

She repeated her despairing gesture. "You don't understand. But it's no use. It doesn't help any to try to talk of it, though I thought maybe it would, somehow." She went a little nearer the dormitory entrance, leaving him where he was, then turned. "I suppose you won't see him?"

"I don't know. Most probably not till we meet—if we should—in France. I don't know where he's stationed; and I'm going with the aviation—if it's ever ready! And he's with the regulars; he'll probably be among the first to go over."

"I see." She turned sharply away, calling back over her shoulder in a choked voice. "Thank you. Good-bye!"

But Fred's heart had melted; gazing after her, he saw that proud young head had lowered now, and that his shoulders were moving convulsively; he ran after her and caught her as she began slowly to ascend the dormitory steps.

"See here," he cried. "Don't——"

She lifted a wet face. "No, no! He went in bitterness because I told him to, in my own bitterness! I've killed him! Long ago, when he wasn't much more than a child, I heard he'd said that some day he'd 'show' me, and now he's done it!"