

the far-reaching crowd of wistful faces had all the eyes of girls and the place in which they found themselves was not that vast garden made of all the pleasure grounds of Europe and America . . . it was a great room made up of all the rooms in all the manless homes of all the towns where girls secretly fret and pine. I saw them sitting writing . . . (letters to other girls) . . . and reading (love stories about other girls, of course) and sewing (perhaps other girls' trousseau-things), all, in their hearts, so restless, so resentful, so unblest!

I sighed, "Oh, Jack darling, it's worse for the girls. Or is it because I'm a girl myself that I know how they feel?"

He didn't answer my question. He said, very softly now, "Funny how I can only think of you, now, by the very first name I ever did think of you by. '*Jill*,' I called you." He lifted up in the punt, until his head, that had rested in my lap, now snuggled into my neck.

Ever so gently, he kissed it. A necklace of thrills. Oh, what I can't understand is how Phyllis ever, ever let him go! After he'd kissed her! . . . But one is a different person, with different people. Slim Grantham, now, had thought me a Rose-in-ice; a girl who takes and takes attention, admiration, love, but who has no longing to give anything of herself in return. How dreadful to be made like that! I could cry with pity for those girls. To my lover I felt I should always want to give, give, give everything that there was of me, that the giving would be joy, and that the more