

the differences between masculine and feminine psychology are superstitiously exaggerated. I note that I have made Carlotta say: "There are only two fundamental differences in the world — the difference between sex and sex, and the difference between youth and age." It may be so; and when I happen to be discouraged in my work I am always ready to agree positively with Carlotta that it is so. But I remember that Lady Mary Wortley Montague, one of the keenest observers and wittiest writers that ever espoused a man, said that though she had lived a very long time and seen a very great deal, she had only met two sorts of people and that they were very much alike — namely, men and women. And in support of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's contention I may adduce the following personal experience. On sundry occasions women have been good enough to say to me apropos of passages in my novels: "How did you know *that*? None but a woman could have known *that*." And invariably they had hit on passages which I had written as the result of asking myself: "Now what should *I* have done in such circumstances? How should *I* have felt?"

But the audacity of this novel goes beyond the mere audacity (if audacity it is) of attempting in fiction an intimate and fairly complete portrait of a member of the opposite sex. The novel purports to be written in the first person by the heroine