

tramcar. However, I went home, read some essays from *Hortus Vitæ* and one or two of your poems and now, after having flung this off my chest at you, I feel convalescent. If you will say : ' Oh, d—— the ringed editress ' for me I shall be quite cured."

Bliss Henry put down the letter, and going over to Helleu's *Cigarette*, took it from the wall, turned it on its face on the table, slit the brown paper back, removed the sprigs, withdrew the print and tore it slowly in pieces, which he put in his waste-paper basket. As he was so employed he thought of the girl who wrote to him, of her library—he saw the books in it : Pater, Yeats, Charles Lamb's letters—he remembered these distinctly. He was now so little affected by outside opinion—whether genuine or insincere—that he did not think there might be those who would jeer at her library and say that literature was older than that, that there were Beowulfs, Maundevilles, Chaucers, Piers Plowmen in the world. He was beyond the bitterness of the academic and the ignorant, emancipated, by his new light, so hardly won, from all pettiness, whether of the scholar's den or the street corner.

He thought of her work on the London press, thought of her playing on her piano—which he had heard once or twice. Well, he preferred to