

scale, I don't like it. And that, perhaps, is what we've been doing here in the factory. We have taken a view of woman's possible future and we have drawn it out to scale. Everybody can see what it looks like now—they can think about it—and talk about it—and then they can decide whether they want it or not. . . .”

He caught a note in her voice that had a touch of emptiness in it.

“Do you know what I would do if I were you?” he gently asked.

She looked at him, his eyes eager with sympathy, his smile tender and touched with an admiration so deep that it might be called devotion. Never before had Archey seemed so restful to her—never before with him had she felt so much at home.

“If I smile at him, he'll blush,” she caught herself thinking—and experienced a rising sense of elation at the thought.

“What would you do?” she asked.

“I'd go away for a few weeks. . . . I believe the change would do you good.”

She smiled at him and watched his responding colour with satisfaction.

“If Vera was right,” she thought, “that's Chapter One the way he just spoke. Now next—he'll try to touch me.”

Her eyes ever so dreamy, she reached her