

of a certain famous playwright with whom I had collaborated and how I always had a secret chuckle to myself because he didn't know I knew he had taken his shoes off under the table. I suppose he had corns, God bless him!

I thought of the days, when a raw ignorant girl I had first come to New York and Ellery Sedgwick had taken the first of my stories; of the kind things, the lovely things that William Dean Howells said about me when my first book was published, and ~~thought~~ over and over again my mind would come back to — Jean Webster! She had been my friend for most of those years in New York — and such a friend! I thought of Jean's delicate, lovely, radiant personality and the effect it had upon my whole life. I thought of funny experiences we had had together; of irresistible stories she would tell in her inimitable way; of beautiful things she had done. The convicts she ~~had~~ befriended. Of the ~~man~~ ^{ex-burglar} with the grip in his hand whom she left waiting awhile for her with the light injunction to "Help yourself — but most of our silver is plated" ! Of the Italian butler who in his evening clothes looked so fine that when a caller came and shook hands with him as he entered, the ~~man~~ ^{Italian} went back to the kitchen and throwing up his hands cried: "These Americans! They shake hands with the butler!" Of the day when I rode up and down the Subway holding a copy of Jean Webster's "Much Ado about Peter" conspicuously before me, my nose buried in it, and audibly chuckling, much to the interest and amusement of fellow passengers. I was a Subway "Ad" that day for Jean's book, and she responded by dropping wrappers of my next book in various prominent places on the L.

All these things came flooding back to my mind in the days in which I was shut in in that vast Alberta storm. I was a woman with a past—but such a past! It was crowded, bustling with moving, running, flying figures. But now I was alone, like an exile in Siberia.