goin' t' fight W'son, goin' t' fight—" he fell back on the bed snoring stertorously.

"Goin' t' fight booze," growled the disgusted, struggling trainer; "an' I t'ought it was a dame!"