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Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Diary, Vol. II, 1895-1896

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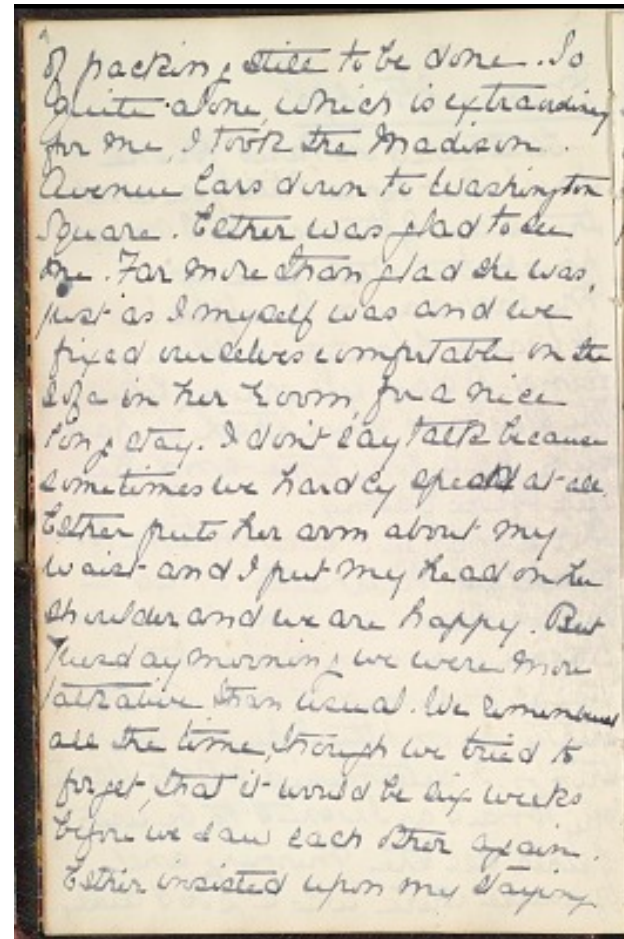
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of packing still to be done. So quite alone which is extraordinary for me, I took the Madison Avenue cars down to Washington Square. Esther was glad to see me. Far more than glad she was, just as I myself was and we fixed ourselves comfortable on the sofa in her room for a nice long stay. I don't say talk because sometimes we hardly speak at all. Esther puts her arm about my waist and I put my head on her shoulder and we are happy. But Tuesday morning we were more talkative than usual. We remembered all the time, though we tried to forget, that it would be six weeks before we saw each other again. Esther insisted upon my staying



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