

All through lunch, the man was rude to her. He was showing very bad taste and his conduct was embarrassing to everyone present. After all, the girl was a stranger and a guest invited by the club and the [xxx]

There were present forty representative businessmen of the town seated with their wives at a long table on the veranda of the golf club here. Only those seated near the girl knew what was going on. At the other end, they were all talking.

Her smile was discerning.

She had a lisping mouth which never closed.

She had a lisping mouth which seldom closed and when she smiled, she showed a set of unusually white teeth which slightly protruded. To the majority of men, her smile was attractive.

A minister, he was telling me all about the white Russians here. From his accounts, they have a pretty bad time of it. There's a place in [xxx] where some of them work—young girls, daughters of Russian nobility, earning their livings as taxi dancers. It may be fun to go there.

I have to attend a rotary club dinner this evening with Charles.

A rotary club dinner? In Shanghai? Whose idea was that?

Not mine. You can be sure of that.

How do you expect to get over a nervous breakdown doing that sort of thing?