

delightful babies that could be born of all these love-matches that are never made.

The working-class mates as a matter-of-course. So does the leisured-class. But the sturdy, well-derived middle-classes are still full of Youth wasted, Emotion unused, Force lost to the world.

What can be done about this?

Once I cherished a Dream of finding the answer. I dreamt that State Centres for Lonely Young People of the so-called better classes should be started, a social hall in every village, a score to a hundred in every big Town. I dreamt that the Jacks at a loose end and the Jills who knew no young men could go there as a matter-of-course instead of "sticking" at home or roaming the unprotected streets. I dreamt that these boys and girls could meet "on the square" and as if it were in one big family circle, with the influences of Home about them and, over all, that care which is like no other, the care of a Mother. They were not to be let in at hap-hazard, these candidates for companionship and love. Each was to pass before the selection Committee of the place in which he or she found himself. I dreamt that this could be composed of three persons who in their three separate characters should be supposed to have insight into the natures and needs of young people.

The first should be a Doctor.

The second I had thought of as a Chaplain, preferably one who had served with the Forces during the War. It was a young soldier who pointed out to me