

restraints—forcing an outlet, to find the sympathy of friendship—I shared her silence, too, as I shared her sorrow. I should not reveal her secret now—even under the cover of fictitious names—except with her permission. She has said: “Some other woman—perhaps one of my own little girls—may be saved from such unhappiness by hearing of mine. It may do some good. For a long time it seemed the right course—the only possible course—for me to hide it. But this thing thrives on secrecy. The wrongdoers are silent from policy; the victims from pride, from loyalty. Yes, tell it! Tell it!”

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I have known Ruth for twenty years. We were students together at our State university. I wish I could make you see her as she was then—attractive and lovable, intelligent and with manners and accomplishments somewhat unusual among Mormon girls of that day. Her