

that any good Regimental Officer who had understood and had been beloved by his men would do as well.

The third was to be a Woman; happily married.

Then I thought it over and doubted again. For the weak point of this scheme is summoned up in one word. *Who?* Who was to be that doctor on each committee, that leader, who that motherly woman of the world? One knows how posts of this kind would get filled. By the pushful, the thick-skinned, the man out of a salaried job, the woman out for social notoriety.

For the proper people for such posts would be crowded out by reason of the very qualities most required; delicacy, tact, sympathy, reticence, the loving power of gleaning a young heart's secret and keeping it as a trust not to be betrayed.

Instead, in would come the official with his card-indexes, his filing-clerk to turn up tabulated emotions at the turn of a bell. In would come questions of salary, routine, departmentalism cut-and-dried. . . . Inside would be these complacent officials. And outside in the cold would remain our sensitive lonely lads and girls, the sweethearts still unmet.

So much for that Dream.

Some people who are greater believers than I am in the power of ink think that this thing may be done by correspondence. They, apparently, would take the risks of introducing by letter, young men whom they had never seen, to young women of whom they had never heard in their lives before. But what is that