

Hume saw now was a distorted world—a world where men had mistresses, not openly and decently, avowing their needs, but secretly and falsely—creeping away to their women as a dog sneaks in at a back door. She didn't believe in men's honour any more—and it was Jay's fault. And he had done worse than this to her. He had taken away her trustfulness—in the world round about her—in everything. She couldn't look at another life now and not say to herself: "Is it what it seems? Aren't there falsenesses and meannesses and skeleton hatreds there too?" She had lost her trust in things. It seemed to her a base world—a world full of cries and miseries and injustices . . . and once she had seen it shining in the sunlight and exquisitely pure and beautiful.

When her marriage was dissolved she had hoped to see it like that again. But no. Somehow she couldn't. Things came back on her—and she thought of things. The world wouldn't be just sunny any more.

She wondered if Jay ever thought of her—and she knew he didn't. He had chucked her away as a boy throws a stone into the distance, and he would think of her as much as the boy thinks of his stone. She knew it. She knew it and she had a passionate feeling that it wasn't *fair* that Jay should have this advantage too. Why should he have the privilege of forgetting, while she had to feel his hands on her for evermore? Sometimes she felt inclined to argue with God about the way He had made woman—to argue with Him and to show Him how unfair it was. Jay could go on to other women—and enjoy them. He had enjoyed them even while she was there. But