

for my love and confidence and promised that he would make things as easy for me as he could. I felt numb and dead. I said I'd bear it as well as I could for the children's sake and because I believed he'd done the wrong through a perverted sense of duty.

"I take care of the children. I attend faithfully to the house. I make George comfortable. But the things that were once pleasures have become duties. I don't make scenes, they would distress us both, but I can never again do the fond, foolish, demonstrative things that made us both happy. I accept his kisses, but I can't offer them myself. When, occasionally, he makes some pretext for leaving me, I don't ask any questions. Sometimes the pretext may be genuine, but I always think that he is with her, and my brain seethes with tormenting fancies of them together.

"The secrecy of this new polygamy has spared me one thing—the curious and