

THE WONDER WOMAN

"content with spurious corners and waste portions of the earth, what a splendid lesson of perseverance you teach." I thought of myself and of my struggle of the last eight years, and compared myself with the weed. I had not been content with the neglected corners of the earth; but I had honestly tried to make the best of the corners; I had attempted to improve them, and in so doing improve myself.

From that I came to Joey and the two women who had helped to make the waste places bloom; and like Byron I had a sigh for Joey and Wanza who loved me; and I had a tender smile for my dream woman—Haidee. She had come when, steeped in idealism, I was all prepared for the advent of the radiant creature who was to work a metamorphosis in my life. She had come, and I had hailed her Wonder Woman. It had been a psychological moment, and she had appeared. And I had loved her—let me not cheat myself into any contrary belief—surely I had loved her—surely; let me admit that. But no—I need not admit even that, since it was not the truth—since she knew it was not the truth. I had loved an ideal; not Judith Batterly, indeed, but a vague dream woman.