

The Fate of Woman

"If you 'd had a larger acquaintance, I might take comfort from that. But Barrett and I, I believe, make up the list?"

"No matter how long the list, probably you would still be the one true man among them. I've learned how scarce true men are!"

"Betty, are you happy?"

"I doubt," she slowly answered, "whether people are ever very happy when circumstances or disposition forces them to take life seriously. And yet, why shouldn't we be happy? I will be happy! I like the world; there are books, people, flowers, children, poetry, music, pictures! How can we not find happiness in such a lovely world? I didn't always feel so, but I do now."

"You do have a way of taking Don Quixotic leaps, don't you? It's an exciting game to keep up with you, Betty!"

"Well, just now, I'm at the pass of hating humdrum. Now that I've done with college, I want to be a vagabond and 'roam at large o'er all this scene of man.'"

"And I, Betty, have always been a vagabond at heart! So you see we *are* mates—by the ruling of the gods! Would that I dared to hope you would consent to 'roam at large' with me!"

The color deepened in Barnabetta's cheeks and her eyes were softly bright as they rested on the big man at her side—big, she felt, in so many ways; in his