

THE DREAM GIRL

there. I wonder whether, through hers, you got to know the real Polly?

Oh, yes, I have cared . . . ever since the day they brought you here, and I thought you had come back to die, or were facing invalidism. And at first, you did not want to live.

My one thought was to rouse the Max Herrick who was dormant. You had been looking on at life . . . and it hurt. For I am sure I always saw what you were capable of being.

Think . . . dear. . . .

And one night — you had been utterly listless and apathetic — the idea came that I carried out so successfully. I wanted to give you an interest right away from this place — take you into another world.

I could not show you in real life the