

THE DREAM GIRL

nearly. And it is life we are facing
. . . not a dream world . . .
though we shall still see visions.

But it is beautifully real, dear heart.
And you won't despise me because my
first feeling was one of sadness. For
I think of the weary look that was
coming to live in your eyes . . .
and I see you — those stifling nights
typing away for dear life to please a sick
idiot's whim. How do you manage
it all, Sweet?

It must be that I shall be a better man
for this. . . . Do you remember
my telling you that between you both
it might be that I should develop into
something distantly resembling a man?
Do you, Polly darling?

I am planning . . . the Chalet,
and the inglenook, and the garden