take an interest in his life, and everything will turn out happily. Of course I do take an interest when he 's with me. I talk about the things he wants to talk about, and he does n't know that there 's a whole part of me — the biggest part of me — that simply does n't meet him at any point. I pretend when I am with him. I am not myself, and if we were to live together in constant daily intercourse, I 'd have to keep on pretending all my life. He wants me to watch his face and smile when he smiles and frown when he frowns. He can't realize that I 'm an individual just as much as he is.

I have social accomplishments. I dress well, I 'm spectacular, I would be an ideal hostess in a politician's household — and that 's why he likes me.

Anyway, I suddenly saw with awful distinctness that if I kept on I 'd be in a few years where Helen Brooks is. She 's a far better model of married life for me to contemplate just this moment than you, dear Judy. I think that such a spectacle as you and Jervis are a menace to society. You look so happy and peaceful and companionable that you induce a defenseless on-looker to rush off and snap up the first man she meets — and he 's always the wrong man.

Anyway, Gordon and I have quarreled definitely and finally. I should rather have ended without a quarrel, but considering his temperament,— and mine, too, I must confess,— we had to go off in a big smoky explosion. He came yesterday afternoon, after I 'd