

THE DREAM GIRL

quite so thick — and that you could see her once again with the “look of exquisite compassion in her eyes!”

You were right . . . I was jealous of her. Absurd, wasn't it? But you will understand why.

I am not begging mercy at your hands, Six-foot-one-Vertical . . . I do not feel in the least meek, or subdued. It is I . . . Polly . . . and if you do not want me . . .

I shall wave my hand at you and vanish. The Chalet still belongs to me, only, when Grannie died there was a mortgage on it, and it suited me better to put a tenant in, and typewrite here. That was why I was working so hard — though the writing at night was usually . . . the letter. It has its comical side.