

came home except when he was drunk. Then he smashed the furniture something awful. An easel with her mother's picture on it, that she had had since before she was married, he had thrown down just for the pleasure of hearing it crash. And finally she had just got too tired to live, so she drank a bottle of swamp-root because somebody had told her it was poison if you took it all at once. But it didn't kill her; it only made her sick. And he came back, and said he would choke her if she ever tried that on him again, so she guessed he must still care something for her. All this quite casually while she stirred her tea.

I tried to think of something to say, but it was a social exigency that left me dumb. But Sandy rose to the occasion like a gentleman. He talked to her beautifully and sanely, and sent her away actually uplifted. Our Sandy, when he tries, can be exceptionally nice, particularly to people who have no claim upon him. I suppose it is a matter of professional etiquette — part of a doctor's business to heal the spirit as well as the body. Most spirits appear to need it in this world. My caller has left me needing it. I have been wondering ever since what I should do if I married a man who deserted me for a chewing-gum girl, and who came home and smashed the bric-à-brac. I suppose, judging from the theaters this winter, that it is a thing that might happen to any one, particularly in the best society.

You ought to be thankful you've got Jervis. The