

negie and I smoked a cigarette together and he told me the marriage would come off after Easter. We went back, and I congratulated Sybil with all my heart. I am glad to have known a girl as beautiful as that. I also told her she might keep—no, I won't tell you that. But there is the history of it. The change was made. I went out and literally danced down Piccadilly. Opposite the Berkeley I saw Blanche."

"Did you dance with her?"

"No, but I lunched with her to-day."

Ernest was silent a moment.

"Did it ever occur to you that you were a profound egoist?" he asked at length.

"Never. How could it? The egoist never thinks of himself as egoistical. Of course I am an egoist: that is no discovery. But to do myself justice, I am quite as interested in other people as I am in myself, though how they strike me is what matters. The critic always sees things as they strike himself, never as in themselves they really are, as that curious school-inspector said. But there is one point which is so odd."

"Is it about yourself or other people?"

"Oh, myself, of course. Don't interrupt. To think that last September only I was simply head-over-ears in love with Sybil, and now, only four months later, I am master of myself again."

"You have got over it, that is all," said Ernest. "What a great many words an egoist