

MAX . . . MY DEAR:

Yesterday we dreamed dreams and saw visions. And to-day I am wondering how I shall tell you. How you will take it. But oh . . . don't forget that Polly loves you . . . and forgive her if you can.

Max, there is no Dream Girl — there never has been. All the letters that have meant so much to you have been written in this room by the little "everyday girl" — Polly.

It is rather an impossible situation, isn't it? And you will want to take a good, long breath before you go on.

Sometimes I wondered that you did not see through the whole, pitiful sham