



Illustrated by M. W. Kimbell.

No. 1.—From Violet Grey to Winifred Holmes.

THE VICARAGE, OLDLOVE,  
Tuesday, 22nd May, 1900.

Dear old Win,

Don't get too great a shock when you receive this! I would have written before only—but I'll tell you in a minute. The whole parish is terribly down in the dumps, why I don't know, considering the cause concerns nobody but myself. And, O Win, I do feel it so! I'm sure I must be getting thinner and thinner every day. I must tell somebody about it, and I know I can trust you, Win, dear. He's been transferred to Newlove, and I thought that perhaps you might—you might—oh, well, you know, just keep an eye on the dear boy for me. His name is Reggie—Reggie De Vere (perhaps you may have met him already, it is quite a month since he left here). He's in the bank, I'm not sure which one, but anyway I know it's the bank. Now I feel sure I can trust you, Win, some day you will learn what it is to be in love yourself. I hear from him every week. He says Newlove is so uninteresting after Oldlove (he means me), but ask him up now and then, Win; it will help to cheer the poor boy up. If you can manage to draw him out a little, you'll find that he plays ten-

nis splendidly. We used to sneak away for a walk after church (always pitched Dad some fairy), and it is so lonely now, Win, but I know you'll feel for me, won't you, dear? Bother it, there's a ring, I suppose it's old Simkin, the poet (I just hate poets), so I must run. With fondest love, hoping you will write soon to

Your loving friend,

Violet.

P.S.—I know I can trust you not to tell anybody.

No. 2.—From Winifred Holmes to Violet Grey.

THE ELMS, NEWLOVE,  
Tuesday, 22nd May, 1900.

Dearest Vi,

I am actually going to write to you. It is just twelve months since we had that jolly time together in town. Oh, it was just lovely, the restaurants (with the funny waiters—you remember), and the galleries, and the ride in the Twopenny Tube, and the afternoon teas! We were happy, weren't we? But that is one sort of happiness, since then I have discovered another. I know you must be laughing, but don't say a word about it to anybody, will you, Vi, if I tell you? Listen, there is such a nice young man here, a Mr. De Vere—Reginald