

of the world. I looked from my window and I saw nothing but snow, snow, snow! A world of snow — unending snow. Mounds and hillocks and ~~unending~~ <sup>& fields & fields of snow</sup> sweeps of snow. Great, towering hills, white as the dead, all shrouded like ~~in earth~~ <sup>in earth</sup> the dead, and falling, falling ceaselessly the thick, endless snow!

Even my cook, stolid daughter of Scandinavia sat in the kitchen rocking herself and meaning something in her native tongue. When I asked her what she was saying she replied: "Tis the end of the world!" Anna was homesick, and so was I. I was worse than homesick. I was starving for human companionship? Once I said that ~~trick~~ people with resources in themselves needed no other company than their own. That was flippant sophistry. Utterly futile under the test.

Write? I went up to my little trunk, but I began to cry before I even opened the lid. What could I write? Little fairy-like, delicate romances of Japan?

I went up and down the stairs, in and out the living room, the dining room, the office, the kitchen — everywhere. I piled great logs on the fire. I ~~played~~ stuck the Moonlight Sonata into the piano player and played it half through. I changed it to jazz. No go. I tried to read, but couldn't concentrate. There were 2500 books on the shelves around that great living room and the floor was bright with Navaho rugs. Oh, I didn't lack any comfort as far as that goes, but I was lonely, terribly, oh! wildly lonely!

I began to think and think and think. I thought of the lights glittering along Broadway; of tea in a New York studio; of fluttery chiffon dresses and silky things that I myself had once worn. I thought of taxicabs and Follies girls, of first nights, of the Opera, of George Cohan, of David Belasco, of pouring tea in Dan Frohman's rooms above the Lyceum. Of newspaper men with tired faces, so keenly lighting up. I had ~~known many of them.~~ ~~I had indeed married one once. I was a woman with a past — such a past! Crowded, bustling with moving, sunning, flying figures. — But now I was alone.~~