

1903

Hale, Edward

Susan Hale

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Brown's Town Jamaica

January 10. 1903.

Dear Edward, Mrs Delisse's Lodging

On the whole I think this village is one of the best of Emma Marc's conceptions. If you were here we could cut out more houses and set them about and I am rather sorry we made the Church, for it is ugly and takes too much room, but I don't say we'll get rid of it now. We could do more Coconut palms but I think there's enough, two in front of my door and one opposite and as you know they don't stand up very well. The tin-man's shop next door is paper, and do you know, he is Kaley there, and pounds on tin things, and throws the scraps out of window.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all -
Emma the Quaker said wants me to take her home when I go to England with Emily and Eliza with Albert.

At Port Antonio it was lovely, but I got tired with the Americans who arrived by every steamer, besides I had seen these long lengths, and had to face up to the red & the yellow. It is much better than there here, its quite cool here than it is. Mrs Lewis was very nice, I am just had a note from her. Mr Mitchell's are dead, and I think she is having a better winter. I hope mine (half an acre) of having as Mitchell's) but she doesn't like to be without them, or Mrs Lewis in Cambridge.

I got from Christmas Card out of the ^{English} ^{of Mrs} ^{myself}. You said it is so common like with you. This would be a good place for a Coal-strike, for there is no place to put any, or any who in it. The law makes me an expert like about their Christmas - but it is good that Arthur has more money (\$1000 per year) I am afraid it means more work. This is not a very good letter, but I have got tired of describing the bread fruit tree. I am very happy, and say well not a catarrh about me. With love from father

There are absolutely no books in
Jamaica, and that is a good
thing, as I don't have to read. But
strange to say Mrs Delesser has a
little book case with three rows
of chiefly Religious works, many
Jewish (for the late Delesser was
of that persuasion), Children's books,
the King's daughter a temperance tale,
and ^{mixed in} amongst them Vol. I of
the works of Heinrich Heine,
translated by Hans Breitmann,
(Charles Leland) This volume is
Poese, Florentine Nights, the Ladies
of Shakespeare &c. Did you ever meet
them? Strange stuff. — And besides
I see that a "Transient" has unearthed
a well-to-be-thumbed "Swiss Family Robinson"
and that is a good thing too. I will
read it when the transient is gone. Now
Nerius says she feels that we are living
in the book (but not in a tree)

Now really for once in my life off the track. There is no railroad
at this place, no electric, no stage, only private teams on our property
There is a Post Office and Station, yet Thomas never telegraphed
but no gas, no fire hose, no ~~whistles~~, no noise of any description
except the dogs that bark at night when there is moonlight
The Rev. Dr Wall is a white man, English, and Judson's his wife
is, though I haven't seen her. Rev McCarty of England is white
he is staying here trying to improve the morals of the blacks. All
the rest are blacks, and like them just as they are, most
friendly and very intelligent. My father came in this morning on a week,
and Mr. A. has the N. Y. Sun a week old. The rest of the town
sit on top of the post stairs, which are outside the house, with
their noses growing out of the cracks and a white sea food full of brown
at the bottom, watching the inhabitants going about with things on
their heads. Show fine cows - white and black, and I can't say
and Mr. A. takes nice one week. I've been here a week.



Addup Bank of Nova Scotia
Kingston Jamaica

Brown's Town, Jamaica, 70° 4½' am

January 19. 1903.

Dear Edward, I am sure I neglected to make the sign of
the ✕ $\frac{I}{W}$ in my last letter, and I was reminded of it
in the night by a glowing-worm that came and
sate on my Bed. Now the great Moon is gone it is
very dark in my room, and I woke up about four
and saw him on the sheet, like a big electric
spark of blue light. I spoke with him, and he
rem moved, and when I truly woke up just before
sunrise he was still there. They are often wandering
about and sitting in the roof, in fact fire-flies
but called ~~worms~~ ^{glow-worms}, and the light is on their Badders
beneath their wings. - Sent of hope for a letter from
you in the mail, it sometimes happens when you are
thinking of a person, but all I mean brought ^{from the P.O.} me, was
a fat envelope containing W.C paper which Miss Hadley
has mailed me, at my request, from Port Antonio. It
does not exist here.

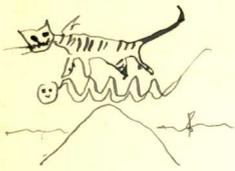
I am about leaving little Brown's Town, hearing as the
Landlady assures me, "absolutely captivated everybody". As
she was talking to me up on my Steps, amongst the Ambassadors
coming out of the Chapel opposite was a dark lady who had on

no boxes. ache - rough throat, no nose, flow, no cough, no sneeze

a broad red ribbon tied round her white gown. "That's you" said
the Landlady, and she is sure it is copied from my accustomed
morning-gown, though I don't exactly wear one & such.
I've had a splendid time here, so unexcited at first,
but lately I'm discovered by the few "Society" people in town
Rev Hall drove me in his buggy to a place he calls the Retreat
it's a beautiful low long verandahed cottage up among the hills
overlooking rolling country. Big rooms open from each other with
Cedar floors, satin-wood doors, great mahogany bedstead - there's
a "Barbecue" behind which is an immense stone platform
marked off in sections and rounds where they dry peanuts, coffee
chocolate-beans &c, and the house is surrounded by great shrubs
bare now for Jamaica, all blossoming according to their lights.
He showed me a ^{sublimely sort of} place full of bamboo-cuttings used as pots
& great chocolate-seeds for transplanting. The housekeeper put out her
land ^{and} laid hold of a great Mr Duck that was in hiding there. Two
cats and nine dogs are cunning themselves. Now this place used to belong
to Barratts; and even the brother of Elizabeth Barratt Barratt Barratt lived
there rather recently with a dusky (not) wife! But the estate has gone to
pieces like every else in Jamaica, and Rev Hall hires it for a while. Mrs S.



Malvern, Santa Cruz Mts.
2200 feet altitude, 70°
Saturday, Feb 21, 1903
7 1/2 am



Dear Edward,

I am writing as you see, on top of a mountain, where the wind flows most of the time at the rate of 70 miles an hour. As in both hate a wind, this constrains me to write you about it; but I hasten to say it's the most rapturous place to be in. The reason I didn't get to work earlier this morning was I couldn't quite decide which ^{of my two} windows to sit in, for the view; I am now between the two, and see the big Coconut Palm and the sun rising out of me, and the long stretch of forest and plain with the Ocean beyond out of both. It's not exactly a peak like Ararat but a broad somewhat level plateau we are on, a farm of 750 acres, kept in the Ransbachle manna of the Robert Mowings at Matunash.

Address: Park of Monte Soler, Kingston, Jamaica

The Great Bear on his tail, and Antiphanes' Chair set fast and square on its legs over the level of the Caribbean. [It's the best that having strayed all my life with the do and to shelling Mediterranean, I should now fall up against the P's and B's of the Caribbean.] Another nice thing, I recollect my companions, vicinates of the best there. Its dogs came out and said "I'm see very interesting my hole nearly because I'm writing. There are but three of them, worthy Carolina, Mrs Kelly first art, Mrs S. had Miss S. than lists, who has dogs, which is why they came. They are collecting shingles looking in any place of museum. He has been regretting that the three - next worst to, so it was natural, that first of no, then, mine-hill, after, he beside walking a mile "without getting a tick on him" & say - "Stop, you are just like the clock." He likes to say joke - "After the ladies by slight inquiry learns that Mrs Mrs S. find of leaving but could make a guess, and sent a pair of trousers Mrs S. said, "My mother could not she has now been obliged to, for my father was a tailor."

I don't mind these excellent folks the
least in the world. In fact I am
sorry for them, and would try to amuse
them with my nation dances, except
they don't see anything amusing about me.
He sort of looks like Betty, and is so
amplified with the women that I could be
very nice to him, but that would worry
them. They come from a town near Niagara.
I'm so snug here now, I mean to stay
a couple of weeks longer, then drive down
through the Och-Pit County, which will
take three days ^{back} to Browns Town, and thence
to on to Spanish Town and Kingston to
Lynn & make ready to prepare to return
to Port Antonio, and sail in my
Watson for Philadelphia on (I think it is)
the 14th April; - pause a moment at
Athens, and then open the house at
Matunck May 1st - I am splendidly
well, none of our Catawba things or Bronx.
Here its much cooler than the Coast where
it was 80° under a lined street at midnight
but the air is very dry and pure here, and
never below 68° - at noon 76° -

She stopped to look over your letters, Jan 10th and Jan 24th - you
see I did get them - the first crossed mine of Jan 10th, and
I have not written since. I got, besides, your checking Post-Card
of Madison Square with presents - I believe it was the Plaza though.
It was a splendid account you wrote of your visit to Delaware
and Princeton. I love the Pine Man, she you know, is detested
by May Davis Moulton who was a little girl with her in Syracuse -
she says she lies. - Your second letter is all about Whooing Confession
and I bleed to think of little Nathan with it, I wish I had him here.
Every one seems to think Tom won't mind it, but that's hard on him.
Well, perhaps they will be all well by the time you get this.
The Parents and Kelly seem very happy today their sisters, in-law
and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren. It's a good thing for
them to have so many close at hand - In his last letter, George
said he might perhaps come to Jamaica and go home with me!! and
I am in feverish anticipation, it would be so delightful for me. Peggy Hart
also is thinking of coming in a Yacht he has made with his brother in law

let finished, Mrs. Gorbie, Mrs. Jackson

This is the full list of animals on this place.

At least 11 pigs -
Mules, cows, horses, little donkeys, all
many wild birds, hens, chickens, wasters
pigeons, quinea-hens, dogs, cats, (all
brought from the soil) a monkey
chained to a monkey-house, and a
Parrot in a tin-cage that says "Monkey."

- See also that I forgot to explain that
this separate little house was vacant on
account of the death of a man who spent
the winter in it, one Hayes, with consumption.
Since that event, it has been deserted, but

over

I persuaded the Landlady,
worthy Mrs Lawrence, (a dame
of my age, with a slight
tinge of Jamaica colour in
her veins, but for the most
part Scotch), to let me come
here; and after a week of
scrubbing and purifying and
white washing and mending
panes and taking pains,
they have consented, though
the Darks, who are most
superstitious, feared greatly;
and Ada came up very early
with my coffee to see if I
were alive.

End of the P.S. and of the letter.

To Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

Malvern, Feb. 22, 1903.
Sunday, G. W.'s birthday,
10 minutes past 7. 68° F
same as 20° C

Good morning, Hermann! This was my accost to you as I took my early trip in wrapper & slippers exactly at six o'clock. The sun wasn't up (but the eastern sky all a coppery glow,) and now it is shining in at my south window, making the long fronds glisten of the cocoanut tree out there, and rousing our eleven pigs from their slumber in orange coloured dirt.

Since I wrote last I have moved into a house all to myself. It reminds me (to laugh!) of the Prophets Chamber at Harley Johnston's place, remember? at San Isidro California, they called the "Bug Light." This is how it looks (picture) and I go up these stone-steps and round this verandah and in at this door. My ceiling goes up into the peak of this roof, just as you see it outside. Stone foundation, wood above. My apartment is 11 x 16 feet, about 4 feet partitioned off flimsily, making an ante-chamber where my great big tub is for my bath, my trunk (and fur-cape). My sleeping Palace Curtains a great mahogany bedstead, bit "Press" as they call wardrobes, and ample toilette and washstand. Two heavy old mahogany chairs, and oh wonder! a low easy chair that isn't a "Rocker". (Have I mentioned that all Jamaica is destroying its Spine by lol-ling back in rocking chairs rocking incessantly?) There are four posts to my bed, and a great Tester with loops. I'm so enchanted with my residence that I think I may never come back--and you know this temperature (marked on my date) is the same all the year round. Perhaps you think it's carnal to be so interested in creature comforts, but if you admit that only four nails on a wall is not enough to hold everything in your trunk you will think I've done well not to mention such trifles before--For these privileges and very fair food, of course the Run of the "Great House," and the Perfect Climate, the price is two pounds a week--\$10. I should add (thrown in) the absolutely perfect Sunsets which take place every evening from my verandah.

Now about their stars. Every other place was shut off at the South. Here it is untrammelled sky all round, but the Moon has had possession until now. The first night I slept up here,--Friday it was,--I was so excited I kept jumping up all night to see the Southern Cross and things. Now you see (I suppose I've told you things like this before, in Mexico) here is Scorpio, now: (pictures) and the Southern Cross down here at 3 a.m. Of course, when Scorpio as we always see it in summer, is fallen forward thus, and generally half below our horizon, then the Southern Cross is far below our Horizon and we can't think of seeing such a thing. I wish I had the Celestial Globe here, in fact I forgot to bring any star map, but a common Northern one is no good.

Well: things being thus, and the stars in their right courses, I think I shall stay here couple of weeks more. I'm so glad I escaped from stupid little Mandeville. That will bring us to March 7, and I can drive down (look at your nice map of Jamaica) to see Black River only 13 miles from here, I can see now Alligator Bay, with real alligators, near it) drive from there to Kendal, about 40 miles (Kendal is on the Railway, but God forbid I should take the Railway again) meet there "Dan" from Browns Town with his "trap" or Buggy, and drive 30 miles to Browns Town. See my friends there and

press their hands, and then across country again to Spanish Town, week,--Kingston, week,--and so round to Port Antonio for my Watson, sailing (I think) April 14 for Philadelphia. # # #

Don't it seem wonderful to be planning the wind up of my trip so soon. It's gone like a flash, and certainly a success. I am wonderfully well, and in the finest spirits. Only one thing may worry the constituents (this is a joke) my gray hair is turning a beautiful auburn (such as Mrs. Washburn acquires by Art) through the orange tint in the water, from the soil. It may wash off at Port Antonio, but not here, for the more you wash it the auburner it is.

I shall know more about Jamaica when I get through than most "Tourists", certainly more than any one Inhabitant for they are all absolutely ignorant of any part of the Island beyond their own yards, and are so prejudiced that everybody urges you not to go anywhere else.

By the way (thinking of how unknown this region is) there's a fine furnished old Jamaica House about three miles from here, with a view more beautiful than this, I'm told, which we could hire for a year for £40, or £20 for the winter months. Want to come? Put in a few Nigs with Bandannas on their heads, and that's all we require. # # # I don't write much about your Coal difficulties because I keep hoping they will come to an end. It's hard to believe you need any coal, when a stick of wood under an Iron Pot 3 times a day is all we require. You often meet here walking along the road somebody dark person, carrying a lighted stick to the next hut to light their fire. # # # # # # #

I should not trouble you about them, except
for my reminding them of Mrs Wadleigh,
and ^{their} asking if you were my Relative.
Well here I sit, and some chance of
getting somewhere tomorrow or next day -
You know I am much later coming home
than I intended or wished to be. In
the first place everybody napped me out
& come home and die on their hands,
and then the Fruit Co was very wobbly
about ^{the time opening of} these ships, so I kept staying on
and on at Port Antonio, where in fact
it is most enchanting, and good to be -
actly I got dead tired of certain Jackasses
who have to be there. But Edward dear,
you know I have had lots of fun with Nan,
she don't wholly approve of me, but I think
in the end she came & rather love me,
at any rate to be amused by my stater
stances. She tried to correct and improve
my behaviour in certain matters, forgetting
it's useless to try to teach an old horse new
tricks, but I didn't mind it in the least
it quite amused me to have a Mentor -
there are times when I should have been
a bit contented without the very great
friendly news of the Mitchells, and we had

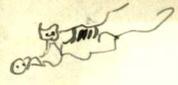
all for
I may get talks, chiefly discussing the objects who wish to join
There was a time when we thought quite fully would all come back
with me on this western, but they change (these things) and first
at what is [1840] to be we are making last of the week the Atlantic
and they will allow that about the time of Philadelphia
New machinery is much more cumbersome than mine, men, hair,
boxes, bags, they cost me by at the last moment) thanks, unfortunately
Henry Knickerbocker. You'll have a fine apple and my first paper.
= You have had a healthy delightful winter, and put as well as
prices as winter; mine so, however I haven't got growing etc
on my mind, having sent it. The climate suits me absolutely,
to have been for me, even at 84 in the shade, and then
to be out - Mrs Constance is so delicious - I shall see change
and in fact have already made Steamship Service, there,
and feel clearly that it is not below 70° yet. UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
But I hope, I am so robust and well, and in my fine spirit. STEAMSHIP LINES.
May, I feel through, even with a little cold and venereal of the heart
and when the 2' venereal of the Northern American

Form 137
SUBJECT:
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP LINES.

Until Friday, 8th
Bengal, May 4. 1903
at that Hotel Chombite.

Dear Edward
It was too bad you couldn't come,
we had a great time on Sybil's
birthday, with, amongst other things,
one of them Razon Back Hams,
which Arthur & I had been tittling
with again for breakfast, and he
recalled your pleasure in the same
food. Certainly it is most delicious.
This was an early breakfast, (and
at now only 7 1/2 o'clock) for Parker and
Arthur to start on their travels. Arthur
must needs go to Kitching, and
this has changed all my plans and
hopes, for he begged so me to stay till
he came back that I gave in (for his
family reasons) and thus I had given
up starting in March, and mean to
shoot through (or by Federal) on Friday
next to Boston, Thombite and Gore -

the kind of... had... this abroad... had... had...



the show is they really are delicious because I would
probably get more, they're United Fruit Co, without having any.
but my thing they are no better than average bread exports.
= Sybil was 13 yesterday. She wore one of my waists at dinner
and it fits her perfectly, - rather singular, as you see. She
is just about my height but her shoulders are 2 inches
higher. So are Kelly's, by the way :- Saborgo says she looks
Sybil can wear my stockings shoes and clothes. Her own
shoes are much bigger, but that's their fault. - She has her
her hair looked back please, with a great back but short, and
Nelly last evening looked stunningly handsome, and she has
Kathleen in the museum and others of civilization, she
quite surprised about her - Franka comes to the Miltrey.
to play, the hair was playing for that. Kelly was here. She is
now in the arms of Saborgo. What are you doing now? She
think of Saborgo (the girls are going to Nidwilde, say & Miltrey's
5th Ave. see how...)

Lovey

Jackie, Phate & Chy here so long, I
am so full of things I want to
attend to; - but needs must, Aley
also thinks I ought to, and Old
Arthur is so good to all his Fattens
and Aunts he ought to be encouraged.
So I shall hope get to Thomdillo
Friday night, and thence start the
Summer Machine toiling, get maids,
flour, small clocks, and whatever else
is needed, and incidentally clothes
in myself, in Sam in Bags - I
have written preliminaries to all Matush
& have the House Ready for me on
the 16th May, that's Saturday week -
The sea part of this is a Trick & keeps
me from going there too early, but I
must and shall be there by then, -
"alive or dead" at Tom says. I shall
myself I shall do better there than
elsewhere, for its this artificial heat
with shut up doors and windows that
kicks me out. - How am I in doing

pretty well, and I lament my vice towards the street and
winter suits of Jamaica. There seems not you know
the weather, 83° on the barometer, but what Sam
with a Bang & 88° and the it is now, or nearly to -
But no matter for that matter. Just expect to be warm
at Jamaica. - I am wishing you, Susan Arthur is, a
for "Stops in the shades" which my teacher in Port Antonio
say are the best of the Jamaica cigars. Oh see if you
like them, - that is, your Real opinion, for Samuel like to them,
they said they might as he wanted the price increased, but
that just the length of my voyage could make them fit,
As you can go right in or there, that is why I put them there
for Matush, for you'd not enjoy them now. They are my present,
but you'd like to have the price, they cost 10^{ten} shillings for 25 cigars
that's 10 cents apiece, - No truly would a man with the best of it. - I shall

R. F. D.

11 51 A.M. 1903
WARREFIELD
R. I.



THE SPACE ABOVE IS RESERVED FOR POSTMARK.

POSTAL CARD.

THE SPACE BELOW IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Prof. Edward E. Hale jr.
Union College
Schenectady N.Y.

Not to say, but did you get
a box of Cigars, Golfinas Ideales,
that Arthur was to express —
I want to know whether they are
good; because we might send to

Mum — W. A. Matumb
Delicious so!
May 15. 1903.

Wakefield R.I. R.D. Route 1.

May 20, 1903

[Pat keeps on addressing
Matthew R.I.]



My dearest Man,

Here is your letter. I guess
Arthur never sent the cigar. The
poor man is terribly busy, and my
ridiculous affairs kept his whole
staff on their legs, especially
after I left, for people kept on sending
my things & his address. I am ^{as for hope}
sweetly sitting on my piazza, when
I finished a perfect breakfast a
little while ago. The weather is a
miracle, Regular Jamaica; it seems
as if I must have brought it. People
exasperate me by saying "do be careful,"
as if it were my own intention to
sit with my feet in ice water, and
no clothes on in the middle of the
Road; but as matter of fact, the
South Porch is as warm as any other
part of the United States just now.

and most of all, my dear, while I am the brown and
flouring. I am glad you are off on your walk, it
must be lovely with you, for it is here, and your bankbook
is more full than ours. But bill to several posts.

I was vice Temp in ~~Boston~~ ^{Boston}. He has a little more

I got off in Europe; for years I had asked him

spend a month at Florida with her and her and

Mrs. Alexander, and they the same in London, with her

John and Sylvia and Mrs. Davis. His Boy on whom he

learned as a form of thought in absence, heard Peter

& the one and had the coat for to, so he has returned

himself & his business. But he is well now, and with his
must go up there again for a day and get the things that are
not ready to work. And no more more

Regard me as a Pot boiler. Love,
Sharon

would to come now for next week
but I wrote them to wait for the
Brooklines, and havent heard since
Perhaps they are mad. Probably not.
I think they will be here about the
20th and not sooner. Anyhow, they are good.

I do feel very badly about the summer
and in a measure about the Pillsys;
but its done and I dont think that
will be very bad. I was in a hole;
with the news flying like forests.
Fires that I had an empty house,
and great danger from the wrong
applicants. The weeders have tried
to stop & have the Pillsys, &c. &c. &c.
I thought then it was all entirely
out of the question & have you fairly.
= Dont dont lets talk about it =. For
thy you speak of - I dont think
there any permanency about the Pillsy
(some syllable lacking here) plan. In the
first place, his females are cranks;
they are sure not to like it here, then
I am no longer committed to the
arrangement

and further, Pillsy is his Viceroy's letter, says "for one summer"
Several times, as if a recurrent ray coming in a continuation
In fact, if you look, you can enjoy the top of the mountain
in 1904 - (this is a joke) Stephen, Selwyn Wood, and others.
as if this house were the natural summer home of your family.
Perhaps we shall all be rich as the sea. If Mrs. T. can hold
you back a no. I would be rolling in money & diamonds - etc.,
then, your money is a treasure for the history of money about all
years investment he can now make, in New York, etc., etc.
N. will give a letter & they expect to land. He came here, and
stayed two hours. But there was nothing to write into me, both
than for you, would they new then under your water-water.
which would be to prevent that money's with it, climbed out
of the pocket his jaw & straighten the fighting back into the hole.
as if he were not interested and could provide a second divorce.
But he a Handy man.

By
O'Brien

July 28. 1903.

MATUNUCK,
R.I.

Dear Edward,

I have yours: as yet not
any from Rose, but I write
by mail just to say that,
now, the Turbulent Parents
have decided to leave here
Friday, ^(31st July) any way; but I still
shall rejoice to see Rose and
her tribe if they decide to come.
Lucretia Hoar has written a
beseech-ful letter to Parker
asking them to come to the
Sholes and comfort his wife
who is down in her mind for
some reason, I believe everybody is
dead in her family or something.

So they are to be off, taking
them Abigail with them;
and after a few days visit
the Hoars, will seek the
shelter of Harriet Freeman
in the west of August.

This makes lots of work here -
George is coming Friday for
Sunday on account of the

Annual Library Meeting
Saturday p.m. - On the 14th
there is a Play at Willow
Park for the Benefit of the
Library - a fine quarrel on
already amongst the performers
but that's no consequence.
So if you have Rose write to

Send her along, and she will be
(this word is figuratively) welcomed
Nurse Schan's be "mad" if she
has to come. His feeling will
all good that being pleasant



August 14 1903.

Dear Edward

I just swam in the
Historic Conique. Seems to
me like it as well as
anything of Anatole. Its too
nice and naked, very tragic
in the end. I quite love
Robert, and Mrs Kauteril
was an excellent person. I
am sending it to Arthur,
do you mind? for him to
show to you. - Perhaps I enjoy
it more than you, as a
relief from Mrs Ma Mason's
conversation concerning the crowd
and the Providence. She drove

We nearly coary yesterday p.m.
discussing the pedigree of
that Suzette Collins (her
Grandmother, that is her
mother on the grandmothers
side was a Russell. I must
know the Russells, are you
not families. He ran away
with his Aunt, and there is
no money now because her
Aunt, she was a Lord, speculated
but it's a very fine family" who
didn't build on my hill.

That Edward, I feel so
horrid about Jamaica, that
I couldn't sleep for thinking
of my Account Palace that
was & glitters in the moonlight
light of the face of creation.

So I want undertake to write any more now.
Frank says you are back in school again, what
does Frank, but the summer is hanging
along. I will write when I feel more like it.

Edw. M. M. M. M. M.

Just tell this conversation with Eliza about
wishes nothing in Ice. "Eliza why don't you
you cheeks in the Bank?" "No, I don't know
on these trees, - "It raises the bilious & than

then out, I believe my account by night, and you

you check in the bank. Why don't you see them? I made

It would cost me a fortune. - "I'm out, fail? I don't know" "I
willing say that" "Getting the money back would come higher

the nature of a deposit
has an account



7 1/2 an
Luccinus by
Spleen 22?
1903.

San Edward

I was about writing to you; -
Had now I didn't for I am filled up
with joy at getting your splendid
long letter last night as I was reading
I mention Edward before my fire which
wasn't lighted and mended my lamp which was.
Last week, say Tuesday Wednesday and
Thursday, were the most Hellish days
I've known, here or elsewhere, and I
went round the house quoting you
in that similar affliction one Autumn
(was it last year? don't you remember?)
when there was a fire over the Job
Clark's furnace, and the best wind
from the smoke and sticks got here
Dyther into heat and wind and heat
and mosquitoes and flies. We were trying
to eat at the Card-table (spread for dining)
in the Pig Parlour, and you said Susan that
the day ever made.

The story came at the store when, in news, Bull and
his wife came by telephone, six strong, and I didn't see
Latham say, and in the middle then Kelly to say. What
I liked and I expect, the wheels - Mason would
not and the 9 September: - then like the fall, and
no more money, then funds are needed, then
that no; they stayed and stayed and finally picked out the
what where the funds had to. A tree was a
of growing trees, and the funds got their train
by hours. Funds had to help build B. City from
Kelly, and the main carefully obtained from being in
that Mr. had a reputation time by several weeks
being statements, and being upon Lamb which was
up in the house. I want to write Rose at about
who are much grown up and in front under
and also about a Charles party New Year's party
my God and Christmas. In all growing in it. I want to write
to the maps
and the maps
and the maps

Dear Edward: I was so pleased
into the idea that Anatole
was "disgusting" that I was laughing
joyously, just now, when Polly came along
and looked in at the window. She has
been out with her gun since sunrise
and is now on her way home to breakfast
into very draggled skirts and no game.
She saw a Rabbit, but nothing else was up
so early. - But she shot a snipe Sunday -

②
1913
Sept 29. 8 am.

But as to the Book I thought it very
beautiful, only most pathetic, and in fact
quite dreadful that that Lump of a
Man should succeed in coming between two
such nice persons, even after he was dead.
I thought she was very nice without her clothes
I must be very unregenerate. I'm afraid I
was wrong to recommend it to Harriet Brewster.
I forgot about clothes, or rather the lack of them
- You see you letter came in our account
Evening mail, 7 p.m.

Enjoy my letters at any time of course, and in the
evening when they come, I now read them and
the Sun by my Lamp and Wood. fire before
I go to bed at eight. But in the morning I
have to read the letters over again (if there are
any) & enjoy their flavour with my morning wits.

I have been writing ~~some~~ concerning coming to you
Early in November. I hope that is pleasing
& you both - I hate to think of leaving here any
earlier, but I might be driven off by the peatiness
winds of the winter. I hope to the phenomenon of snow
which I haven't met for a long time. Nice to have
your letters. Mrs. T. How I told you that I think you
could bear to read "Uncultivated Field"
by George Moore?

Keep reading lots of stuff. Eliza White's latest for one thing

Oct 3. 1903.
Matamoras Nt

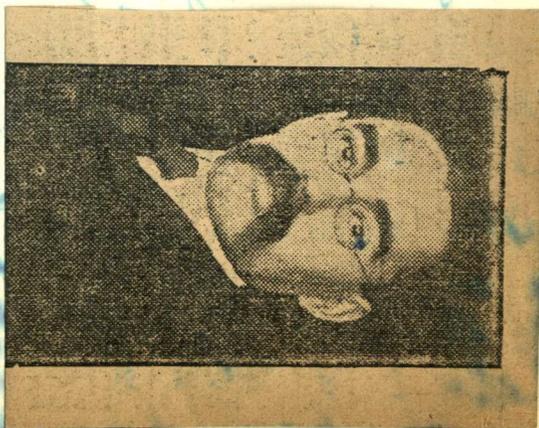


Dear Edward

I think Tatchipan might have
been a sort of Rayner, don't you? —
Tatchipan possibly Harriet Freeman —
ought they seem all Men, the Pens.

I must have read Lawrence in the
time it came out, I suppose in
the early fifties or late forties. —
about the time in fact or not
much after the completion of the
War - Song of the Cats. I wonder that
the Romany Chis and the Romany Chel
should have escaped me then.

It is rather odd that I was reading
late a long note about Gipsies
in the end of Quentin Durward.
Which I have been reading as a
re-active after a quantity of novels
by young females, such as Eliza White
which have come upon me



That you like this
Crown Lawrence?
sure he is a
nice man

It says the "few arts they studied with success were of a slight and idle high ingenious description. Many were good chatters, good musicians, and masters in a word of all those trivial arts the practice of which is little better than idleness." The note is very interesting and I was thinking of being a jipsey, but you seem glad we are not.

Marlette (she Geraldine) were fierce upon the Cats War Song, we sang it with crossed hands daily at dinner, Gerald abetting, Marlette screaming at the top of his lungs "tail at the end of the Badder!"

Mrs. Masa and Sara late arrived; and the last evening, round the drift-wood (out of a crockery pot), Clara we attempted an explanation. In their own literal translations still they are dumb. Marlette said "Now you see what it means?" "No we don't," they both said.

"Why," said he, "Clara at the end of their parade"
"The ups," said Betty face very cold, "in see what that parade means, but we don't see what it means. Very likely they are with the Edward it is glorious to try, just a little all the rest by you see at one moment of six and a half
Everything up, and that breakfast out now. I shall
Lester's door and butchers office) Knechtling under
just today, and there a the corner of the right way were
Hanging with the low down at their back. I shall for one
see. I should be even better than being alone
I am feeling badly about Herbert, I mean Miss Michael
It was a horrid man - I mean him a little in Franklin
My heart was arranged in the ways. I am a John - he is very smelling
Quite different from writing this to you now -


 Matamoras No.
 Pt: 27.
 1903
 1/2 am
 28°+



Love & Care

Dear Edward,
 You remember when you used Franklin to warm his shirt then cold mornings before putting it on? It is something like that now, as you see by my attitude above.
 Polly has now come in and finished my breakfast (Johnny cakes made with all cream) and she is reading a child's letter to her Husband until there is hope for breakfast at Willow Dale. They are all packed and garnished to go tomorrow. Now I am waiting to clear out today its so cold, but Michael says "all here is about it, we cant go."

doing had to fill the kettle with the hot water, I suppose
 fresh the ice in the water-tub. The room is
 Stone dead, and now the pipes leading from the
 Pump is frozen, so she'll have to have a plumber
 for her. I would go with the Ford in my bath
 it looks chilly this evening. Stay & see you
 I wish you were to be in New York where I
 have ordered two tickets for the train from
 in Saturday night, and you could have one
 & have it with you. — I have had
 I have not up all my envelopes, so you will be
 I might find a line from you at Manhattan

I am disappointed, my dear, not
to see you this next week; but
it is well as it is, for Sally
Church writes me they are delighted
to have me come sooner. So I shall
take a morning train Tuesday for
Olana and stay there about ten weeks.
But you want to come over while
I am there? We might go back
together. [Louis has an Automobile.]
If it cold now just as like as
not it will be a mild November.
The children (Susan, Polly
Rayner and Jim) have been doing
great things with canoes. They
went by their big canoe round
the smaller circuit of the Pond.
[Something wonderful I mean] with
the Parents in it, i.e. dit. Gov. and
James who are much delighted with the

from sailing, though they would let whole others tell
Sunday Jim and Polly took them (all four) round the
Salt Pond, this time it was James and "Shady" about
an old beam of wood, sweetest party in the church.

to be me I do none of these things but it is possible
my fire and had the Providence Universal

very truly well, and we do not fancy my letters & the

well. This old ballaint day is kind of James,
I hate the old, and long to get out of it. James

is quite sure is the least of me. Dr. Farber says
the corner the other. James to now and when my book

like the fine strong woman. — I don't mention that

Monday evening Nov 2^o, 1909



CABLE ADDRESS.
WETHERHAWK.

604, 12th Flg
8 1/2 am after
breakfast

[Care L. P. Church
Madison New York
I hope to see you there]

Dear Edward

Well I am in my favorite spot
of earth, sitting looking off on the River
as usual, and reading my Sun, ^{in the} open
I am disappointed in one or two ^{window}
things, but really don't mind them
very much. I wrote Nan about my
coming, and asked her to lunch ^{on Saturday}
with my worthy Jamaica lady,
Miss Alice Adams of Mutton's Bay -
But Nan didn't answer and didn't
come. I thought she would tell Alice
about my being here, for I have not
got Alice's address - I think they
are probably out of town, but perhaps
they scorn me. No great matter
anyway. Did you ever see such perfect
weather. It seems a pity not to be
at Mutton's. I brought away a great
bunch of Mutton's Morning's Cheyranthemums
which are on my window-seat. [over]



but the bottom was out there, and on the whole I was glad to learn
It's fearfully uncomfortable ^{there} to have no water in the house (for W.C
or bathing purposes) though Lory was diligent in hauling up pails from
the Pond for me and her own needs. Here I have my Bata Room;
and a great Rush of water comes busting out of a great height
that alone is worth the \$10 a day. I have you letter, and wish you
were here with me to enjoy this simple pleasure of seeing the water
burst out, and still more to go with me to the Criterion to see
the Man from Blankenship. I saw it Saturday night and should like to
see it again always every night while I live. Charles Hastry is
superb, but besides that there is such a laughable collection of Guests
at the dinner. The whole Play is to sit and see them come in, then
Conversation is excellent but not so good as their get up. It reminds
me exactly of our "Thanks giving" in 6 Hamilton Place when you were
born when "Philetus" and his wife, and Cousin Eunice, and "little
Miss Potliver" and "little Oliver" who was 80 and six feet tall. These, in the
Play all sat round a great round table and had things passed to them
But perhaps you saw it. 'Tis next day you saw
See *

Sunday,
Nov. 15. 1903.

OLANA,
HUDSON-ON-HUDSON.



Dear Edward

We are all very sorry that
you can't make it this time; -
Louis and Sally are most anxious
about you coming, and hope you
will do so any time you can. They
will be here since the Christmas
if you could just telephone you are
coming and come along. We
have been talking about it ever
since I came; there are some
obstacles at first such as Win
Church and his wife being here, I
Sally and I thinking it would be
better for them you by ourselves,
and other things I may tell you
about when I come. This latter
part we have been having lots of fun

Telephoned
are telephoned
into Catskill.
from Hudson straight to Louis, writing back how
there is no communication any longer

The room is better now, drink water again a telephone
telegraph. As if you telegraphed into, it was terrible. I
was in the district here than it, and in such sorry
shape when if he had any evidence, you could have
been walking on your swift legs. The letter came very
soon after he had sent the telegrams, and I read it &
wonder, so in case of thought you would come, but he
wasn't, until he got his letter late on -
I have lots of things to talk about, but none I squeeze
with the rest of this sheet, so write that. I got
just, tried in New York in the heat, and for two or three
days had a cold and felt bad, but now I am in the
best. Packing of dogs, with Misses Rose is the most important
part in the house. He is about as big as a weaver, but expect
to be pretty one to, riding with us in the museum soon. My letter.

into the Motor Car. Louis is just
cracked about it, and I am
convinced the vehicle was invented
for the enjoyment of elderly ladies.
Louis always hated to drive, and
still more to have Michael drive,
the two fat correct horses which
could only traverse well accustomed
roads and take a year or so to
wind up the Sacred Avenues to
this Palace ^{invented} ~~visited~~ by Mr. Church
& make the place seem as large
and remote as possible. Now we
go hawking down the hill, nip, snap
round the curves, out in the open
in less than a jiffy, and whizzing
off to Tivoli or Kinderhook in the
twinkling of an eye. The tourneau
is most comfortable. Whetever heat
makes the thing go warms our feet. I
suppose in summer it would be done
by ice instead. You may expect
anything from a Modern Invention.

Saw dearfully very about show. An painted nurse
wrote me in haste that she was to be & come
to my party, but I didn't write & she is very
& I can't say & she about the probability of your
not meeting in Jamaica, but now if seems likely I shall
not be there myself — but I will learn that tonight
the car meet. However, is Miss going to be able to learn
you this week? But you want me still to delay? Can
she go & come with a plaster leg? Or will I wish to see
Miss on the 10th all ready and done & come on Thursday
evening just before without Miss's permission? at any one
time late, & my father mind the best train would be 1-41
The Madam among Secretary, 3-17. All trains with the knowing
an attorney.

leaked yesterday, and made a great
Pond in my ceiling, but it dont
come down on me. Perhaps it is a Torous
Plaster. That pair are not kee very
much. They flew to New York having
deposited their property and Furniture,
and found an Apartment Geta thinks
in Washington Square (Nath)
and today they are spending Sunday, to
is Dudley, at the Charles Heards.
Mary and Robby are immersed into
me Nurse, the other has gone
out for the day, in a bedding
hat like this. All the rest
are gone to Church, except Mrs Cochran
who is morbidly making dry toast in
the kitchen. It's very nice here, really,
and the Parents very kind and cordial
helly of course is a Saint, and Abby
excuses my letters from Perdition. Ma
also I think is a Saint, for there
are periods when we are all sweet wash
in distance at breakfast yesterday, when
Geta had been in bed, Betty came down
and wanted egg. Mary and
Dolly felt out as the bath was held
in the Regatta.



became in nurse was taking up Geta's breakfast
Richard, Rallie came in the other, Jaha went to his table,
they did the last & ~~protect~~ protect me from having ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~reappear~~ ^{reappear}
somebody I guess has to all the time at the table
this greatly helly, which prevents her from being ^{happy when she}
= But Jhad an excellent hilly. Soup went me a great
got it hilly with various perfume. I wore them & ^{hills} ^{hills}
William's wooden, which was lovely, in their Palace, all in
with just Gela, Katherina, Maria, and Mrs William the Boy
the had hillyed Chankapne! and got it herself, as usual,
out of the other with a great key like the heads. He had
also check - sent by Maria who was out the day after
William's went away to Maria's, and left in his ^{hilly} ^{hilly}
Maria's home we have no to hilly with a great ^{hilly} ^{hilly}
the roads are hilly, and I saw certain ^{hilly} ^{hilly}
of them, although I have taken my ^{hilly} ^{hilly}

To Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

2004.
Hotel Litchfield,
Port Antonio, April 5th
1904.

Dear Edward; this is your Sunday letter and moreover your Birthday one. # # # # #

I want to record my great adventures on the Delta before I forget, so I will devote this letter to the same. # # #

On the Tuesday, James took my trunks down to the Wharf betimes, and I was all ready; we kept being told different things about my ship, and dinner was pre-poned and postponed a dozen times. About 2 we heard the toot of the Delta, (you know she sails round and round the Island putting into Ports). Alfred rushed in and said he had seen the Purser going up the street. I then had two telegrams and a written message to the same effect. Dinner was served about 3. Mrs. Aaronson and I drove to the Office on the Wharf. (It's about as far as Matlacks). We alighted and Alfred drove swiftly back and brought Miss Ella and Miss Lou. We all sate waiting (and jesting) in the Office, a kind of open Barn surrounded by Barrels and Freight, till the rest of the Passengers came, and then they and me climbed down into a great dig-out boat (having kissed all the ladies), the Purser got in and we were pushed off to the ship. I had now the first opportunity of studying the Delta. She is apparently the remains of some Caravel left by Columbus at Dry Har-
bout when he sailed thence (and never cleaned since), but the deck in the stern proved very charming, stretching across the ship with a roof to protect from too much sun. Below were the cabins (six in all) built round the dining-table in a salon only ventilated by a Hump up on Deck. The Bilge Odour in here was beyond words; but my Cabin, opening off of this Salon had fresh air from a wind sail and the Port-Hole wide open. There was a Bathroom, very decent, where I had a bath next morning at sunrise, water being brought in Cans by a Boy. The Soiled Wash of Ages was in a great Basket in the Bath-room, and men's white jackets were hanging on hooks. The other passengers were Dr. Andre and two young ladies who had given a Hypnotic Performance the night before (they gave another here last evening) and a Strange Man who went on to Kingston, his name remaining unknown, quite pleasant. I soon settled myself up on the charming deck. It was approached by a Ladder, at the foot of which, on the main deck, flowed a sluggish fat greasy stream out of a keg a sort of Pactolus, which had to be crossed every time I stepped off or on the ladder, rather troublesome with a long gown, and my work-basket in my hand, but no matter. The Captain, the Purser, and all the officers were most assiduous these latter are all Henglish, well-bred and seamanlike. They are picked up at Bristol, Liverpool, etc. by the Haggart Co, which has ships all over the world, and take their chance of going round and round on the Delta till they are promoted or dead. Little Midshipman Fleet was a nice little fellow, wild with joy at having a civilized lady to confide his woes to. As I hate the lounging chair which prevails on such ships the Captain sent me his Basket Chair which followed me round everywhere. Cap-
tain Hanck: he is a worthy German, much bored by his profession.

So there I sate except for going up and down to Bed and Board, doing my cross-stitch, chatting and watching the lovely scene, from 4 o'clock p.m. Wednesday to 10 p.m. Thursday. We were near the shore which is very beautiful, coming out of Montego Bay in the sun-

set lights was like same at Palermo, where the ship was not much cleaner (certainly the one we sailed in there from Cagliari was filthier) besides being unsafe). We tied up at Falmouth for the night. I climbed up to my top-berth, for air, as it had the open Port Hole right in it. I wondered how I should ever get down, and falling asleep dreamed I was down and standing in the middle of the floor; but when I woke at dawn I was still up there in the top-berth and there was Falmouth, framed in the round hole, with golden sky behind. I scrambled down successfully, had bath, nice coffee, and (in my clean white wrapper) came out on the lower deck. Ours was being washed down so I could not be there. I looked about for a tolerably clean flour-barrel, and sat up on it to watch the Sunrise. Captain saw me from his bridge, and summoned me up there where it was fresh cool and lovely (800 below). We sailed into Rio Bueno. At every Port Purser Burke goes ashore in our Boat to show his papers etc. Lighters, Heavy-ers better name, come out to take merchandise we bring them, and other lighters to bring merchandise for us to take elsewhere. We left Flour, Paint, Oil, Biscuits, all American Supplies. Heaven knows what we took, except there was a whole cut down forest of Bitter-wood logs which is used in making Beer. Before 8 we were approaching Dry Harbour 10 miles below Brown's Town, where I had hoped to meet Dr. Miller, but we were much earlier than Schedule (!) time. The dear man, I hear since, was driving down in his buggy having started at dawn, when he heard our Toot and knew he was too late, so he turned round and went back to breakfast.

But at St. Anns, (after passing Runaway Bay) Purser brought back my admirer Guantlett with him, splendidly got up, in a new Jippy-Jappa hat, and red tie, you know he is blacker than Loisy, with light curly hair which he oils to prevent the woolly effect. But he is a well set up fellow, and the Hypnotists admired him greatly. He stayed while we were loading and unloading and when he went off, took a telegram to warn Litchfield that I might be as late as midnight.

You can't think how pretty little St. Anns looked from the Bay. The little church spire I keep telling you about, painted red and green like a German village in a Box. It's too enchanting. I must go there some more, if I ever come back. You see I know every inch of this ground, from the land, and it was most interesting to see it from the water, a sort of Review, geographically. We soon passed the Roaring River falls, plainly visible from sea, like a great glacier, then came along by Ocho Reos, Ora Cabessa (where I bathed in the Robinson Crusoe cove), and then we rounded in to the Bay at Port Maria. There was my Rectory up on the Hill and the three cocconut trees, the stone church and clock tower. It was like a dream. By this time luncheon was over in the smelly salon, the Hypnotist girls both Prone in their cabins, but a pleasant meal with men and officers presided over by the Genial Burke, purser--at Port Maria he brought back in the boat my dear Lou Reece, her admirer Bovell, and her little nephew John. They heard the toot at Frontier away up on the hill, sprang to their Buggy, I saw them driving like mad across the Beach. She is to be married early this month, a dear girl, and I guess he will be good to her. It was lovely of them to come to see me. After that our only stop was Annotta Bay, where we had 100 barrels of flour (American) to unload. Everybody went ashore and I sate in my basket chair doing cross stitch all by myself for an hour, the scene perfectly lovely, we were confronting the Blue Peaks (highest point of Jamaica), in sun-set lights, full moon rising. It looked like Church's "Heart of the Andes"---I was

thicket,--but the sea all sparkling, and lapping with little waves; far away, a fishing boat. Lou had provided bathing things of a rudimentary nature (mine is at Brown's Town) and soon we were floating, diving, dawdling, in water warmer than our Pond in August. She had brought oranges which she peeled with a knife and then we ate them like apples, sitting on the sand, under water, our salted lips improving the flavour of the very sweet Manchester orange. Then the dawdling, dressing, with first the fear that Mackensie would be back too soon, and then the fear that he would never come at all. We had left our shoes and stockings in the Boat. But he did come, and he pushed us off, and we rowed round an island there is, back to the wharf, and drove home in our Buggy. Lou has become friends already with all the natives. One picked tamarinds for me off the tree, another got a thing they call a plum, which grows on a sort of Ash tree and looks like fresh dates. We got home (to Reece's) in time for 10 o'clock breakfast, I dried my hair and put it up, and after more talking, left the dear kind people and Lou drove me back here in time for 2 o'clock dinner, which however we didn't have till 3 o'clock. When she came on Tuesday she had a great snake with her, 9 feet long about 3 inches in diameter, which she met in the road, (just after some darks had shot it) most unpleasant, and disturbing all ones ideas of Jamaica, where snakes are said not to exist. Lou has an admirer (already) in Port Maria, who has undertaken to see that the snake is stuffed and skinned, or made into Belts for her. I must stop.

Your
Susie.

on board ^{near} Arise Wednesday, Dec 21, 1894. Helouan



8 am

Dr. Edward, must come off the
Boat where I was watching these things
and tell you about them; I had my
Office, an hour ago, and there seems
no change for breakfast. These seven
men with ropes round their necks are
on shore leading us along as if we were
a Camel. Two other men are poling
on the Boat. Up on this high bank
a blue woman was walking along with
three bundles on her head and two dogs
with tight curling tails, trotting along
after her. There is no wind or else it's
the wrong way, and no sunrise, for
the sky is on cast and gloomy. We
spent the night below, tied up to the Bank
but on moving up about a mile to a nearer
Helouan.

The morning is up, and so the evening cant be up and
now is ^{on} account of the Boat not sailing with it up
Helouan is ^{making the port} ~~very~~ still and draught as a tunnel and the
day follows being equally detained it shant be up, Evelyn
says from stairs; at least she has made up her mind to
do so, and I am watching her if she starts it out in two
months. Meanwhile Sirhote has the Boat, ^{whether} it is must
be ready. Many, many, not to her, were here, Camels and
things & water so in fact, day follows's fingers ^{to} — but with
a dose of disease which they & left by coming down and
making about the in the softy cabin, (windward that), when
there are flies. — This is the situation, my first and it is
changed because there is no wind so in fact more, and the
arriving can be up and it, At as there is no sun (no play) it
is as a Boat up than of activity (but may start & there. —

After Breakfast. - All is changed, so you
 needn't mind anything I said on the
 other sheet. The evening is off, but it
 is soft and mild up there, sky overcast.
 Evelyn has been sitting there, Ernest
 has got well and sitting there, Mrs L.
 is sketching there, I have been watching
 Camels ^{there}, all perfectly harmonious. We
 are tied to the Bank, not very far
 from Atfih "into some mounds of earth
 and debris representing Aphroditopolis" where
 Hather formerly kept a Cow. We are tied
 up and waiting for wind, and Evelyn
 has gone to walk escorted by
 this Brown Man with a big
 stick, and I am writing in
 my nice Cabin. So I am really
 very happy. The Joe Sargents are living
 at Helwan and came to call on us
 yesterday. Do you remember him? Claps of
 1870. He told me about Wm Chamberlain
 who disappeared years ago, left his wife
 and boy, son of Old Mr. Hay C. of Worcester



The man rescued from the bank. The wind came strong. We are off.

Had a joint letter from the family with a
 that is my latest. In my letter are all in the above hand
 ten medals & they. See how Darling (a put things - leave) &
 worse than except for a long sleep, and to go to a sleep Cairo; and
 by the way you can see also, about, National Bank of Egypt
 Cairo. for 2 months.
 they, with passed up River as I shall know then, in my
 this letter at Mungel where no work is in about a week.
 this state very showing, ~~state~~ of my granting, a lady working
 life, just watching things on the shore. There are two
~~debarjans~~ containing one friend at the 1st letter at the same time
 with two more in one
 the other Davis, in a hope ^{with} yellow sketchbook, invented and built
 by himself in London, and a Cook - ^{the} ~~the~~ ISI, with
~~Smith's~~ of London is it, & Miss Morgan when in Paris. A few in a
 school of them, but they are not at any moment. Writing Sunday
 the day

Joe says he is often seen in Europe
still - dead - beat. He asks Americans
for money. He stopped Cabot Lodge in the
street in London. He has left his 2^d
wife, (the one he ran away with for a while
she has left him and she keeps a small
Patissiere Shop in Paris under the name
of Mrs Chacublain. Is it not ~~rather~~ ^{dramatic}!
He used to be one of Mr. Boys, and helped
me publish one of my Fair newspapers
I forgot which. All his people I believe
are dead, except perhaps his regular
wife and a son. They used to be great
friends of Letitia in Worcester.
Mrs Joe Sargent is cousin of Mrs Alfred
Mitchell of Port Antonio. Rose with laugh
tells me that Sargents cant get on with
Alfred, and have to abstain from Jamaica
on his account, altho they are always
Chasing a warm Climate. However they
think Jamaica is Damp!
In Naples, you know, came upon morbid
Howard Hunt. He was in the steamer
week after ours, and walked into the
Hall of Palms at Grand Hotel, just in
time for dinner one night, with his

With Mrs Dunder who is a very few words. edition of Peggy and
Mrs Kai, and her husband Mr. Kai who instantly, arrived
Chetwood for me, as he could get his uniform. Frank must
advises, has joints it appears, and Mrs B is a relation. Sweet and
I tried to detect Howard from his relations I saw who the wife;
the Dunders misunderstanding, and thought thunder was also invited
but nothing they believed for we should have seen her just as it
in Cabot) as then twice is at short. Howard's friend with
that was within just when he sailed from Boston for Spain
that news of the finding a couple of days later than my
on sailing. - In Cain Hunt a "near" name La Laine who
married with the Connor family. He had got hold of the Mrs.
Howard with an account of Lytton's escapade at its worst
which he was vigorously speaking through for their Europe.
I got that and Arthur him. He is a wild fire, but not with that
"He said so, then it is perfectly satisfactory from a social standpoint" "Oh
certainly" "Sweet".

GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS

de la Station Thermo-Minérale

D'HAMMAM-R'IRHA

PRÈS ALGER



I am looking forward to the summer
 with you (for numerous) longings
 but in fine condition, what of the
 all, and hope to get through the
 change of climate without that
 cough that often grabs me
 in northern Europe. It will
 be glorious to see you to hear
 and hear about my project
 the change. In short, I
 something out of it, surely. I
 that has money, I have
 sent to the old ones
 Every when

Aunt it wonderful
 about Steve Codman and Sully. What
 does Phil, what does everybody think?

R. MARTEL, LYON - PARIS - ALGER

add up Barings till
 near May 1st

March 29. 1905. [104° in the sun]
 Hammam Rhira.
 Sheet 1. Private Read into Care
 Jean Edward

Your delightful letter which
 came yesterday, leads me to commence
 greatly with you in spirit; and, same
 way, something happened which I
 wish to tell you.

We are rummaging in the "Library"
 here, (a small book case which a small
 boy unlocked for us) - and I took out
 a very worn "Thais" - She (Mrs P)
 exclaimed, "Oh, that's about Egypt;" -
 "True enough," said I; and Anatole France,
 but --- "I took it myself and
 looked it through (to refresh my impressions)
 and at bed time said to her - "I don't
 know you still like that book" - but
 meanwhile (wasn't this now, a bit odd?)
 Mr. went to sit in the big (very dull,
 where music was going on
 Salon, and she was looking over Illustrations
 and she came upon a whole page
 of Madame Georgette LeBlanc, with a

picture of that lady in her celebrated
role of Thais, several statuesque
attitudes. The paper says by the
way that Mme. Fejdes is now living
with Mr Maeterlinck in their sweet
little cottage somewhere or other, ^{in Paris} and
that she is to perform his Chatterbox
to the public. Do you know anything
about that? Was it not for her
that Anatole France wrote the book?

Well, Evelyn wanted to know
all about the book, and it was
very difficult to tell her; for she is
one of those married ladies (with
two sons) who is, or affects to be,
in utter ignorance ^{of all the laws} ^{processes & might} of all the laws,
for the continuance of the human race,
and all the incidents caused by
conjunction of the sexes. She couldn't
understand Thais being a naughty
lady and entirely virtuous, and
she couldn't understand the
monk being entirely virtuous and yet
utterly damned. She asked me
what it was that happened in a certain
little cabin.

For she had glanced in the book after Verdant & his.
(She had read French by work) I showed where French
called with the cat's paw and asked the lady to come out
and see what, "I want for the is a man lying in
top of me for ten days." Evelyn looked solemn and
said: "I don't understand, I should have thought a
great deal & understand that." "Well, said I, but think
and don't understand, there is no occasion, and don't read."
The first thing I thought about our Egypt was it, just right.
— You had best throw away this whole sheet and
start another with more suitable subjects —
The boys have been getting pretty tired of my company, who
has very slow mind, and is very wicked in the school.
She is perhaps and occasionally handsome, and most
passionate with her money. Keep for beauty, even very
much & not spirit & then she had one too as my good money
for public sheet 2.

Nice day and night at Hotel L'Inimitable
Marseilles, then crossed on cable ship
& Algiers. Monday night arrived Thursday -
Here we fell into the arms of Weedeus.
It was so strange that first evening
at Kirsch to receive a call from the
lit. Gov. smoothly brushed and shaved
in his dress suit. They were at a
different Hotel, next morning I flew into
Jeanine's arms while she was packing
is her worst wrapper - yawn. Poor
Polly has had a serious attack of
Diphtheria, which detained them a
month, otherwise he should have visited
them, and ~~had~~ had no thought of meeting.
I had written Dr. Thomson (who used
to teach Mrs. Chest here that winter)
to ask him about this place, and he
told Weedeus, who went wild on the spot.
Strange, he was recommending them to
come here for quiet & good air for Polly.
and we all came on together on
the Saturday by train, same compartment
hampers of luncheon, very jolly, lots
of talk. Mrs. Perkins well received greatly
pleased with Famille Weedeus

They are excellent horticulturists. He is the hobby, and his French
soufflé, but Liberal, quick, ready for anything, not making
a man about trifles, patient with his woman-kind, and
knew about baggage, parties &c. Jeanine is amiable. She
sees nothing, knows everything, has learned the German, and
sings at night. She sings, all the top of choice, and
they can ~~see~~ sing all day, all the top of choice, and
settled down in Paris for the week (Monsieur is the only
place known all on these continents this winter). They
are intimate with everything concerning the families of all
heads and saws everything concerning the families of all
they have contacted with Stokes and Countess Stokes of
all nations and by Lausanne. Polly is a great favorite with them
and, Jeanine has bought them of jewelry. She can make
how they passed out these things, and what a refreshment it
was for me after the sufferings of the ride. They are gone now
but we had a nice week with it, and a splendid drive to Paris

But address
Matamoras }
Pa. }
Cannes, April 30, 1900



My Edward.

You see I am not going to Paris after all, but as soon as I got your letter (yesterday) I ran to a white shop here, where I've got a paint brush before, & show Evelyn how to do a graduated sky (she will learn.) It's a stationary shop really with a few paints and things. The worthy man went up a ladder into his roof and brought down all the pastels he had, and I have bought all of them except some Garance Rose and a few things in 5 frames cinquante. Strictly speaking 36, I only took all his greens and blues, (36) in a long wooden box with cotton wool, just one row of them, put together in a row broken up boxes of blue and green.

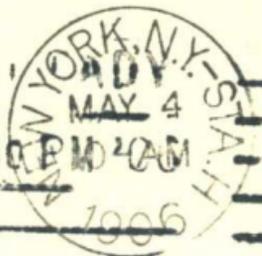
Learning with my; and I expect her and her French & enter in at my house. I remember it well in the 1877 May. The sickening thing Pitty writes me, that Price who married the Matlack niece and has a camp on his Pond has bought all the Rousses colors for my Champagne for \$1000 and this sums Pitt. Stone. Pitty writes might have lost it (400 now) but stuck at \$900, so the price but it and the Price in it. Pitty is about & running one of the Royal Pastels, so it's a few up after the in her Newport or Matlack & get the us up, for Price because many Matlack. Now, it is another big Matlack & heeled, in both the picture at Killy books, and Call Matlack is between. Pitt nor I write about my dear Bartlett Gray. He will be deaf all his life I understand. He might & learn the Teaming language. But his eyes are small and stuck away into faces with that must learn for and write to be. Spring Matlack. (copy a man your me)

I hope they will stop the gaps in
a measure, meanwhile I have given
you list to Evelyn who is going to
Paris, and she is desiring to think
her mind works rather slowly, that
she shall be able to order those
Columns at your shop and bring them
home, if she ~~was~~ comes. You knew
she suddenly resolved not to come
with me (I suppose to curate Henry
and his wife, but I knew nothing
this exceedingly foolish of her, and a
disappointment to me who hoped
to restore her ^{to the family} in a Rational frame of
mind after devoting myself to her
all winter, - but it can't be helped
and in fact is none of my business.
She has bought me a whole Calabria
on Königin Luise sailing next Thursday
May 4, from Neva, & I go there Tuesday
Reach Newcastle about May 1st and go straight
to Newcastle. Perhaps I have written these
things to the paper

I have also one Swedish France for you 'in la Pierre Maudslayi'
have you got it? and a few other yellow books taken at
Frankm, there is a business book shop here - she is de Villard
at Les deux Lysseaux, which brought a account of my name
perhaps it is a play upon the old fable of Lancelot & the Swan -
Well, my man of the Books, bring up the parcel, said he had
had to do with Americans for his brother was most in my
doubt not far from where I live (Porter; I told him) this
Porter went out to walk in the forest one day and was
observed, and now seen again. His wife ought to have
and could not have paid his fines - this is frequent there, he
said, I asked which place, and he said Vio Savoir. -
I tried to explain to him that our ^{more northern} moors are well known
civilized state he made the change in right prices, but
he didn't mind much. -
His very exciting about Nature. Dr Gardiner writes me that
his very exciting about Nature is like a full - moon - or that there



SCHENECTADY, N.Y.
MAY 4 5 30 PM '06



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THE SPACE BELOW IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Prof. E. E. Hale jr
Union College
Schenectady, New York

Friday May 4. Manhattan 1900

Too bad to miss you, and Soup was
here too on Wednesday, when I came -
cant be helped. I am going to Lucy
tomorrow, Matamoras early next week
Feeling fine, glad to get home. Lucian's
Chops and coffee for breakfast. Lit. Gov.
and I am here. Great haste
Betty here & luncheon yesterday. S. N.

Monday morning June 12.
1901

Matamoras, N.M.
Dear Edward,

As I rose from my excellent solitary breakfast, the clock
at said 5 minutes of 7. That
gives me a good start. This
is the first time forty and we
have been alone since I left
in Boston May 23^d. I am reading
about for my wife in the Cupid
here of my writing desk, to be
sure to do the right letters to

But I have shledded things to tell
Joe M... with me yesterday
near your farm, and I think it is
shledded. Just a lovely, rambling
up and down. Slips of hills, some
pasture, some grass land. I am

the first of the season
Pore's is Pore's in a bowl
I am

Not the great chocky one. Not that one
under the Swift - but

Alma's job? ...

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full of ideas about it. I should
think Rose would be crazy
about her part, and she is ^{for her} the
just like a novel, to go and
straighten out an old broken
down business place like that
The house is a house of lilacs
and snow balls, bridal veil
house walls and the celebrated
Box tree which has by its
own testimony rescued the old
place from oblivion. There doesn't
seem to be a house there. It is said
that Billy Jim had let her a house
and old John Johnson a cow,
these are news. — I believe she
means to come next week, with
all her trunks and stay here till
she is fixed there, so I hope you

will have her before her first return. I suppose you
want to celebrate the passage and the snow
line of the sea, like the snows and the
As to any of the snow line, like the snows and the
that face out the sea, having a strong up wind with
often are cloudy hills for houses and like hills
Takes the road and sets for a
perhaps a lot further back. It is as easy as
a cow and a little more for a horse, for a horse is
on the great sea coast. But that is all.
with the piece of land that out the snows of
with the snows and the snows of the snows
by itself. — In fact an awful dinner here, and

Wednesday June 13 1906

Matthews Rt
Tuesday, June 13, 1906
6 1/2 an after breakfast
Dear Edward.



It is all right, and only and
me as expecting Rose and
Ernest or Maudy. I suppose
she will write Willard about
her team and whether in
fact she needs, as I shall do
nothing about it if you see Sam
Ging & Smith Wednesday p.m.
Return this p.m. and letters
may not reach their aim after
this. I shall like to have Rose
see. His price that he can be
the personally conducting business
on this occasion. I do know

What is the matter France. But it is come

it is all right. I seem like the names of the persons
and know they are what you think about them. It
is all right that you have managed very well when
the names of your wife. I am happy to hear that
you are all very happy and enjoying yourselves. I hope
the little boy is in a good way. I am glad to hear
and the little boy is in a good way. I am glad to hear
it is all right. I seem like the names of the persons
and know they are what you think about them. It
is all right that you have managed very well when
the names of your wife. I am happy to hear that
you are all very happy and enjoying yourselves. I hope
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the names of your wife. I am happy to hear that
you are all very happy and enjoying yourselves. I hope
the little boy is in a good way. I am glad to hear
and the little boy is in a good way. I am glad to hear

Sept 29, 1905.
8 am.

MATUNUCK,
R.I.



I must stop
I'm going down

Dear Edward,

Just it pleased that you
wrote me, and that the Pastels
are so excellent. Perhaps they
put in the side of Iron
& reward you for wanting so many.
It may be something quite perfect.
Personally, I think I should like
a Maroon if they were mine, for
the sake of something I lack -
But I am only writing now
to get in words about my
possible plans for meeting you
in New York. My staying here seems
to depend on how far I shall start
up all the dogs, on account of Raskin
the Roof on Louis's head and he

My moment of color. The day's in the sunny from past.
I see the head in the corner. One will give Henry
and I was in it, always say & be to it.
Arthur was done for me since I then was
a plan, but I was not and I was not
that day. The day's in the
of my head in the, about trying me and the
then to get a head that I was to be
will not a new, say my, come out with
had a big, and then you tell me & say when I
Big, when, had that I was to be
and a n. copy of the book, I was to be
last evening - I was, you & I had not a and like in the past, and

Put with to
Mather for
me to find on
Sunday next.

Thursday Oct 12. 1905

The THORNDIKE
BOSTON, MASS USA
European Plan.
G. A. & J. L. DAMON.

OPPOSITE THE MOST FAMOUS
PUBLIC GARDEN IN AMERICA

Dear Edward. I flew up here last Sunday
for a dinner to celebrate Willy Everett's
^{66th} birthday, it was very laughable, at
the Union Club, Tuesday. I will tell you
about it when we meet, for this is to
tell you that things have happened so
that I can start early for Jamaica
and I am playing with Jopp and Jones
They are the United Fruit Company. So
if it suits you, let our celebrated dinner
be celebrated Nov. 1st - (perhaps you have
^{already} got another girl for that evening) Let me
know at Mather's where I shall be again
Sunday p.m. I see dear old Lucy has
gone to pieces again what with Benjamin
Cook and having the house painted and

but I think
to change again, but I think
not our living in any case
I might have
I should receive (he writes)
of Lucy should receive

Edward

Such things which prevent her from wanting me, and to let
the truth I hate the smell of fresh paint. This came on me
suddenly but opportunely here where I am right in the midst
of the Fruit Co. What I think to do is to stay a bit later at
Matamoras, leave there say Saturday 18th (but this undetermined)
then Manhattan till Nov 1. You dinner; - go & stay with Arthur
a few days in his balcony apartment in Baltimore and
sail from Baltimore on Wednesday Nov 8th in a ship I prefer
to other ships. - This is so lately hatched, that I don't
know if Arthur will like it, and I don't know about the
Nat Smiths, I don't want to be in New York too long, it costs so much
but Nov 1st and you dinner; - stand out as the leading fact.
Edward I have just learned from the Daily Adv. (which I think you can
learn something from anything), that the matter with me is amnesia
asphasia (sic). Seems the place for Nouns in the Brain is over the left
Ear. I can do verbs & but not nouns. Now Nature will repair the loss in the
[See 2]

Course of time by developing the comparatively dormant second
temporal convolution on the right side of the brain (I always knew
I was weak there) This is done by becoming left handed. As I mean
to begin. Edward saw having immense times with George. He has
bought a new horse, a long lithe slight shing brown gelding,
and a light blue wagon of some description. When I climbed
up into it I asked him if he knew how to drive and he said he
did. He took me out to his 'Stedman's' (in West Roxbury)
where he lives, in the lap -- of luxury, not Miss Stedman
altho she is a very charming person, who dotes on him and
loves Stedman. He is their lawyer. Stedman is in trouble with Ruth
I not only consent, but approve of the arrangement. It is a
luxurious happy home with automobiles and cocktails, only one child
and they all seem very happy together. Miss Stedman has a weak heart
and may pop off at any moment these seven years, but that's no matter.
I wish to see me, and is undoubtedly delighted with me. Your Susan

Presumably George is very happy, and what more comfortable.

you had at work windy up here, sending 2 cards
 of good for Miss Jones & Hollybox, paying for their
 for thinking Cornelias horse, and for each
 in card book I see like stage home last May.
 There are the bikes light or in which prevent my
 having any money & about in Louisiana. Put some
 that Carla was too for study into more companies
 of was fearful cold. Barbara has the liked reading
 their pies themselves in the early season. She has given
 me 100 of messages & you & deliver in order when she see you
 Holly ad. that are & having these next days - then I
 you up & pass nearly right into them & come on to H.L. Tracy, Louisiana

Iron Edward. As you don't seem
 to mind popular things, I should
 like to see the man on the box
 I. This is a gentleman pretending to be
 cab driver. I should have liked this
 II. Reparians, but you see its gone
 after this week. I have too
 correct Jewish Passion in Savannah
 but its almost too much & expect
 you to do more than lead this account
 III. So would I get a
 but it

W. E. MOORE.
 \$5.00, all dealers. Send for copy of guarantee,
 booklet on all harness and leathers.
 TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.
HORSE BLANKETS, HARNESS.
 Lined stable blankets, 1 lb; Square blankets, 1.50;
 heavy truck blankets, 8 lbs; 2.00; 9 lbs, 3.00; 10 lbs,
 3.50; Heavy Red and Black Carriage Blankets, 3.50;
 Buggy Harness, 6.00; Express Harness, 18.00; heavy
 Double Truck Harness, 50.00; Double Team Harness,
 71.00. PETERS HARNESS & SADDLERY CO.,
 88 West Broadway, near Chambers street, upstairs.
LAME HORSE? Write for Free Booklet:
 and Symptom Blanket,
 Ver. Dept. X, PINKETON CHEMICAL COMPANY.
 We cure under a written guarantee. Advice FREE.
 Troy, New York.
 H.C. SES wintered, large box stalls, opening
 into covered ring for exercising in bad weather;
 New York reference, LOOUST FARMS, Eaton
 town, N. Y.
MORRIS PARK STEEPLECHASES
 First meeting of the United Hunt Racing Assn.
 at 2 P. M. on
RACING from 10 to 11 O'CLOCK
STAKES Beginning at 2 P. M.
 at 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
 Trolleys from Jamaica direct to track every few
 minutes.
 Arrived before Warner appeared well
 who are interested in the development of
 BAIRISTOWN, N. J. Oct. 23-11 behooves
 pleased with the experiments.

Oct. 25. 1905

Mrs Kallman's check?
 I attended family? Mrs Kallman's check?
 should I

By the way, I am to be taking
the book to Jamaica. Do you
mind? A much trouble to
find paper here to print it. You
can be displeas'd with the \$3.00.
I don't want ^{to mean} to say Rose for
it, it came in the Annual
Release of the ship that had to be
done at Montreal & wind up.
They were more than usually
wretched this year, as I was
trying to have enough money to
that Bank (W. Trust Co.) to
get to Jamaica with - But
that's all paid now, and nearly
nothing in Double Bank -
It was fast and furious in
New York Pa and Kelly, but
the Hotel uptown done of course.

We are all to live at party's fifty night, over
Arthur now I come back from in Manhattan
I want the other day, and wanted to see the
last part of it when he appeared. Mr. S. S. S. S. S.
had broken down. Rose's money I got the telephone
I don't see what a beautiful night it is. Rose this is the
at New York - Pleasantly state as they are the Albany
without any money. When Arthur came in, he said
and had some right good one I thought a friend will
what is left about now? Just taking it, taking, in
want to take the talk just for some of the Grand Alliance
I suppose a true real name, in New York streets where there
and Lakewood is the best place for

Dec 8. 1905
Dry Harbour

Post Address Port Antonio Jamaica

Case
United Fruit Co.

A NEW HANLON SHOW.

"Fantasma," Produced at the Fourteenth Street, a Successor to "Superba."

"Fantasma," a new Hanlon spectacle, was put on at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night. What with animated billy-goats, moving pictures, portable bay windows, submarine and subearthly scenery and disappearing devils, the audience had the time of their lives.

If the scenery hadn't stuck at inopportune moments, if the whistle for the stage shifting hadn't sounded like an automobile in the distance, it would have been a greater success. As it is, it's a laughing farce along the lines of "Superba."

The chief actors are Clara Thropp, George Hanlon, Sr.; George Hanlon, Jr., and Alfred Hanlon.



Dear Edward. Aint this a lovely account of the Hanlon show. I wish we had been there; all the better when the scenery stuck.

A charming book on "Extinct Animals" has been written by Prof. E. Ray Lankester, Director of Natural History in the British Museum (Henry Holt & Co.), showing that the greatest learning can be combined with the utmost simplicity of expression.

Do you know about this book?
Is it really charming? If you have not got it for the Boys (I mean your Boys in general), will you write me in the future, will you? - that is unless you know it is the worst stuff. I have just learned a large party of Natives has arrived in the Island. Is it yours?

your M. L. M.
more just now.
any more
write you
No time

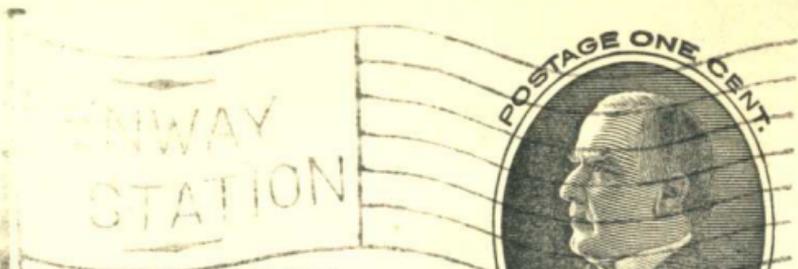
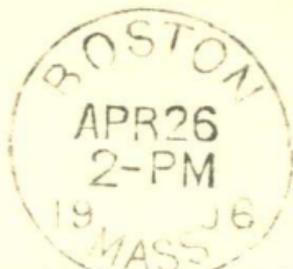
Malvern, Feb 15, 1906



Dear Edward, I have your dear letter
and write (just this small,) to say how
relieved I am; and glad and joyous
for you. They have been writing me
all sorts of things without telling
nearly anything; I could only wait

to know from yourself. You are happy
and have found a new life, and
Rose is glad, — what can be more!
I won't write any more, fear of
doodling, only just I'm glad —
Lovingly, Susan

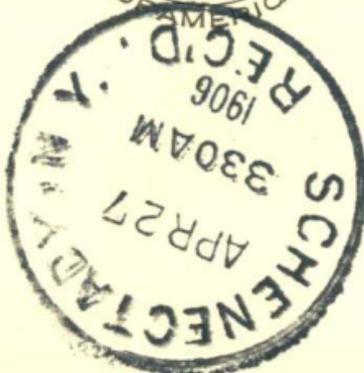
I'm fine myself. in this glorious place
up amongst the stars and sunrises.



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POSTAL CARD.

THE SPACE BELOW IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



*Prof. Edward S. Hale Jr
Union College
Schenectady New York*



Sailing for New York April 28th

R. M. Steamer Trent. Arrive Thursday May 3;

Couple of days Manhattan -- then -- !!

Manassah. How you "finished" with New York?

Early winter, but now in a hurry to

get home. Let me hear a line at

Manhattan. Lots of love. Susan.

Kingsland Jamaica

April 15. [86° - 7 am]

July 13. 1906

Matinecock R.I.



Dear Edward

I don't see why I should not
 now write you a "nice letter" though
 not a long one, for 'tis the hour
 of carts & come by below. A
 Peety-diddy - is singing a sweet
 note in the ^{Hazel} ~~Witch~~ bush below
 my Fallows. The Fish has come
 for dinner; betwixt: George and his
 Lady are to dine at Jeannie's
 where they will have boiled lobsters
 & lobster. Mrs. Wason is really very
 charming, and I am getting along
 fine with her visit. Pa is terribly
 irritable since his late illness, and
 it annoys him & has people
 looking in all

I don't see why I should not now write you a "nice letter" though not a long one, for 'tis the hour of carts & come by below. A Peety-diddy - is singing a sweet note in the ^{Hazel} ~~Witch~~ bush below my Fallows. The Fish has come for dinner; betwixt: George and his Lady are to dine at Jeannie's where they will have boiled lobsters & lobster. Mrs. Wason is really very charming, and I am getting along fine with her visit. Pa is terribly irritable since his late illness, and it annoys him & has people looking in all

come as soon as you can

Come at all, but has a doctor at St. Nicholas

out in the first hour about now (9 1/2 a.m.)

Coffee at 6 1/2, 7, 10, and sometimes 12.

p. m. tea at 4, and people generally take

lots on Jeannie's for her fine table

There are our simple meals. And the

most say the feeding must be

a look at (my) N. Y. Sun before

Jeannie is showing the numbers at

shows no interest in my tea

are at our passage - a bottle of

like tonight my different because

who has money wants to get some
 money for my money & to get
 money for my money & to get
 money for my money & to get

the time. He holds on to his ably
like a dog to a bone, and
they often retire to their fastness
in Aunt Salatia's room when they
are not seen of men, Metlocks
or Weedens.

Melle Wilson is here! - Her name
is now changed to Stahl, because
the Public Schools in Mass. have
decided to have no nicknames
amongst them. Carla and Ann
are here often, for Ann is carrying
on her usual jinks with George
and Morocco Betty is here, I
forget to mention him earlier. Greta
was here a few days very delightful
but I think her man is better instead
for she is of the nagging habit
she is a subtle insinuating

Deanne is bustling with hospitality, and her heart
come in, hands to visit my guests. She is visiting
what story to Jean Bago & Tommaso night, nothing
wants it, but every body feels it should be done.

She is making between the books) The and around about
A Party in my bedroom, he lies on the bed and just
the little: - "Sweet that" - (oh you remember?) is with
then in the book, and Betty is delighted with the
of "Shedder's", let me just in enough she is the
Then this excellent make, Sunday is full of a brotherly
figure, and a big head, but the news light, and I visit
out on the Kalendar's little. Next Sunday came & breakfast
Monday morning. Betty met

Adapted Thorndike Oct 20, 1906

Dear Edward,

That cot beside the Rick
(Cooper I guess sent you) is all
very well, but the trouble is
you are no more your own man
beside the Rick than you are
at the Maudslayi. There is sleep
Elisha or Mrs Newton or somebody.
I was alone about three weeks
at Matanah and led a dog's life.
I'm in the solitude of a great big
Bed in a Hotel where nobody cares
a d. in you for assistance. —
But that was the case for only my
first night here, when I had created
a vacuum by arriving Unaware.
Now all is dog and movement.
I write in my bonnet and
button behind.

That week, drop in at Maudslayi, he does a find
out the number of my room and come up and
sneak, they do about me. The Posties are gone
& then when, but nobody can remember when they lived.
Then just about looked at Maudslayi, and
got a piece of the night's news (Sunday & Monday);
fully missed by the moment that they were with.
The fact of the fact, a beam of soft cotton, reflected
in back through water. The sun went down about 5
behind a good child home, which brought about a
wind change in the tent of the tent. Then the cracks;
Maudslayi, takes dinner in coffee and reading dinner the volume 7 1/2
One night with Maudslayi, Henry's garden

Thorncliffe Nov 2, 1906
 But address Manhattan N.Y.
 and address
 Miles Brown, Shipley & Co. 123 Park Row

Dear Edward

I am not in any such very
 great hurry, and might write
 you a more letter such as
 at happens at Matamoras
 with the sun shining in, and
 a fire behind. But I feel in
 a tearing hurry all the time, and
 no wonder; for the telephone may
 burst loose at any moment,
 Park may be tumbling out of
 the elevator, the maid is due
 to come in & roll me up in the
 (petite) Carpet sweeper. — Outside
 Piper, and Church of the Holy Spirit Bank,
 and Sylvester the Miller and Dr. Langmaid
 of my ears

Miss Evelyn Pickens of Hartford has been right here for a
 week, as my guest, my old hair in curls in which I have
 I was her guest. But planned it. The fact is that
 I was in his apartment, the day before in New York
 City looked as at the County Club; [The Showers has the
 Art Museum (!)] It is throwing hair in the garden
 are absolutely a woman. He had the time of his life,
 and was really showing. But it's heavy & how he goes.
 for show. [History] It's off more than I can cheat,
 and need all my time and wit & wits. Take care
 fine. He looks off a tooth, one of his hair only one in the
 part of his neck. The says he is dead, had about his
 face both leaves then in his mouth & accumulate disorder.
 take down some of the roots. What the sort of kind they are for
 Love & Roll and the Progeny.

are sitting like shreds in
webs connected by tram ways
& dat upon me and look my
blood. Gorge bellowed at me, ^{maid}
by phone just now, and Kathleen
boldly telling him she was Trip Sale
ahead to lunch with him at 1 at
the Club. He has been away
since last Sunday, just back.
It is fearful cold out doors with
sharp snow flakes, but I must
be out in it shortly. I have
saw having a terrible time with
I great teeth put into my head,
like sitting inside of it most
of the time. Last night I slept
with them, and had weird riddles
dreams. They dont hurt me except
when I bite anything (like breakfast, say)

When I feel as if knives fished me. Sweet John
part of my morning. - John tells me just where you hurt
them. They are ~~partly~~ cutting my head off with by
the, but I think it will be gradual. - ^{John} says a, he
kiss them soon and sent them, and they are ^{a little better}. I
have, my son, paid the bill \$92.00 which was rather
disagreeable. But let joy be unconfined. I am about
to go to the off land with my ^{with a complete wardrobe,} all winter friends,
all my wife said, and ^{embraced,} all winter friends,
I got Manhattan Sunday, that day after the storm, 10-3 train
and sent these letters Nov 10. In King. About at 11 am
I have to in New York through all the Hughes and ^{Chief} of Election.

January 10, 1908

137 Lincoln Park Boulevard Chicago

Dear Doctor

Sybil has a Daughter
Arthur has a Grand Daughter
"Pa" has a Nest - Granddaughter

and

Homestate has resumed Dividends

There now, aint that news
Cup for one letter? Wasnt it
July it all came in a bunch!
Telegrams from Arthur, from Sybil
and the H. announcement in the
Chicago Tribune, I hope there's
no mistake 50 cents a share payable Jan 25
"a resumption of dividends at the old Rate."

Now if I had my son, and my head didnt rear
and if I werent afraid of falling in whenever
I stand up, I should feel fairly - as it is, I am
in fear of it, and wondering what will happen
next. I guess we shall stay on here for the
winter. Arthur seems to like it, and our likely
pros & cons will come & come - the weather
is fairly decent, and people are most cordial
they heat; says we talked for the winter
every Saturday afternoon and she has a Charles Handy
(cottons)
So she is all right
Yours in haste Susan
Thanks for the
good letter.

a lovely place, warm as summer
a quiet little boarding-house
kept by three sisters ("decayed
gentle ladies") right on the
Tuff, little waves plashing on
a sandy shore, tide coming and
going, nothing but the "shell-
road" between [made of oyster shells]
and lovely Great Live-oaks, that
while we were there lost their
stiff shiny old leaves, and took
on fresh foliage, leaves and blossoms
the brightest spring green. There are
wild flowers in the woods and
hundreds of mocking-birds in the
trees. I couldn't hear them very
much, but Mary Keating did. She
had the Time of her Life all winter,

Another man a great comfort to me; but I met her
you have when we reached New York, he was so very
well without her, ^{here} and she wants to show off the family
in Concord. She will join me in May, & then the house
at Putnam, but not too early. I think it will
be to go May 15th or 20th but you? If you know
anything about Terry Jones, or how to get at him. Perhaps
he is married and settled in Concord, but I don't
know. I think he might as well have his old room in my
room this summer. Miss Cella is sure to visit him also,
and between us he must have quite a good deal of work
as well as in the field if you have any chance, please get
word from him. I shall wait for "space" by the morning

after Mary K. left me. I went
^{down town} shopping, in a cab, and spent
a lot of money, without falling
over. — I cant remember anything,
and cant hear any names of
anybody unless they are spelled out.
But I must be stronger, although
I still get tired pretty easy —
Louis and his wife are lovely,
and yesterday I didn't get up, but
passed the whole day in bed
without eating anything, nice and
warm, and slept pretty much straight
through for 3 1/2 hours. All night this a.m.

Chicago has a fiendish climate
but every one was nice to me there
and I hurried about in Autos
white of great snow-drifts. February
was the worst for Blizzards and

stoms, and almost every one I knew had Grippe throats
or Pneumonia, so that "Society," during Lent, was almost
at a standstill. But Arthur wanted to keep the Flat
going, so we stuck it out till March 1st - Mary did
splendidly all winter, she made my breakfasts, did my
wash and her own, looked after Arthur's things, and
ran the Telephone; she flirted over it with all the men
in town. The fact I think she preferred Chicago to
the South, where she turned up her nose at the Darkies.
He had 4 days in New Orleans, - lovely city, - He but
was there looking after his Post Office, and we came home together
S.S. Creole, a lovely summer voyage only 5 days. ^{with much love to you all,} Write at once, Wesley.

and it gives me indigestion
I read Library Books, such
a hamper.
Now I must tell you some things.
I am pulling up my stakes
here on February 2^d and a man
sent by Arthur has explained
it to me. Mary K. and me will
go to New Orleans via Cincinnati
and I am writing 2 boarding houses
there. They don't reply as yet
but probably will. I think to
divide February and March between
N.O. and Pass. Christian. [If I feel
like it], and get me north in
April by some Steamboat to N.Y.
as last year (but no party)
Arthur has invited us (especially
Mary K.) to visit him in his new apartment
in New York end of April, and that

would be great fun. He was here one evening last
just as Mary was leaving but I don't want to go in my
*13, instead of going from St. Louis. After leaving New
Orleans "not on the water" I expect by Cincinnati
he has left to Philadelphia from St. Louis & sister
which we shared, as also my B. boat which
he has learned from me & love. His wife & I
with his next day, but my Philadelphia where
she is gone & better a while. As there seems some
fun in expecting them with him at present. Singular.
= What to break up my nice ménage here, but I am
not to try to bring in household and to get like the Devil
in these circumstances.

Pana, Nov 13. 1909

 Dear Edward, We dont seem
to be writing you & come here,
and the time is slipping by
so fast, I think its better now
to explain that Sally is worried
about facing matters, and cant
be sure of being here. She went
down to New York for 3 days, last
week, and she may have to
go to Chicago any minute on
account of her mother's affairs
who is having a fight with his
*mother-in-law concerning his ^{own and his} deceased
wife's child who inherits ^{*her} millions
she dont want him to have.

their fraction of them, really too, but they were the
barky-cut ones, as you know. However, the Brown
Dog ^{Club} has met a splendid party, which causes
him to be rather unpleasant in front of the fire.
The next out & dinner party, in the kitchen with
a nice old gentleman (65) named Miller. He
has Anthony Johnson & next to, perhaps the best kind
and ~~the~~ ^{Palmer} brought her guests, a blind lady, and a great
fat Stuart's named Mrs. Eaton from Canada. The
men very agreeable, but I eat and I ate rather
to usual school was noticeable in the night. But am all
right now, my lady, with extra, with her, and you shall
Expect to open the Natunish Home May 15. 1910.

No matter for you to understand this;
I won't spend any more time
on these trifles, but tell me
my movements which are more
important to us. I am going
down to Manhattan on Nov 14th
and sail Princeps June 1st or
Nov 20, and May K. joins me
at Manhattan Friday 16th.
Arthur can't be in New York
but his Myrmidons are already
at my bidding, and Mr
Campbell will be coming with all
my former credentials on Thursday
next to Manhattan, and his wife
said that May K's Chicago address
Mr Salt

~~They~~ ^{may} want us & the Steamer, he is Arthur's greatest
Right Hand man. George thinks he may be in N.Y.
I shall have a good deal of. I have Pat
of Money, and a lot of other credit, and a few
things in my trunk, and you feeling pretty well
and shall be glad to see you. So now tell me what
wants are for. His money has, and the day has
dipped by the lightning. Calla came with me
Mr Natwick, and stopped with us here a few days. The
Smoke and Sun, who took away their seven days, I mean

UNITED STATES
POSTAL CARD

Nothing but the address to be on this side.



Miss E. D. Hale

39 Highland Street

Roxbury Mass

I have marked my Red Book
according to fable lights given me
at the moment. The more they
are cross-bared, thus ~~||||~~, the
more you'd better send to them;—
just ^{this} little — denotes their
right to exist. Very like I have
valued my dearest friends.
But so it is with lists. Janviers
has wrote loose again & sent for
me to come on Tuesday by mail.
Wish you a Merry Harvard.
No cats this morning!

J. H.

I met this person
in the road ~~today~~;
I bowed, and



she said, in a
low voice, in reply,
"Good evening, woman."

+

Dear Edward,

It seems very grand & glad of the Mayor escorted about by you and Chief Justice Gray. How you ^{both} must have looked on the top of his nose! If you had only been allowed to kiss.

Mary Dorr thinks that on the whole your new story is the best American thing that has ever been written.

Mary Lodge thinks it the funniest thing she ever read, and couldn't get through it aloud to her mother without unpleasant choking in the throat.

Both these ladies, and indeed

many others, had thought
of writing this to you
themselves; but seeing we
included (I suppose to
save postage) I send their
sentiments in this manner.

I gladly contribute my
stamp -

Always yours

Lucie Hale

64 Bay St. S.

Tuesday, Dec 6th

1841.



Hotel Titchfield,

W.C. DAVIS, MANAGER.
PORT ANTONIO
JAMAICA.

In my Ukha Pasaabah } 78°
Sobelok Saturday morning }

Dec 30. 1902. No more letters
since I wrote last, but we have
Arthur Rob. - and N. Y. Sun &
10th Decemb

Dear Edward, There is a smart breeze stirring
this morning, and everybody is saying its cooler
Mrs Freeman seems to think she remembers that
it does become a little cooler after the 15th
of December. Let my thermometer reads 78° here,
sitting up facing the wind. There was a fierce
gale in the night, lightning and pouring rain
and there's a glorious surf creaking in over the
bar. We just had breakfast of Coffee, toast,
breakfast bacon, Cassava cakes (their buttered sort
of R.I. Johnny cakes very delicious) and Grape fruit.

I want to tell you what a great man our
Captain Baker is, the Founder of this United
Fruit Co. Seems he came here a young man, and
seeing the sugar business going & pieces, invited
the Jamaicans to plant Bananas. His first
venture was a small cargo of Bananas in a
little sailing ship, and he lost that, same how;
but not discouraged he started in again, and
now (he's about sixty) he owns the whole of
Port Antonio, pretty much, which is the Fruit Co. over

Their warehouses and wharf pervade the place. He owns the Hotel, in fact he planned it himself (I mean the way it is built) he has just bought the Island opposite to protect himself from a Rival hotel and to continue to command the situation; and now I see in the Gleaner (I will enclose the cutting) that the Jamaicans propose a statue to him. He is not here at present, but Hopkins is his nephew; and the young Bakers, Mr and Mrs, live in a cottage and eat here. I get a great amount of amusement from the Gleaner, daily paper of Kingston, about the standing of our Narragansett Times; to inform me if I send you these cuttings. I think this article about the Rehibition is very interesting; perhaps you can make some use of it.

I have seen invited Mrs Keeman to drive with me the other day. She is housekeeper, ^{young} very pleasing and very capable. She was Miss Brazil (from the Poland Spring Hotel); met here, in her functions as Housekeeper, Keeman (another nephew of Baker) Super-Cargo of Fruit Co, and married him. He is a nice big beery man, employed I should think in counting the Bananas by the Mithon. She told me lots of things, and was delighted with the drive, for like Miss Hadley, & the other employed ladies, she don't get out much.

So "Mr Gale" took us in a "Buggy" & two mules
 with the top down, so we could see all round
 and for a wonder it didn't rain once - a
 buggy is a Great Carryall, in fact
 we went to Blue Hole which is an Inlet from
 the sea 20 fathoms deep they say, of an intense
 azure colour, like Capri exactly, it is surrounded
 by a forest of all these tropical things. There's
 a hut there where a nice old lady lives, a
 Jankey, but her hair used to be light, and now
 it's white. She came and asked us if we
 would object to taking her granddaughter into
 town for the School festival that evening. Blue
 Hole is at least six miles away from everywhere
 with no possible means of conveyance except
 Chance "buggies" from the Hotel. But Mabel
 had her hair all piled 'case any one should
 come along, and her things in a newspaper to
 spend the night, and she climbed up next to
 Mr Gale on the front seat, a nice little Negro
 about like Lily's Grandchild Fauny Lillian, with
 black, black eyes, a little pigtail of woolly hair,
 sailor hat, and a light blue gown in the latest
 cut. She spoke clear and distinct English, much
 better than her Grandmother's dialect, or Mr Gale's
 for that matter. When we drove through the
 town, Mr Gale said to her "You must thank the lady"
 & Mabel Edwards (very likely she had a white father)
 said: "I thank you Marm very much for bringing me -
 then jumped down and ran to join her forbears or
 whatever they were - with no idea

how or when she was to get home again - he passed a garden where
 there are lovely roses, bon-celine I should think. I
 wanted Mr Gale to stop and get some, but he said
 "No; better ones farther on," so by and by we stopped
 in front of a Pinsettia tree, and he made the
 gentlemanly proprietor of the Thatcher hats next door
 huge spreading branches of the brilliant scarlet leaves. This man
 presented them (for sixpence) saying "Christmas Roses". Not one's
 idea of roses, a Christmas exactly -
 The Mitchells, with Nan Nevins, have arrived, and settled down at
 their cottage, the most attraction of all the houses here. It is one that
 Point opposite the light house, the ^{narrow} Channel flows close by them at the
 foot of their lawn, with surf breaking on the Island opposite, the cottage
 is of Brick (very exceptional here) and has its own grounds, hibiscus hedge,
 Royal Palm, - and Stables. Mr Mitchell is kind of an Elderly ~~fellow~~ ^{fellow} Feticish;
 around whom the world turns, (Mother & Reveries of a Bachelor) his wife a tiny
 little ^{very talkative} woman, and Nan, his cousin, whom you know, was hostess at Edwards' wedding.
 They take absolutely no interest in me, being deeply occupied with their own affairs,
 which is well, as I am too lazy to trouble about them. They live here at different hours from mine

W.C. DAVIS, MANAGER.
 PORT ANTONIO
 JAMAICA.



Hotel Girardin

Ind

exchange Postage - Jamaica

and no occasionally

~~Dear~~ Dear Edward

Now you had "Constable." You
must, but if you haven't, wait
for a night it. I keep reading
in it all the time - He feels just
the way you do about his Thys, wants
than them just right. I must not
be writing this, he's busy is to bed
with her liver and

over

there's nobody to
anything, besides
preventing her doing
it. Sorry here
rather cold

Love Mary
Susan

Trinidad
July 23, 1906.

Matush P.S.

7 a.m. after breakfast

Dear Edward,

~~John~~
John

This rotten day
reminds me I didn't
say for you to come
right along any fine
day when you can
get away and the
weather pleases you,
without waiting for
the day fixed by
hospitality. Because
they don't care when
you come, and

besides since I wrote they have
asked Dr Ferguson and Mrs &
dinner on Sunday, who are
worthy people but tedious. This
fact neednt deter you from
coming that day, but any other is
just as good for us as we are
always here -

What it dreadful that
Frank Morris is dead! Saw
L & my son Blix.
Always Yours Susan

Monday evening.
Oct 27. 1902
Hudson on Hudson

San Edward. This got left out
so I constructed the Criminal
Intervale envelope to a
vertical purpose. We are getting
along. Weather turned fine. The
artists started this morning. I put
All the muck from your drawers
into them for padding, so you need not
worry anything remained. Loving
Edward

Perhaps you don't know

Sept 6
1905

Gerald and wife are
taking for two well-earned
a trip to Quebec, as
an escape from their
children, left in my hands.
He is no criminal father,
for dear, it is terrible
about Martlett. He has
a stalwart nurse Miss Hewitt
and Mary has his aques.
Eraldine is grown-up —
that the Rain of 2 days tried
the souls of all mankind.

Mr. Edward. Seems to me we said
that I might have back again
"Man and Superman," indeed, might
re-fit my set of Bernard Shaw.
If we do think so, will you pin
this ^{up} into the fly leaf, and send all
back, ^{very} after reading? Aint it fine
that book is back. W. H. W.

Alvin Lewis. Patent.

Oh heavens Edward, I have ordered
the tickets for this instead of
Man on the Box. So you mind? I think
it will be splendid, unless Mr. C. interferes.
I am also sending you Claudine, & keeps
her out of my French (and German). I think
she is splendid. It's only lately I've had a
chance at her, but I've been reading her now
steadily for a day or two. Monday cold

full of business, Missa Mowbray has
talking about team for Mandy,
going Susan

Naturalist's

7 $\frac{1}{2}$ am. 42° on the mantelpiece

Can't speak for shooting

27.1905.

June 6!! → (Only, remembered to)

I had this ^{minute} ~~written~~ & Miss
immediately
McLane. I clean forgot your request, and
had not ^{re} read your letter for some time.
You know I went straight to Boston and
had had absorbing duties. However its
terrible and I feel hurried, but I
have written her a splendid letter now
and hope its not too late; - asked her
to come here immediately and stay till you

she could settle to her mind -
Perhaps she has not given up the idea
Polly Nat. Smith is here, perfectly
charming; she has a nice dog
of the Bull family, and will
have a nice little son or daughter
pretty soon. In a hurry & try and get
off Laura's letter }
Wednesday noon
1906

[Nat. W. Smith.]

Dear Edward, the Pastels are here
and rapturous - Shall I send
them to you by Express at once?
With you send 15 francs (\$3.00)
to Mrs Perkins with a grateful
note? I would, but I think it
is better you should, don't you? or

but if you'd rather have me
say so. She is

Mrs Edward Perkins
66 Elm Street
Holyoke Mass.

I am in fever getting
her off. She starts tomorrow
after breakfast in Milan

1905
1918
1925

Edward! The Educated Horse has come to h with us! While
I was writing here in my own way a covered wagon drove up
klastuck with Advancements, several Nagus got out, one
the most imposing but all with Watch chains. They have
decided to stay, and the E. Horse was antied from behind
and led in ^{to our yard} swarms of little black Citizious came out
like hornets, and stood about. It's a fine sleek fat horse
very clean and white, and its in the Barn now along with
the Trick Mule; and they will perform in the Court House this p.m.
which I was still going, a buggy drove up and a very lively
lady sprang out. I thought she was probably the Educated Lady
who travels with the E. Horse. — But no, she has nothing to do
with it; ^{there is no Educated Lady.} she is gray and the Island (like me, my nice beautiful
visiting friends, and stopping at Hotels when she can pick up a
Chaperone. She hopes there will be one at the Kingston Hotel, for there are

* Driving to Kingston Saturday was about perfect. My
fur cape was trampled under foot for it was like
summer. The rocks are glorious, with the deep
blue lines of hills back of them. I kept saying "Oh Tom!
just look at the sun coming through that red tree!"

"Yes, well as I've said, Method, he aint no judge
of a horse, but if I wanted anything I should rather
go to him than ~~the~~ to Weeden, Southasee."

In the haul-out came you Frank Moulton, and
we had given us two contemptuous seats. The party may
have thought we were married, but I aint for mine.
You know Ned Moulton and I have become great friends
(his sister of Uncle Henry Wark Beecher) and Frank was very

pleasant, and became so pleased with me that
he invited me to go with his wife & some Matinee
Saturday. I thought it best to wait till she was ashed
if she wanted to. Luckily she came to the station
to meet him - (wasnt that nice and appropriate of
her, it gave me quite a pleasant notion of marriage.)



and they brought me hither in their cab,
and arranged for next day. So "Ethel" came
at an expense
of the Pondcap for me, and we lunched at Delmonicos &
on Oysters, Roast Partridge, Cely Salad, Crackers & Ketchup &
then went to see Ethel Barrymore at the Hudson which
is a grand new theatre; - A very flat play called Cousin Kate
All the matinee girls were there with beetting hair in
front of their foreheads, shabby summer gowns with long tails

And no coats on, it was so warm ~~to~~ I like Edith Moulton much. Of
 course we have the Grays and my mutual friends. By the way, it seems
 Frank Ruess Greta's sister in law very well, Phil Marquand's wife. His
 most intimate friend here is Dr Fuller he ~~brother~~ ^{brother}, who is Frank's doctor
 and Frank is his lawyer, and their party likes to each other come
 out about even. So I think these Moultons would be nice playmates
 for Greta and Betty, while Francis the little son would do for Dudley
 Francis has dined at my house with the White Grays, a nice boy -
 = well the next they was Blackings. I went alone to the Criterion
 in a 42^d street car without any escort, and walked that fearful
 Chalm & 44th street. Francis came afterwards but he had, a said
 he had, some business dining with him, so I dined alone - here -
 = yesterday had my luncheon here for Mrs Adams and her niece Lou -
 but I'll tell you about that some other time. The Grays are still
 at Ridgefield but I may see them to day - Alfred Wilkinson
 by some strange inspiration called on me ^{Sunday 6 p.m.} and we had quite a
 nice long talk on those red Latin slippery sofas under Palm trees
 in the Reception Room. My Harry is in Switzerland with Max
 and Moultons. Harry was sent off for his health. All
 Wilkinsons are deserting Syracuse to live in New York. This
 is about all. Lovey Susan. I am trying to think of some way of influencing the
 election to morning while I am here in favor of Lord Shawmut



done entirely about 20 yd. however.