

BILLTRY

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Billtry by Mary (Kyle) Dallas

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MARY (KYLE) DALLAS

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BY
MARY (KYLE) DALLAS

Illustrated

NEW YORK
THE MERRIAM COMPANY
67 FIFTH AVENUE



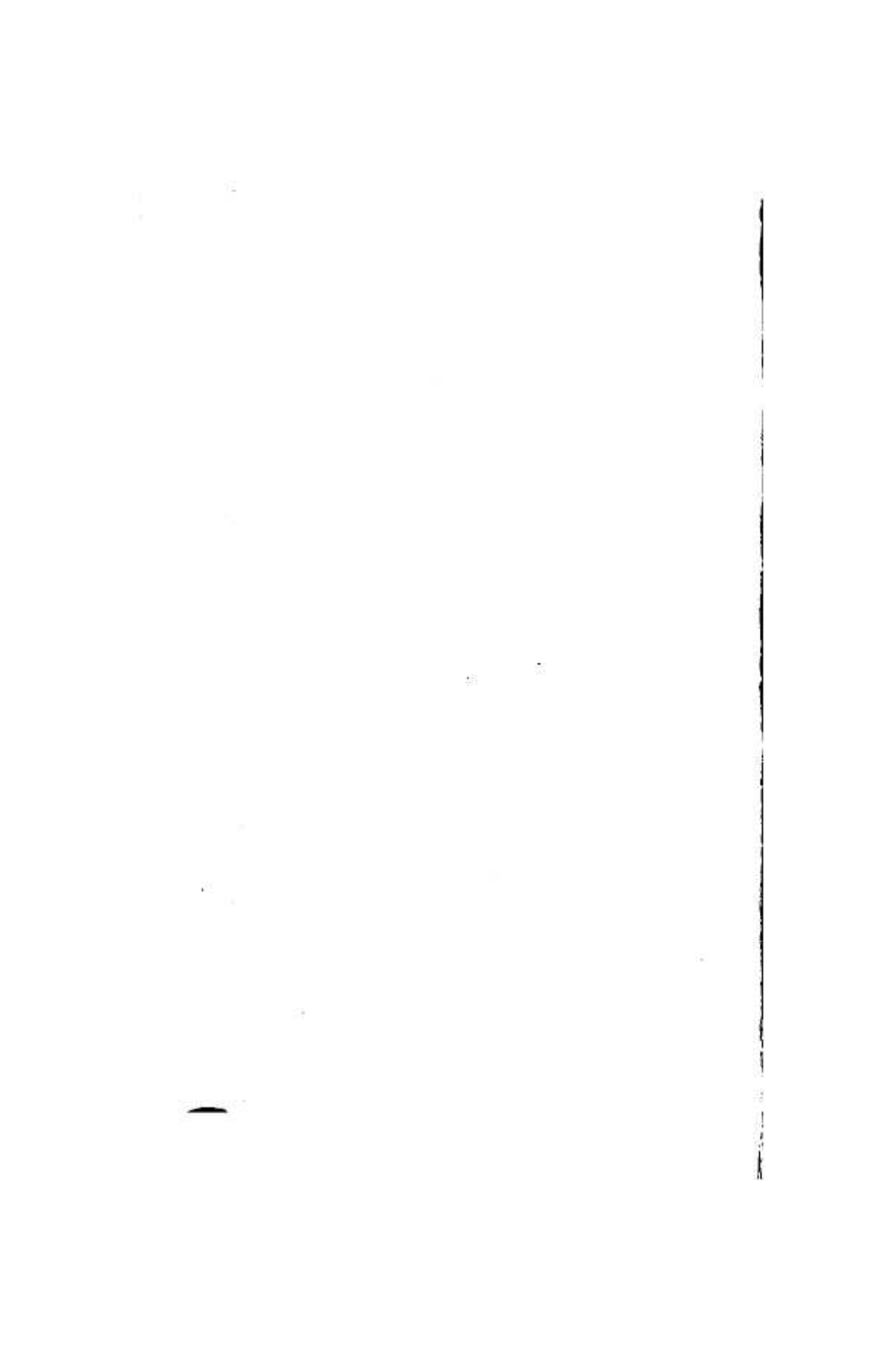
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PREFACE

DEAR READER:

Before you begin the little book which I have called "Billtry," I should like to say a few words in regard to it, and also in regard to myself, as its author.

I am anxious, first of all, to tell you that amongst the many admirers of M. Du Maurier's last and most famous production, "Trilby," are none more ardent and sincere than I.

I do not say this because that work is famous, or because I wish to follow my leader, or because I fancy that the fact is of much importance to any one but myself, but simply because it is the truth, and one desires that the truth about one's self shall be known.

Though without the great, beautiful "Trilby" this absurd little "Billtry" would never have been. It is simply the reverse of the question—"the other side of the shield"—the "*what might have been*"—had the bachelor artists of the Parisian studios been bachelor girls of Gotham, and their model masculine, instead of feminine—Billtry, in fact, instead of Trilby—and even of this I did not take thought until the morsel was written.

It was one of those things that seem to the author to drop of themselves from the point of the pen, and which one does not seriously sit down to produce with a view to seeing it one day in print.

Still, it amused me as I wrote it, and when I found that it amused others to whom I read it, I resolved to give it to the public.

It is generally acknowledged, I believe, that a book should have some definite purpose. "Billtry" has one: it is the simple and innocent object of making you laugh.

Trusting that it may do so, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

