

"What foolish creatures we are," ran his thoughts. "I know that Frankie is waiting for me to come. I have known it for years, and she made me see it again yesterday on the train. I don't know why I can't get up the courage to face the girl I love. I must. I must go now and make good my promise. She is waiting for me in spite of all!"

More serious, perhaps, than he had ever been, he walked down the back street along which a schoolboy and schoolgirl had so often strolled together. When he came to the Arling residence he ascended the steps with a palpitating heart. The front door was open. He rapped timidly and waited, but there was no response. He peeked in, believing that someone must be there.

Yes, Someone was there. She lay on the couch asleep, tear stains on her cheeks. He moved toward her and knelt beside the couch. Her eyes opened in wonder.

"I've come for you," he said, quietly.

She studied him as if he puzzled her. There was the mystified expression of a baby's eyes in hers. For a while they gazed at each other; then came the tears that must stain her face forever with marks of happiness, and she murmured:

"I can't believe my dream has come true!"

No questions were asked. What mattered the past, now? Porter Perry and Hamilton episodes were no longer of any consequence. The only significant thing was love; love that had endured and was therefore true.