

1906

Atkinson, Caroline

Susan Hale

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection

Recommended Citation

Hale, Susan, "Atkinson, Caroline" (1906). *Susan Hale Collection 1842-1934*. Paper 34.
http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection/34http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection/34

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Special Collections at DigitalCommons@URI. It has been accepted for inclusion in Susan Hale Collection 1842-1934 by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@URI. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@etal.uri.edu.

Deudradi
Jan 4. 1906

The Seagoers.

Arrivals by the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II, from Bremen, Southampton and Cherbourg:

L. von Hengelmüller, Austrian Ambassador at Washington; Ernest Thompson Seton, Dr. Carl von Linde, C. S. Sergeant, Mme. Lillian Nordica, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who was greeted by her son, W. R. Hearst; Commander Norton of the navy, Herman Winter of the North German Lloyd Line, and William Sanborn Young.

Hotel de la Plage, Cannes.

Mamie dear, Auntie is laughable ^{thus} that I should learn (from my Sun) of Feta's arrival and fellow passengers; I wonder which of them she brought down with her unerring aim; New York Hengelmüller or William Sanborn Young! I knew Mrs Ma Hearst; she is a dear little lady. I hope Feta has been persuading her and her Son to stop the strike in our Homestead and raise the dividends. But what I want to write about is your

John's & Susan's new hen? and Tobias? where? your mother

And Cella too!
Happy Christmas
and Merry New Year
I wish in all her no say "No-o!" (Happitment is the housewife)

Should get well; though he acts so pious a time.

Speaking of mountains, there is a delightful collection of Cats at Aunt & Uncle's, Roma, via dei Quattro Fontane, all the young that came with me, 6 of them, all beautiful except my May Birdie and John's small - then! I had a ^{fine} lot, all the same place, from Urban writing, it all looks so. Long learn the look between her and May Morrison. It seems funny to have a picnic - the way from them, across this sparkling Mediterranean; but in the late, I would not encounter them for water. Though it is fun & Graham's frequently with Mary Birdie - Mrs Madam is at Semiot, (and will come here) with her family I can rather push them to get well up to the water level. I don't know why. There are nothing but Rocks, Mountains and Water, with the most beautiful views - a nice Miss Wilkes is just to me, and

Lovely letter from Mauna (Dec 4) all
about Thanksgiving at Mauna
which I could have been there;
I can see the Pumpkin. - and,
altho' it was cold without,
I know it was warm as well
as jolly within with a great
crackling fire in the dining room.
Poor old Louis! pinched to death
with the cold, sticking legs; I do
hope they are well off to their
Houseboat [and Florida Mud-hole.]
Shh, don't tell 'em I said it.
I am longing for your return to my
outpouring about Heta; now I must
hurry to tell you that I am lots, lots
better, especially my Roaring Ears, which
roar now but mildly; and I am, ^{all over me} feeling
fine, well. This is just the place for me; -

In front imagine the Grave being quiet, 't' it aunting
enough, and reflections to look at. I have the sweetest
mother ever was. He takes such an interest in me.

He goes and sits in my (Grand) car and tells me how
it looks in there, and says there is good stuff in
it yet. He even tries to make the Bad Car good, that
all my Harlots gave it up long ago. He is a nice
man; Dr Bright is his name. He is English, but has
a slight shade of humour (about like my Bad Car) and is

my confidante; he has something wise in his eyes, and
a long forked beard like the Statue of Neptune sitting
on a fountain, once placed, about somewhere there. Oh, how they love
he has had a habit to delight in me. P.S.

I am going to take her to drive, by and by.

I think so much here of dear
de Louis; we had such a horrid
time with his mother in Cannes
I'm sure he wonders how Jean-
Baptiste is here. — but you know I
have many other associations with
it. — It was while we were here
that Mrs Chubb heard frightful things
about Fred, and also the death
of somebody, perhaps it was Mr Osborn,
and she went down into depths; it was
proved here that our effort was a total failure
tho' she had been gaining wonderfully at
Algiers — as matter of fact she never
was well any more till she died.

We used to go sailing in a boat, which
she liked, but Louis loathed, but she
wouldn't go without him. He roamed
these streets (not a word of French has he!)
speaking to nobody, loathing everything. Poor
old Louis! — From this of Balsam

I see that little sailboat now, coming along, I mean to sail when it gets warmer next month

We saw a man from a Balloon fall into the Ocean and
be killed, before our very eyes — The balloon came after him;
I believe he was entangled with it. Crowds were blown on
the Boulevard, and us and everybody cheering up here ^{until we saw what it was} on the Balcony
that made (naturally) a dreadful impression on her, and me too. I
can't think of it without a shudder —
But oh it is pretty on my Balcony. The Swedish Torngous, far more
brilliant than my Malvern ones! Perhaps it's the time of Year
but my Caribbean glowing skies don't come up to this Mediterranean
— Still in Ruus I'm glad I've got my fur cape, and the Rug
Jeanne and me bought at Peacetale — I've bought a Mongouli fur
tippet curly white stuff for 15 francs. Everybody has got them on,
but Mme Nier, (my lingerie) says ne faites anything I wear distinguée
I've that French of her! She sent me pour Noël a sweet handkerchief
avec mon \$ brode.

Oh to write me later. June 2nd 1864

Read and
mail the Postcard
& Encl. Good idea.

Susan's Room.
March 11. 1906.

Dear Carla.

This is the limit! I must
write you, about Elsie Nordhoff.
That a man should be forced
who is willing & ready her skin-less
dog! It surpasses Johnny the Miller.
And married, as I understand,
from the Hales' House, with the
Dog for Best Man. I must stay
away till its over, I doubt to
them, could I? —

Abby, the Secretary, writes me these
things but she can't say what day
is fixed for the wedding.

Carla, dear, you had proposed me
I'm not writing you at once
after your father's death, I think.


and Hattling friend here think he means that I
should offer myself. But don't count it among my
Real offers of Marriage. I told somebody would marry him
he he was quite by himself, and wrote for himself, and
from & they say they & took, and his coat is full of
This says it is in Geneva, wearing the Canal. de Paris, I
think the word of letters to a teacher he has a father,
part of the one old Schmidt teacher who had 5 names? And
and by the way, who has, served in the War. Who has had
That is no very interesting, Mrs. Moody is more so, a very
Advocate of the woman, born in Manchester, England, and
he — grand kind Helen. Was an intimate friend of Jane
Austin, & the famous deep up the intimacy with Austin. Recount
family name was Woodroffe, she married 1, James, 2, Moody and her

I know you knew I was thinking
of you, and I hate to write any
but joyful letters. I have thought
of you constantly through this long
sad winter for you, - but now
it is over - and we must make
you Maturack receive a comfort
for you. I wrote Polly a great fat
letter about my adventures on a
Horse, but that was too late
for you, as I think you were with
them ^{Smiths at} the very time I was writing.
Not one word of comment have I
heard from any of my correspondents
about that experience; - I am
quite disappointed.
Oh Cal, I never had a lovely winter,
or rather summer, and especially
this last part, at my favorite spot
in Jamaica. I am feeling finely

with all my love about me, and I need in good shape -
the best of health, just what I wished, for you know
I was visiting the moon. There is nothing new & cool
here, what is all the better for us. I think I shall
stuff the moon in for Charles, and as I never walk
an inch by any accident I don't need much - But
now I am just starting on the Stone Hotel, the Bottom
is full of America, and I see with one eye that
the Americans, conquering times and sailings.
I have had my triumphs over her, when there is nothing

(I speak of) to speak of; a long gathering with all gentlemen
[This is a caricature of "Horse-Gathering" and "Hatch-Sitting"
Hatchling sales are to find a wife for him in America]

in the Town of Niagara Falls, near Buffalo,
~~but~~ in Canada. ^{She} Has a daughter
Jones with her, who seems to be
a poet, - so I suppose the Cleverness
is on the Woodstock side of the
house. - There is also here, a very
small Boy, ^{and so} who thinks he runs
the whole, having been hatched in
Boston. His Aunt Miss Cushman
keeps a school in the suburbs. Mr. (only)
other ministers are rather interesting
Mrs Burke and her Son, both Danks.
He is a handsome fellow, brown
coloured, with a profile that might
be on some ancient copper coin.
I saw him in bed (he is ill) under
a Tester (in an old Mahogany 'Steak')
He looked like Othello with gleaming eyes.
Both his Grandfather was once a
Buccaneer in these parts, sailed
the "Big Nancy" in one of Maryate's Nords,
and made a Pot of money which this
York inherits! An estate Anchovy,
next the Alped Mitchell at Port Antonio -

The Father is very cocky, very boquacious. I asked what
his profession was, and they said "Oh it wasn't necessary
for him to do anything, he will always have plenty of money -"
He knows nothing, does nothing, reads nothing. - Just at
present he is in the Doctors' hands who sent him up here.
The mother is a well-set up lady, with wavy hair
sedulously parted and smoothed down. She too 
does nothing, reads nothing, sews nothing. Her Sun rises
and sets in her Son. The Canadians fight a big shy of
them. Canadians, you know, have a low opinion of darkeys,
because their colonies of the same are a bad sort, ^{descended from} ~~descended~~
run away slaves who crossed the Border before our War.
- Well, there is no harm in Daisy, and I shall be glad to get
back to her and her Folk. Hope they are all here. Loving Susan,

Dear you

+

To Miss Caroline P. Atkinson

Susan's Roost, Malvern,
March 11, 1906.

 Oh Carla, I have had a lovely winter, or rather summer, and especially this last part, at my favorite spot in Jamaica. I am feeling finely, with all my wits about me, and bones in good shape. I've lost seven pounds, just what I wished, for you know I was weighing too much. There is nothing much to eat here, which is all the better for me. I think people stuff too much in hot climates, and as I never walk an inch by any accident I don't need much sustenance. But now I am just starting on the Home stretch, the Bottom is out of Jamaica, and I live with one eye glued to the Almanac, computing times and sailings.

I have had my triumphs even here, where there is nobody (to speak of) to speak to; a poor gather-witted old gentleman (this is a combination of "wool-gathering" and "scatter-witted"), pathetically asked me to find a wife for him in America, and flattering friends here think he means that I should offer myself. But I don't count it among my Real Offers of Marriage. I wish somebody would marry him, for he lives quite by himself, and cooks for himself, and forgets to buy anything to cook, and his coat is fastened with a pin. His daughter is in Panama, nursing the canal-diggers. I think she would do better to be tending her poor old Father; sort of like our old Hermit Turner who lived by Round Pond, and by the way, like him, served in the War. This one has a pension. That is not very interesting; Mrs. Manby is more so, a very attractive little woman, born in Winchester, England, and her--grand-aunt I believe--was an intimate friend of Jane Austin, and the family keep up the intimacy with Austen descendants. Family name was Woodrooffe. She married 1. Jones, 2. Manby, and lives now in the town of Niagara Falls, near Buffalo, in Canada. She has a daughter Jones with her, who seems to be a fool, so I infer the cleverness is on the Woodrooffe side of thehouse. There is also here, a very small Boy, aged twenty, who thinks he knows the Whole, having been hatched in Boston. His aunt, Miss Cushman, keeps a school in the suburbs. Our (only) other inmates are rather interesting Mrs. Burke and her Son, both Darks. He is a handsome fellow, bronze coloured, with a profile that might be on some ancient copper coin. I saw him in bed (he is ill) under a Tester (in an old mahogany 'stead). He looked like Othello with gleaming eyes. Well his grandfather was once a Buccaneer in these parts, sailed the "Brig Nancy" in one of Marryat's Novels, and made a Pot of money which this youth inherits! An estate anchovy, next the Alfred Mitchells at Port Antonio. The youth is very cocky, very loquacious. I asked what his profession was, and they said, "Oh it wasn't necessary for him to do anything, he will always have plenty of money." He knows nothing, does nothing, reads nothing. Just at present he is in the Doctors' hands, who sent him up here. The mother is a well-set up lady,

with woolly hair, sedulously parted and smoothed down. She too does nothing, reads nothing, sews nothing. Her Sun rises and sets in her Son. The Canadians fight a bit shy of them. Canadians you know have a low opinion of darkeys, because their colonies of the same are a bad sort, descended from run-away slaves who crossed the Border before our War. Well, there's no harm in Loisy, and I shall be glad to get back to her and her George. Hope they are alive.

Loving
Susan.



Fair Profits and No Misrepresentations.



Walter M. Hatch & Co.

Orientalists and Rug Merchants.

Dealers in the Useful and Artistic Products of Japan, China and India

Screens, Teakwood, China,
 Mattings, Bric-a-brac, Cottons,
 Silks, Novelties, Fans,
Turkish, Japanese and Domestic Rugs.

43 and 45 Summer St., Boston. (Entire Building) "The Place to Buy Rugs."

April 5, 1906.

Miss. Susan Hall,

Wakefield, R. I.

Dear Madam:

In looking over our books today we do not find that we have the pleasure of sending you a statement, from the fact that you have not bought anything from us lately.

We esteem it a privilege to do business with you, and we wonder if an inducement which we have to offer next week in the newspapers will be sufficiently interesting to induce you to come in here and see the goods before they are so advertised.

We are holding a sale of Oriental rugs at \$21 which have been reduced from prices varying from \$25 to \$50 each, and the values in each and every instance are absolute and genuine.

These rugs are in good order. They are most all Antiques. The colors are fine, and at the prices we make this sale at, you will not only find things which we fancy you would like, but you will find them to be a very economical investment.

May we have the pleasure of serving you in this connection?

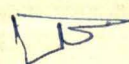
Yours very truly,

Goto H Yourself

WALTER M. HATCH & CO.

B

** Six of these please and 8 of the others.*



Kingston Jamaica
117 Duke Street
April 13. 1906

Dear Carla
This is a blossom
of the Champak Tree
I hope its "odours sweet"
will hold out till you
get it. It is filling the
air here now, and
Mrs Hill says the perfume
from the tree is oppressive &

X So seems Shelly knew what
he was talking about. Salongo
suggested he visited the
wise business. I am in
her Kingston and detained here
by my wrecked steamer which
is not far from here! This certainly
a new look to Jamaica that
it is so hard to get away, L.S.
in shipping, the only true surprise
I am

wants to be awy. There
is a scabble in
Bethel, and the S.S. Cos
demand and refuse
anything. No water
I am by our pitable
and expect an
amusing I walk. Sail
18th in New York.
Arrive about May 2nd
Natchez about 7th
May stop at Lucy's Hotel

I am verily this if
you a mail. Its good
Friday and the Post Office
is only open for
1 minute and I want

Strong Water

My dearest Carla, I feel horrified
that you felt horrified at my neglect -
I'm sure you have before this got mine
of March 11. I am very bad; I didn't
write you right off, because I thought
you would be overwhelmed with such
letters. (I sent you messages, dear,) then
I put it off. But I am swamped
with letters, and always writing the wrong
one

Now I am "wandering very close" and
live with one eye on the Albatross
sail probably April 21. from Kingston ^{for New York}
stop at Manhattan a day or two, at
Lucy's perhaps a day or two, get to
Maturah Bay, May 5th and descend
upon the town of Proctor later -- no doubt
I wrote this in my last (about Elsie and
the skinned dog) as I am chiefly now
occupied now with tinkering my glass.

I am up on top of a mountain now playing
with Chaney who are devoted to this place
don't by much care for it, it is windy
and cold and rains most of the time, but
I have a very comfortable room, the stars
are glorious, the food fair & middling. I
think us don't love like the last place much
altho our faces are turned homeward, especially
if home means Matamoras [My clothes are Ross
accompanied other things]. So Carla, dear, please love
me some more, and believe that I am never
forgetting you, only not writing when I ought to.
Wanted Print Co. Ltd
April 8 with do, I think

Lovey kisses

Waldenston, Manchester, March 23. 1906.

Matamoras P.T.,

Sept 14. 1906

In great haste

Oh Carla! its terrible to have
you gone. I need thee every
hour, as the hymn says -

I'm was just here wanting
to have Charades Saturday evening!

I jumped on him; "nobody to
see, nobody to perform, nobody
to desire the occasion" - I didn't

reveal my resolution never to
have Raymer do anything here again

but lo! he drifted into the
subject of Raymer's late insult; -

and in the calmest gentlest
tones I told him that I considered
it a great insult and most
remarkable mistake on Raymer's part.

moreover
and that the incident will
prevent me personally from ever
doing anything of the sort here
again. — His tail was more
or less between his legs when
he left, but I guess he will
tell Rayma all the same —

You know I couldnt have
Charades here all by myself
with these following Idiots!

Mademoiselle is very wise
and is as witty as charmingly.
Grandma Wells has telephoned
she will be here today. Lanny
says: "I dont want Grandma to come".
It is a pity for she will nag.

Your Uncle

Tuesday Sept 25 1906

MATUNUCK,
R.I.

Dear Calia

A puppet boy! Why are
 you not here! Sun streaming
 in at every ^{or door} pore. There was a
 frost last night so it feels
 not, the sunshine. I have been
 writing mounts of letters, but
 there is 10 minutes yet before
 Alvin time. You must, another
 year, stay long enough to drink this
 to the lees, its the only drops I
 like, the very bottom of the shimmer.
 Mrs Weeden ^{is now} in New York, Mrs W.
 in Providence, Tim in Connecticut

[I hope to write it] Mrs that and the way

Monica

Cake made by Athena and presented to her at
 the table & table - "Large at the end of the
 large" sang into your between under. - Roger
 here buying Amelia's lace, his gift to her -
 a tea at Lewis's for May Johnson - May Johnson
 like boy stick clothing for my furniture, at the
 intervals when he want in or on the road.
 What a big mention, in this brief mass, including
 each thinking into his humor - The bells and
 one driving surely with Lewis, on water held and must.
 When would there & my hat? Noble Richard has jumping about
 some and Edward, and "Sang" Horner, the hat of Scott's in an auto. -
 Goodbye, more am. Loving Susan -

New News Matlack at Paris Hill
Maine into New News Lema. —
Maurice gone to Potty - wotty,
(I mean Skiing) for school. Rose
to close Hollibachs on Saturday —
Mr Browning dead. Mrs Michael
moved up, and the school house
boarded. Abby Tinn in Providence
wonky for Sarah Weeder - there
is scarce a cow stirring; even
the Otto's are at rest.
Just a lonely glittering sheen
of ^{solitary} sunshine from here to Mocha
Island. What a contrast to
your stirring life! Its terrible to me
to think of leaving here. Still I wish
I could see the Virginian. With
he keeps?

But last week! My dear was a show. When
I got up after it (and Ear's Roosting) I heard
her [after the advantages of the Felt legs, Saturday]
at 7 p.m., and felt 36 hours on the wheel, "et
Roe up Monday morning feeling perfectly fine. "et
"Chateau de la Tour" in La: Balls, New York, Ballette
dinner, one at her, Henry's horse with a fiance who
he seen down at the beach [my pony ship side] the
Newy, Pedro's hair (Alga) sitting in their Otto's [my
night's, and study 24 hours a day; [noticed] a dinner [the 40]
my fee at 6 weeks, in honor of Sarah's birthday, [the 40]
Roe's chicken, the bread, and champagne, with a

Matamuck R.I.

Sept 17. 1906

Dear Caroline,

I'm sure its your turn to write, and its ages since we have communced; - Suppose that you like me are becoming averse to the use of the pen. Its a pity for my letters are still absolutely ravishing when I do write them and yours still more so. I write morsels of stuff, but its in the line of ordering Beef, or inquiring the price of Lamb, or signing checks for the same. However, we love each other still the same and I have now got something to tell you

Now its all you more things. The other day an Aunt Mabel wrote up ^{onto my} Cousins, and (as usual) two wild beings articulated themselves for it. They might have been the Queen of Sheba, or Mrs Gaby Watson, or any other thing; but they cried out, "But the news is? But the news is? Take off your bells," says I, and with me if she says Mrs Gaby Watson and her excellent mother, when she's not set eyes on for seems. They rise; they in fine spirit, they have now been here before. - Thiel & Kervauld there & stay dinner, for when alone with 3 ducks, (which are delicious - I sent me of them from Kervauld's) that's all, they expect to help from people as to the news. They have now mutual friends in Putnam who live, winter, in Jamaica.

I'm going to abandon the
Caribbean for this winter,
and take to the Mediterranean;
and your neighbor Mr Theodore
Davis, whose barn I understand
was lately struck by lightning,
has invited me to cross in his
party, and sail, with them,
for Gibraltar (they go on of course to Naples)
on the König Wilhelm, Nov 10th.
My ideas are by moderate, because I
am going on my own little money
(None state of course) - ~~and~~ I think
of going straight to Malaga from
Lis. (by the Rail and Ronda) & finish
November, for they say that's a lovely
month there [at grapes and figs]

There is a Pension on the Caleta (I mean a good & quiet
the name in Phaedra) where I think I shall be
happy - afterwards I write to & my beloved Mrs de la Plage
in Cannes. Do you wish me well? I mean you do -
I've had a horrible hot fortnight however. The Hotel
was with me ^{above} six weeks, and the (between the end and
is a good deal of a contrast & takes care of you. I
will travel about the country, and although my expectations
if that's the nature of them are in good quarters, it rather
did my up, and I took to my bed (I & my wife) a week - I
do so the about "now but I want a rest, and as I cannot
the Pension, & a "unmolested quiet" two weeks

Oh Caroline dear, I cant for the life of
 me come to you now, for though I am
 alone this instant minute I'm beset
 with shares on every side, as the
 Hyena says - Field coming back with
 his females, Lucy Perkins coming, me
 leaving in 3 weeks and the House to
 be shut, swept and garnished, its not
 to be thought of for an instant. If

I wish that I could be near you. Do you

Sept 27. 1849

MATUNUCK, R.I.

You have a strong calling to send me
 some Gales it would be a Consolation
 Miss Susan Hale
 Address them Care Station Master
 Waketoth Rhode Island.

Remember when I show you in
 the Cellar, and all the glass in the
 few hours unwatched?

no matter how
~~How~~ you send them, express I hope.
 I love your letters and long to write
 thee every hour, and so I will presently; but
 just at present I am engaged in
 writing to all the Inhabitants of

Jamaica B. W. I., to break it gently to them
that I am not coming their way this year
As the population of the Island is 2,000,000 (1/3
of which four~~th~~-thirds blacks), You can understand
my position. But I wish come out of it
and tell you things with what is left of me
very soon. I wish You would come along
with me. It course you know Mr Davis. I love him Think! Grapes in Malaga, peaches
ripe figs. Then we could do anything you like. I am
hankering after the Peak of Tinduffe. König - albat
is a droll steady steamer, You wouldn't wobble a bit
We might go on to Florida, [Naples] but I don't want to
touching Tunis

October 14 1906
noon

**MATUNUCK,
R.I.**

Oh Miss Carla!

You ought to be here!
I saw (or was) ^{just now} sitting in the
Porch, Sun well South, and
all the Sea glistening between
me and Block Island like
trembling tinsel. The Weeden
Barn also glistens exactly the
same, giving the idea that the
Tide has come up to the Mary's
but ^{as} I am not an artist and
mine that does not trouble me
= So still! Feel as if I saw
and cows

few saw the Mr. Cate 10 cent for Square Country
and surely else they can't remember, and that
with in shading me round all sorts accurately
stands in process, like, causes and ahead.

How much to Davis, Cole, tells him my desire
to go by Albury. Tell you of something else about it
in the train and everything so all believe how the
work to the or the Mr. what is the Mr. ? Frank
Mason ~~Stata~~ or Hunter for her. Time here this at
like when she is at 4 Weeden Oct. 19. very tired.
We take the Cape train 2-13, and the train we over
and is Albury about Today Day "white Miss Smith Water

Manhattan,
4 p.m. Election Day
1906
and Mamie



MADISON AVE. & 42ND ST.
NEW YORK.

Write me
before
Saturday
about you?

Dear Carla

You should have heard the
joyous shrieks with which I
greeted Peta this morning, when
she came with Betty, — and the
happy conversation that ensued
to settle our affairs. She was
truly delightful, and I think it
will be fine. She wanted
to see Malaga on the map, and

Spent the night here yesterday ^{a neighboring} in "Room
#16, and down in my bath-tub) this
morning. Every one is very & we expect
a perfect bowl of a champagne. I have
been advised that a Pope ^{though} he want
and may be moved by it ~~today~~, but she
has begun to come now, and actually has
returned. The telephone for me now, Peta
said you both managed her pretty about the hip.
But really Maria disapproves of it. I think this
letter is what induces her to. I believe my letter

Don't mind going thence in
my rotten old boat to
Marselles, and don't mind
missing the "Alhambra because
"she hates to see things". She
is worrying a little about her
shamb at Algeciras, but
she has forgotten the name
of the place already. She has
left her Cabin, and her letter
credit, and some clothes, —
she thinks, but isn't sure —

Mr Davis has written to ask me
to write my friend & his
sister, to make excuse the
little, to make excuse the

Good things on their way & never
about to it yet. I am having a
and ~~let~~ ^{all by myself} sitting better

long quiet time here, sitting better

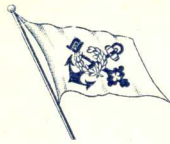
litters in my case. correct in front of

my glorious friend for his share on the City
when they are better about getting far away
the Army thing, but perhaps now — Kelly

Tuesday 8 am Nov 13.
1906

DAMPFER KÖNIG ALBERT

In the Smoking Room



NORDDDEUTSCHER LLOYD
BREMEN.

Dear Carla. Chopak is a
perfect success. In the best
headed woman on the ship
I really think it is wonderful; -
and the suit is a great comfort
by light & more about in, short
and the coat fitting perfectly.
It is so warm for that now, and
I am wearing shirt - waists in
a dangerous manner. Greta thinks
the suit is lovely. She is getting
on nicely. She has already an
Old Gentleman who kisses her hand
when she goes to bed, and Theodore
addresses her. She is really ^{no} ^{trouble,} ^{whatever}
for I don't disturb myself in the least

P.S. Must close this & mail at Wharfedale

beten already, and oh! its so hard & hard work! Ah!
My Mother saw me last morning, and then I hear
nearly all, when somebody says 'Kaying on the Rains';
Greta's old suit is Mr Gordon's (the poor man's?)
brother of Mrs Nelson's. He
is high maintained, always, brother of Mrs Nelson's
you would the word, being first & young man from the
Hankenshaw, Burns' company, has met every day from Nelson's
the success of China; but --- he tells all the time, and
this indicates in Paris, who tells also, and well, - for both
them the other man Greta sits between them and says at both
the time of Greta's, better, better, Greta, Educator. What follows is
has her own eyes, better, better, Greta, Educator. What follows is
in hand, by herself, or are at present, & learn where she will
strikes when the hand. He may go with us & Greta, a visit
to Birmingham & 'Palermo' - I shall write add a page & then when
the end. Got your letter dear, nice & you friends. I think of you lots. I shall

Monday, December 17, 1906.

Address Hotel de la Plage
Cannes.

Dear Girls,

Altes Matinee France
They are white with snow.

I says ^{just now} in bed: - "I must get

up and write them about this
Nanny Malou Condamnation!!"]

Carla! Did you ever!! I'm glad
we were not in it on Labor Day
What a good time we had with
Niece Polly and Nat.

How can the girl. She has nerve.
Somehow I didn't think they'd rally
bring it about. How any decent girl
could give herself to that silly old
fat slobbering Ass. But I admire
her extremely for doing it, seeing she can.
She is the Iphigenia of the 19th Century.
But what a father's sacrifice has she to.

^{Private (naturally)}
I have Annie's despatch letter about Clara. I will write about it.

I don't write you any more, but I must write other
letters but different. Polly told me, and I must write her

They all seem delighted. She says "Nannie is one Beau"

I must write you too, [I have written 4th. Different from this]

I imagine you chuckling on my letter letter. Wait it for?

For old Peter is talking on the news, she writes me she
has bought two or three books & read on the voyage in case
I don't find any one to talk to. No doubt she is talking with the

Stellar. How fine he going to Ann Males. He talked

her in the suburbs. Peter and writes to come and
take in Paris. I wish he got, after all he is a dear old.
My darling's love are better, and she very happy. I love her.

If she can stick it out, it's the best
and only course for her. Short - waists
are going out, and she is a failure
as an Abby Clark, - I suppose when
she gets into bed (ugh!) she ^{thinks} thinks
what a relief it is not to be boiling
and moiling & escape together inadequate
food for those dolt. ing Parents.
Of course its prostitution but - why
not prostitute? on the whole I think
its excellent, only I am glad it aint
any of ~~xxx~~ us three doing it.

- Now let Billy Weedum stand
from under. Scout has him snooping
round for the swag. He hates Frank
Weedum, and always did, and would
have killed him readily any old time
if he had the nerve. Now to pretend
not to, simply on account of the money! =

Mary can give Selma her old clothes, plenty of them, but
dont let Philly suppose ^{"Cousin Frank"} he is a lay. His darts. There is a probab.
if he sees - dont believe the Kellys hair were stand it.

Its a good idea to go to Boston, for Providence seems to need
and has tongues stuck way, though their standard is not high
The Boston Amherst can do for them. Git was we (and)
Selma take Amherst Amherst's house in Amherst street
and make it distinguished by living in it.

Its only because Mary is stupid, and that a mercy, that she can live
of the happy time of her own she would be her ridiculous
it is. An absence of that foolishness makes it but time. As facts
I think its excellent. I said that she has to keep saying to, make
me

Addup Hotel de la Plage Cannes France

Jan 10th '07.

Goodmorning, Mrs Chopak, how
is your tailor-made today? Mine
is splendid, I'm afraid something
will happen to it, I wear it so much -
Your letter, dear Carla, came yesterday,
and I will answer at once, & keep
the circuit close. It dated Dec 29th
and here it was the 9th Jan; 11 days!
much quicker than when they went
round by London. You are glorious
about writing, my dear, and you must
not worry when you are too busy put.
I am used now to a great gap in all my
letters, at Christmas time. It's a wonder
you like through it. But I'm always
longing for your ~~letter~~, & rejoice in them

Asquith, in store to Napoule, where is my favourite pale
The day was perfect, great flocks of Wauwau, the air soft & sealed;
perhaps that what's called "ambient" by the Post. We started
mumbling after breakfast (half past my milk dubbin "N. House"
who will drive me and leave my bag in 1887! Some horse
Hebeio: "The price is close to the wa almost all the way
and the colouring there & before when there is an old
tree, steep cliffs, and by and by the view of Cannes' ^{Apollis}
with the hills behind it, all full of soft veils of blue light
Thinks are green still, blue in the towers of Chateaux,
the numerous just beginning to be full of yellow buds; most
of the great trees are ^{green} ~~green~~, this sort you know
as Chenes-leege, Cortel, they ~~have~~ ^{have} almost in my mind
everglades, but it's rather effective with white ~~flowers~~

Apropos de quoi, I have no word
from Peter since she sailed; - but
I read in my N.Y. Sun that he steamed
arrived in due time, (Dec 21); shouldn't
wonder if they never wrote, should you?
Oh Carla! how you do work! It makes
me tired even to read of the things
but of course its immensely interesting
and serves to work off the hideous
writings, and save the way to Matinech
only think -- two months already since
it sailed out of New York! I can't believe it
good idea about the Christmas Greens
and Willard was just the one to do it.
Thank! Martha Williams is just off
for My Algiers. I might be there so easy!
I hope they will stop there, and I hope
I shall know what becomes of them later
Katy has sent me the lovely card with
Roberts' verse on, what a dear thought
it was of her to have it done.

You see Jim's disagreeing on your letters. - As for us here
our winter is said to be over. The snow has left the
Providence Alps, and they say there isn't any more. My
Excellent neighbors, (on this point) the Nuptial, say we have
had a very cold winter, but I don't notice it. As every
day you run out on my balcony viewing myself. How about
it well now, and our feeling fine. My sister is a dear,
I am rather nervous, this day or two, because he has not visited
me, and you afraid he thinks I don't need him any more
I can hear Betty well now, and hear Charles strike a note of
these witty thoughts from a young English lady (about 30)
Mary has a teal dress, Miss Mather. She has been very sweet
to me, and one day asked for a drive with me. She was substantial;
As it seems to you that you have had a winter and seen nothing at all
outside the North.

We passed the Golf Links which are
very swell, — very fresh and green also,
but saw nothing of the Grand Duke
of Mecklenburg, (he is I believe
a friend of Patty's) who runs the links.

Miss Milnes was delighted, and a
very pleasant companion. She taught
these worthies ^{most} ~~it~~ painfully; especially
Ma Knight who is a very stout
little old lady rather tyrannical I
expect. She reads aloud to her; —
"chiefly Biography" and they are
now reading the Life of the Late
Lawkins they got out of their Church
Library. So its a good act to take
her out. dont cost me any more.
viz: 12 francs the course — My
brother wants me to drive, and besides,
I want to myself.

Saw of course dressing a little Dole.
I bought her in a little shop in a dreadful
condition for 1 franc 25. I immediately

for love, its just as a friend

Cut off all her clothes, which were coarse and cheap. Her hair
came off with the hat, and revealed a hole in the head
which went down into her stomach from which wires came
out and held all her works together, including the wig. I
stuffed her head full of self destroying cotton, and stuck the
hair bit with Photo-Libray paste, and now she begins to look
lovely. I watch the little children going by below my window
to see how to dress her, and I have made ten stockings out
of an old shoe string, and bought a little tube of Patent-Vinyl
to black her shoes with. She can stand alone now, and I
am making her underclothes. — These are my simple pleasures
The food is delicious, I eat lots, read ^{watched} French novels till 9 p.m.
and sleep like a top till 7 a.m. when Angèle comes in to
put my fire all ^{up} ~~the~~. — I should like the Simple life, but it?
God's preparation for Matamoras. Lots of my tiny girls from Madan

Address (straight, no bankers)
Hotel de la Plage, Cannes France

Jan. 16. 1907

You dear kind Caroline, I didn't
dream of you being so compassionate
of me; - ^{but} ~~log~~ else seems I think it's
all right for me to be dead and old
and all the things. If you really
feel like sending me a check (say
\$100), it would help things very much,
- though I am getting along very well -
Send it to E. A. Church
Cashier, Weyburn Bank
Cama Chauway and Bedford Street Boston.

I have my letter of credit through them
and he will just credit it on that
I write about this first thing, because
you may be gone. You letter just here today.

Shall I think
in my mind!
Honesty & Justice
I want that a loose about

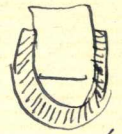
But what a horrible time
because every voice here will, my worst symptoms was
long all roads re-organized as if they were back thirty or forty
notes. The Bank further delays has / made me frantic. At
times, I hate rest my dear Thomas Davis, but I don't see
anything to be done, unless he has visited a man & sit with us
who is the greatest Chatter. He, talks incessantly of Boston matters
by name, the Cape, with us Mrs. John Page, widows Tell her kind!
The man is full of questions and a very good fellow, but very! -
Then there were practices of all cats on board, among them the
My dearest friends who seem a happy fate, viz. John Church
and Mary Dickson. They are all now in Rome, in a big hotel
and their staying is amongst them. I shall hear from you not.
In case it is otherwise, I hope, when first came I mean to stay
in Rome the Hotel was really empty -

like writing back. My Jamaica
letter are but just beginning. Had
a weather-beaten newspaper yesterday
(of Jan 11) before the earthquake &
but mailed the day after. It looks
as if it had been through the whole }
Catastrophe

But think of Cousin Martha
being over here! I don't believe that
about small boats at Algiers. —
It must be so, but now there's
a great stone pier; ^{to be sure} but of late
I have come & gone via Marseilles
in smaller boats so its different.
I should like her to see the Suedens
bony Bella, and things, if I knew
when to go at her and Mrs Emerson.
Carla! Elly Lawton you know is in Rome
and she has written me a "nice note"

but it leaves me somewhat, for the suggested evening
here too we are about what want her. "Schlosser of her,"
and think highly of her going alone through Calcutta
on the boat, but don't feel like looking over there
for anyone worse than you when there's nothing)
to singularity and he that thought he leaving here
where she wants to see Rome; which is quite true, he
Oh! in what a night may up and go at any time
As matter of fact this is happy see Schuchert wonder
if I think right see the mail about May 1st — there
is but one little Rose-leaf under my pillow which shows me
and that the presence in this form of Abby's "not under",
how do you see the bars here?

To just like the City mouse and
the County mouse. She talks me
to death, Carping about the weeds
and Jeanne and the awful times she
had with them over here, in Venice he
(I have heard their side of the business)
"getting one of their darnd old fat
horses stumbled; "Coachy" (as she
pronounces Cocha, — though her French
is fluent) was quite annoyed, he had
to alight, and Carry was much perturbed.
She pinched out, but refused to. There
was a big stone in the foot of the horse
and Coachy couldn't bear to try to
take it out with his ^{both of which} kid
gloves and tall hat. He took ~~them~~ both
off finally; — I suggested from the carriage
that he should "chercher une pierre"
which he did in a gentlemanly manner,
and he proceeded in removing the ^{the stone} ~~the stone~~
and we proceeded



of course. Does in Alvina in all the heaves, but

I think they are kind of stupid and just seem what
it all or not. The alphas maintain an covered
just them, but what the more beautiful, Great heaves
shadows from. With stand out against them. There are
lots of blue toes recedents, and Chêne - hope - of
its only. The Minerva just ready, I trust like her
Munkhuie, in some places already out with its straw from

balls. So you see you very happy, and why greater steel
this time gathering along as fast — top mounts, (the str / know)
Seliglet see. Keep a writing me when you can — All my
home letters are so full of hurry and engagements it makes me
feel like a recruit. But this is good stuff in me yet for Mankhuie
and summer. At you can call to you & Mankhuie
Mankhuie

You see I have my own "team" three
times a week, more if I want, and
take with me one or other of two
nice English ladies whose rooms
are next mine here. The trouble
is that Carey telephones me when
she wants me about 10 minutes
only beforehand, and I have no time
to invent an excuse; but after this
I mean to be always in bed, or
dead or something, - when she sends.
I am afraid its ages since I wrote
to you. I am lots better, thanks to
my lovely Doctor who is determined
to cure my Roaring Lows. They was
ditch, but I am not very deaf; you
wouldn't notice it, except when there
is an awful din going on which
confuses my head. I have Tonics and
Syringes and all sorts of things, my
diphtheria is packet and my spirits are
right on top,

The Hotel is filling up; almost every little table occupied,
in fact the train is full, for this is Colonial for years
partly, ^{came} the procession of marches, protests, &c, showing
Confetti of hatched-tissue-paper all on the "Provincial"
As I stretched out on my balcony, ^{with} the "Shell" and "Figant"
stacking, why the Provincial shows, those ladies, 10 feet
high, doesn't like to let girls with beautiful ^{hair} busts, very
small feet. I think it is the Boys of half that height being
the best of those fair ~~ladies~~ ladies on top of the mountains. I
suppose I have seen some thing before, the spot was weird.
It is kind of odd here, at least by just at 32. ^{later}
and we see ice in the gutters and fountains - but
the sun is warm and I have my visitors then half the
time. Fairy visitors and all Catholics are out, daffies beginning,

To Miss Caroline P. Atkinson

Cannes, France,
Feb. 4, 1907.

Dear Carla,

I must answer your beloved letter which has been here several days. I am swamped just at present with letters from all parts of the world rejoicing I am not in Jamaica,--I mean from chance people I have met there or on my travels. There's a sweet woman I saw in Malvern, Jamaica, (first time) who lives in London, and she has been in fevers about me, but just now received a Post card I sent her from here which relieved her mind. It's so kind of these folks. I feel like writing back. My Jamaica letters are but just beginning. Had a weather-beaten newspaper yesterday (of Jan. 11) before the earthquake, but mailed the day after! It looks as if it had been through the whole catastrophe. # # # # #

I'm so happy here I shouldn't wonder if I stuck right here till I sail about May 1st. There is but one little Rose-leaf under my pillow which thorns me, and that is the presence in this town of -----, have I told you ----was here? # # # #

I am afraid it's ages since I wrote to you. I am lots better, thanks to my lovely Doctor who is determined to cure my Roaring Ears. They roar still, but I am not very deaf; you wouldn't notice except when there is an awful din going on which confuses my head. I have Tonics and Syringes and all sorts of things, my digestion is perfect and my spirits are right on top.

The Hotel is filling up; almost every little table occupied, in fact the town is full, for this is Carnival you know. Yesterday came the procession of masks, pierrots, etc. throwing confetti of hashed-tissue-paper all over the Boulevard. As I stepped out on my Balcony in p.m. I beheld six "Gigants" stalking along the Boulevard below, blonde ladies, ten feet high, dressed like ballet girls with beautiful bare busts, very small feet. I think they were Boys of half that height bearing the busts of these fair ladies on top of themselves. I suppose I have seen same thing before; the effect was weird.

It is kind of cold here, at sunrise today just at 32°, and we see ice in little gutters and fountains,--but later the sun is warm and I have my window open half the time. Pussy willows and all catkins are out, daffies beginning,. Of course Roses in blossom in all the hedges, but I think they are kind of stupid and don't know whether it's cold or not. The Alpes Maritimes are covered with snow, but that's the more beautiful, great purple shadows from cliffs stand out against them. There are lots of Olive trees hereabouts, and Chene-liege. Oh! it's lovely. The Mimosa just ready to burst like pervading sunshine, in some places already out with its odorous yellow balls. So you see I am very happy; and only tremble to see the time galloping along so fast. Two months (the 8th) since I alighted here. Keep on writing me when you can. All my home letters are so full of hurry and engagements it makes me feel like a Hermit. But there's good stuff in me yet for Matunuck next summer. Lots of love dear Carla to you and Mamie. I think of you lots.

Yours,
Susan.

Sunday morning

Carry Dear, Here is your good
letter, I love & think of you having kind
word in your auto with a really
Respectable person up behind
When you mentioned the Charge
in the stable, I figured to myself
the Effete Horse in a stall; but

things are different in the 30th Cent.
= If you shoot up to the house
of Theodore Davis, do give them
news of me. Tell them that I am
a wreck, but the Toyons kind
of wreck, still afloat. I love the
Davis, and have become very fond of
Miss Andrews. Its death I have
never seen their lovely Necropit place

but I just couldn't do any of those things -
But mind you don't worry about me; for
I shall do very well - You know that
in November I have my \$250 from I. P. A.
So I shall be well off - and nothing to spend
it for, as Jim Arthur's quest; and perhaps
in December Homestead will come round
at any rate January. Then we'll see.
Too bad about Louisa. But she has her
house & play with. I am packing, with my
legs in the air. Love Julie



Thorncliffe, Oct 6. 1907.

135 Lincoln Park Boulevard
Chicago

Manhattan (12th Etage)
New York
Oct 10. 1904

Dear Carla, Your delightful letter
all reeking with Matsumaki's
right here, and I am miles
up and away out of the world
so I can sit and answer it
all I please, unmolested. Not
a soul knows I am in New York
& I wanted it to be this way
and though the Telephone Book is
under my nose and the Telephone
at my ear, and May Keating
& Do at it, I haven't stirred
up Francis nor ^{seen or} ~~any~~ ^{spoken to} ~~any~~ ^{any} outside person, or any
of my flock. Arthur is the only
person I have seen. He is wonderful.

I've been writing Louis. They didn't think I was bad.

The train was so crowded, - the baggage didn't get
unpacked in hours and came out 4 tickets
as I came near going to bed without the things
which of course contained everything for the night, although
my thought I made had arrived. But I found a
[boxed] night - gun (in the wrong place) and was about
that it on, when the things jumped at the door.
- At least lots of things on long material. The
ducks and [boxed] as we went though things
reminded us of the [boxed] they say the school & so
it every time the looks out of windows. Name books must
be learning. Wish they the time next school the rejoice & think
of you in the [boxed] after [boxed]. I am beyond measure

Lord knows where he is now; he
isn't anywhere half the time
and when he is anywhere he
isn't know where it is. He was
here about 15 minutes and
talking through ~~the~~ my telephone half
of that; and left me to meet
Mr. Hamman, who as I read
in my Sun "was in Wall St.
yesterday for the 1st time in 12 weeks"
= Put Sam loaded at the muffle
with mileage and directions; and
May and me start around at
11-50, by D. and O. for Washington
where Arthur may or may not
join us and go straight to Chicago,
or he may alight and stop at
his flat at the Connecticut to play
with Camilla who wants me.

I don't quite see how the message will bear what
you say, but no matter, I'll ask Mary
= She by the way is having the time of her life, and
we had a most excellent trip from Boston in the
Fitz Edge's Car - an immensely long train, by the way,
full of millionaires who consisted chiefly of the ladies
I asked [in Boston - behind] and together with (apparently
hundreds) of babies. It was a little feverish when
starting, for Mary K. didn't come and didn't come. -
and at 4 p.m., I ordered the Col. to be taken
up = There seems at the Northern States had thought he found
in Britain - instead of Britain, and they spent 1 1/2 hours
waiting for it - The State or had a quiet evening together,

To Miss Caroline P. Atkinson

Manhattan (12th Etage)
Oct. 10, 1907.

Dear Carla,

Your delightful letter all reeking with Matunuck is right here, and I am miles up and away out of the World so I can sit and answer it all I please, unmolested. Not a soul knows I am in New York, for I wanted it to be this way, and though the Telephone Book is under my Nose and Telephone at my Ear, and Mary Keating to Do at it, I haven't stirred up Francis nor Gerald nor seen or spoken to any outside person or any of my flock. Arthur is the only person I have seen. He is wonderful. Lord knows where he is now; he isn't anywhere half the time and when he is any where he don't know where it is. He was here about fifteen minutes and talking through my Telephone half of that. # # # # # # #

But I am loaded to the muzzle with Mileage and directions; and Mary and me start tomorrow at 11.50, by B. and O. for Washington where Arthur may or may not join us and go straight to Chicago. I don't quite see how the Baggage will know what to do, but no matter I'll ask Mary Keating.

She, by the way, is having the time of her life, and we had a most excellent trip from Boston in the Gilt Edged Car--an immensely long train, by the way, full of millionaires who consisted chiefly of Fat Ladies asleep (in Button-behinds) and Nurses with (apparently drugged) Babies. It was a little feverish before starting, for Mary K. didn't come and didn't come! and at $\frac{1}{4}$ of 10 I had just ordered the Cab loaded, when she turned up. Those devils at the Northern Station had dumped her trunk in Division 7 instead of Division 5, and they spent $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours hunting for it. Then Here we had anguish concerning trunks, the train was so crowded;--the Luggage didn't get unravelled for hours and came out by driblets, so I came near going to Bed without the Angel which of course contained everything for the night, although my spangled Brocade had arrived. But I found a night-gown (in the wrong place) and was about to put it on, when the Angel knocked at the Door.

But I spend lots of thinking on lovely Matunuck. The sumachs and maples as we swept through Kingston reminded us of the Pond. Mame Tucker must be beaming. I will try to be there next October. We rejoice to think of you in the Shadow of the Windmill.

Your joyous,
Susan.

Oct 30 }
1907. }

137 Lincoln Park Boulevard
Chicago

Dear Miss Caroline, would it
be Temble if "Regular" means
anything so disgustingly irregular
as 25! However x x its Some.
I am living on the Fact of the
said thanks x Arthur, so don't

You worry about me just now.
If you could give me a new
head and write it might be ^[have to]
well; but these of mine will do.
I must write you about this strange
swelling, but not now. You
remember the Morlocks who lived
underground? That's me - i.e.:
on the Rue-de-Chausée of this

Very swelty (and filthy) Apartment house
 with dungeons beneath where they wash.
 Tall buildings all round us, but a pleasing
 gap where I see a bit of sky, and a crack
 where the sun comes in when there is any.
 Everything goes by electric. They press a Button
 and I get up - and turn me out with
 the same when its time to go to bed. We give
 little dinners and I drive in housewifery along their
 ugly old Lake, with lots of fun to keep house for Arthur.
 He is here about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the time, but very nice when he comes
 in haste. Yours Truly -

I've just finished fruit of the tree. Not a bad book but clever

I was much worried about your
mother (though I didn't say so) and
now I hope she is really getting
on her set-back... but you
must be anxious all the time
I am glad you have the Norwegian
I would like to swap her for my
Frieda, who is an obstinate little
Beast. } However she has just
bought me a Post Card of the
Kaiser and his Generations which
is very beautiful. What a time ^{was} them
Kings is having. When ^{was} ^{read} ^{about}
the three Kings, I asked Arthur who
had the Ace; and the next day
The Chicago Tribune had a picture
& that effect. - - But why talk
about Kings! Your Camping Lark
was splendid, I wish I had been there

Oh, it is too bad about the Chunks. How tiresome
of Sally & her Malabar! but as it is the just thing
He has even gone to find fault with, what could he
I should want a perfect plan for them and to go for
Yours & he then. For all Jim must be sitting on
a Tomato can all day his loneliness "but I
Oh Carla Boy, I am having a splendid time, but I
am a wreck all the same, only Jim determined to be
Gone & the last (33 years more) & I say what was
or rather wished Oswald "My Christian Science"; -
but I see no use in trying and saying I am deep when I am
That was at the Highlyly Club where a lady had been
reading a paper about three feet long when I sat;
I did not hear one word, nor even know she was talking about. Was
George Meredith.

for living purposes, but these few
 Unitarians hold on like a Dog
 La Bone, regarding Mr Pulstone's
 as a great light, and I believe
 Pa thinks so too. He has Chapel
 afterwards in the ^{vulgar} ~~English~~ South side
 which I understand is quite crowded
 - The service was with Music attached
 and the Back of this ^{platform} ~~stage~~ was all
 Organ and choir, with a little
 Reading desk in front where Mr Pulstone
 performed. ^{on the platform} The Organ and the Choir
 drove me nearly wild; My Ears dislike
 that form of tin pan worse than any other;
 and when it came time in the sermon
 Mr Pulstone walked about, without
 notes, extemporizing and using his
 hands with rather graceful gestures.
 What the Dickens he was talking about
 I have no idea, except I think it
 was about "God" and what "Jesus" thought
 of him; but the Dr thought it was fine

You must know all about them, a perfect record of
 names, Delano's, and Forbes, and Emerson, and Parker
 and Mott and Hallenstedt and Milton and Mudgett -
 there - haven't I got it straight? The house is full
 of ludicrous old furniture straight from China years ago
 the cabinet of China silk woven by the original
 silk worm who was a Forbes. At the same time, the
 house is very modern, and the carpets are a dream, -
 in one cup. Had cutting devoted to the Hats -
 a shelf for each other pulls out when you
 open the door - Books all about, good pictures,
 the children's room full of toys and jigs, the
 47 ^{Daughters}, only two at home - One is just gone
 Mrs Wheeler's school in Providence, where she goes dancing
 She got upset and
 Regina rescue her and afterwards marry.



and seems Mrs. Eliza thinks it
a remarkable Intellectual effort
that Mr P. does ~~it~~ all out of
his head, in forty minutes. I
thought it was 40 years, but don't
you tell; for I fully recognize the
"intellectual effort" - After the
Service the few faithful gather-
ing and I was presented to
Mr Paleford (that's ^{spelt} right in once)
He started at the name of
Hale; and seems he addresses the -
I thought to tell him he needn't
worry, as I didn't hear anything he said.
The worst of this is that other
Unitarians named Jenks, expect
me to go with them, so I shall
have to on account of their feelings
especially of Mrs Jenks's mother who
is named ^{something else} take me in the carriage.

Just now we left these worshippers, and re-embarked
with our Machine I it was swamped in two last
locks but they're got it together again, and hauled
back to the Delaware house which near the North Pole,
I showed my hat with a bang he was getting tired on the
for stopped at a Throat and bought a packet of
Hones, and left them at a house he Mrs Delaware's mother
is it not odd of this Throat? he has open shop and
deductive window & the on these hours sundays just at the
Church, when people are feeling tenderly towards mothers etc,
and this out say them total offspring - he had a
long train of ~~children~~ of his sundays all on Chicago
in a beautiful dress now in a beautiful street
named Throat by New York

Dear Carla,

137 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD
CHICAGO

CHICAGO
137 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD

December 4, 1967

Its a shame to auction your splendid letter with this short one, but I dont want to let it go ^{and I have} ~~longer~~ just been writing a volume

W Jeanie. I love Mr DeLano

and shall certainly give him your message. Mrs D. is East wallowing into

all possible Forbeses and things.

Aint it excellent about Larry's buying that land. I hope Jim will be "ady" now. - I only will

it was that \$100,000,000 into the empty pockets of my boys. I'm so

sorry about your mother. You must feel very anxious all the time, but its lovely & have her so lovely. You and Betty
Over

ought to take the Gobel Prize (or whatever that
is) for Scythia's talents. Parba writes that she
does the work of four elephants, amongst other
things "dressing her two Dolls daily," - her two dolls
her mother, I guess, is quite helpless now, though
they don't say much about it - Well, Mary Keating
has her doll to dress. -- but she is having the time
of her life, telephoning all on Chicaps - in fact she
might be called the Belle Telephone Antiquarian?
I was going out this p.m. Mary calls with Old Ma Gillette,
but there's a Blizzard on, and Duru cold, and I'm
resolved not to set foot out doors Ever again, & Mary
see II

II

went up stairs in the lift &
Miss Jenkins' Apartment (4 stories
above me) She rang in some time
and then Miss Jenkins came out
just dressed, but the pair were not
up, (later on it was heard, 10 o'clock)
and he agreed that his mother
in law, Mrs Gillette wouldnt care

to go out in such weather. She
lives by herself at the Alexandria,
and ~~has~~ the J. Wick Phone that Saint
Cruz. Sure she wouldnt risk out
her Old Mules (a pair of tan coloured
~~hags~~ ^{nags}) or her Automobile; but I
was going to take her in my ^{livery stable} Cab. I
give you this as a snap-shot at my
life here. It seems so funny to be doing
it all by myself. Chapin and I live
A nice time. They live

they live just round the corner, and had
 dinner there Thanksgiving - (my own afterwards, ^{also}
 as ~~the~~ ^{our} Turkey was ordered at Woman's Exchange)
 - But the great excitement was Mary Dwisson
 and her sister Helen! They stopped in Chicago
 en route for Denver where they are giving thanks,
 and Ned Chapin managed a visit to them
 by me! at the ^{Flat I mean} ~~site~~ they were stopping at, -
 the ^{Franklin} ~~Franklin~~ ^{Hotel} ~~Hotel~~ ^{Hotel}
 wheels, - and next morning they came and inspected
 my apartment, which they praised very much.
 I must stop, and do my hair. Love Susan -

Has seen with "Florence" but never stronger than
 I was and in progress of skinning but
 I hope to see her again
 but
 I hope to see her again

137 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD
CHICAGO

Dear Carla

Just a word to
tell you I am thinking
of you, and grieving
and loving
Susan,

December 17.

Thank Maurice for writing

137 Lincoln ^{Park} Boulevard, Chicago
8 1/2 am. Dec 13th 1907

Dear Carlos
I am nearly wild over
of my letters; I want to write to
all of you at once. You see
I worry about writing me
I had a splendid one from
Mannie, and my heart was full
of one to her (dear) but it
didn't get written. George and
I am monkeying with some money
of mine he has **got** loose from
a mortgage so that I can play
with it, which involves volumes
of uninteresting conversation with Banks.

Keep on writing me!

About you ever let me go to those things any more.

Wrote Eulalia therapy, and, exceedingly here in Chicago,

I want the down class to lead their nice dirty double

cross and copy themselves, instead of having 190 400

great danger and be taught things and letters

ideas about Mexico, which they can't handle well (see)

and learn about carrying when cut their fingers

(Snake again) and see good & history. For this address

you should & visit me for account of the great name [a]

and I was wanted at one her great African talk with them
up great steep stairs & theater, and open with cases when they
they are taught & Cook, and wear, and exercises when they
have talk and read while some body sees. Of dearful I had
& buy a piece of iron - worth \$3.00.

Do you see that word Got
down below, all blotty? well, -
that is due to snakes there
are in the Ink here. You fish
me up and the first thing you
know it is all over the paper
Not only snakes, near Chicago
dirt. A girl here tells me
the top of her mouth is always
black "you can't help it" she says

But now I want to tell you of
a lovely visit I had from Delano
last Saturday. I think he is the
dearest man. He is so clean
and handsome. I'm sure he
had typhoid fever (going about
without knowing it for a long time)

But he is looking pretty raw, with the reaction
that sometimes follows when they get well. He
shook with the greatest agitation of your
brother
and all are lots of things of them ^{early} friends.
He jumped up & my son in his Big Red auto,
drove a couple of hours, I guess, and then left
Marshall home, about 100 miles north of here where
he was sick the sick contains written by Foster
the Great Woman. I'm glad you liked that fish. She
must be home by this time, - Mrs D. I like her also much,
She had a beautiful time going to New Haven. You know
how she loves Atlanta in winter.

The Luncheon was something awful in a huge cavern planned to feed the Lower Classes (they were not there at the same time with me) and we had mashed potatoes and a piece of Pumpkin ^{On the same plate} Pie (which they made me eat and it made my stomach ache) at long rows of tables served by persons in caps in a great hurry. Miss Addams sat at the ~~end~~ ^{head of a long table} and me next, and we led perfunctory conversation; the others near us (except Miss Wither Rice who was talking me) were teachers and helpers who discussed the lower classes amongst themselves as they bolted their bread and food without taking the slightest notice of me. —

Poor Arthur has been here this week, and that prevents
my doing such things. Today I go to the Thomas Court
and study I must go to the other Unitarian Church
with me and Mrs George Adams (he was a Keene Boy)
who has just broke loose on me. — Arthur and
I ^{he left me yesterday} are having great times Masticating. How do
you like Horace Fletcher's book about the A. B. Z.?
It's delicious, especially about the insides
of Female Cats while vomiting taken by Runtzen Rays.
— Arthur however is regarding it rather seriously, and
masticates his breakfast while I encourage him.
He wants a Secret Society: of which I'm to be the Mystic Mistress
and he is to be the Mastic Master.

New comes my
Mail. from
Susan

• I've just got the Bill
for my Thanksgiving Dinner
from Woman's Exchange —
\$5.00 for the turkey, and
.40 for a (poor) Mince Pie! -