

THE DREAM GIRL

She would distrust protestations, this Polly of mine.

Do you know, I can't settle to writing. Strange, isn't it? I want the Polly who used to snub me and scold me — the Polly who has seized my heart relentlessly, and holds it by right of possession.

And . . . in spite of her eyes . . . her promise . . . there is something between us.

So you see, we need you, Girl, to sweep away some cobwebs. I think you could convince her that this love is abiding — for all time.

And some day soon — she will come in laughing softly, and you will be with her. And she will say in that whimsical fashion of hers . . .