

I kissed you, Mary. I am so conceited as to believe that you have never been kissed by anyone but me. Am I wrong? Good God! That's one of the things I won't let myself think about.

I have tried to follow your life, Mary, and I find I don't want to know what you are doing, since you would do nothing for me.

But wherever you are I know that you turn everything you touch into gold. That nobody can be unhappy where you are, and that people turn to you, as I used to turn to you. But won't you turn to me, Mary? I have missed you every hour.

Mary, the little child and the lonely man are waiting for you."

She put the letter back in its envelope and laid it down upon the flowers, and as she stood there trembling, shaking, the telephone rang in the hall. It was not an unusual sound, but for some reason or other it went right through Mary, and she knew then that it was a call, but a woman's voice answered her across the wire.

"This is Miss Rensselaer of Mr. Thomas Maughm's office. I am awfully sorry to trouble you, Miss Moreland, but Mr. Maughm's given me a lot to do about the old 'Upjohn' matter, and I don't quite understand some of the details. I know it's Sunday afternoon, but I've had to work on here just the same. You wouldn't come over to New York, would you —"

Mary looked at the clock: "Yes, of course I will, if it will be any help." She hung up the receiver, after having told Miss Rensselaer that she would go right in to town.

It was after six o'clock when she reached Thomas Maughm's office, and the janitor, the only person visible, opened the door for her into what had once been her own room. He told her that Miss Rensselaer had been kept