

Came a day when publishers no longer made me tempting offers of large advance royalties; when editors ceased to solicit stories by me.

I said to myself:

"I can write another type of story. This is my opportunity to get away from Japanese tales".

So I turned out ⁹ ~~three~~ ^{wrote them} anonymous stories. I submitted them anonymously to editors, sold them anonymously and they were published anonymously. They ran in three well known magazines, the Century, the

Saturday Evening Post and Hearst Magazine. ~~Certainly they justified my~~

~~my conviction in my ability.~~ But then a curious phase came over me.

I was like one who had been running for a long time in a race. Mentally,

I was breathless. ~~Now when assured that I could escape from the serfdom~~

~~of writing Japanese stories,~~ I found myself unable to write. Previously

writing to me had always been accomplished with facility. I did my best

work writing very swiftly, while the plot was still hot in my mind. Now

though my brain teemed with plots and ~~themes~~, when I sat down to write it

refused to function. Only the baldest, coldest phrases, stilted and unin-

spired came. A terror possessed me that ~~as~~ I was done for —written out.

I had lost my single talent. And I was still, comparatively speaking, a young woman!

During this period, someone was saying to me almost daily:

"Why write love stories. Live one. Lets outx all this out. Marry me, and we will go out west—northwest—out to some big country—a country in the making! What do you say?"

He was a big fellow, the kind one calls a man's man. ~~About his~~ ^{personality} ~~there~~ ^{was} a dominating, fine, clean sort of strength. ~~As~~

had steady, keen, kind blue eyes and a ~~fine~~ ^{thin} chin, hair of a nondescript

blonde color and one of those fine, straight noses that are somehow

typically ~~English~~. I had been holding him at arm's length for one big