

CHAPTER XXXVII

TIME, quickly passing, brought Mary to another wonderful morning in the story of her life. Even as her father's death had broadened her outlook, so now Paul's heroism gave her a deeper glance at the future, a more tolerant view of the past.

On the morning in question, Helen brought Wally to the office. He was now entirely recovered, but Helen still mothered him, every touch a caress, every glance a look of love. Mary grew very thoughtful as she watched them. The next morning they were leaving for a tour of the Maine woods.

When they left, an architect called.

Under his arm he had a portfolio of plans for a Welfare Building which he had drawn exactly according to Mary's suggestions. As long as the idea had been a nebulous one—drawn only in fancy and coloured with nothing stronger than conversation, she had liked it immensely; but seeing now precisely how the building would look—how the space would be divided, she found herself shaking her head.

"It's my own fault," she said. "You have followed out every one of my ideas—but some-