

THE DREAM GIRL

. . . I got frightened halfway, and wanted to turn back, more than once. But, by that time, the thing that was entered into to while away a few, weary hours, had grown into something more . . . something that seemed necessary to you. That is my excuse.

You will of course be angry — just at first. That is why I am writing, instead of telling you. You may even find it hard to forgive . . . I shall not blame you. But the dread of having to write this letter has pressed heavily lately. More heavily since I knew that you cared.

For I realize what she has grown to be to you . . . this girl who never existed. Max . . . it is a little hard on me, too! When you have read