August 1, 1920

Note: This letter was originally dated 31 July 1920, then that date was crossed out and 1 August written in, along with a note – “I lost track of the dates, it should be 1 August. Sunday evening.”

My dear Boy Blue,

Writing to you on Sunday evening has become a regular institution. I think I haven’t missed for weeks and weeks except when the moon was eclipsed and I spend the evening watching it.

My routine of life is so different when I live at home in comparison to what it was like when I existed in a furnished room. I tried to be on the go all the time so that I need never spend an evening in that desolate room while now I’m so jealous of my time at home that I regret it if anything takes me out. Downtown I sought to kill time while now I seek ways of stretching it out. Think Pal, I haven’t been on Broadway since that night we went to the Capitol.1 I find I really don’t miss the theatre very much and you can bet I won’t squander a small fortune on that type of amusement again even when I return to the Museum. Of course the theatre that winter was more than an amusement to me – it helped to get me out of myself a little, but now my thoughts are so pleasant that I don’t care whether I get out of myself or not.

As I set down the date at the beginning of this letter and realized that it was the last day of the month I couldn’t but recall what a thrilling month it has been – a typical Marjorie Daw month. I started out jobless with no prospects and possessed only of my hundred dollar salary check and a lot of optimism. I chased jobs with no success; my money dwindled and I began to cut down on food finally omitting luncheons; my rent was raised and I pictured myself homeless in October. Than clap! come two positions almost simultaneously, work that I like and more money than I need. Now for six months at least I’ll have enough to eat all the time and won’t have to think about where the rent is coming from. I don’t particularly mind being poor because I’m used to it, but I really do become a little peeved when I have to lose out on meals. During the last two months of my sojourn in the office for defectives I had to give up having regular luncheons. I had found such a good place near Gramercy Park and I used to go there every day; then the price of the luncheon was put up and I simply couldn’t afford it. So instead I went to a horrid, noisy counter place where I bought a couple of sandwiches and a malted milk. I had to stand while I ate although I was always dead tired by noon. Gee, but it seemed as though I was always hungry those two months. I had breakfast at seven and dinner at seven or later in the evening. Twelve hours of strenuosity with only some sandwiches to fill my aching void! Since it used to take only ten minutes for me to eat my luncheon I had the greater part of my hour free so I used to go over to Madison Square Park and sit down with the bums and hoboes who frequent that place in such large numbers. That’s where O’Henry used to sit when he was down and out. I watched the fountain and pidgeons (sic) and sparrows and all the interesting human types that passed me or that were glued to the benches. I used to feel very contented and happy in spite of my lunchless interior and I thought of how much more fortunate I was than the unhappy waifs in the park, for I had my home to go to at night, I had my bath and comfortable bed, to say nothing of the spiritual resources of my books. One must feel so desolate with only a park bench for a home. So I was able to find lots of reasons for being happy and by continually thinking on my blessings I kept from being down-hearted over the “rumbles of an empty tum.”

Dear Pal, I’m finding life a little trying at present – it is so [entire paragraph redacted].

NOTE: And here this letter ends, with the next missive being labelled p. 6, and dated two weeks later.