

The air had cleared! The cloud had lifted! The visionary had caught the first full sight of that vision which was to make the world less real to him thereafter than the matter of his thought. The idealist had fought his way, through the opposition of science and the realities, to his possession of the great ideal. The dreamer had made life itself the dream. Don, full-grown, was ready to achieve his destiny.

At the ringing of the electric bell of his apartment, he rose mechanically; and still staring before him with blind eyes, he went to open his door.

Bert Pittsey was shaking the snow from his hat brim, in the outer hall. "They 've operated on Conroy," he said in a manner that was roughly apologetic. "He 'll recover. I thought you 'd like to know."

Don passed his hand across his eyes. "Yes. Thanks," he said thickly. "Won't you come in?"

Bert studied him. "Were you asleep?"

"No-o."

"Walt was afraid you might be. He would n't come up. He 's downstairs."

Don shook his head, meaninglessly.

"I think I 'll get him. He has some news for you—from Polk."

He disappeared down the stairs. Don went back into his room and sat down to wait, in a sort of numb indifference. He reached an empty pipe and held it with the mouthpiece against his pursed lips. "Come in," he said.

Walter Pittsey smiled down at him. "I was afraid that you might be in bed. I saw Polk this evening. He says there 's 'something' in your 'Winter'—something