

ting when I am in his arms. "Fate, Jill——" My kiss met his kisses, but he added obstinately, "*and* luck!"

"That's not fair," I cried. "*I* shall always say——"

"That it wasn't luck?" he laughed.

"No, but it *was* Fate," I had the last word just before those two little boys ran up along the bank shouting for us to come in to supper. "And that it *was* bound to be!"

Author's Postscript

May I be allowed a further "last word?" It will be made of questions, I'm afraid.

Are sweethearts so certainly "bound to meet" or are they not? Was the girl right, or the boy? Is there a cherub with Cupid-wings sitting up aloft keeping watch over such as they? Or is it all a toss-up; blind Chance with *no one* to know, more to care?

I don't know; but, personally, I care.

To me it seems to matter very much what happens to the love-lines of these straight-limbed lonely lads, of these nice and unfriended girls who should be their mates. The State is as anxiously watchful as any Grannie in the world that there should be Education for every Jack and every Jill. Why is the education that comes from mere books considered more vital than the irreplaceable education given by Love? The world perhaps could do without some of our scholarship-holders, but why must it remain poorer of healthy and