

up with things people think important. Believe me, nothing is of importance but the sentimental part of life. Everything else hustles a man hither and thither, but it's only his damned emotions that can take him promptly either to heaven or hell."

Maughm's emotions compelled him to take out a cigar. Miss Moreland had written his letters, private and business, for five years. If she had been an analyst, she would have said that he was uncontrolled regarding questions of the heart. As it was, she thought he was "perfectly splendid — too kind-hearted for anything." But, as she wrote, she remembered that the butcher's bill was uncomfortably large because of the beef juice her mother had been obliged to take. "It's too bad a cheaper animal doesn't give juice," she thought. The dictation went on:

"You know I am a close-mouthed chap. I have not said a word to you or any one all these years. I could say a lot, by gad! I shall probably regret this letter — perhaps I won't send it. Anyhow, it must be written. To make a long story short, I am going to leave my wife."

These words, in their frank importance, obliterated "butcher's bill." They were sufficiently out of the ordinary to blot out for a moment Miss Moreland's whole financial tragedy; but she gave no sign of this fact.

"You always told me that Daisy and I were absolutely unsuited. You shouldn't say we are unsuited; let's say *I* don't suit. I don't know if this is the experience of every man who marries his first love. I am not interested in other people's experiences. I married because I loved and thought of nothing else. I begin to think that an American business man should marry no one but an American business woman.

"My wife wants a companion to do with her the things *she* has time to do. I want a companion who will understand my struggle for existence. In order to live at the