

MARY MORELAND

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pace I am living, I have to work like a dog. When I get home in the evening, I run into a party at bridge; usually a dinner is on afterwards, at which I am considered a bore. The women talk across me to each other, and I don't wonder; I have nothing to say, for half the time we have had some unpleasant discussion just before, and that knocks all the spirit out of me.

"I think that Daisy ceased to love me the first year of our marriage. At any rate, I count for nothing in the household except the moneybag. There is no companionship; it is a sort of unexpressed enmity. Daisy never wanted children."

Here Miss Moreland gave a little cough. It was a signal that her employer was going too fast for her speed, and he stopped; then continued:

"I love children! Daisy is vain, a coquette, extravagant. I don't believe she has any heart at all. When I left her this morning, I felt that I never wanted to see her again. To tell the truth, I am sick and tired of modern women; they haven't the slightest conception of a man's needs. They are neither wives, sweethearts, nor friends; and a fellow wants all these things in his wife."

Maughm was dictating so fast and excitedly that he had approached still nearer his secretary. She coughed again.

"Oh," he said, coming back to the fact that he had before him a human being; "I think perhaps I ought not to say quite all that." He spoke slowly, and as he was looking straight at her with his handsome, angry eyes, he evidently wanted some kind of a response. If he turned to her at this moment for human sympathy, she gave him none. He resumed the dictation:

"Don't give me any preaching or advice: I've had enough of it. A chap doesn't come to this decision lightly. My home is hell, and I am going to get out of it. I mean nothing to Daisy; she means nothing to me. We haven't