

You're a pathetic figure of a man, my dear, and since you won't make yourself comfortable, you must be *made* comfortable.

We'll build a house on the hillside just beyond the asylum — how does a yellow Italian villa strike you, or preferably a pink one? Anyway, it won't be green. And it won't have a mansard roof. And we'll have a big cheerful living-room, all fireplace and windows and view, and no McGURK. Poor old thing! won't she be in a temper and cook you a dreadful dinner when she hears the news! But we won't tell her for a long, long time — or anybody else. It's too scandalous a proceeding right on top of my own broken engagement. I wrote to Judy last night, and with unprecedented self-control I never let fall so much as a hint. I'm growing Scotch myself!

Perhaps I did n't tell you the exact truth, Sandy, when I said I had n't known how much I cared. I think it came to me the night the John Grier burned. When you were up under that blazing roof, and for the half hour that followed, when we did n't know whether or not you would live, I can't tell you what agonies I went through. It seemed to me, if you did go, that I would never get over it all my life; that somehow to have let the best friend I ever had pass away with a dreadful chasm of misunderstanding between us — well — I could n't wait for the moment when I should be allowed to see you and talk out all that I have been shutting inside me for five months.