

Letters to her sister Ann

xii i

Bryn Mawr, Nov. 20, 1901.

Sunday evening
~~1903~~ (no date)

My dearest, —

Your two letters made me feel we were still very near to each other. There is a sisterly relation, isn't there about as close as anything on earth, in the sense that sisters, — and brothers of course the same, have the same past. Our little house, New London days, and the Main St. school and the new house and Greening apples, and S.A.R.A.H. and a host of other memories make it seem there is nothing quite of the same sort as a brother's or sister's love.

Since I wrote you, much has happened but not of great importance. I've heard the Boston Symphony again, — (enclosed the program) a gorgeous organ recital by Henry Gordon Thunder, in which as a professional I took a deep interest. And yesterday Miss Chamberlin, a friend of Miss Shipley's took me to the German Theater, which with her kindly help and by dint of much effort I understood a little.

I'd been chaperoning for the Shipleys in the morning (I shan't do it again: it doesn't pay) And after the play Miss Chamberlin took me to a grocery store which was more like fairyland than a grocery store and we bought a Saturday and Sunday store of things for her, and then sat down at a counter and had a delicious cup of coffee and large cheese sandwich as ever I ate.

When I got home I was tired out. I skipped dinner, bathed in hot then cold water, and dressed in my white low necked dress for a graduate club meeting which Miss Thomas addressed.

Monday

Do you know, honey, I began this letter yesterday evening. People had piled into my room all day long and when I had been interrupted in this letter, I couldn't stand it any longer, but went out and ran up and down the back campus drive

Miss Bourland became professor of Greek
at Smith College where she taught for
many years. (Including KEP 1937)

by myself. Don't you sometimes feel you can't stand a crowd any more?

Interrupted again for a walk —

Wednesday

Three times and out! Letters don't seem to be easily written in the life I lead. After luncheon from half past one till two and after dinner from half past seven till eight, Margaret Reed and I sew on Christmas presents. In doing for mother that maple leaf centerpiece I started for you. So Sunday is really my only letter-writing time and they are unmercifully interrupted.

It is a glorious autumn day. I've just come back from my nine o'clock Tacitus recitation, and I ought this minute to be launched on a three hour cruise with the Frogs of Aristophanes but I couldn't resist a chat with you, and as I'm a little excited internally this morning I'm lying in the bed. Hence the pencil — excuse it. I'm so disgusted because Miss France and I were to be playing tennis at this very minute. We played yesterday in the dirt court, and it was splendid fun.

Speaking of the Frogs, — as Demos (people personified) crosses the Styx to bring back Euripides, he hears the frogs on all sides croaking (about every fourth line) — $\beta\epsilon\epsilon\epsilon\epsilon\epsilon\epsilon\epsilon\epsilon\epsilon$, $\kappa\alpha\kappa\}$ $\kappa\alpha\kappa\}$. I nearly died laughing when I struck it, and that, Miss Bourland tells me, is really the origin of the Yale cheer.

Irving and Terry are to play this week and next in town. I'm going to hear them in Merchant of Venice though I ought not to spend the money. I have no clothes. My winter suit skirt has a hole on the hip; my jacket is so small I can hardly button it. I haven't yet bought the short skirt I intended to buy the day after I got here. But "I'll have it" as Fitts said, and especially as I'm having such happy times these days.

I enclose two French calendar slips which I thought particularly good, and which you will doubtless enjoy as a

French student. I'm so glad, dearie, you are finding good times with people, and things doing. I'd give my head or hand or anything else to see you. I can't bear to think of Christmas and you not there. I'm crying at the thought of it. Couldn't you come, or can't we get mother to you?

I could write reams more but the Frogs are croaking to me and I must get to work. I love Greek more every day. I read seven hundred lines in five hours Monday, and it was simply superb.

Goodbye, my sister. I'll write a good letter next time.
Your Edith.

Woodstock, Connecticut
 Sunday afternoon
 (March 24, 1902)

My dearest Anne, —

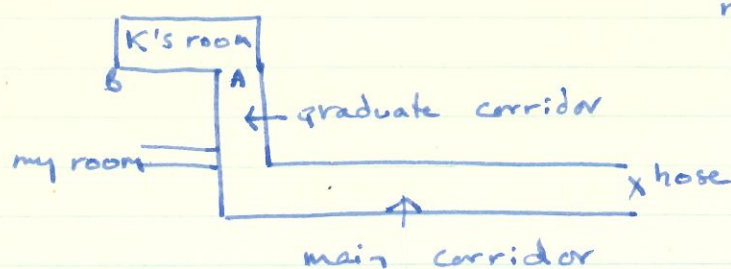
It is Sunday afternoon, a beautiful spring day, with an atmosphere of peace prevailing which is found nowhere outside of Woodstock. We have all been down to the Chondlers, telling them the story of the fire which I now will relate to you:—

As I wrote you I had walked to Philadelphia and chaperoned to Flora Dora the evening before, so I went to bed early, but was plagued by the first attack of indigestion I've had for months, and didn't go to sleep. But about ten I must have dropped off, for when I heard the call of fire, and the gong ringing, I had to shake myself before I sensed it.

And now allow me to spoil the succinctness (?) of this narrative by telling you about our fire drills. At intervals of two or three weeks we have false alarms sprung on us. We are all obliged whatever we are doing to drop everything and run with a wet towel to the place the gong indicates. The fire lieutenant stands in the door of the room and numbers off the girls as fast as they come. Numbers 1-3 are draughts and warnings, they shut every door in the building and shout in every door and pull people out of bed: 3-13 go for sand-buckets, water-buckets and chemical extinguishers, and 13 — go for the hose which the sub-lieutenants unwind for them.

I couldn't find my water-pitcher so wet my towel a little in my slop-bucket, slipped on my old red wrapper and ran to Kate's room where the fire was. It had been a windy day though warm and rainy: Kate (Tibbals) was just getting ready for bed, had opened her window and was about to turn out her light when the Japanese screens blew over on to her lamp on her bureau, knocked the lamp on

to a chair of clothing which became soaked in oil, and in three minutes the room was literally ablaze. My first thought was 'what fun! a real fire this time!' I ran into Kate's room to see the sight but got out again as quickly as I could, to hear Marie calling "Edith Hall, where are you?" "Here!" called I. "Come here, you're strong, and help hold the nozzle of this hose, it's going to kick!" (They do kick fearfully when the water comes.) But luck was against us, though with dripping towels wrapped around our eyes and noses we stood firm. In the first place Kate's room was the worst place in the building for a fire because it was most distant from the hose. The diagram explains itself, the



nozzle of the hose where Marie and I were standing reached through A, the fire was at B, and we couldn't get the nozzle around enough to get any stream on to the blaze. Besides we had

only 70 lbs. pressure instead of 100 lbs. promised us by the water-company, and the wind was blowing fearfully. The lieutenant, seeing that all the fighting that could accomplish anything must be done from the outside ordered us all to get out of the house. And we did in regular order. Every one asks me why if I went by my room I didn't stop for my watch and ring, and so on. First because the smoke was so painful, I honestly thought of little else than running to fresh air. Second, we were all quiet, listening to the lieutenant's orders, and it would have been mutiny and entirely against the principles of the drill to disobey. Third I had no idea the fire would get so far.

I was enjoying it all tremendously as soon as I got to the air. I ran barefooted down to the little building where the college firemen are, to tell them to blow the college

whistle, but someone had got there before me. As I turned, I saw a colored maid jumping three feet in the air, sitting down, getting up, whirling about, and yelling fire like a demon of hell. I stopped and quieted her, and then ran to where they were marring the outside hose, talked a minute to one of the professors, saw they had plenty at the nozzle and then went over to Eleanor Denning's for shoes and stockings. I wasn't a particle excited, I only wished I had something really worth while doing.

Then I thought of Miss Bourland's thesis, and got Dr. Harkness to try to get it with me. First we tried going through the corridors with wet towels, but it was impossible. Then I lost Dr. Harkness, and went for another professor, but he went off on a tangent too. Finally, I found Dr. Deltaan* with whom Miss Bourland works; he, dear man, with his long hair and nose and foreign airs grasped my hand and said "What is your name?" "Miss Hall." "Let us shake hands and then we'll begin." He took by force a ladder from a fireman, and I (for Dr. Deltaan was lame) got a Haverford college boy to wet his sweater in a puddle from the hose, and told him carefully where all of Janice's papers were. He went up the ladder, couldn't get a thing, so I went up while he sat on the window sill and found we had the wrong room. While on the ladder, a hose got loose and a stream of water a foot in diameter took me three or four times about the waist and feet. Having no underclothes on and my hair down, I was a sight for gods and men. I got my bearings from the inside of that room & counted down to Janice's room, and the boy went in again, got all the papers and Dr. Deltaan and I walked off in triumph with them, he complimenting me in a perfect stream for my coolness. By the time we had those stored in safety, and I had borrowed a pair of drawers, it was after midnight, and I had watched my room burn up, first my screen,

* [should be "Deltaan" not Deltaaan. KTB 5/20/82]

Then my desk, then my bureau. Marie Reimer and I ran across each other then, found a few things to do, passed furniture from the other end of Denbigh for a while, till finally about two, I ran across Dr. and Mrs. Hoppin, and they made us two come home with them. Mrs. Hoppin was so good to us in our forlorn plight (we were drenched, it was raining all this time, and I'd been soaked by the hose anyway) She gave us whiskey and soda, and a hot bath apiece and the loveliest nightgowns and sent in by her maid two whole suits for the next morning. We slept about an hour. In the morning we arranged ourselves in our finery and silk-lined skirts and long coats and went over to chapel, to hear what the Dean would have to say. I came back to breakfast alone, and ate while Mr. and Mrs. Hoppin talked to me. She sent my telegrams for me, and gave me note-paper, and lent me a hundred dollars. I was dead tired of course and a little blue but not much. Miss Bourland came in then, and threw her arms ~~around~~ about my neck and wept. She was so thankful to me for helping get her thesis. (She was out of town the night of the fire.) It would have meant four years more work almost if they had been lost.

Instinctively I went to Miss Trance, who confirmed my decision to go in town to buy clothes, and then come home and sew. A collection had been started for us, and Miss Trance engineered around and got me twenty dollars for keeps. So I took a hat of hers and went to town. Bought corsets first of all, then a coat, then a short skirt and shoes and stockings and a dress suit case and gloves. Came back about six, and at half past seven dined in the greatest state with dear Dr. and Mrs. Hoppin. It wasn't what they gave me for which I'm so grateful. They're so rich, that was no sacrifice, but it was the infinite grace and tact with which it was done. I was scared stiff at dinner: everything came to me first. but I can't stop to discuss them with you. I must wait

till June for that.

The next morning Mrs. Hoppin and I had breakfast in the breakfast-room upstairs a little after ten and then after getting my silk waist at the dressmakers (wasn't that luck?) and seeing my professors and Miss Baldwin about work I went to town about noon. I meant to have said I bought a ready made white shirtwaist in town, and Miss France gave me a white flannel waist she had just had cleaned. I couldn't trust myself to thank the Hoppins as I left. You can't imagine how it seemed to be so dependent on them for money and clothes and everything. They saw it and turned the subject so deftly I had no chance to make a fool of myself. I got luncheon and then telegraphed to Dwight to meet me at 9.30 and then went to shopping again, bought five shirt-waists, and a dimity dress and a comb, nailbrush, tooth-brush etc. etc. got my coat which of course had to be altered and sent Mrs. Hoppin's out to her, and did a few more things I've forgotten what till five. I just caught the 5.1 to New York. I reached Jersey City at 7.15 and got a train at the Grand Central at 8. Wasn't that snappy work? I never would have got it, except a kind old (!) gentleman sitting with me advised me to take the Courtland St. ferry and then take the elevated up, to 42nd, and the surface cars over.

Oh, I forgot, I had thirty dollars more given me from the fund. So then I had about a hundred dollars in my (?) pocket-book when I was crossing the city. Dwight met me (bless his big kind heart!) bought me an apple at the fruit store on the corner which I proceeded to eat on the car (I couldn't have waited a minute longer). Soon the whole hill crowd with four Yale men and a gang of friends boarded the car. I felt a little cheap over my straw hat, but bore up after I'd gotten the apple into Dwight's pocket.

To cut it down — for its most prayer-meeting time, they were all great to me. George gave me his best necktie, Nell some

ribbons. I went up and listened to the Yale boys sing althike, and then Katharine and I went to bed. I spent the latter part of the next morning buying night-gown, drawers and corset-covers material and trimmings, and doo-dads, and then took the train that gets here at 3.45, and got a man to drive me up.

The bell rings, and Harold has asked to call after meeting, but I promise I'll get this off to you to-night.

Mother and father were pretty glad to see me though they'd been sensible about not worrying. All the next day (Thursday) I sewed on my silk-waist, which had merely been cut out in Bryn Mawr. Mrs. Hibbard and others came in and offered congratulations for my escape and assistance with my sewing. Friday I took my sewing in to the morning rehearsal and sewed hard, jotting down occasional criticisms for father's benefit. At noon I got a large batch of letters from sympathizing friends and a cheque of fifty dollars from Bryn Mawr. So the fund has already given me \$100, and may give more, though I doubt it. Bet sent me a package at once, thinking she was nearer than you or mother, but it didn't come before I left. I've written to the express office to have it sent up. Miss Shipley offered me a linen suit worn only a few times, it was Miss Chamberlin's who is about the biggest woman I ever saw, so I wrote to send it on.

Monday morning

I lied: Harold stayed so late, I was too sleepy to tell the rest of the tale.

I finished my silk waist Saturday morning, for it wasn't done Friday night though it was far enough along to wear to the festivities. At noon a big package from Bridgeport came with 6 pr stockings, 2 white skirts, 1 mohair skirt, 3 ribbons, 2 beautiful soft undressed ^{pr.} ~~pr.~~ gloves,

Was it Mr Chandler Hse in Woodstock
that had a little hist written up?
(or ? Holt)

light shades, 1 brush, 3 cakes soap, 1 bottle tooth powder, 1 bottle toilet powder, 2 night-gowns, 1 stock etc. Wasn't Uncle Fred a dear. Some of the stockings are \$1.00 stockings, and everything is beautiful. Now father and Clarence are making fun of me for "working it" all so well, and appealing to peoples sympathies". But wait till the end.

I was so delighted that Saturday evening directly after dinner I trudged through the mud in the soft lovely air with a sunset on one side and a moon on the other down Buyer Hill to telephone at Mrs. Child's to Bridgeport to deliver my thanks. I had a good chat with Aunt Jess, came back with Harry who pumped the organ for me awhile and then took me to ride, and when I came home I found a letter from Mrs. W. Hinckle Smith of Bryn Mawr begging me please to accept \$200 from her. It sent father and mother and me into fits of laughter. I shall answer it someway this afternoon. Shall tell her I'm all right without it, but won't I refuse if she wishes to give me that much leeway. I don't want to be dependant on her, but I don't want to be like father either, stubborn about accepting gifts. I'm a pretty lucky dog after all, don't you think?

Miss Hibbard has about made 2 shirtwaists for me, but I'm not going to let her do a thing more. Miss Mary Lester, Miss Chandler, Ruth Lester, Miss Sarah Lyon, are imploring me for the slight favor of a pair of drawers to finish off.

Mother has cut out a flannel skirt this morning to take to Bridgeport with her to-morrow. They go Tuesday and return Thursday or Friday. I shall let her do no more after this; am getting along famously.

Miss Butler has given me a work basket all fitted up.

So, lovely, Kadoodee, don't feel badly any more about me, and just you be sure I'm coming in June.

I'm to live in the top floor of Baldwin's school

with the other graduates, and 15 freshmen of whom I'm
to be mistress for \$25 a month. Shall tutor too.

I hope this long delayed and badly written account
will answer the questions you wanted to ask.

With much love and a hug.

G.R.

Sunday morning
Before Church
(Dec. 15, 1902)

My dear Anne, —

I have a proposal: — that I write to you every Sunday with utmost regularity, and you to me every Thursday, say. Let's try not to miss once from now to Easter. I'll write every time just before church, and you write every Thursday, or whatever day you choose, before you do dishes. How is Paul's cold?

Is the kitchen stove up? what's it like? how much did it cost? Has Frank gone for good? What do you wear now? Your shirtwaists and skirts should be discarded immediately.

I have on my pink flannel shirtwaist for the first time to-day, the one I made while Miss Mary made the blue one I wore in Cleveland. I also have some new boys shoes on, which are most comfortable except for the stiff stitching up the back.

I have had some great treats this week. Tuesday evening I chaperoned to see Duse in *Trancesca di Rimini* by d'Annunzio. She is supposed to be a controlled and lifelike actress, and for this reason great. Perhaps it was because I couldn't understand the Italian, perhaps because American acting is too often equivalent to ranting, but I was disappointed. The colors in the setting were jingous, lots of old blues and old reds and golds and browns, as you see in Botticelli's pictures. And Paolo, in his red costume with his friz of cropped hair looked for all the world like Alky's Sir Galahad. Historically at least, the play was helpful.

Wednesday I chaperoned to the symphony. [I meant to say it was Eleanor Denning and her crowd I took the night before.] The symphony was perfect as usual. Anton von Rivy was the soloist and sang Beethoven's song 'An der Hoffnung'

^ Many years later, I heard G.M.T dismiss
a criticism by E.M. Forster of ? Scott ^{that} as
a writer ~~that~~ he was provincial. To
which G.M.T. replied in scathing tones
that it was better to be provincial than
suburban.

beautifully.

Friday was the best day of all. At chapel Miss Jordan said a few words about 'a wise provincialism'. The gist was, if you change your traditions and basis with every new person you meet, you ~~too~~ lose more than you gain. Anne, she is so wise and good. Her heart is bigger than ten of Miss Thomas's size. She asked me Saturday how I was for money, and if I wanted any: — "We can't afford to have you troubled about money, while working here. She said a good many discerning things about Bryn Mawr. She sized things up perfectly. And I can tell you, Anne, this is my last year here. If I miss a foreign fellowship next year, I shall teach. My mind gets clearer on that point every day.

Miss Jordan is democratic and interested in every individual girl. Miss Thomas is aristocratic and theoretical.

Do you remember Ted wrote in that letter I read you about the 15 century morality play "Everyman" she had seen? It is the most impressive and thrilling thing I have ever seen on the stage. It is acted on the church steps and is entirely for the purpose of teaching. Briefly the plot is, Everyman, while strumming a guitar, and making for a rout, is summoned by 'Death' to make his last journey: he prays for a respite but gets none. He begs his friends go with him. All, — Kinship, Fellowship etc. — desert him, except good-deeds who is so weak at first he cannot stand but who recovers after Everyman scourges himself and takes the sacrament. It sounds Catholic enough to be funny, but it isn't, it just makes you quiet and appalled. Several small points were of interest: — the actors entered through the audience, except angels, priests who came through the church doors. All the latter chaunted their parts, too, as Catholic priests chant the service to-day. The acting was beautiful; Everyman was tremendous. She, for the part was taken by a woman, walked down through the audience

once, followed by Discretion, Five Wits, Strength and Beauty, who deserted him only as he crept into the tomb. Grayman's face as he came slowly down the aisle holding a big wooden cross up and looking at it, I shall never forget.

Since beginning this letter I have been to church, heard a tremendous sermon, and an anthem of Harry R. Sheeley's "Come unto Him", that we have sung at home, dined with Katharine Bishop, fooled around home, been over to Eleanor Demming's room to see Mrs. Demming and Harold, stayed to supper there, been in town with Dr. Haen to call on Mrs. Talley, slept, risen at 6.45, eaten breakfast, and here I am to work another week.

I go home Saturday of this week, reaching Putnam either at 3.45 or 6.30. Have a letter for me there when I arrive, but put nothing private in it, for mother always asks to read your letters to me.

I give mother a big turkey platter to match the vegetable dish I gave her before. I give father scales for weighing letters, Clarence a leather photograph frame, and a necktie.

I wish I could see you this very minute. If I get the fellowship, I don't believe I can go without seeing your family first. I consider your home my home now, and always shall.

With much love to yourselves and all inquiring Gaylords.
Edith

I don't go to Washington.

I dined at the President's Friday in a small select dinner-party.

Boyer M

Monday morning
May 4, 1903.

My dearest, -

So much to tell you, and so little time. I wish I could give you a big hug and sit down and talk for half an hour instead of attempting to write, but I must wait for that, in the meantime eating out my heart for the love of you and for that baby that's coming. I never knew how much I should care for that young one, but I care every minute. Please hurry up.

I'm about decided to come in June directly from here. I got a small tutoring job worth \$12 at Baldwin's Saturday, and I have the proctoring of the entrance examinations at Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Connecticut which will bring me \$25. Mother wants me to go. And by the way, in answer to her letter, saying she wished that I could go, and that she did not need me at home, I wrote a postal saying I was pretty poor and we would see. Afterward I thought that I might have led her to write imploring you to let her come earlier. If she has, you need now pay no attention because I have written her at length that in all probability I can come in June.

I have not yet heard from my fellowship. Dr. Hoppin told me wrong about the date. I shall hear Thursday night, and will let you know immediately.

I have had a gay and happy week. Mr. Sanders has been ill and I've done little hard study and considerable quidding. Monday evening I chaperoned some girls to a concert in town, and heard a splendid tenor sing some beautiful Scotch songs.

Oh honey, what do you think? Since writing the last I have been over to chapel, and Mary Cameron, (whom I've tutored before) asked me if I would give her a lesson every day from now to Commencement. She wants only half

hour lessons, but I get a dollar a piece from them. That means that I can earn \$62 altogether between now and commencement, and that in other words I can sure pop come to Cleveland. You can depend on me now reaching you about June 5th or sixth, and staying the month with you, if you want me that long. Then I will be with you when the nurse goes, and can keep my eye on yourself and the dear baby.

Please don't run the sewing machine any more. Did you ask the doctor if you could do that?

Well, to return to the narrative of last week from which I was seduced by chapel and the news of my tutoring.

Tuesday evening Dr. Delbaan (ae. c. 40) took me to the Greek play. We dined at the Rathskeller first, and then went to the play, which was most interesting, and much of which I could understand. Afterward we went back to the Rathskeller, and had little neck clams, caviar sandwiches and champagne.

I was further presented with six large roses, and with a box of strawberries and six plums that cost 25¢ apiece. That man will kill me. I got a note from him this morning, asking me to give him a few minutes at 11, in Taylor Hall. He was 'quite anxious' to hear news of my fellowship. If he wasn't just as gallant and generous to a myriad others, I'd think he cared for me, but he is. Anyway I'm going to stop the dinners. Anne did you ever see anything like the men I draw, Harold Morse, Dr. Delbaan, and poor Mr. Dean, whom the town sent to the insane asylum, — as soon as they found he'd proposed to me I guess.

Well, to turn to pleasanter themes. Dr. Worcester preached here Wednesday evening, and I was invited by his sister-in-law, the warden of Merion, to dine with him. Katharine was with me, but I couldn't afford a dinner ticket for her anyway, so I explained and left her behind with two buttered rolls and the strawberries and plums, and went out

to dinner. He is a most interesting man to meet. He goes to Labrador Summers and hunts pearls. He devised the plan himself after reading John and Sebastian Cabot's journals. I wish you could know him. I heard him preach twice yesterday. I had almost given up going to church because I didn't have but two ^{more} tickets (my hundred drop ticket is used up) and I thought I should save them. But when it came time for the 10.18 to go, I put on my things and bolted. And I'm mighty glad I did, for I never enjoyed a service more. I stayed to communion and then was invited home to dinner by the mother of one of the college girls in whose pew I have been invited to sit. Wasn't that fine and cordial of them? I went, and enjoyed a good dinner and some very pleasant simple conversation. Their brother took me back to the station, so that they certainly did me thing up in shape. I got back to Bryn Mawr just in time to hear Dr. Worcester give a talk on the study of the Bible. He and Mrs. Worcester and their two oldest children came out on the train just ahead of me. They are the sweetest children I ever saw.

I was taken ill last night, and went to bed at eight; that is the reason that I didn't write you.

I must get to work now. Good-bye. To-day is the sixth. A month from today I shall be with you.

With heaps and heaps of love to you both.

Edith.

P.S. I sent the dress yesterday. Hope it's all right. I could make it better another time. E.H.H.

The widower to whom Jo Dakam is engaged is Mabel Bacon's brother.

Thursday

May 7, 1903.

My dearest,

I have the fellowship. Great excitement prevails among the Denbigh crowd. I take no satisfaction in it, as a great honor, because I was the only woman that died. However, I'm a thousand dollars in. I telegraphed home and have received a reply.

Am delighted to send the cards for you. Can I do anything else? Don't get blue. Remember you are a strong woman who can't be downed. If it is triplets, you won't wink at it.

Virginia Raysdale's father has died suddenly. I am sad for her, and lonely without her. Will write Sunday.

With heaps of love,
Edith.

PART 1

In the interval between this letter
+ the next, EHH visited Anne in Cleveland
and Warner Gaylord was born.

Then she set out on
her travels which were to take
her 'abroad' for ^{nearly} two years

Thursday, Sept. 10, 1903.
 Dampfer "Hohenzollern."

My dear Anne,

It is Thursday, our last day on ship-board, and though I am mailing home a long account of the voyage which will be forwarded to you, I must send you a word beside.

If you could only be here for ten minutes, I would take you first to the rail, and you could look over into the pure sapphire water of the Mediterranean. Across a stretch of water the color is little different from that of the sound on a clear bright day; but when one looks directly down into the water it is a glorious blue. I would take you, too, to the break in the promenade deck where you could look over and see the steerage passengers, gambling at Lotto, or with their fingers as Frank showed us how last Thanksgiving. And I would introduce you to Miss Ballow, a fine looking attractive girl who teaches Freshman Latin at Chicago University, and who is going to Rome to work till January on her doctor's thesis. We are going to stay at the same pension at Naples, which is a great help to me. It is three now and at half past five we dine, and at half past six we go ashore. The captain, who is one of the finest men I ever knew is going to take Miss Ballow and me for a drive, and then I must say good-bye to him, and my first ocean voyage will be ended.

Your letter was a great comfort to me, though I was so blue that I couldn't open it for two or three hours. The feeling of going down the bay with your friends on the pier changing into specks, and the dear German band (that plays to us three times a day) playing America, and the deed being irrevocable, — it makes me sick now to recall it. But I've been happy

every day, not at all seasick (vid. journal) and can hardly realize that it is I who is so lucky as to see all these places.

Now there are two or three things I want to say in answer to your letter, my dear, dear Anne. First, I am so glad that Paul has sold a machine, — it may be many more now; I know it is the beginning of a good long business, and I shall want to hear all about it. Nothing will make me happier than for you to let me share all the troubles of the up-hill road. I know you feel it isn't brave to mention the weary things, but frankness makes friends, and keeps our minds and hearts normal and sound. Now just to show you sh! that I am going to be honest in the same way will sl! you I am going to tell you that Fritz (Rockwell) proposed to me this summer. You will laugh because he is so young, and so did I laugh at him, and tell him he didn't know what he was talking about, and that he must stop such nonsense at once. Yet I think the boy was dead in earnest. He is five years younger than I, but during the last three years, he has been the financial manager of the family, and has kept all their heads above water. He is a fine lovable boy, but I should not have loved him, if he were just of my age, at least I think not. He begged me like a true ~~love~~ romantic lover, to wait till I got home, before I answered, and asked me to write. The latter I consented to do. Was I wrong? He is a poetical dreamer, and will probably get all notions out of his head before the eighteen months is up. Would sensible frank letters once a month make things better or worse? — Don't tell this to Paul, but be like mother Gaylord, and keep it intact. I shouldn't have told you if I hadn't known you would do so. I didn't tell mother, because

I knew she would take it too seriously and wrong.

Now a piece of advice to you: — I have thought many times this summer of what you said one morning while bathing Warner, and what you repeated in your last letter, that if Paul didn't come home at night the whole day was a failure, or again that the whole effort of the day was consummated in the few hours you were with him. I said that day that it wasn't worth the whistle, and you replied quite rightly that I didn't know, and that any married woman would back you.

(Hurrah Italy is in sight. I must go and take a look.)

It is wunderschön: all the coast of Europe, as I have so far seen it, Gibraltar, Spain, Sardinia, Italy impresses me for its rocky mountainous shore. It is the color of an opal, or of a cloud on a summer's day, riding low in the sky. — But I can't describe it.

To return: now, after thinking I can say what I mean. I think a wife should serve her husband, should be all to him she can, but I think the less conscious she is of the effort, or even of the fact, the more she helps. Be so much of a reader, be so strong in your thinking and quiet in your action, be so clear minded and sunny-hearted that he must be with you all he can, but (and the preaching now has no *raison d'être*) don't think of it yourself, or if you must have a conscious motive make it the deepest possible and get it from religion, whatever religion you can think out for yourself as good. I don't say this because I think I know and can what you don't know and can't. I say it to let you know I am absorbed in your life and problems. Every time I see you I am impressed with the strength of character you are gaining. Mother and father said the same.

The Gleaner scheme is good, but (postpone?) pro-

pose it till spring, then the letters will be freer.

Now I shall think of you always these days. I am trying to be stronger and less dependent on and susceptible to other people's opinion, and to do my work well. I am thankful now that I can say you are in the world, bearing your burden, thousands of miles away, but near just the same. We are working together.

True love,

G.D.R.

I am sorry my first letter can't be read to Paul. You can explain. Give my love to mother, and a kiss to my dear little boy. I will write Mrs. G. (Gayland?) soon, tell her.