

Club had told him that he seemed run-down, adding jocosely that he would be all right when he had a wife to look after him! Good God! if Dina were to try pillow-smoothing stunts with him! . . .

Poor Dina! Oh, poor child! She should be spared all he *could* spare her. *Now* he remembered that bit about feeling no fear. He had decided to commit suicide; and he was not afraid, not even regretful; that old self-pity business was a fake; he was not really losing anything, he had *done* everything, the future must all be repetition. No fear, no self-pity; what was the other thing? Oh, resentment. He was so sorry that he could not get all this down in black and white, because no intending suicide had ever thought so comprehensively nor pondered with so exquisite a balance. The imbeciles would bring in a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind, but he at least (who was the only person that mattered) knew that the poise of his brain was perfect and that he was reasoning in a form that psychologists for all time would offer the wealth of the world to obtain. He was the only *sane* man who had ever nerved himself to the point; and he proved his sanity by his amazing detachment, his incomparable faculty of self-analysis. He had got to "resentment": did he blame anyone in particular? That is to say, one of the richest men in the world, with every social advantage, an admirable education, unusual scholarship, youth, health, and every other mundane blessing had somehow got himself into a position of personal entanglement or mental incompatibility of which suicide was the only solvent: on the assumption that "being" was at least generally pleasanter than "not-being," an explanation was required, perhaps even a defence.

In an enquiry of this kind, the nearer home you started, the quicker the success of your quest. It was not *his* fault; he had not been cheating at cards or otherwise forfeiting his personal reputation. He had not come to grief over money (how *could* he with that income?). He had not poisoned his blood nor brought a woman to disgrace or misery. The record was good; he had done not one of the