

of energy is the measure of a man, these failures were only episodes of a struggle toward a more human ideal of life.

I had a many-sided character to satisfy. I desired all things which seemed good to me: a happy home, love, beautiful children, music, literature, and the stage. I have been great in nothing; yet have I tasted all things and partly satisfied all my cravings. This book is one of my failures, but one, I persist, that makes for human experience.

Since the days of which I tell dire things have happened to me. I have seen my poor old father, who loved me well, fall into premature senile decay and die leaving my dear mother to make the short end of the road alone. I have seen beguiling, attractive depravity take away from me the little girl who was born at the mill, marry her, break her heart, and kill her. On the other hand, I have seen my son grow up and make a man of himself, marry the right woman (who is so rarely found), and prosper. I have seen my Third Beloved grow in beauty and character and mate with a man of heart and mind. All these things have I seen; and my grandchildren and I have kept One Beloved at our side; and last, but by no means least, life has spared me Muriel; and the world seems good. Therefore, write me not down a failure.