

LETTERS TO A DÉBUTANTE

I

ON THE ART OF HAPPINESS

You have asked me, dearest Violet, to dip into my shallow well of wisdom and give you to drink of its waters. In other words, I, being come to years of presumable discretion and experience, am required to warn, and counsel, and advise one on the threshold of life, ignorant alike of its pitfalls and its pleasures. To know oneself is to be only too sadly conscious of human fallibility and limitations. How shall I, therefore, being this fallible, unwise mortal that I am, presume to put to your