

"Dearest of Friends:

"This is my 'thirty.' My story's done — the candle's out.

"But after all, each one of us is only a page — perhaps only a letter — in the great Book. We're blotted out or torn away, but the Book goes on — always.

"The forms are closed on my tale. The wires are dead. But there's 'more to follow' in *your* story. And the big Year isn't finished because my tale's all set. Even when the Foreman puts the blue envelope in *your* box, even then — there will be 'more to follow.'

"I have loved you well."

Still moving like an automaton, she folded the scrap of paper and placed it carefully in her bag. Then, as if she could not speak, she bowed to the landlady, who surveyed her in patent disappointment, and walked slowly from the room. Imrie followed, understanding something of her suffering, impotent to help.

But once in the automobile, he could stand it no longer.

"Oh, Judith, Judith," he cried brokenly, "won't you let me . . ." He put his arm around her and drew her to him.

She freed herself mechanically.