

# **The Long Run**

Edith Wharton

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# The Long Run

Edith Wharton

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## I

The shade of those our days that had no tongue.

IT was last winter, after a twelve years' absence from New York, that I saw again, at one of the Jim Cumnors' dinners, my old friend Halston Merrick.

The Cumnors' house is one of the few where, even after such a lapse of time, one can be sure of finding familiar faces and picking up old threads; where for a moment one can abandon one's self to the illusion that New York humanity is less unstable than its bricks and mortar. And that evening in particular I remember feeling that there could be no pleasanter way of re-entering the confused and careless world to which I was returning than through the quiet, softly-lit dining-room in which Mrs. Cumnor, with a characteristic sense of my needing to be broken in gradually, had contrived to assemble so many friendly faces.

I was glad to see them all, including the three or four I did not know, or failed to recognize, but had no difficulty in classing as in the tradition and of the group; but I was most of all glad as I rather wonderingly found to set eyes again on Halston Merrick.

He and I had been at Harvard together, for one thing, and had shared there curiosities and ardours a little outside the current tendencies: had, on the whole, been freer and less amenable to the accepted. Then, for the next few years, Merrick had been a vivid and promising figure in young American life. Handsome, free and fine, he had wandered and tasted and compared. After, leaving Harvard he had spent two years at Oxford. He then accepted a private secretaryship to our Ambassador in England, and came back from this adventure with a fresh curiosity about public affairs at home, and the conviction that men of his kind didn't play a large enough part in them. This led, first, to his running for a State Senatorship which he failed to get, and ultimately to a few months of intelligent activity in a municipal office. Soon after a change of party had deprived him of this post he published a small volume of rather hauntingly delicate sonnets, and, a year later, an odd uneven brilliant book on Municipal Government. After that one hardly knew where to look for his next appearance; but chance rather disappointingly solved the problem by killing off his father and placing Halston at the head of the Merrick Iron Foundry at Yonkers.

His friends had gathered that, whenever this regrettable contingency should occur, he meant to dispose of the

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business and continue his life of free experiment. As often happens in such cases, however, it was not the moment for a sale, and Merrick had to take over the management of the foundry. Some two years later he had a chance to free himself, but when it came he did not choose to take it. This tame sequel to an inspiring start was slightly disappointing to some of us, and I was among those disposed to regret Merrick's drop to the level of the merely prosperous. Then I went away to my big engineering job in China, and from there to Africa, and spent the next twelve years out of sight and sound of New York doings.

During that long interval I learned of no new phase in Merrick's evolution, but this diinting to some of us, and I was among those disposed to regret Merrick's drop to the level of the merely prosperous. Then I went away to my big engineering job in China, and from there to Africa, and spent the next twelve years out of sight and sound of New York doings.

During that long interval I learned of no new phase in Merrick's evolution, but this did not surprise me, as I had never expected from him actions resonant enough to be heard across the globe. All I knew — and this surprised me — was that he had never married, and that he was still in the iron business. All through those years, however, I never ceased to wish, in certain situations and at certain turns of thought, that Merrick were in reach, that I could tell this or that to Merrick. I had never, in the interval, found any one with just his quickness of perception and just his sureness of touch.

After dinner, therefore, we irresistibly drew together. In Mrs. Cumnor's big easy drawing-room cigars were allowed, and there was no break in the communion of the sexes; and, this being the case, I should have sought a seat beside one of the ladies who so indulgently suffered our presence. But, as generally happened when Merrick was in sight, I found myself steering straight for him past all the minor ports of call.

There had been no time, before our passage to the dining-room, for more than the barest expression of delight at meeting, and our seats had been at opposite ends of the longish table, so that we got our first real look at each other in the screened secluded sofa-corner to which Mrs. Cumnor's vigilance now tactfully directed us.

Merrick was still handsome in his long swarthy way: handsomer perhaps, with thinnish hair and graver lines, than in the young excess of his good looks. He was very glad to see me and expressed his gladness in terms of the same charming smile; but as soon as we began to talk I felt a change. It was not merely the change that years and experience and altered values bring. There was something more fundamental the matter with Merrick: something dreadful, unforeseen, unaccountable. Merrick had grown conventional and dull.

In the face of his frank pleasure in seeing me I was ashamed, at first, to analyze the nature of the change; but presently our talk began to flag — fancy a talk with Merrick flagging! — and self-deception became impossible as I watched myself handing out platitudes with the unconvinced gesture of a salesman offering something 'equally good.' The worst of it was that Merrick — Merrick, who had once felt everything! — didn't seem to feel any lack of spontaneity in my remarks, but clung to me in speech and look with a harrowing faith in the resuscitating power of our past. It was as if he treasured the empty vessel of our friendship without perceiving that the last drop of its essence had gone dry.

I am putting all this in exaggerated terms. Through my surprise and disappointment there glowed a certain sense of well-being in the mere physical presence of my old friend. I liked looking at the way his thin dark hair broke away from the forehead, at the tautness of his smooth brown cheek, the contemplative backward tilt of his head, the way his brown eyes mused upon the scene through indolently lowered lids. All the past was in his way of looking and sitting, and I wanted to stay near him, and knew that he wanted me to stay, but the devil of it was that neither of us knew what to talk about.

It was this difficulty which caused me, after a while, since I could not follow Merrick's talk, to follow his eyes in their slow circuit of the room.

At the moment when our glances joined, his happened to have paused on a lady seated at some distance from our corner. Immersed, at first, in the satisfaction of finding myself again with Merrick, I had been only negatively aware of this lady, as of one of the few persons present whom I did not know, or failed to remember. There was nothing in her appearance or attitude to challenge my indifference or to excite my curiosity: I don't suppose I should have looked at her at all if I had not noticed that my friend was doing so.

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She was a woman of about forty–seven, with fair faded hair and a young figure. Her smoke–gray dress was handsome but ineffective, and her pale and rather serious face wore a small unvarying smile which might have been pinned on with her ornaments. She was one of the women in whom the years show rather what they have taken than what they have bestowed, and only on looking closely did one see that what they had taken must have been exceptionally good of its kind.

Phil Cumnor and another man were talking to her, and the very intensity of the attention she bestowed on them betrayed the straining of rebellious thoughts. She never let her eyes stray or her smile drop; and at the proper moments I saw she was ready with the proper sentiment.

The party, like most of those that Mrs. Cumnor gathered about her, was not composed of exceptional beings. The people of the old New York set were not exceptional: they were in fact mostly cut on the same neat, convenient and unobtrusive pattern; but they were often exceedingly 'nice.' And this obsolete quality marked every look and gesture of the lady I was scrutinizing.

While these reflections were passing through my mind I was aware that Merrick's eyes were still turned in the same direction. I took a cross–section of his look and found in it neither surprise nor absorption, but only a certain sober pleasure just about at the emotional level of the rest of the room. If he were looking at the lady in question it was only, his expression seemed to say, because, all things considered, there were fewer reasons for looking at anybody else.

This made me wonder what were the reasons for looking at her: and as a first step toward enlightenment I said: — 'I'm sure I've seen the lady over there in gray —'

Merrick, with a slight effort, detached his eyes and turned them on me in a wondering look.

'Seen her? You know her.' He paused for my response. 'Don't you know her? It's Mrs. Reardon.'

I wondered that he should wonder, for I could not remember, in the Cumnor group or elsewhere, having known any one of the name he mentioned.

'But perhaps,' he continued, 'you hadn't heard of her marriage? You knew her as Mrs. Trant.'

I gave him back his stare. 'Not Mrs. Philip Trant?'

'Yes; Mrs. Philip Trant.'

'Not Paulina?' I insisted.

'Yes — Paulina,' he said, with a just perceptible delay before the name.

In my stupefaction I continued to stare at him, instead of turning my gaze toward the lady whose identity was in dispute.

He averted his eyes from mine after a moment, and I saw that they had strayed back to her. 'You find her so changed?' he asked.

An odd note in his voice acted as a warning signal, and I tried to reduce my astonishment to less unbecoming proportions. 'I don't find that she looks much older.'

'No. Only different?' he suggested, as if there were nothing new to him in my perplexity.

'Yes — awfully different,' I confessed.

'I suppose we're all awfully different. To you, I mean — coming from so far?'

'I recognized all the rest of you,' I said, hesitating. 'And she used to be the one who stood out most.'

There was a flash, a wave, a stir of something deep down in his eyes. 'Yes,' he said. 'That's the difference.'

'I see it is. She — she looks worn down. Soft but blurred, like the figures in the tapestry behind her.'

He glanced at her again, as if to test the exactness of my analogy.

'Life wears everybody down, I suppose,' he said.

'Yes — except those it makes more distinct. They're the rare ones, of course; but she was rare.'

He stood up suddenly, looking old and tired. 'I believe I'll be off. I wish you'd come down to my place for Sunday. . . . No, don't shake hands — I want to slide away while they're not looking.'

We were standing near the door of the inner drawing–room, and I placed myself before him to say a last word and screen his retreat.

'You will come down, won't you?' he repeated. 'I want to see you. There'll be no one else.' He had backed away to the threshold and was turning the noiseless door–knob. Even Mrs. Cumnor's door–knobs had tact and didn't tell!

'Of course I'll come,' I promised warmly. In the last ten minutes he had begun to interest me again.

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'All right. Good-bye.' Half through the door he paused to stammer: — 'She remembers you. You ought to speak to her.'

'I'm going to. But tell me a little more.' I thought I saw a shade of constraint on his face, and did not add, as I had meant to: 'Tell me — because she interests me — what wore her down?' Instead, I asked: 'How soon after Trant's death did she remarry?'

He seemed to require an effort of memory to recall the date. 'It was seven years ago, I think.'

'And is Reardon here to-night?'

'Yes; over there, talking to Mrs. Cumnor.'

I looked across the broken lamp-lit groupings and saw a large glossy man with straw-colored hair and a red face, whose shirt and shoes and complexion seemed all to have received a coat of the same expensive varnish.

As I looked there was a drop in the talk about us, and I heard Mr. Reardon pronounce in a big booming voice: 'What I say is: what's the good of disturbing things? Thank the Lord, I'm content with what I've got!'

'Is that her husband? What's he like?'

'Oh, the best fellow in the world,' said Merrick, going.

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### II

Merrick had a little place at Riverdale, where he went occasionally to be near the Iron Works, and where he hid his week-ends when the world was too much with him.

Here he awaited me on the following Saturday afternoon, and at tea-time I found myself with him in a pleasant careless setting of books and prints and faded parental furniture.

We dined late, and smoked and talked afterward in his low-ceilinged book-walled study till the terrier on the hearth-rug stood up and yawned for bed. When we took the hint and picked up our candles in the hall I felt not that I had found the old Merrick again, but that I was on his track, had come across traces of his passage here and there in the thick jungle that had grown up between us. But I had an odd poignant feeling that when I finally came on the man himself he might be dead. . . .

As we started up the shallow country stairs he turned with one of his abrupt shy movements, and walked back into the study.

'Wait a bit!' he called to me.

I waited, and he came out in a moment carrying a limp folio.'

'It's typewritten. Will you take a look at it? I've been trying to get to work again,' he lamely explained, thrusting the manuscript into my hand.

'What? Poetry, I hope?' I exclaimed.

He shook his head with a gleam of derision. 'No — just general considerations. The fruit of fifty years of inexperience.'

He showed me to my room and said good-night.

The following afternoon — it was a mild winter day with soft wet gusts, I remember — we took a long walk inland, across the hills, and I said to Merrick what I could of his book. Unluckily there wasn't much to say. The essays were judicious, polished and cultivated, but they lacked the freshness and audacity of his youthful work. I tried to conceal my opinion behind the usual ambiguities, but he broke through these feints with a quick thrust to the heart of my meaning.

'It's worn down — blurred? Like the figures in the Cumnors' tapestry?'

I hesitated. 'It's a little too damned resigned,' I said.

'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'so am I. Resigned.' He switched the bare brambles by the roadside. 'A man can't serve two masters.'

'You mean business and literature?'

'No; I mean theory and instinct. The gray tree and the green. You've got to choose which fruit you'll try; and you don't know till afterward which of the two has the dead core.'

'How can anybody be sure that only one of them has?'

'I'm sure,' said Merrick sharply.

We turned back to the subject of his essays, and I was astonished at the detachment with which he criticized and demolished them. Little by little, as we talked, his old perspective, his old standards came back to him, but with the difference that they no longer seemed like functions of his mind but merely like attitudes assumed or dropped at will. He could still, with an effort, put himself at the angle from which he had formerly seen things; but it was with the effort of a man climbing mountains after a sedentary life in the plain.

I tried to cut the talk short, but he kept coming back to it with nervous insistence, forcing me into the last retrenchments of hypocrisy, and anticipating the verdict I held back. I perceived that a great deal — immensely more than I could see a reason for — had hung for him on my opinion of his book.

Then, as suddenly, his insistence broke and, as if ashamed of having forced himself so long on my attention, he began to talk rapidly and uninterestingly of other things.

We were alone again that evening, and after dinner, wishing to efface the impression of the afternoon, and above all to show that I wanted him to talk about himself, I reverted to the subject of his work. 'You must need an outlet of that sort. When a man's once had it in him, as you have — and when other things begin to dwindle —'

He laughed. 'Your theory is that a man ought to be able to return to the Muse as he comes back to his wife

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after he's ceased to interest other women?'

'No; as he comes back to his wife after the day's work is done.' A new thought came to me as I looked at him. 'You ought to have had one,' I added.

He laughed again. 'A wife, you mean? So that there'd have been some one waiting for me even if the Muse decamped?' He went on after a pause: 'I've a notion that the kind of woman worth coming back to wouldn't be much more patient than the Muse. But as it happens I never tried — because, for fear they'd chuck me, I put them both out of doors together.'

He turned his head abruptly and looked past me with a queer expression at the low gray-panelled door at my back. 'Out of that very door they went — the two of 'em, on a rainy night like this: and one stopped and looked back, to see if I wasn't going to call her' — and I didn't — and so they both went. . . .'



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### III

'The Muse?' (said Merrick, refilling my glass and stooping to pat the terrier as he went back to his chair) — 'well, you've met the Muse in the little volume of sonnets you used to like; and you've met the woman too, and you used to like her; though you didn't know her when you saw her the other evening. . . .

'No, I won't ask you how she struck you: I know. She struck you like that stuff I gave you to read last night. She's conformed — I've conformed — the mills have caught us and ground us: ground us, oh, exceedingly small!

'But you remember what she was: I saw at once that you remembered. And that's the reason why I'm telling you this now. . . .

'You may recall that after my father's death I tried unsuccessfully to sell the Works. I was impatient to free myself from anything that would keep me tied to New York. I don't dislike my trade, and I've made, in the end, a fairly good thing of it; but industrialism was not, at that time, in the line of my tastes, and I know now that it wasn't what I was meant for. Above all, I wanted to get away, to see new places and rub up against different ideas. I had reached a time of life — the top of the first hill, so to speak — where the distance draws one, and everything in the foreground seems tame and stale. I was sick to death of the particular set of conformities I had grown up among; sick of being a pleasant popular young man with a long line of dinners on my engagement list, and the dead certainty of meeting the same people, or their prototypes, at all of them.

'Well — I failed to sell the Works, and that increased my discontent. I went through moods of cold unsociability, alternating with sudden flushes of curiosity, when I gloated over stray scraps of talk overheard in railway stations and omnibuses, when strange faces that I passed in the street tantalized me with fugitive promises. I wanted to get away, among things that were unexpected and unknown; and it seemed to me that nobody about me understood in the least what I felt, but that somewhere just out of reach there was some one who did, and whom I must find or despair. . . .

'It was just then that, one evening I saw Mrs. Trant for the first time.

'Yes: I know — you wonder what I mean. I'd known her, of course, as a girl; I'd met her several times after her marriage to Trant; and I'd lately been thrown with her, quite intimately and continuously, during a succession of country-house visits. But I had never, as it happened, really seen her till then. . . .

'It was at a dinner at the Cumnors', I remember; and there she was, in front of the very tapestry we saw her against the other evening, with people about her, and her face turned from me, and nothing noticeable or different in her dress or manner; and suddenly she stood out for me against the pinkish-smoky background, and for the first time I saw a meaning in the stale phrase of a picture's walking out of its frame. For you've noticed, haven't you, that most people are just that to us: pictures, furniture, the inanimate accessories of our little island-area of sensation? And then sometimes one of these graven images moves and throws out live filaments toward us, and the line they make draws us across the world as the moon-track seems to draw a boat across black water. . . .

'Well, there she stood; and as this queer sensation came over me I felt that she was looking steadily at me, that her eyes were voluntarily, consciously resting on me with the weight of a deep interrogation.

'I went over and joined her, and she turned silently and walked with me into the music-room. Earlier in the evening some one had been singing, and there were low lights there, and a few couples still sitting in those confidential corners of which Mrs. Cumnor has the art; but we were under no illusion as to the nature of these presences. We knew that they were just painted in, and that the whole of sentient life was in us two, and flowing back and forward between us in swift innumerable streams. We talked, of course; we had the attitudes, even the words, of the others: I remember her telling me her plans for the spring and asking me politely about mine! As if there were the least sense in plans, now that this thing had happened to us!

'When we went back into the drawing-room I had said nothing to her that I might not have said to any other woman of the party; but when we said good-bye I knew we should see each other the next day — and the next. . . .

'That's the way, I take it, that Nature has arranged the beginning of the great enduring loves; and likewise of the little epidermal flurries. And how's a man to know where he is going?

'From the first, I own, my feeling for Paulina Trant seemed to me a grave business; but then I knew that the

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Enemy is given to producing that illusion. Many a man — I'm talking of the kind with imagination — has thought he was seeking a soul when all he wanted was a closer view of its tenement. And I tried — honestly tried — to make myself think I was in this case. Because, in the first place, I didn't just then, want a big disturbing influence in my life; and because I didn't want to be a dupe; and because Paulina Trant was not, according to hearsay, the kind of woman for whom it was worth while to bring up the big batteries. . . .

'But my resistance was only half-hearted. What I really felt — all I really felt — was the flood of joy that comes of heightened emotion. She had given me that, and I wanted her to give it to me again. That's as near as I've ever come to analyzing my state in the beginning.

I knew her story, as no doubt you know it: the current version, I mean. She had been poor and fond of enjoyment, and she had married that pompous monolith Philip Trant because she needed a home, and perhaps also because she wanted a little luxury. Queer how we sneer at women for wanting the thing that gives them half their grace!

'People shook their heads over the marriage, and divided, prematurely, into Philip's partisans and hers: for no one thought it would work. And they were almost disappointed when, after all, it did. She and her wooden consort seemed to get on well enough. There was a ripple at one time, over her close friendship with young Jim Dalham, who was always with her during a summer at Newport and an autumn in Italy; then the talk died out, and she and Trant were seen together, as before, on terms of apparent good-fellowship.

'This was the more surprising because, from the first, Paulina had never made the least attempt to change her tone or subdue her colors. In the gray Trant atmosphere she flashed with prismatic fires. She smoked, she talked subversively, she did as she liked and went where she pleased, and danced over the Trant prejudices and the Trant principles as if they'd been a ball-room floor; and all without apparent offence to her solemn husband and his cloud of cousins. I believe her frankness and directness struck them dumb. She moved like a kind of primitive Una through the virtuous rout, and never got a finger-mark on her freshness.

'One of the finest things about her was the fact that she never, for an instant, used her plight as a means of enhancing her attraction. With a husband like Trant it would have been so easy! He was a man who always saw the small sides of big things. He thought most of life compressible into a set of by-laws and the rest unmentionable; and with his stiff frock-coated and tall-hatted mind, instinctively distrustful of intelligences in another dress, with his arbitrary classification of whatever he didn't understand into "the kind of thing I don't approve of," "the kind of thing that isn't done," and — deepest depth of all — "the kind of thing I'd rather not discuss," he lived in the service of a shadowy moral etiquette, of which the complex rites and awful penalties had cast an abiding gloom upon his manner.

'A woman like his wife couldn't have asked a better foil; yet I'm sure she never consciously used his dullness to relieve her brilliancy. She may have felt that the case spoke for itself. But I believe her reserve was rather due to a lively sense of justice, and to the rare habit (you said she was rare) of looking at facts as they are, without any throwing of sentimental lime-lights. She knew Trant could no more help being Trant than she could help being herself — and there was an end of it. I've never known a woman who "made up" so little mentally. . . .

'Perhaps her very reserve, the fierceness of her implicit rejection of sympathy, exposed her the more to — well, to what happened when we met. She said afterward that it was like having been shut up for months in the hold of a ship, and coming suddenly on deck on a day that was all flying blue and silver. . . .

I won't try to tell you what she was. It's easier to tell you what her friendship made of me; and I can do that best by adopting her metaphor of the ship. Haven't you, sometimes, at the moment of starting on a journey, some glorious plunge into the unknown, been tripped up by the thought: "If only one hadn't to come back"? Well, with her one had the sense that one would never have to come back; that the magic ship would always carry one farther. And what an air one breathed, on it! And, oh, the wind, and the islands, and the sunsets!

I said just now "her friendship"; and I used the word advisedly. Love is deeper than friendship, but friendship is a good deal wider. The beauty of our relation was that it included both dimensions. Our thoughts met as naturally as our eyes: it was almost as if we loved each other because we liked each other. I'm inclined to think that the quality of a love may be tested by the amount of friendship it contains, and in our case there was no dividing line between loving and liking, no disproportion between them, no barrier against which desire beat in vain or from which thought fell back unsatisfied. Ours was a robust passion that could give an open-eyed account of itself, and not a beautiful madness shrinking away from the proof. . . .

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'For the first months friendship sufficed us, or rather gave us so much by the way that we were in no haste to reach what we knew it led to. But we were moving there nevertheless, and one day we found ourselves on the borders. It came about through a sudden decision of Trant's to start on a long tour with his wife. We had never foreseen such a possibility: he seemed rooted in his New York habits and convinced that the city's whole social and financial machinery would cease to function if he did not keep an eye on it through the columns of his morning paper and pronounce judgment on it in the afternoon at his club. But something new had happened to him. He caught a cold, which was followed by a touch of pleurisy, and instantly he perceived the intense interest and importance which ill-health may add to life. He took the fullest advantage of it. A complaisant doctor recommended travel, insisted on a winter in a warm climate; and suddenly, the morning paper, the afternoon club, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street, all the complex phenomena of the metropolis, faded into insignificance, and the rest of the terrestrial globe, from being a mere geographical hypothesis, useful in enabling one to determine the latitude of New York, acquired reality and magnitude as a factor in the convalescence of Mr. Philip Trant.

'His wife was absorbed in preparations for the journey. It took an army to mobilize him, and weeks before the date set for their departure it was almost as if she were already gone.

'This foretaste of separation showed us what we were to each other. Yet I was letting her go — and there was no help for it, no way of preventing it. Resistance was as useless as the vain struggles in a nightmare. She was Trant's and not mine: a part of his luggage when he travelled as she was part of his household furniture when he stayed at home. . . .

'The day she told me that their passages were taken — it was on a November afternoon, in her drawing-room in town — I turned away from the tea-table and, going to the window, stood looking out at the torrent of traffic interminably pouring down Fifth Avenue. I watched the senseless machinery of life revolving in the rain and mud, and tried to picture myself performing my small function in it after she had gone from me.

"It can't be — it can't be!" I exclaimed.

"What can't be?"

I came back into the room and sat down by her. "This — this — " I hadn't any words. "Two weeks!" I said. "What's two weeks?"

'She answered vaguely, something about their thinking of Spain for the spring —

"Two weeks — two weeks!" I repeated. "And the months we've lost — the days that belonged to us!"

"Yes," she said, "I'm thankful it's settled."

'Our words seemed irrelevant, haphazard. It was as if each were answering a secret voice and not what the other was saying.

"Don't you feel anything at all?" I remember bursting out at her. As I asked it the tears were streaming down her face. I felt angry with her, and was almost glad to note that her lids were red and that she didn't cry becomingly. I can't express my sensation to you except by saying that she seemed part of life's huge league against me. And suddenly I thought of an afternoon we had spent together in the country, on a ferny hill-side, when we had sat under a beech-tree, and her hand had lain palm upward in the moss, close to mine, and I had watched a little black-and-red beetle creeping over it. . . .

'The bell rang, and we heard the voice of a visitor and the click of an umbrella in the umbrella-stand.

'She rose to go into the inner drawing-room, and I caught her suddenly by the wrist. "You understand," I said, "that we can't go on like this?"

"I understand," she answered, and moved away to meet her visitor. As I went out I heard her saying in the other room, "Yes, we're really off on the twelfth."

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### IV

I wrote her a long letter that night, and waited two days for a reply.

'On the third day I had a brief line saying that she was going to spend Sunday with some friends who had a place near Riverdale, and that she would arrange to see me while she was there. That was all.

'It was on a Saturday that I received the note and I came out here the same night. The next morning was rainy, and I was in despair, for I had counted on her asking me to take her for a drive or a long walk. It was hopeless to try to say what I had to say to her in the drawing-room of a crowded country-house. And only eleven days were left!

I stayed indoors all the morning, fearing to go out lest she should telephone me. But no sign came, and I grew more and more restless and anxious. She was too free and frank for coquetry, but her silence and evasiveness made me feel that, for some reason, she did not wish to hear what she knew I meant to say. Could it be that she was, after all, more conventional, less genuine, than I had thought? I went again and again over the whole maddening round of conjecture; but the only conclusion I could rest in was that, if she loved me as I loved her, she would be as determined as I was to let no obstacle come between us during the days that were left.

'The luncheon-hour came and passed, and there was no word from her. I had ordered my trap to be ready, so that I might drive over as soon as she summoned me; but the hours dragged on, the early twilight came, and I sat here in this very chair, or measured up and down, up and down, the length of this very rug — and still there was no message and no letter.

'It had grown quite dark, and I had ordered away, impatiently, the servant who came in with the lamps: I couldn't bear any definite sign that the day was over! And I was standing there on the rug, staring at the door, and noticing a bad crack in its panel, when I heard the sound of wheels on the gravel. A word at last, no doubt — a line to explain. . . . I didn't seem to care much for her reasons, and I stood where I was and continued to stare at the door. And suddenly it opened and she came in.

'The servant followed her with a lamp, and then went out and closed the door. Her face looked pale in the lamp-light, but her voice was as clear as a bell.

"Well," she said, "you see I've come."

I started toward her with hands outstretched. "You've come — you've come!" I stammered.

'Yes; it was like her to come in that way — without shame, without dissimulation, without explanations or excuses. It was like her, if she gave at all, to give not furtively or in haste, but openly, deliberately, without stinting the measure or counting the cost. But her quietness and serenity disconcerted me. She did not look like a woman who has yielded impetuously to an uncontrollable impulse. There was something almost solemn in her face.

'The awe of it stole over me as I looked at her, suddenly subduing the huge flush of gratified longing.

"You're here, here, here!" I kept repeating, like a child singing over a happy word.

"You said," she continued, in her grave clear voice, "that we couldn't go on as we were — "

"Ah, it's divine of you!" I broke in, and held out my arms to her.

'She didn't draw back from them, but her faint smile said, "Wait," and lifting her hands she took the pins from her hat, and laid the hat on the table.

'As I saw her dear head bare in the lamp-light, with the thick hair waving away from the parting, I forgot everything but the bliss and wonder of her being here — here, in my house, on my hearth — I can show you, yet, the exact spot where she was standing.

I drew her over to the fire, and made her sit down in the chair where you're sitting, and knelt down by her, and hid my face on her knees. She put her hand on my head, and I was happy to the depths of my soul.

"Oh, I forgot — " she exclaimed suddenly. I lifted my head and our eyes met. Hers were smiling.

'She reached out her hand, opened the little bag she had tossed down with her hat, and drew a small object from it. "I left my trunk at the station," she said. "Here's the check. Can you send for it?"

'Her trunk — she wanted me to send for her trunk! Oh, yes — I see your smile, your "lucky man!" Only, you see, I didn't love her in that way. I knew she couldn't come to my house without running a big risk of discovery,

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and my tenderness for her, my impulse to shield her, was stronger, even then, than masculine vanity or masculine desire. Judged from the point of view of those emotions I felt terribly short of my part. I hadn't any of the proper feelings. Such an act of romantic folly was so unlike her that it almost irritated me, and I found myself desperately wondering how I could get her to reconsider her plan without — well, without seeming to want her to.

'It's not the way a novel hero feels; it's probably not the way a man in real life ought to have felt. But it's the way I felt — and she saw it.

'She put her hands on my shoulders and looked at me with deep, deep eyes. "Then you didn't expect me to stay?" she asked, half-smiling.

I caught her hands and pressed them close to me, stammering out that I hadn't dared to dream. . . .

"You thought I'd come — just for an hour?"

"How could I dare think more? I adore you, you know, for what you've done! But it would be known if you — if you stayed on. My servants — everybody about here knows you. I've no right to expose you to the risk." She made no answer, and I went on tenderly: "Give me, if you will, the next few hours: there's a train that will get you to town by midnight. And then we'll arrange something — in town — where it's safer for you — easily managed. . . . It's beautiful, it's glorious of you to have come; but I love you too much — I must take care of you and think for you — "

I don't suppose it ever took me so long to say so few words, and though they were profoundly sincere they sounded unutterably shallow, irrelevant and grotesque. She made no effort to help me out, but sat silent, listening with her meditative smile. "It's my duty, dearest, as a man," I rambled on. "The more I love you the more I'm bound — "

"Yes; but you don't understand," she interrupted.

'She rose as she spoke, and I got up also, and we stood and looked at each other.

"I haven't come for a night; if you want me I've come for always," she said.

'Here again, if I give you an honest account of my feelings I shall write myself down as the poor-spirited creature I suppose I am. There wasn't, I swear, at the moment, a gram of selfishness, of personal reluctance, in my feeling. I worshipped every hair of her head — when we were together I was happy, when I was away from her something was gone from every good thing; but I had always looked on our love for each other, our possible relation to each other, as such situations are looked on in what is called society. I had supposed her, for all her freedom and originality, to be just as tacitly subservient to that view as I was: ready to take what she wanted on the terms on which society concedes such taking, and to pay for it by the usual restrictions, concealments and hypocrisies. In short, I supposed that she would "play the game" — look out for her own safety and expect me to look out for it. It sounds cheap enough, put that way — but it's the rule we live under, all of us. And the amazement of finding her suddenly outside of it, oblivious of it, unconscious of it, left me, for an awful minute, stammering at her like a graceless dolt. . . . Perhaps it wasn't even a minute; but in it she had gone the whole round of my thoughts.

"It's raining," she said, very low. "I suppose you can telephone for a trap?"

'There was no irony or resentment in her voice. She walked slowly across the room and paused before the Brangwyn etching over there. "That's a good impression. Will you telephone, please?" she repeated.

I found my voice again, and with it the power of movement. I followed her, and dropped at her feet. "You can't go like this!" I cried.

'She looked down on me from heights and heights. "I can't stay like this," she answered.

I stood up and we faced each other like antagonists. "You don't know," I accused her passionately, "in the least what you're asking me to ask of you!"

"Yes, I do: everything," she breathed.

"And it's got to be that or nothing?"

"Oh, on both sides," she reminded me.

"Not on both sides. It isn't fair. That's why — "

"Why you won't?"

"Why I cannot — may not!"

"Why you'll take a night and not a life?"

The taunt, for a woman usually so sure of her aim, fell so short of the mark that its only effect was to increase

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my conviction of her helplessness. The very intensity of my longing for her made me tremble where she was fearless. I had to protect her first, and think of my own attitude afterward.

'She was too discerning not to see this too. Her face softened, grew inexpressibly appealing, and she dropped again into that chair you're in, leaned forward, and looked up with her grave smile.

"You think I'm beside myself — raving? (You're not thinking of yourself, I know.) I'm not: I never was saner. Since I've known you I've often thought that this might happen. This thing between us isn't an ordinary thing. If it had been we shouldn't, all these months, have drifted. We should have wanted to skip to the last page — and then throw down the book. We shouldn't have felt we could trust the future as we did. We were in no hurry because we knew we shouldn't get tired; and when two people feel that about each other they must live together — or part. I don't see what else they can do. A little trip along the coast won't answer. It's the high seas — or else being tied up to Lethe wharf. And I'm for the high seas, my dear!"

'Think of sitting here — here, in this room, in this chair — and listening to that, and seeing the light on her hair, and hearing the sound of her voice! I don't suppose there ever was a scene just like it. . . .

'She was astounding — inexhaustible; through all my anguish of resistance I found a kind of fierce joy in following her. It was lucidity at white heat: the last sublimation of passion. She might have been an angel arguing a point in the empyrean if she hadn't been, so completely, a woman pleading for her life. . . .

'Her life: that was the thing at stake! She couldn't do with less of it than she was capable of; and a woman's life is inextricably part of the man's she cares for.

'That was why, she argued, she couldn't accept the usual solution: couldn't enter into the only relation that society tolerates between people situated like ourselves. Yes: she knew all the arguments on that side: didn't I suppose she'd been over them and over them? She knew (for hadn't she often said it of others?) what is said of the woman who, by throwing in her lot with her lover's, binds him to a life-long duty which has the irksomeness without the dignity of marriage. Oh, she could talk on that side with the best of them: only she asked me to consider the other — the side of the man and woman who love each other deeply and completely enough to want their lives enlarged, and not diminished, by their love. What, in such a case — she reasoned — must be the inevitable effect of concealing, denying, disowning, the central fact, the motive power of one's existence? She asked me to picture the course of such a love: first working as a fever in the blood, distorting and deflecting everything, making all other interests insipid, all other duties irksome, and then, as the acknowledged claims of life regained their hold, gradually dying — the poor starved passion! — for want of the wholesome necessary food of common living and doing, yet leaving life impoverished by the loss of all it might have been.

"I'm not talking, dear — " I see her now, leaning toward me with shining eyes: "I'm not talking of the people who haven't enough to fill their days, and to whom a little mystery, a little manoeuvring, gives an illusion of importance that they can't afford to miss; I'm talking of you and me, with all our tastes and curiosities and activities; and I ask you what our love would become if we had to keep it apart from our lives, like a pretty useless animal that we went to peep at and feed with sweet-meats through its cage?"

'I won't, my dear fellow, go into the other side of our strange duel: the arguments I used were those that most men in my situation would have felt bound to use, and that most women in Paulina's accept instinctively, without even formulating them. The exceptionalness, the significance, of the case lay wholly in the fact that she had formulated them all and then rejected them. . . .

'There was one point I didn't, of course, touch on, and that was the popular conviction (which I confess I shared) that when a man and a woman agree to defy the world together the man really sacrifices much more than the woman. I was not even conscious of thinking of this at the time, though it may have lurked somewhere in the shadow of my scruples for her; but she dragged it out into the daylight and held me face to face with it.

"Remember, I'm not attempting to lay down any general rule," she insisted; "I'm not theorizing about Man and Woman, I'm talking about you and me. How do I know what's best for the woman in the next house? Very likely she'll bolt when it would have been better for her to stay at home. And it's the same with the man: he'll probably do the wrong thing. It's generally the weak heads that commit follies, when it's the strong ones that ought to; and my point is that you and I are both strong enough to behave like fools if we want to. . . .

"Take your own case first — because, in spite of the sentimentalists, it's the man who stands to lose most. You'll have to give up the Iron Works: which you don't much care about — because it won't be particularly agreeable for us to live in New York: which you don't care much about either. But you won't be sacrificing what

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is called a 'career.' You made up your mind long ago that your best chance of self-development, and consequently of general usefulness, lay in thinking rather than doing, and, when we first met, you were already planning to sell out your business, and travel and write. Well! Those ambitions are of a kind that won't be harmed by your dropping out of your social setting. On the contrary, such work as you want to do ought to gain by it, because you'll be brought nearer to life—as-it-is, in contrast to life—as-a-visiting-list. . . ."

'She threw back her head with a sudden laugh. "And the joy of not having any more visits to make! I wonder if you've ever thought of that? Just at first, I mean; for society's getting so deplorably lax that, little by little, it will edge up to us — you'll see! I don't want to idealize the situation, dearest, and I won't conceal from you that in time we shall be called on. But, oh, the fun we shall have had in the interval! And then, for the first time we shall be able to dictate our own terms, one of which will be that no bores need apply. Think of being cured of all one's chronic bores! We shall feel as jolly as people after a successful operation."

'I don't know why this nonsense sticks in my mind when some of the graver things we said are less distinct. Perhaps it's because of a certain iridescent quality of feeling that made her gaiety seem like sunshine through a shower. . . .

"You ask me to think of myself?" she went on. "But the beauty of our being together will be that, for the first time, I shall dare to! Now I have to think of all the tedious trifles I can pack the days with, because I'm afraid — I'm afraid — to hear the voice of the real me, down below, in the windowless underground hole where I keep her. . . .

"Remember, again, please, it's not Woman, it's Paulina Trant, I'm talking of. The woman in the next house may have all sorts of reasons — honest reasons — for staying there. There may be some one there who needs her badly: for whom the light would go out if she went. Whereas to Philip I've been simply — well, what New York was before he decided to travel: the most important thing in life till he made up his mind to leave it; and now merely the starting-place of several lines of steamers. Oh, I didn't have to love you to know that! I only had to live with him. . . . If he lost his eye-glasses he'd think it was the fault of the eye-glasses; he'd really feel that the eye-glasses had been careless. And he'd be convinced that no others would suit him quite as well. But at the optician's he'd probably be told that he needed something a little different, and after that he'd feel that the old eye-glasses had never suited him at all, and that that was their fault too. . . .

'At one moment — but I don't recall when — I remember she stood up with one of her quick movements, and came toward me, holding out her arms. "Oh, my dear, I'm pleading for my life; do you suppose I'll ever want for arguments?" she cried. . . .

'After that, for a bit, nothing much remains with me except a sense of darkness and of conflict. The one spot of daylight in my whirling brain was the conviction that I couldn't — whatever happened — profit by the sudden impulse she had acted on, and allow her to take, in a moment of passion, a decision that was to shape her whole life. I couldn't so much as lift my little finger to keep her with me then, unless I were prepared to accept for her as well as for myself the full consequences of the future she had planned for us. . . .

'Well — there's the point: I wasn't. I felt in her — poor fatuous idiot that I was! — that lack of objective imagination which had always seemed to me to account, at least in part, for many of the so-called heroic qualities in women. When their feelings are involved they simply can't look ahead. Her unflinching logic notwithstanding, I felt this about Paulina as I listened. She had a specious air of knowing where she was going, but she didn't. She seemed the genius of logic and understanding, but the demon of illusion spoke through her lips. . . .

'I said just now that I hadn't, at the outset, given my own side of the case a thought. It would have been truer to say that I hadn't given it a separate thought. But I couldn't think of her without seeing myself as a factor — the chief factor — in her problem, and without recognizing that whatever the experiment made of me, that it must fatally, in the end, make of her. If I couldn't carry the thing through she must break down with me: we should have to throw our separate selves into the melting-pot of this mad adventure and be "one" in a terrible indissoluble completeness of which marriage is only an imperfect counterpart. . . .

'There could be no better proof of her extraordinary power over me, and of the way she had managed to clear the air of sentimental illusion, than the fact that I presently found myself putting this to her with a merciless precision of touch.

"If we love each other enough to do a thing like this, we must love each other enough to see just what it is we're going to do."

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'So I invited her to the dissecting-table, and I see now the fearless eye with which she approached the cadaver. "For that's what it is, you know," she flashed out at me, at the end of my long demonstration. "It's a dead body, like all the instances and examples and hypothetical cases that ever were! What do you expect to learn from that? The first great anatomist was the man who stuck his knife in a heart that was beating; and the only way to find out what doing a thing will be like is to do it!"

'She looked away from me suddenly, as if she were fixing her eyes on some vision on the outer rim of consciousness. "No: there's one other way," she exclaimed; "and that is, not to do it! To abstain and refrain; and then see what we become, or what we don't become, in the long run, and draw our inferences. That's the game that almost everybody about us is playing, I suppose; there's hardly one of the dull people one meets at dinner who hasn't had, just once, the chance of a berth on a ship that was off for the Happy Isles, and hasn't refused it for fear of sticking on a sand-bank!

"'I'm doing my best, you know," she continued, "to see the sequel as you see it, as you believe it's your duty to me to see it. I know the instances you're thinking of: the listless couples wearing out their lives in shabby watering places, and hanging on the favor of hotel acquaintances; or the proud quarrelling wretches shut up alone in a fine house because they're too good for the only society they can get, and trying to cheat their boredom by squabbling with their tradesmen and spying on their servants. No doubt there are such cases; but I don't recognize either of us in those dismal figures. Why, to do it would be to admit that our life, yours and mine, is in the people about us and not in ourselves; that we're parasites and not self-sustaining creatures; and that the lives we're leading now are so brilliant, full and satisfying that what we should have to give up would surpass even the blessedness of being together!"

'At that stage, I confess, the solid ground of my resistance began to give way under me. It was not that my convictions were shaken, but that she had swept me into a world whose laws were different, where one could reach out in directions that the slave of gravity hasn't pictured. But at the same time my opposition hardened from reason into instinct. I knew it was her voice, and not her logic, that was unsettling me. I knew that if she'd written out her thesis and sent it me by post I should have made short work of it; and again the part of me which I called by all the finest names: my chivalry, my unselfishness, my superior masculine experience, cried out with one voice: "You can't let a woman use her graces to her own undoing — you can't, for her own sake, let her eyes convince you when her reasons don't!"

'And then, abruptly, and for the first time, a doubt entered me: a doubt of her perfect moral honesty. I don't know how else to describe my feeling that she wasn't playing fair, that in coming to my house, in throwing herself at my head (I called things by their names), she had perhaps not so much obeyed an irresistible impulse as deeply, deliberately reckoned on the dissolvent effect of her generosity, her rashness and her beauty. . . .

'From the moment that this mean doubt raised its head in me I was once more the creature of all the conventional scruples: I was repeating, before the looking-glass of my self-consciousness, all the stereotyped gestures of the "man of honour." . . . Oh, the sorry figure I must have cut! You'll understand my dropping the curtain on it as quickly as I can. . . .

'Yet I remember, as I made my point, being struck by its impressiveness. I was suffering and enjoying my own suffering. I told her that, whatever step we decided to take, I owed it to her to insist on its being taken soberly, deliberately —

'("No: it's 'advisedly,' isn't it? Oh, I was thinking of the Marriage Service," she interposed with a faint laugh.)

' — that if I accepted, there, on the spot, her headlong beautiful gift of herself, I should feel that I had taken an unmanly advantage of her, an advantage which she would be justified in reproaching me with ever afterward; that I was not afraid to tell her this because she was intelligent enough to know that my scruples were the surest proof of the quality of my love; that I refused to owe my happiness to an unconsidered impulse; that we must see each other again, in her own house, in less agitating circumstances, when she had had time to reflect on my words, to study her heart and look into the future. . . .

'The factitious exhilaration produced by uttering these beautiful sentiments did not last very long, as you may imagine. It fell, little by little, under her quiet gaze, a gaze in which there was neither contempt nor irony nor wounded pride, but only a tender wistfulness of interrogation; and I think the acutest point in my suffering was reached when she said, as I ended: "Oh, yes, of course I understand."

"'If only you hadn't come to me here!" I blurted out in the torture of my soul.



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'She was on the threshold when I said it, and she turned and laid her hand gently on mine. "There was no other way," she said; and at the moment it seemed to me like some hackneyed phrase in a novel that she had used without any sense of its meaning.

I don't remember what I answered or what more we either of us said. At the end a desperate longing to take her in my arms and keep her with me swept aside everything else, and I went up to her, pleading, stammering, urging I don't know what. . . . But she held me back with a quiet look, and went. I had ordered the carriage, as she asked me to; and my last definite recollection is of watching her drive off alone in the rain. . . .

I had her promise that she would see me, two days later, at her house in town, and that we should then have what I called "a decisive talk"; but I don't think that even at the moment I was the dupe of my phrase. I knew, and she knew, that the end had come. . . .

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### V

'It was about that time (Merrick went on after a long pause) that I definitely decided not to sell the Works, but to stick to my job and conform my life to it.

I can't describe to you the rage of conformity that possessed me. Poetry, ideas — all the picture-making processes stopped. A kind of dull self-discipline seemed to me the only exercise worthy of a reflecting mind. I had to justify my great refusal, and I tried to do it by plunging myself up to the eyes into the very conditions I had been instinctively struggling to get away from. The only possible consolation would have been to find in a life of business routine and social submission such moral compensations as may reward the citizen if they fail the man; but to attain to these I should have had to accept the old delusion that the social and the individual man are two. Now, on the contrary, I found soon enough that I couldn't get one part of my machinery to work effectively while another wanted feeding; and that in rejecting what had seemed to me a negation of action I had made all my action negative.

'The best solution, of course, would have been to fall in love with another woman, but it was long before I could bring myself to wish that this might happen to me. . . . Then, at length, I suddenly and violently desired it; and as such impulses are seldom without some kind of imperfect issue I contrived, a year or two later, to work myself up into the wished-for state. . . . She was a woman in society, and with all the awe of that institution that Paulina lacked. Our relation was consequently one of those unavowed affairs in which triviality is the only alternative to tragedy. Luckily we had, on both sides, risked only as much as prudent people stake in a drawing-room game; and when the match was over I take it that we came out fairly even.

'My gain, at all events, was of an unexpected kind. The adventure had served only to make me understand Paulina's abhorrence of such experiments, and at every turn of the slight intrigue I had felt how exasperating and belittling such a relation was bound to be between two people who, had they been free, would have mated openly. And so from a brief phase of imperfect forgetting I was driven back to a deeper and more understanding remembrance. . . .

'This second incarnation of Paulina was one of the strangest episodes of the whole strange experience. Things she had said during our extraordinary talk, things I had hardly heard at the time, came back to me with singular vividness and a fuller meaning. I hadn't any longer the cold consolation of believing in my own perspicacity: I saw that her insight had been deeper and keener than mine.

I remember, in particular, starting up in bed one sleepless night as there flashed into my head the meaning of her last words: "There was no other way"; the phrase I had half-smiled at at the time, as a parrot-like echo of the novel-heroine's stock farewell. I had never, up to that moment, wholly understood why Paulina had come to my house that night. I had never been able to make that particular act — which could hardly, in the light of her subsequent conduct, be dismissed as a blind surge of passion — square with my conception of her character. She was at once the most spontaneous and the steadiest-minded woman I had ever known, and the last to wish to owe any advantage to surprise, to unpreparedness, to any play on the spring of sex. The better I came, retrospectively, to know her, the more sure I was of this, and the less intelligible her act appeared. And then, suddenly, after a night of hungry restless thinking, the flash of illumination came. She had come to my house, had brought her trunk with her, had thrown herself at my head with all possible violence and publicity, in order to give me a pretext, a loophole, an honorable excuse for doing and saying — why, precisely what I had said and done!

'As the idea came to me it was as if some ironic hand had touched an electric button, and all my fatuous phrases had leapt out on me in fire.

'Of course she had known all along just the kind of thing I should say if I didn't at once open my arms to her; and to save my pride, my dignity, my conception of the figure I was cutting in her eyes, she had recklessly and magnificently provided me with the decenterest pretext a man could have for doing a pusillanimous thing. . . .

'With that discovery the whole case took a different aspect. It hurt less to think of Paulina — and yet it hurt more. The tinge of bitterness, of doubt, in my thoughts of her had had a tonic quality. It was harder to go on persuading myself that I had done right as, bit by bit, my theories crumbled under the test of time. Yet, after all, as she herself had said, one could judge of results only in the long run.

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'The Trants stayed away for two years; and about a year after they got back, you may remember, Trant was killed in a railway accident. You know Fate's way of untying a knot after everybody has given up tugging at it!

'Well — there I was, completely justified: all my weaknesses turned into merits! I had "saved" a weak woman from herself, I had kept her to the path of duty, I had spared her the humiliation of scandal and the misery of self-reproach; and now I had only to put out my hand and take the reward I deserved.

'I had avoided Paulina since her return, and she had made no effort to see me. But after Trant's death I wrote her a few lines, to which she sent a friendly answer; and when a decent interval had elapsed, and I asked if I might call on her, she answered at once that she would see me.

'I went to her house with the fixed intention of asking her to marry me — and I left it without having done so. Why? I don't know that I can tell you. Perhaps you would have had to sit there opposite her, knowing what I did and feeling as I did, to understand why. She was kind, she was compassionate — I could see she didn't want to make it hard for me. Perhaps she even wanted to make it easy. But there, between us, was the memory of the gesture I hadn't made, forever parodying the one I was attempting! There wasn't a word I could think of that hadn't an echo in it of words of hers I had been deaf to; there wasn't an appeal I could make that didn't mock the appeal I had rejected. I sat there and talked of her husband's death; of her plans, of my sympathy; and I knew she understood; and knowing that, in a way, made it harder. . . . The door-bell rang and the footman came in to ask if she would receive other visitors. She looked at me a moment and said "Yes," and I stood up and shook hands with her and went away.

'A few days later she sailed for Europe, and the next time we met she had married Reardon. . . .'

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### VI

It was long past midnight, and the terrier's hints became imperious.

Merrick rose from his chair, pushed back a fallen log and put up the fender. He walked across the room and stared a moment at the Brangwyn etching before which Paulina Trant had paused at a memorable turn of their talk. Then he came back and laid his hand on my shoulder.

'She summed it all up, you know, when she said that one way of finding out whether a risk is worth taking is not to take it, and then to see what one becomes in the long run, and draw one's inferences. The long run — well, we've run it, she and I. I know what I've become, but that's nothing to the misery of knowing what she's become. She had to have some kind of life, and she married Reardon. Reardon's a very good fellow in his way; but the worst of it is that it's not her way. . . .

'No: the worst of it is that now she and I meet as friends. We dine at the same houses, we talk about the same people, we play bridge together, and I lend her books. And sometimes Reardon slaps me on the back and says: "Come in and dine with us, old man! What you want is to be cheered up!" And I go and dine with them, and he tells me how jolly comfortable she makes him, and what an ass I am not to marry; and she presses on me a second helping of poulet Maryland, and I smoke one of Reardon's good cigars, and at half-past ten I get into my overcoat and goloshes, and walk back alone to my rooms. . . .'