



## SMUGGLED DIAPHRAGMS

A long freight train slowly moved toward the border between Canada and the United States. One carload had been shipped by J. Noah Henry Slee from his Canadian oil factory to his head office in the States. An inspector weighed the load and wondered why it seemed so light. He opened the car and examined its contents. The cartons inside were filled not with oil, but with cans containing flat rubber objects which were identified as diaphragms or contraceptives, the cargo was confiscated. Since J. Noah Slee had been in business so long and had such a respectable reputation he was not punished, a "cease and desist" order was issued against him instead. It was the end of his smuggling operation, an unhappy end, since getting diaphragms through the Canadian customs had been easy. Getting them through the American customs would be something else again.

But Margaret and her husband refused to be daunted. Julius Schmid and Company, a German firm with a branch in the United States, had been manufacturing a few diaphragms in addition to their well-known Ramses condoms which could be sold legally "for the cure and prevention of disease." But making diaphragms was a risky business and prices were correspondingly high. They could not afford to deal with Julius Schmid. They had to find a cheaper source.

Margaret found that source in Herbert Simonds, a man who was

willing to make diaphragms for Margaret in the United States, and also help her cause in other ways

Herbert Simonds was a chemical engineer from Spokane, Washington. He and Margaret had met many years before when she was in Spokane on a speaking tour. They met in an unusual manner. As Simonds told it later

Margaret and I met under water. She was an excellent swimmer and diver, and someone pointed her out to me as an interesting woman who was sitting on a raft in the middle of a lake. As I was a bachelor of 28 and she an exceedingly pretty woman of 35, I swam out to join her. When she saw me coming, she dove off the raft into deep water, daring me to follow her. I took the dare, dove in after her, and we shook hands, laughing, under water.

In 1917 when Simonds was an army captain getting ready to sail to Europe from a camp near New York, he phoned Margaret and they made a date to go dancing.

The friends she introduced me to on these occasions were all Villagers, in spirit at least, and I was too. Strangely enough, she never talked about contraception on evening dates. We just danced and laughed a lot.

In 1920, when Simonds came back from Europe, he settled in Boston where he got a job as editor of the New England branch of a firm that published engineering books. He dropped Margaret a card from Boston and she answered saying she was planning a lecture on birth control in Boston but was having trouble finding a hall. Could he find her one? Simonds answered "of course," not realizing how hard this might be to do.

He went first to a minister whom he knew through family connections, the minister wouldn't even listen to him. He tried other ministers, the results were the same. Even radical friends shied off, refusing to rent her their union halls. Finally the manager of the Copley Plaza agreed to let her have a basement room. Not the Grand Ballroom to be sure, but a downstairs room where she and her audience could sneak in and out.

Simonds' next job was to find ushers for the lecture. This proved

hard too, though eventually he found a few. And though only fifty people showed up, including the usual hecklers, he observed that Margaret was "masterly at handling people, she knew just how to parry the hecklers and hold them down."

More interested than ever, Simonds offered to drive Margaret to Providence, Rhode Island, where she had scheduled another lecture before a small group of doctors. He found it a momentous trip. Margaret was very affectionate and he very vulnerable. Almost immediately, according to Simonds, they became lovers. When he stayed on for the lecture he discovered that she didn't have enough diaphragms to hand out to the doctors who asked for them. He tried to help her once more. As a respected engineer, he might be able to get a personal interview with some of the big New England chemical companies and try to persuade them to manufacture diaphragms. But none of them would touch the job at any price. He traveled all over the East whenever he could find the time, only to meet with failure. Making diaphragms was just too dangerous, the companies were doing fine without risking their money on that.

Finally he decided to take the risk himself. He kept his Boston editorial job as a front and founded a

wacky company, consisting of a playwright whose name I forget, a man from the Associated Press whom Margaret had met at an A M A convention, and me. We called our company the Holland Rantos Company, the Holland part because Holland was the first country to make diaphragms, and the Rantos part because it sounded like Ramses. I dug up a couple of hundred dollars, the other two guys dug up \$400 between them, and Slee added a little more. We hired a secretary and installed her in a dinky room in the basement of an old house on 20th Street near the Research Bureau, fixed up a second room as a factory, and were off. Our place had to be near the Research Bureau because under the Comstock Law we couldn't ship the stuff by either mail or truck, but we experimented until we perfected a quality of rubber that would withstand all kinds of climate, and volunteers would walk up town every day with empty suitcases and go away with them full.

Things went on like this for a long time. We couldn't supply the bureau with as many diaphragms as they needed, but we did our

best Finally the law was changed We expanded and moved to a fancy uptown location In time we opened branches in Chicago and Los Angeles, and I must confess we ended up doing pretty well, though Margaret herself never made a cent on the deal

Margaret and Simonds remained friends and occasional lovers for the next thirty years, and, as always, she gave more than physical love

Thanks to Simonds, by 1925 Margaret was assured of a fairly regular supply of diaphragms from his tiny factory But she had trouble getting them to the few doctors outside of New York who were willing to recommend them Most doctors still derided her as a "mere female nurse" and wouldn't come near her or her lectures If she sought them out, they all but slammed the door in her face She would have to find a man, preferably one with a medical degree, to travel and make contacts for her within the medical profession

She found him in Dr James Cooper

Dr Cooper, who at one time had been a medical missionary in China and now was a successful internist, entered the birth-control movement full of zeal Nonetheless, since he would be giving up a good practice to accept the traveling job, he wanted a two-year contract at a substantial salary Margaret's only steady source of money was J Noah, and he was growing more and more impatient with the whole birth-control cause What was the use of having a charming wife and maintaining a beautiful country estate, when that wife was off early every morning to a New York clinic sixty miles away that was "run by a bunch of crazy women" Worse, when his wife was home, likely as not she would be secluded alone in her private apartment True, all this was part of their marriage agreement, but it was beginning to get badly on his nerves

On February 2, 1925 Margaret wrote him a letter that was part business, part seduction It read

To J Noah H Slee, 1925 is to be the big year for the breakthrough in birth control If Dr Cooper's association with us is successful, I feel certain the medical profession will take up the work When the medical profession does this in the U S A , I shall feel that I have made my contribution to the Cause and can with-

draw from full-time activity, (though) I shall still want to publish the *Review* and take some interest in it and write articles and books on subjects allied with B C

Even should this not occur in one year, I shall be satisfied having a Committee taking responsibility off my shoulders

It is estimated that Dr Cooper will cost about \$10,000 salary and expense for 1 year His work will be to lecture before Medical Societies and Associations—getting their cooperation and influence to give contraceptive information in clinics, private and public

If I am able to accomplish this victory with Dr Cooper's help, I shall bless my adorable husband, J N H Slee, and retire with him to the garden of love Sealed, signed and delivered, Margaret Sanger

She never did retire to his private garden of love, but just the fact that he was giving the cause ten thousand dollars—a much larger sum than he had ever donated before—gave J Noah greater self-confidence in dealing with Margaret One night after she had held a big meeting at their house, she hinted that she was very tired and wanted to retire immediately to her own apartment, and to bed

"Oh, no, you are not tired," declared J Noah "This is one time when you do not lock the door!"

Dr Cooper stayed on for two years and seven hundred lectures, traveling by train, bus, horse, and mule into the remotest parts of the country He insisted he enjoyed every minute of it, even when, in places like Nashville, Tennessee, he had to ring doorbells all day trying to find doctors friendly to the cause "These one-night stands are certainly the life," he wrote Margaret from Marshall, Texas And from Paris, Texas, "One hundred miles by bus today Real covered wagon stuff" He was very proud of those doctors who were brave enough to admit their interest in birth control publicly and attend a lecture "The president of the medical society is the boldest man in town," he wrote from Greensboro, North Carolina "He sponsored my meeting" He summed up his travels "I glory in the pioneering work"

Before he was through, he had covered practically every state in the union and collected a list of twenty thousand doctors sympathetic to the cause

Margaret continued to take pride in her work for the cause as well,

especially when she had to accept lecture engagements from groups like the Ku Klux Klan In Silver Lake, New Jersey, the woman's branch of the Klan had invited her to speak because they were virulently anti-Catholic In her autobiography, she described the eerie experience

My letter of instruction told me what train to take, to walk from the station two blocks straight ahead, then two to the left I would see a sedan parked in front of a restaurant but was to wait ten minutes before approaching the car I obeyed orders implicitly, walked the blocks, saw the car, found the restaurant, went in and ordered some cocoa, stayed my allotted ten minutes, then approached the car hesitatingly and spoke to the driver I received no reply She might have been totally deaf as far as I was concerned Mustering up my courage, I climbed in and settled back Without a turn of the head, smile, or a word to let me know I was right, she stepped on the self-starter For fifteen minutes we wound around the streets We took this lonely lane and that through the woods, and an hour later pulled up in a vacant space near a body of water beside a large, unpainted, barnish building

My driver got out, talked with several other women, then said to me severely, "Wait here, We will come for you " More cars buzzed up the dusty road into the parking place Occasionally men dropped off wives who walked hurriedly and silently within This went on mystically until night closed down and I was alone in the dark A few gleams came through chinks in the window curtains Even though it was May, I grew chillier and chillier

After three hours I was summoned at last and entered a bright corridor filled with wraps As someone came out of the hall I saw through the door dim figures parading with banners and illuminated crosses I waited another twenty minutes It was warmer and I did not mind so much Eventually the lights were switched on, the audience seated itself, and I was escorted to the platform, was introduced, and began to speak

Never before had I looked into a sea of faces like these I was sure that if I uttered one word outside the usual vocabulary of these women they would go off into hysteria And so my address that night had to be in the most elementary terms, as though I were trying to make children understand

In the end, through simple illustration, I believed I had accomplished my purpose. A dozen invitations to speak to similar groups were proffered. The conversation went on and on, and when we were finally through it was too late to return to New York. Under a curfew law everything in Silver Lake shut at nine o'clock. I could not even send a telegram to let my family know whether I had been thrown into the river or was being held incommunicado. It was nearly one before I reached Trenton, and I spent the night in a hotel.

In Brattleboro, Vermont, she had a quite different experience. Here she spoke to three hundred sturdy farmwomen

honest, strong, capable housewives who made their pies and doughnuts and preserves before they came. When I had finished there was not a murmur from the three hundred. The minister of the church had asked me to stand beside him to say how-do-you-do when they came out. They just went by, eyes straight ahead.

On the telephone afterwards, however, each was asking what the other thought. The cases I had cited were typical of their own community. "Was she referring to this one or that one?" they queried.

I returned two days later to lunch with a doctor and four or five social workers, and was surprised to hear, "The women want to start a clinic." But there wasn't any enthusiasm when I suggested it.

The people around here don't express much openly. They were moved to quietness. But just the same they're starting a clinic in Brattleboro.

Another lecture had a humorous twist. She spoke at the Yale Divinity School, and the toastmaster introduced her as the mother of one of their divinity school students—meaning Stuart who was a medical student. She didn't correct him. "If it will help to be associated with a Divinity School, a Divinity School it shall be," she laughed to herself as the applause broke forth.

Yet she wasn't always that lucky. When Harvard's Liberal Club gave a luncheon for her in their private clubrooms, Mayor Curley of

Boston was furious "I will declare war on birth control," he thundered, "and revoke the license of any public hall in which Margaret Sanger speaks" She spoke just the same Mayor Curley was still threatening revocation a few years later when she was invited to speak at Boston's Ford Hall Forum She got around him by sitting on the platform with grinning eyes and a large piece of adhesive tape stretched across her mouth, while Arthur Schlesinger, Sr read her speech The stunt made for great publicity "The more they gag me, the more I am heard," she boasted

Uppermost in her mind in early 1925 was her planned international conference To her horror she found it would cost about twenty-five thousand dollars to bring European speakers to the United States, hire Town Hall for a week, print the programs, and get out the publicity When she asked the Birth Control League (now the American Birth Control League) to raise the money, she found herself embattled, they flatly refused She proceeded with her arrangements in her usual style—spending money first and worrying about getting it later

Eventually Juliet Rublee paid most of the conference bills, but Margaret was worn out from the struggle with the league Nor did she feel any better when Hugh wrote her on January 10 that the fight with Marie Stopes was going full tilt again

So Marie Stopes is going to warn Havelock about you Poor man, he needs the warning It's awful to think of him being deceived by an unscrupulous woman, him so sensitive and childlike and trusting Couldn't I help in some way? My God Margaret, there are women who literally make me want to vomit The Stopes book smelled, as I told you on the Downs the first walk I took with you I can hardly smile even over Stopes' impertinences and follies, egregious creature

Harold Child also sided with Margaret against Stopes, but no matter how hard he tried he couldn't compete with the effervescent Hugh Margaret even forgave Hugh for both taking Juliet as a mistress and accepting a large sum of money from her

Margaret, what do you think! Juliet has sent millions and millions of pounds scattering over me like rose-leaves "It's not a



thing that's ever done," one says "Isn't it?" she answers "Well that's another reason why I should do it " And all one's little respectable dignity that would leap to resent such an action is melted up You had a hand in it, Margaret It bears your stamp You egged her on Or at any rate your silent influence is there Such a fairy godmother!

I say, ought she to do it? I'm not *deserving* you know, I'm not *in need* But how much difference it'll make—more freedom, more fun Heavens! I'm all in such an utter excitement, I think I shall burst Why are you all so adorable to me?

Margaret found Hugh's excitement so infectious she sailed for England at once, planning to stay only two weeks and spend most of it with him By February 15 she was in London, settled in at The Ritz, and Hugh was welcoming her from Sand Pit

A few days later they had met and made love, and he was sending her a note hinting at possible trouble to come as a result

I wept in the train to think I had missed enjoying being with you I ought to have been really strong to bear the sight of you I spilled a lot, so to speak, being disgracefully flabby, sickening bad luck Makes me ashamed of myself

Let me see you once more, if possible I hope H & W (Harold and Wells) are doing you good Oh I loved seeing you Love me always Love me always Let it grow and grow

Whatever it was that Hugh feared—maybe a failure in the practice of Karezza of which he was so proud—there are no letters from him to Margaret between February and September of 1925, an unusually long period of silence

Hugh was going through a difficult period at this time in any event, he simply could not find a publisher for his books He had also just turned fifty, an age when many men suffer a crisis of confidence, and to a man like Hugh it must have been even more traumatic than to most For try as hard as he could, Hugh had not been a success, and he knew it Living on a wife's income or accepting an occasional gift from a wealthy friend is more common in England than in America, but nonetheless, Hugh must have found this more bitter than he cared to admit

By early April of 1925, Margaret was back home from England and off visiting Juliet in Vermont. J. Noah had to write her that the clinic bank balance was down to a low of \$649.18 and that he could authorize Hannah Stone to pay only those bills which were absolutely necessary. He ended telling her, as always, how very much he missed her.

But much as J. Noah missed her, Grant missed her more. In 1925 he was seventeen and still painfully shy. After waiting for an expected visit, he wrote, "I waited all afternoon for you to come out but it was all in vain." The next day he wrote again asking for a raise in his allowance because, "I am spending too much on things like stamps and shoe-strings." A week later, having thanked Pater for giving him the raise, he wrote that he still wanted badly to see his mother but warned her "not to make any rash promises you can't keep." And on September 12, Margaret's birthday, he sent her a card hoping she'd live forty-eight years more. As she was only forty-six, this didn't please her a bit.

Weighed down with lectures and arrangements for her upcoming conference, Margaret wasn't giving much thought to Grant, anyway. She had started her diary again on March 7.

For the past hour the same old nervousness has been upon me. That same gripping in the pit of the stomach (Solar plexus) that I used to experience in the past. I expected I would get over it, but it seems to be with me yet. I am going to speak at John Hayes Holmes Community Church, 34th Street & Park Avenue.

Later. This feeling did not leave me all evening. I did not inspire my audience. I felt a load, a difficulty in getting my words to fit the ideas. Never a harder lecture, Church packed to the doors.

Because the medical profession in general shied away from the controversial subject of birth control, the advisory board of the Birth Control League was made up almost exclusively of sociologists and eugenicists. This meant that at a meeting with members of the Catholic hierarchy, Margaret had to rely on a sociologist for support.

Today Dr. Garth arranged for a meeting at the Bankers' Club where the B.C. people were able to meet the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. Dr. Murray Cooper, the spokesman from the R.C. Church, was present. Nothing but "moral" & "altruistic" arguments presented. Middle age minds. Where can we meet? On

what common ground can one meet with minds that think there is more altruism in raising children beyond your strength & health than there is in keeping abreast?

For the rest of the month she worked at details of the conference which was due to open in a few days. She worried about hotel arrangements for the hundreds of delegates from seventeen countries who had agreed to come. She worried about getting volunteers to meet the boats of the various delegates. Indeed, one scientist from France was almost missed.

There were other complexities. Though the league had hired a team of expert translators, some of the delegates had had their papers translated in advance by people who were less than expert. One of these was Dr. Fru Thit Jensen of Denmark. Speaking of the difficulty she had trying to arouse enthusiasm among fellow-doctors in favor of birth control, her remarks were translated: "When I gave my greetings to those boneheads as I am to you." The audience tittered, and by the time Dr. Thit finished speaking, they were laughing so hard they hardly could hear what she was saying.

Despite the fact that the speakers were primarily eugenicists and demographers, the conference went smoothly. The demographers gave statistics on the alarming growth of population all over the world, the eugenicists preached that, by encouraging the "fit" to procreate and discouraging the "unfit," the world would become a better place in which to live. Because no one knew exactly who were the fit and the unfit, or how to encourage one group to reproduce while discouraging the other, the results of the conference were not far-reaching.

Still the conference did move the cause along. Ministers and rabbis of various denominations attended, and the medical session attracted a few doctors, including the eminent gynecologist Robert Latou Dickinson, past president of the American Gynecological Society of New York, and William Allen Pusey, past president of the American Medical Association. Dr. Pusey told the press: "It is women who bear the penalties in injury, disease, death, and mental torture that are involved in unlimited childbearing. They have a right to know how they can intelligently—not crudely and dangerously—control their sexual lives." Eight hundred papers across the country printed his speech. "It was worth holding the Conference," Margaret exulted, "just for this Wonderful helpers everywhere. Noah the dearest of them all."

Indeed, when the conference was over, she and J Noah were so elated they contemplated having her biography written immediately. The first choice as author was still Hugh. "Why don't you write my life?" Margaret pleaded with him. "That would bring you to the U S A and we could spend days and days together always talking about ME." But Hugh was clever enough to refuse. "Oh what fun to write your life! What joy!" he answered, then gracefully bowed out. "At about 190 years of age I shall have got cool enough to do it dispassionately."

But it was too early in Margaret's life for a biography. True, she had opened one birth-control clinic and been the inspiration for a few more. She also had organized the first important world conference of scientists interested in population problems, getting men as prestigious as Pusey and Dickinson to endorse her cause, but that cause still had far to go. Pusey, for example, had not gone beyond his one statement, and Dickinson's remarks had been extremely guarded. "I have attended thirteen of the fourteen sessions, and they were conducted with dignity and propriety." This was the most he could bring himself to say. None of the other doctors who attended were willing to make any public statement.

The doctors had reason for their caution. The nineteenth century was the golden age of diploma mills, quacks, and patent medicines. American women gulped down Father John's Medicine and Lydia Pinkham's Pills in huge doses. Naturopaths, hydropaths, bleeders, and mesmerizers did a thriving business, especially in the rural districts or the newly opened up West.

In 1847 the American Medical Society was organized to combat these influences. Its aim was to arouse public confidence in licensed doctors from recognized medical schools and in tested remedies, and to discourage people from patronizing quacks who promised miraculous cures. The newspapers had little truck with licensed doctors however, as the press thrived on ads for cheap patent medicines. Given the strength of their opposition, responsible physicians often resorted to what they called "negative therapeutics," prescribing nothing rather than drugs they considered potentially harmful.

When Margaret arrived on the scene, therefore, she was met by strong resistance. Many doctors felt that much of their push toward respectability would be jeopardized if they endorsed the contraceptives being offered by a laywoman, and a notorious one at that. Thus as late as 1921 only a few doctors gave birth control any kind of support. One

was Dr Abraham Jacobi, a pediatrician who saw for himself the effects of hopelessly large families among the poor—undernourished children susceptible to every childhood disease. Another supporter was Dr William J Robinson, publisher of the *Medical Critic and Guide*, who left two pages blank in his book advocating contraception to dramatize the fact that he could give no specific advice in print. The third was Dr Dickinson, who, though thoroughly convinced of the necessity for birth control, had been elected president of the Academy of Obstetricians only when he was ready to retire from practice, and its members felt that he would be too old to be of much influence.

Altogether, it was not a happy state of affairs for Margaret and her cause, her struggle for public acceptance continued to be extremely difficult.

Meanwhile, of course, she continued her private life and whenever she could she made that private life extremely private. She would send J Noah off to his favorite health resorts while she stayed in New York or at Willowlake on the pretext of taking mysterious "health-injections," and no amount of pleading could persuade her to join him.

She also continued giving lectures and these lectures, which were never boring no matter how nervous she felt, continued to captivate her audience. Ellen Watumill, a wealthy woman married to a Hindu who ran a gift shop in Hawaii, remembered twenty-five years later the excitement of hearing Margaret speak in Portland, Oregon. It is a typical recollection of a Sanger speech.

I was intrigued by the delightful, petite, extremely feminine woman with lovely red hair who poured out her heart to the packed audience. She never spoke about methods or intercourse or used any of the language so freely used over the air or in public addresses nowadays, but talked of her work as a public health nurse in the lower East Side of New York, and of her frustration when she had nothing to tell her patients when they asked how to prevent unwanted births. Everyone listened with rapt attention and she received a great ovation at the conclusion of her address. It was not delivered as a militant crusade, but with the sincerity, the appeal, of a woman's compassion for all women who were longing to be free from slavery to their biological functions, as well as be free from the oppression of the Comstock law that considered even the words "birth control" and "sex" obscene.

After being quickly introduced to Margaret Sanger, I went to the table in the foyer where someone was selling a little book entitled *Family Limitation*. She had not written this particular book although she must have given the author a great deal of the material it contained. But as I stood there Margaret came down the aisle and was not more than four or five feet away from me when police closed in, arrested her, and took her off to jail to spend the night. Had I been affiliated with any group in Portland at the time, I would undoubtedly have insisted on going to jail with her. Unfortunately my work took me back to Honolulu, and I did not see her again for all these years when we became fast friends.

After the 1925 Portland lecture, Margaret experienced another of her deep depressions. When she got back East, she tried to relieve it by more work—planning a new book and staging a still bigger conference, this one in England. She worked once more to ask the Birth Control League to pay for the delegates' travel expenses. She was dumbfounded when she found the league had less than three hundred dollars in the bank. "Write to Mrs. Thomas Lamont at once and ask for help," she told Anna Lifschitz, without bothering to look up the date when Mrs. Lamont had sent in her last contribution. Mrs. Lamont, who had just mailed in a good-sized check, was indignant, but she relented and posted another that at least tided them over their immediate office expenses.

On September 12, 1925, her forty-sixth birthday, Hugh, Havelock, and Harold sent Margaret a joint birthday cable. She answered Hugh with mixed happiness and dismay.

What a wonderful trio telegram to receive on my birthday! How did you know? And remember? Havelock always remembers the fatal day which brings me nearer to gray hairs, but no one else is allowed to know, fearing they will keep track of the years. But you would not be so unkind.

She followed this with remembrances of her first meeting with Hugh five years before.

I remember a letter that missed you. I wrote about you, about

dressing up to meet you and for the first time in my life purchasing a powder puff & rouge & trying it on my face, nose, chin according to directions in a book Then washing it all off again & going forth bravely, *unpowdered* to meet you Then the queer feeling at not finding you & the talk to myself about such childish feelings—& then meeting you The adorable funny hat—your lanky frame like our Abraham Lincoln, your strange English, oh very very English words—which with you is always like my favorite music

Oh I can't remember all the things I wrote My memory is flooded with our first visit I hope you find that letter because the writer had been smitten with some wildness at one time

I am well Reading lots, two kinds of reading at same time—popular & real For instance while I was reading *Life of Duse & Olive Schreiner's Letters*, I was also reading *Job, Herodotus, Odyssey & The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini* Now I must get back to Population reading, reports, magazine articles etc etc for winter's work

Do you ever dream that the day may arrive when I shall live in England? I'm really a lost soul wandering about in America

The boys—Stuart called to Yale for football practice & Grant plugging at an Algebra exam So the winter soon begins My asters are beautiful for a first year It will be even better in later years I hope Thank Janet & naughty neglecting Harold for the cable and thank Havelock too

This letter is Maggie-Margaret in essence It is the little girl telling no one about her birthday for fear they may find out her true age—only forty-six, but already afraid of the gray hairs It is the great lady trying to impress Hugh with the serious books she is reading, when she much preferred light magazines, and dug up material for her speeches herself only when she had no other choice And it's the woman who calls Harold faithless when he didn't write often enough because her need for flattery was boundless, no matter how much he gave her, she always demanded more

Juliet Rublee, Margaret's best female friend, was often shown Hugh's letters and seemed to understand him better than Margaret did herself "Hugh is a dear, but he is also abnormal and morbid and so terribly introspective he destroys himself," she wrote in an undated frag-

ment It was this kind of keen observation that probably made Margaret hold Juliet close

Juliet's impulsiveness also bound the two women On one of her wild escapades, Juliet had been in Italy trying to dig up sunken wrecks, reputed to be full of gold, from the Bay of Naples When she thought her secretary had been rifling her private papers, she dashed off to Rome to ask the personal advice of the American ambassador When she didn't get to see the ambassador she wrote Margaret "(Since then) some instinct or protecting spirit has made me cable Mr R to send me a letter to the ambassador Don't let us ever travel again without letters of introduction to the American Ambassadors of every country we visit!"

Yet after George Rublee gave her an introduction to the Italian ambassador, she used it mainly as a way of importing some of her favorite English cigarettes into Italy duty-free She thought up the ruse of having Margaret send them to the ambassador marked "by diplomatic pouch," with her address on both the inside and outside of the wrapper so he would know whom they were for and forward them It was a niggardly saving for a woman of her wealth—just as niggardly as Margaret's demand for travel expenses for herself and conference delegates from a league that was barely able to survive, while she herself was a millionaire's wife

Then too, both women were insomniacs with mystical, often frightening dreams In London while waiting for Lord Dawson, Margaret had a dream which she reported to Juliet

Met two queer persons able to read past incarnations I seem to have been a nun in an Italian convent, three hundred years ago These men are very ordinary men yet they are serious It is hard to believe they are "fakirs "

Juliet replied quickly

I was *greatly* interested in your extraordinary dream What do you suppose it means? Is someone in deep trouble? Was the feeling one of despair—or prayer or what? You did not write half enough details Do put down *everything* that comes

This dream may have foretold death Not long afterward, Margaret



received a letter from her sister Mary who was ill with bronchitis in a Buffalo hospital

Dearest Margaret

Could you not spare one day of your busy life to come up to see a rather sick sister? It would give me much comfort and relief If you feel you can't do it, don't send anyone else as the point would be lost

Mary died on January 11, 1926 Margaret's notation in the margin of this letter reads

Darling Sister Mary!!! died shortly after She talked of her will & left me sole executor She was greatly loved—& a GENIUS born

Hugh, meanwhile, had also developed an inexplicable fear, he was afraid that Margaret had thrown him over With his fear came an uncharacteristic greediness He had once told Margaret, "Surely there must be some place for me in your great Cause " Now in November 1925 he was writing in a different vein Suddenly he was indignant because he had never been paid for any of his sketches in the *Review* "This is absolutely *obligatory* You will please remind Mrs Boyd, the managing editor, about this Only do it tactfully—and do it soon I won't be fobbed off by any naughty little millionairesses' cold forgetfulness "

As Margaret had never paid for any of the material that appeared in the *Review* she was astounded, all the more so because she had recently sent Hugh a substantial gift of money with which to build a small cottage which he could rent out for additional income She had also sent him a special check earmarked for sunbaths for him to take or, better yet, to buy himself a sunlamp if there was electricity in Sand Pit And she had ended her accompanying letter in an outburst of love "I want to hug your dear head and kiss your blessed eyes and laugh with you and romp for very joy that you are so dear "

And now came this demand for money for long-ago essays

She apparently forgave him, as usual, ignoring his greed and replying from Willowlake

Darling Hugh Cheereo!!! It's raining out here where J N and I

came for a weekend But I like to walk in the rain tho J N said this A M as I trudged him up the road two miles in the wet & drizzle that anyone liking such a walk must be crazy

We go back to town in a few days, and hope to see Juliet soon She is still in Italy and asks you to write to her She thinks that J N poisoned your mind against her Please write her a nice letter J N is such a treat 'em rough person when one is flighty that he gives one a horrid impression of his thoughts

By mid-December, Hugh was doing better than writing Juliet He was continuing his affair with her and boasting about it

Oh you darling Margaret, the telephone bell rang, Juliet was in London Could I see her at lunch? Of course, she *must* come down here Absolutely and utterly and completely out of the question so much to do and she sailing on Wednesday So I hire a car, and drive up to the gorgeous hotel in St James Place to fetch her quietly down No, adamant So I drive home alone—after a really lovely lunch—anyhow I swore to myself the little dear person should emerge while I *was* with her, and the time from 12 30—6 15 (most generously allotted) should be enjoyed quite to the full And out this little enchanting person stepped at about 12 50 from oh such a very tired and almost crestfallen Juliet Rublee and remained out till I left, though every now and then she shook her wings to fly away—but only flew enchantingly round the room So delicious it was coaxing her out and seeing her emerge her laugh changed, her face changed, her voice changed

Then, cleverly giving Margaret the credit, he concluded "It came of course through speaking about you She couldn't speak long enough about you to me as the grand accomplished lady "

By December 29 Juliet was back home, ready to tell Margaret about Hugh and show off her new clothes She found Margaret, who was waiting for her in her Turtle Bay Gardens home and writing to Hugh

Here I am at Juliet's waiting for her to tell me all about her trip to Naples, Geneva & Sand Pit Juliet will insist upon dressing & redressing & trying on various flame-colored gowns before a long

mirror trying to get them short enough to show her beautiful knees They must be shortened to be fashionable So there we are In the meantime I write to you to wish you a Happy New Year & a Lucky 1926 Is 9 your lucky number? Five is mine, but 3 and 5 are sympathetic I am so glad she did get to see you alone at Sand Pit Paradise indeed without the bread or wine

Though this letter was cheerful, it was soon followed by one in which she spoke about a woman she envied "Oh what poise! I'd give years to be like that but I never shall be able to come even miles near its outskirts" The letter following this was a mixture of dreams and regrets

The cold days or rather evenings are here Today I am blue & depressed It is so hard, Hugh, to organize human beings into helpers—they are so egotistical that it takes a like person to meet the breed—Greek meets Greek If only one could wander about in a garden & think, dream, love & work & find life's fullness there how glorious that would be In fact I think it would be easy to be *Great* But this struggle with personalities—with friction—with diseased desire to "boss" grows harder & harder I have begun to feel that no one can stand praise or encouragement without losing balance What & why is it Hugh?

I am writing in knickers—I know Harold would like them on me Where & how is the adorable darling? I think of him oodles of times & always with regret that he could not fall in love with me

This last statement was pure fantasy, as Harold had recently written her again, calling her a saint as well as a great lady and adorable child At year's end, Margaret was seeking poise and surcease from her recurrent depression through astrology, numerology, sex, religious cults, and friends No wonder, despite all the talk of her twinkling laughter, most of the pictures of her taken after 1925 reveal her as sad