

might be sweethearts and just don't know each other. Crowds of lonely fellows in the same boat as I was, I daresay. Never meeting the right kind of girls. Working all day, and at night going back to lonely digs—or worse."

He made a quick little snatch at my hand, the one that wasn't petting his hair, and held it as if, letting it go, he'd fall out of that punt and drown in that pool.

"Pretty hard," he muttered, "for a single fellow to keep the Ideal of something always in front of his eyes so that he turns down anything else until he's got it. Especially when it looks dashed likely that he never will get it. Not a woman to care a rap. Nothing to make him feel anything's worth while. Loneliness like that is the deuce. It's worse for men, of course."

"Oh, is it!" I cried, shaking my head at him. "It's easier for a lonely man, if he wants to get out and get to know people, to—to just *do* it. Somehow he'll find friends to take him to other friends. Men can do these things. People always welcome another young man to their homes, Jack, when they don't want to be bothered with another strange girl who is perhaps dull and unamusing-looking just because she hasn't got a young man of her own. Think of the thousands of those girls!"

And there came back to me the heart-breaking little vision that I'd had in the Park that evening before I first met Phyllis Carteret. The vision of the unloved lovers of the world; sweethearts unmet. Only this time