

1712 H. St.

March 14th, 1912.

Dearest Margaret;

Do you care for this style of paper for letters? I had half a mind to have your street number put on it and sending you a few quires. Then I decided it would be wiser to let you choose the kind you liked best. This appealed to me because I could foresee such long letters written on it! Let me know and I'll send you some for an Easter present.

*Pauline Bowke*  
P----has been here two days now. What a mature girl she is.

R----has shocked her father several times by coming home from dances late on Sunday morning. Because others thought it no harm she stayed and danced as late as the latest. Fortunately she goes usually with a class of people who have right ideas. But of course there is a sporty element here as everywhere else and they seem to be having the best times!

We three are going to the Countess of Warwick lecture on Friday. I hoped she would take Woman Suffrage for her topic, but instead is to talk on personal recollections of famous people. It doesn't sound interesting for we read enough of such people and I should prefer some live subject. There are a number of interesting women in town, like Jane Addams. Isn't it too bad to think of Mrs. Pankhurst in prison now, and going through that terrible forced feeding!

I do hope the Suffragettes will soon be victorious but it is too bad to think that some of these splendid brave women will evidently have to sacrifice their lives first.

P----is keeping Lent as well as wearing mourning so the combination will keep her from going out much. Still, we made her go

last evening to a big skating party and it ended up in a supper at Chevy Chase Club, with dancing in an informal fashion. She supposed when she started off that it was to be only skating.

We have been to some wonderful dinners lately. At the last, a dinner of twenty-two at a beautiful round table, there were gorgeous silver service plates and the most superb filet lace table cloth, doilies, etc. I wonder how we shall ever even up with these people who have entertained us so royally. Just do our little best, I suppose! One can give very nice dinners and luncheons at the Chevy Chase Club, and we may entertain out there when Spring really comes.

Spring makes me think of the awful clothes again. I am so thankful that I have two or three good linen gowns left over. Dilli, (whom Ruth scorns) is making me a suit of changeable taffeta. It is purple and green and I hope will be pretty. I thought perhaps I could use my purple velvet hat by covering it with taffeta if the style is correct.

How nice for Kathie if she goes to Kindergarten. You did love Kindergarten so. It gives them such splendid ways of amusing themselves.

Well, isn't this a long looking letter. Lots of love to all.

1712 H. St.  
Washington, D. C.

May 1912.

Dearest Harry;

You have been so good about writing that I am going to try you again. Bert says he hasn't heard anything from home either for several days. I usually ask him if he has heard from you as you often add a little home news to the business letters.

When I was up at the Capitol Monday I looked at the weather map and saw that you were threatened with quite a severe snow storm. I trust it didn't amount to anything. We have had such a cool month, quite unprecedented. Almost every evening when we are at home we have a little open fire in the room where we sit and read. No sun ever reaches it and so it's apt to be pretty cool.

Last Friday evening we had the pleasure of entertaining an Omaha party of four of our old friends, Mrs. Clement Chase, Mrs. Childs, Mr. Will Hamilton and Mr. Tom Kimball. I had met them all previously at a garden party at the White House. Mr. Kimball spoke of Margaret's excellent acting in the last play. You evidently have a good many better dramatic performances than we do here. Since the middle of April there has been almost no professional company in town except some very second rate ones. We have to put up with stock companies and local entertainments. Of course the Aborn Company always gives us a season of Opera in the spring but their orchestra is so poor that one can't enjoy them very much.

Bert and I have been reviving our interest in "Auction" lately. Sometimes I really enjoy the game but it all depends upon my partners. I can't stand critical people and experts. (They probably have no words to

express me.) The other day some one recommended a history of France to me that I'd never heard of. It is called "The Story of France" and I am just beginning it. It's written by Thomas Watson, who once ran for President on the Populist ticket. Although there are two large volumes the style is so very unusual and interesting that I am enjoying it as much as any novel, and think the volumes will seem all too short.

We have just about finished up with the Red Cross Conference and all the entertainments that go with it. Tonight it finishes with a large banquet at the New Willard. You know these people from various parts of the world always interest me extremely and I love to have a chance of knowing them.

I hope the darling children are entirely well. It must be rather hard to keep them so in such changeable weather. With much love to you all, and hoping soon to have one of your good letters, I am always,

Devotedly,

Marblehead, Mass.  
Aug. 15th, 1912.

My dear Harry;

You were certainly awfully good to send me a letter all to myself when you are sending a dally budget to Margaret. I don't know whether there is any news left for me to give you. Nothing especially exciting happens here. We have about the same program each day,- bathing, a walk to the village, afternoon tea, sitting on the porch, bed.

This evening is one of the hop nights at the Yacht Club on the "Heck". Margaret and I as well as the youngest member of our party have been invited. Only Ruth intends to go, I believe. The men of the party are a trifle young to interest Margaret. Margaret swims very well, and rows splendidly. I hope when Bert joins us he can arrange about getting a chance for her to play tennis.

Poor Bert does seem always obliged to attend to some one's woes. Now he has those of S----- and has gone to see if he can save his son from deportation.

I am determined to have a coat of paint on our old shanty before we go back! Won't you please ask Beard what it will cost to put on a coat of red? That was the original color of the house and I really think it suits it better than any other. Fresh paint will give it at least a respectable appearance. It has been so awful the past few years.

house 20 #1  
Dodge

We all wish you could be with us. Do you think there is any chance of it?

Very afftly,

Marblehead, Mass.  
Aug. 18th, 1912.

Dearest Harry;

The time has flown since Margaret arrived and it's impossible to realize that she has been here more than three weeks and is leaving tomorrow! I can't bear to think that she and the children will not be with us at this time tomorrow.

I am hoping you will find Margaret looking better. It seems to me her face is a good deal fuller and I am sure her arms look plump. In spite of her theory that she "can sleep just as well in the daytime" I hold the opinion that nothing ever takes the place of a good night's sleep, and that the early hours have done her good. I wish you would co-operate with me and sometimes have her go to bed early after she gets home. The constant care of the children and having them with her so much all day must be wearing to her nerves, and it makes them so dependant that they feel injured when she goes off and leaves them behind. She must have worked hard before she came away to get them in order for she had so many lovely costumes for them, much more elaborate than they need in this simple place, though I wouldn't say so to her for she is proud of them and enjoys seeing them dressed prettily.

The little dears have had great fun going out on the Ferry-boat, digging in the sand, and doing the things that all children have done from the beginning. I should have regretted more that you couldn't join us, but for the fact that I am pretty sure you would have found it awfully slow. There are very few young men here, just those who come back and forth from Boston each day, and unless you had been acquainted with the Club men and had a boat there wouldn't have been much amusement for you. "We girls" drive about in a surrey with one pokey

horse a good deal, and make excursions to Salem, read, row, and sit on the porch. But those trifling occupations would hardly interest a man.

Bert is here again and may not have to go back to Washington. He hasn't had any golf, but I hope he'll have a game before long. He is booked for three speeches in Maine the first week in September. After those are finished we expect to go home.

Thank you very much for attending to the painting. Of course if Mr. Beard finds two coats are necessary he must put them on. Bert thinks one will not be sufficient.

Looking forward to seeing you soon, and thanking you so much for lending your family to us,

Aff'tly,

Marblehead, Mass.  
Aug. 20th, 1912.

Dearest Margaret;

How we do miss you and the children! When I pass your cottage I turn my eyes away for it makes me very homesick when I think of those dear little feet that were continually running in and out a few days ago! From my seat at the desk I can see Gilbert's slobbery "friend" out on the porch. He seems to have made friends with little Elizabeth, at least they were playing together this morning. If he pursues her after his affectionate manner I don't think she'll want him about very long.

Yesterday was rather a dull day, and we had nothing much to do in the evening so went up early and read. Your father is reading the fur seal controversy out of the Congressional Record aloud to me and I find it very interesting. He certainly made some strong points in his speech and I am glad he succeeded in bringing about a closed season for a while even if not as long as he wanted.

I haven't seen our dear Friends the B---s yet to tell them of your departure. I do hate to think that our good time is over for this summer! We must arrange another time to have Harry come on and then we shall be able to have a good part of the summer together.

I expect Helen misses the children but as Ruth is giving her sundry small jobs to do she is quite occupied.

Do write often and tell me all about yourself and the children. Much love to you all.

Aff'tly,



New York

Dec. 23rd, 1912

Dearest Margaret;

As you see we are in New York. We arrived this afternoon just a little before dinner time. The hotel is beautiful, and table perfect judging from our short experience here. Bert is going to call on the Tinguets and Ruth and I are staying here to rest and write.

Of course being here in a hotel makes it impossible to feel very much in a Christmas mood. Grace wanted us to spend Christmas Day with them in Orange and I think it would have been fun to have gone over and joined in their festivities for the children would have helped to make it jolly. We had however invited Mary Monell to come and spend the Day with us and in fact stay several days. She hasn't answered us yet and we don't know if she will be with us or not. Mrs. Tuttle also asked us to come up to them for Christmas dinner and that would have been delightful, we all like the Tuttles so much.

I wonder if my second letter to you at Colfax reached you? In it I spoke of R<sup>W</sup>'s having in some way left my ring,--the emerald and diamond ring - at home, though she is hazy as to where it may be. I think it may be in some box or bag in the trunk in her room, otherwise it must have fallen on the floor I'm afraid. I thought if you had time some day you might look around for it as I should be sorry to lose it.

Ruth and I have done very little Christmas shopping. I have cut down my list so that I buy only a few presents for children, and I still make exceptions of Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Lake! The former has sent me a dear little embroidered linen pillow, and Mrs. Lake sent me a book

New York

and a very pretty handkerchief.

This writing room is too draughty. I'll have to abandon my plan of writing for tonight.

I'm afraid the socks I ordered for Harry will be at Washington and that I can't send them to him until about New Years. Miss C--- has certainly been slow about getting them to me.

This letter is rather crazy. I'm tired after the packing and the trip. If all the trunks were innovation packing would be simple. I can scarcely wait for the children's pictures. The happiest of Christmases to you all and loads of love.

Devotedly,

Washington, D.C.  
March 15th, 1913.

Dearest Harry;

I know that Margaret hasn't much time for letters and will send off a note for fear you may not hear from her Monday. Just now she is at the hairdressers having a shampoo and is also looking at hats. Later we are going out together. This is the first time I have left her to go out alone. For a couple of days I've had a slight lameness and couldn't get about as easily as I should have liked. Ruth is unreliable as an escort as she has engagements for almost every hour of the day! I really think M<sup>rs</sup> <sup>Margaret</sup> has enjoyed herself. She seems to think Washington rather a jolly sort of place and I imagine she will not wait so long before coming again, at least I hope not.

Ruth had planned a horseback ride for Margaret and some others, but the past three days we have had a most persistent rain and of course all out of doors arrangements are off. I can see that M- will have a very busy time in New York so you'll be lucky if you get her back by Saturday! She has made plans that would fill a week! I am glad she is to see her old friend Elizabeth at last.

I wish now that we hadn't gone west in February, then I could look forward to a trip home this month! We are awfully glad the children keep well. I'm sure they appreciate the good times they are having with you. Children are appreciative, aren't they? Excuse this apology for a letter. I felt that Margaret had probably told of most of our doings.

With much love to you and the children,

Aff'tly.

Washington, D. C.  
March 10th, 1913

Dearest Margaret;

We were glad to get your letter this morning and wondered how you had been able to snatch any time to write it for you have certainly planned quite a big program. It sounds as though Elizabeth's home were fascinating. I should like to see it some day. She must have been amused if you told her you had expected to hear of her engagement! We'll all have to invest in doll houses. Nothing important has happened to us excepting Mrs. Burton Harrison's dinner which was delightful. She doesn't seem old although of course she must be past sixty. From her "Recollections" she was evidently a young lady of seventeen or about that at the time of the war. She is a very interesting woman. Her guests were the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall, Secretary and Mrs. Lane, her son Francis Burton and a lady who was a stranger to us, and ourselves. We have had two very attractive invitations for dinner in April "to meet the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan". One is from the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, the other from the Henry Whites. They will both be quite grand, I suppose.

Ruthie is practicing again at Fort Meyer today. She had a nice invitation from Mrs. Lane to a small luncheon to meet the Misses Wilson. I am so glad it is to be small. She may have a chance to become somewhat acquainted. I've heard some very pleasant compliments for you as to your being "so pretty", "attractive", etc. You won't have much time to read letters, so I won't inflict any more upon you at this time. I sent off the pink stockings to K. and some handkerchiefs

for G. We have all missed you. Come again!

Ever so much love,

Washington, D. C.  
March 24th, 1913.

Dearest Family;

We were wakened early this morning by a telephone message from a newspaper here informing us that Omaha had been devastated by a terrible tornado! Of course we immediately began to imagine all sorts of horrors, then Bert called up the Associated Press and succeeded in getting some details, and our first fears were somewhat calmed. The news seems to be that the worst damage was up on the ridge - along 40th street and through Bemis Park, but we shall wait very anxiously to know the extent of the storm and if any of you are the worse for it. It must have been a dreadful experience even to hear such a storm and see it. I know so well how Margaret dreads such storms and she probably returned home just in time for it! It was a bad homecoming surely. Here it was so beautiful all day no one could have imagined such a bad storm raging anywhere.

Ruth went down to a small town in Virginia on Friday and staid until last evening. They had some splendid hunting and she enjoyed it all immensely. She says the horses are perfectly trained and can take the fences beautifully. They had a real Southern dance; the music played by three darkey fiddlers. People arrived in "buggies" from the nearby farms. It must have been most picturesque. She will be extremely busy this week practising for the dance at Mrs. Edson Bradley's and rehearsing the drill at Ft. Myer. Her costume for the "Forget Me Not" dance is too lovely for anything, all blue and green paper leaves and flowers, sewed on a cambric slip fortunately! I can scarcely wait for the dance.

When Bert first got the tornado news he thought he would start out west not knowing what might be the outcome if the business district was badly damaged. Now that the last news is less alarming I suppose he will feel that there is no need of going, especially when he is so busy here at present. So write us everything, and I should like to hear more of Margaret's visit to New York. Now I must hie me to Miss Richards' lecture. Much love, and hoping no one is at all harmed amongst your friends or ours,

Aff'tly as ever,

Have just received Harry's telegram. I am anxious to know all about Will and Clara. So thankful you are all well and safe.

*H  
C. W. Richards, her brother*

Washington, D. C.  
April 11th, 1913.

Dearest Harry;

Margaret has kept silent so long I shall have to make you my correspondent as you are very good about answering. If you hadn't mentioned that she was busy with a play I should be worried for fear she might be ill. Miss Bishop brought a little paper booklet for me to see that has perfectly splendid views of the streets and homes that were damaged by the tornado. I couldn't tell by whom it was issued. The first picture is of the storm cloud and says "by permission of the World Herald". Will you please send me one of the books? It has such clear pictures, I really feel for the first time that I know what those places look like.

We are being entertained more than usual now. Things are beginning all over again with this new regime and people are giving dinners, luncheons and teas for the Democratic women. The latter are quite as attractive as those who have just gone out despite the predictions to the contrary. Some must have thought the people of the new cabinet and all the rest of the new administration were going to eat with their knives, chew gum, and wear bargain counter clothing from the way they talked!

Altogether the most brilliant dinner I've ever attended was the one Mr. and Mrs. Henry White (he is the ex-Ambassador to France) gave this week in honor of the "Secretary of State" and Mrs. Bryan. About forty sat down at table in the palatial new home of the Whites. The "biggest" Senators--such as Root and Lodge--were present and the room was simply glittering with tiaras and real pearls! Mrs. Marshall Field wore some wonderful pearls and so did many other women.



Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Bryan with her simple gold chain scarcely bigger than a thread, with a tiny inconspicuous pendant, was in striking contrast to the gorgeously bedecked women. Too many jewels detract from a beautiful neck and shoulders, I think. A large reception was held immediately at the end of the dinner and all the Supreme Court with its (?) wives arrived, nearly all the Ambassadors and Ministers of importance and their wives, and a good many unofficial people.

I noticed a tall distinguished looking young woman whom some one told me was Miss Winslow and a few minutes later a lady brought her up and introduced her, when it turned out she was an old school friend of Margaret's. She says she is living here and I was so sorry we didn't know it while <sup>Margaret</sup> M. was here. The Winslows have recently come to make their home in Washington. I hope Margaret will be able to write before long. We were glad of a call from Mr. Scott recently. He gave us of course his version of the tornado. We are all eager to hear about it from eye witnesses.

Is there any book I can get for you? I should be glad if you will give me the name of one you would especially like.

Love to you all and many kisses to K. and G.

Very aff'tly,

Washington, D. C.

June 20th, 1913.

Dearest Margaret;

You surely are having a lot of trials, but it is to be hoped that the children will be healthy and well forever after and it will pay perhaps to have these diseases if it keeps you from worrying in the future when you have measles etc, in your neighborhood. I am glad that K. is having measles young, for I sometimes am inclined to attribute my rheumatism and other things that followed after to my severe attack which came when you and Ruth had measles. I ought never to be afraid of a second attack, but the first gave me such a fear of measles that I am never anxious to go where I hear of that disease! You see <sup>Omaha seems</sup> C. S. hasn't conquered my fears of all sorts of things, - that is my constant fight. I suppose it is the real foundation of everything I suffer from.

Well - why on earth am I inflicting you with all this rubbish I wonder? It's the depressing weather of today probably that brings out these unhealthy thoughts.

This morning I went down and looked up a few little things to amuse Kathie. Do tell Gilbert that I have not forgotten him but am just waiting till I see something nice for a boy! That is the truth!

What odd and sudden changes of weather we are all having - night before last two blankets and tonight I plainly foresee none. It seems to be much the same in Omaha. Do please keep your maid - the nurse - if she proves to be just right. Let me help pay for her if you can't feel that you are justified in giving her the price she asks.

Mr. Charlton, poor man, is in town - just telephoned to say how do you do. He said he couldn't come up, was just leaving for New York, and that a visit wouldn't be much pleasure to either of us. His voice sounded quite broken. He has something to worry about, hasn't he? I suppose he has horrid nightmares in which he sees Porter led in handcuffs to Italy and perhaps held there in prison for years! He evidently hasn't had much encouragement given him here in regard to Porter's case.

Your father and I had thought of perhaps going out to Omaha soon. I wish you could come down here and we could all go to the seashore for a few whiffs, don't you? Having one's lot cast in the middle west isn't altogether fun. It takes such an amount of time and money to get to pleasant cool places. I must lie down now for a while, so a bientot. Love to you all and hoping the measles will be light and soon over.

I'm glad Mrs. Baxter is your neighbor. She always seems to me such a strong, kind woman. Your father wrote a letter this morning to Harry, and I intend to write him soon. Do keep me posted as to K.'s health.

Very aff'tly,

Of course we saw that the Kronprinzessin had landed.

Washington, D. C.

Sept. 6th, 1913.

Dearest Margaret;

If you save my letters you must have quite a record of my journeyings from hotel to hotel! And now here we are again in the Shoreham. The hotel has been made over since we lived in it two years ago, or we should not be here. It looks so nice and cool and airy that it helps to make one believe that it is cool, (but it isn't!). Ruth and I were both so awfully lonely at Atlantic City and felt we would rather be a bit hot for a while if necessary. I hear an old locust singing outside and I suppose he thinks it is going to be hot!!! The Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall have rooms just below ours and I think she must be a wonder the way she has stuck it out all summer.

We had a great time coming in the train yesterday. Poor Ruth is finding out that in America travelling with a dog isn't too easy. She had taken Tou-Tou with great success in a basket to Philadelphia the past week but decided it would be much better to have one of the valises made for the transportation of dogs. So she got one in Atlantic City that looked quite like a real valise with a little window in one end for the prisoner to get his air. She didn't want to put him in earlier than necessary so waited till she reached the waiting room. There she opened up the valise, (fatal mistake) and put Tou-Tou in. When we approached our parlor car I saw the sharp eyes of our conductor light upon the valise which Ruth was carrying. He immediately walked up and announced that dogs could not travel in the parlor car - must go into the baggage car. I never saw Ruth look so angry. She was almost on the point of crying. The conductor informed us that the station master had told him, so you see he must have been watching

Ruth! Ruth then took her baggage and walked back and later I asked the porter to look her up and he found her in a day coach. If the parlor car conductor had had any authority there I'm sure he would have sent her out of it for he had blood in his eye! When Ruth came in later to drink some tea in my car, having left doggie with a kind-hearted passenger he spied her and said "visitors were not allowed in the parlor car"! Did you ever hear of such insolence? Ruth is determined to write to the Company about him and I shan't try to prevent her. Of course Tou-Tou will be a nuisance here unless Helen stays with us. Dogs are only meant for people who stay in their homes.

I think it's so interesting about your house and do hope Mr. P. can build it for the sum you want to pay. I have seen lovely country homes with plaster walls just tinted instead of papered, sometimes even a rough plaster and of course pine wood - no mahogany or oak. Mr. F--'s home just outside Boston is a lovely example of a simple country house. I remember the guest chamber had the sweetest finishing all grey and chintzy cushions and the chaise longue of plain wicker where I reclined so didn't have to upset the bed. You know what a crank I am about keeping beds looking fresh and nice!

Did I tell you about hearing from Mrs. Charlton that Mr. C. had fractured two ribs! She is going to try for work of some kind connected with a New York Dry Goods house.

I should have started out with the large paper. This is only for notes, I suppose, (something I don't know, how to write!). Give my love to Harry and tell him I'll write him a splendid letter before long.

Very aff'tly,

Washington, D. C.

Sept. 11th, 1913.

Dearest Margaret;

We are packed and ready to leave tonight for White Sulphur Springs, Virginia. Your father has been bothered with a cold for about two weeks and I am sure a change will do him good. Although he was down at Atlantic City so many times I don't think the difference between the damp atmosphere here and there is very great and that dry mountain air will be better than either. He seems to be anticipating the trip and is taking his golf sticks. At present he is at a stag dinner and will have to leave it a little early to come back and go to the train. We want to go on board late as possible on account of doggie. I hope they will be glad to see him at White Sulphur!

Since Monday night we have had a wonderful change in the temperature. It is really very cool now. I sincerely trust you are all enjoying the same delightful drop in the mercury. Mrs. Mossheart came in today to say good-bye and ask if we had any messages to send you. She expects to leave on Sunday for Nebraska. She said she would telephone you and I told her I was quite sure you would ask her up to see you.

Monday morning Mrs. Vice-President took me out in her motor car to look at some houses with her. She is determined to keep within the two thousand a year limit, says they can't afford more than that. I saw one lovely place. It charmed me because of a dear little garden in the rear with stately little evergreens in rows on either side of a gravelled walk. One seldom finds a house with any grounds unless it is a large and expensive one. This house is a good deal smaller than the

Bourke's and still is planned somewhat like it. The frontage is about the same but the house is not so deep. All of the service rooms are at the front, similar, I fancy, to the Gulou home. I shall be so interested to hear the plans for your new house. It makes me feel homesick to hear of Mrs. Mossheart's trip west. I felt like throwing up mine and joining her. However I am going to stick to Bertie until he has a good rest and outing. I am so glad we left Atlantic City. That board walk became too monotonous!

Lots of love to you all,

Devotedly,

White Sulphur Springs, Va.

Sept. 17th, 1913.

Dearest Harry;

I must tell you about the nice cousin I've discovered for you down here! I have already told Margaret something of the very cordial lovely people we have been meeting since we came to White Sulphur. One lady especially attracted me, a Mrs. Stettinius - accent on the second syllable as in "Livonius". She asked me to tea the second day of my stay and I found her very attractive. She happened to say in my hearing that her family name was Carrington. So when I found an opportunity I asked her if any of her people happened to be from the West Indies as I had a son-in-law of the name of Carrington. She said yes, they were all from Barbados originally! We had a delightful chat and I told her I felt that I had almost discovered a cousin! You know it's really funny how everyone has cousins in Virginia. She says she will send me a book of genealogy that she has on the Carringtons and if she does I'll pass it on to you. The Stettiniuses have lots of money and live beautifully with a home in the country and another in New York, but they are not at all spoiled by the fact.

For the first time in my life I've met "Mrs. Grundy". She is a Virginia woman and they say she plays cards for very high stakes, so I am not anxious to become intimate. I am simply enchanted with these people and the place. It's raining this morning and of course spoiling a golf game for the three Senators, Bert, O'Gorman and Cummins, but it makes such a beautiful haze over the mountains that I can't help enjoying it. I am almost beginning to transfer my affections from the seashore to the mountains since getting here! There is a splendid swimming pool adjoining the hotel and I must go over now



and watch Ruth and Alice O'Gorman. Ruth is going to have a lesson, but Miss O'G. is already quite a skilful swimmer - dives and all that.

The three Senators are like boys out of school. They are making the most of every minute. This is a real Liberty Hall. I think it would suit Margaret better than Prof. Un-----'s hostelry. There is such a lot of room for the guests, and as far as I can discover there are no rules at all. Even the dogs occasionally stroll into the dining room and no one seems to care. The darkeys are a nicer type than those we have in Washington. They make very respectful bows and bobs whenever one speaks to them and are most anxious to serve. The other evening I was on the porch when a group of young waiters were coming back to the house just before dinner. They were all singing some song about the "Blue Ridge Mts." It sounded very pretty and I suppose was the kind of thing one heard in old slavery days when the darkeys came home from the cotton fields. I enclose a postal which gives you some idea of the arrangement of the cottages here.

We shall probably go back to the Shoreham on Friday. I think our coming down here was a happy thought. Bertie has a beautiful coat of tan, a very healthy hue, and I have never seen him look so well. Much love to you all.

Aff'tly,

1736 N. St.  
Washington, D. C.  
Jan'y 16th, '14.

Dearest Margaret;

This morning I went to a Friday morning sewing class and there met such a nice Mrs. Winslow who asked me if I had a daughter Margaret! She said she remembered you very well, how beautiful you were, and then ended by saying how much you looked like me! Wasn't that tactful? I thanked her. She says Harriet is abroad. She has no grandchildren and was bemoaning the fact, so she evidently has daughters beside Harriet.

I am so glad the baby is gaining and do hope you'll soon send me a picture of her. Yesterday I had the sweetest little letter from Katherine. Please tell her how I enjoyed it. We are leading a very quiet life for the most part, I am glad to say. This morning Mrs. Marshall told me the only evening they have free is the last one in February! Just imagine going like that. Yesterday, my day, was busy as usual. Mrs. Walsh came with Mrs. Garrison to see me. She is just out of mourning for her husband, the very wealthy mine owner.

We have had a severe cold snap and it has been a little difficult to heat our house. I don't think the Washington houses seem built for warmth. M<sup>rs</sup>. Ali Kull called yesterday. She had a lot to say as usual about "Harriet and Arthur Smith". That is our main topic in common. I've met a Mrs. Marlatt, you must tell Marguerite Kennedy. She is her old school friend. Your father and Mr. M. had some games of golf in Baden Baden years ago, but I never Mrs. M. till recently. She is evidently full of fun. Love to everybody,

Aff'tly.

Washington, D. C.

Aug. 1914.

Dearest Harry;

It is flattering to find that you miss my letters and I shall like nothing better than spending part of this afternoon in writing to you. Since I left home about a month ago my time has been rather interrupted so that I don't quite remember just how I stand in my correspondence.

We found Southampton a very pleasant place and met a lot of nice people. Bert has a number of very ardent admirers down there, most of them men he met through Mr. Van Antwerp who invited us to the Polo match. They feel the utmost respect for the way he handled the bill that was introduced for regulation of the Stock Exchange, and several of them told me they could never do enough for him! Southampton is the worst of place you would love. There is sea bathing, tennis, golf, splendid automobiling and a great deal of social activity. Of course at the dinners and clubs we feasted on delicious sea food and other palatable dishes for which the Eastern shore is famous. One dear old gentleman with a large house wanted us to come out and stay with him! After two weeks at Southampton I spent a week with Mrs. Gardner on Staten Island. There is no bathing at Dougan Hills but it's a lovely spot and people lead a simpler sort of life there. Still we saw some beautiful homes and were very hospitably received. Mrs. Stetinius, your cousin, has a most charming house with immense grounds, quite an estate. Everyone in New York seems to have money to burn.

As I wrote Margaret, Ruth is visiting Mary Wait at Lake Placid and evidently enjoying the quiet up there. It will do her a lot

of good to get away from the social whirl. Even here there are a few Army men left who keep telephoning her and making arrangements for every afternoon and evening, so that although all formal entertaining is over Ruth never had any time to herself. I don't find it lonely although I am alone all day. It gives me a chance to catch up a little in my music and I have plenty of good reading. Yesterday being Sunday Bert was home and the Vice-President and Mrs. M. took us in their new car over to Baltimore in the afternoon. The road is excellent, and we were about four hours making the round trip and one and a half hours besides there for dinner. Ordinarily I'm not fond of so many hours in a car, but the stop in Baltimore rested us. It is certainly exasperating to have Congress hold on as it does, but I keep hoping for an adjournment soon.

I fear the cool weather you have may not continue. I am very wary of Nebraska before the middle of September. However I suppose your present house is much cooler than our place at 20th and Dodge. I wish we had a nice house at the seashore where we could have you with us.

In one way this war may be a benefit to us. We shan't be always planning a European trip which doesn't materialize, so that another year we can settle somewhere and be together for the summer, I hope. I tell Bert I know it will be a relief to him not to have two females constantly nagging at him about going abroad. I trust Margaret will be successful with her scenario. She was talking of doing it last winter. What fun it would be to see her play!

I know Peggy must be adorable. I get quite crazy to see her

whenever I allow myself to think about her. And the other two - how  
I should like to see them this very minute. Kiss them all for me.

Very aff'tly,

Washington, D. C.

Aug. 31st, '14.

Dearest Margaret and Harry;

The adjournment has had another set-back and now I'm going to stop looking forward to it at all. At any rate the month of September is always very warm and we shall probably go to White Sulphur Springs for that month. Can we persuade you to join us there? Of course I know it's a good deal to ask of you to travel with the youngsters, but we should be so glad if you felt that you could brace up and do it. You know last September was such a bad month and M- had so much hay fever too. The hotel at White Sulphur is a big rambling old fashioned house and by Sept. all the fashionable crowd will be leaving so that by the middle of the month there will be no crowd and we can "own the place", as it were. There is a large swimming pool and perhaps Kathie and Gilbert could learn to swim. If you have a competent nurse it would be easy enough to travel with Peggy and I'll bring either Helen or someone else to go about with the other two. Last September we went down about the middle of the month and had a beautiful time and I hoped then you could visit the place some day. Since we have been defrauded of our European trip we must have a little fling somewhere. Do think it over. Bert says he is sure Harry could come on for part of the month. There is plenty of horse-back riding which would suit M.

Ruth is still with Mary at Lake Placid but is about ready to leave and is waiting to hear what we are going to do next. Of course you would be our guests while east, c'est entendu! If I hear that you can

come we shall at once make arrangements at the hotel. Hoping very much that you may find you can undertake the journey, I am,

Yours devotedly,

Omaha, Nebr.

Aug. 12th, '15.

Dearest Margaret;

I've been to all the places that I know of where books are sold in Omaha but can not get the "Happy Warrior". They are sending for it and I sincerely trust that before you start home it may reach you. I have just read the most entertaining little book called "Viva Mexico" and I shall send you that also. From the fact that I haven't laid eyes on your handsome husband since Sunday I conclude that his friends are all "being good to him".

We are having cool weather and I imagine you'll have use for your heavy clothing. If you need anything don't hesitate to send to me for it. Mr. Orr is letting me use the demonstrating car and it goes beautifully.

Love to you all,



Omaha, Nebr.

Sept. 3rd, '14.

Dear Kathie;

I hope I have not waited so long that my letter will not reach you. You sent me such a nice little letter and it was written very well. I hear that you have become a good rider. I don't believe any of your little friends have had a better time than you have had. Some of them have had to stay in Omaha all summer. I see Charline and Marjory playing round here the same as ever. Laurie came back from the Lake a while ago. Mac has been in bed for a week and poor Aunt Gretchen <sup>in bed</sup> sprained her ankle. I am trying to find a nurse for Peggy. Your Daddy says no one ever writes about Peggy. We shall all be glad to see you back especially your Daddy.

Very lovingly,

Gilbert, Mother & I in Wyoming at L.K. Ranch

suit. We didn't succeed in getting one ready made so have finally ordered one made. She managed to find a good looking muslin dress however all in one piece. I've been struggling more than three weeks to get some things myself. Being more economical than Ruth I have my clothes made by Pinkie Dilli! She has finished a thin white and nearly finished two linens.

I hope you are revelling in cool weather by this time. Please thank Harry very much for taking care of Ruth. She had a fine trip all the way. Met Miss Coad and Miss Nesmith who were also coming to W.

Love to all,

Washington, D. C.

Jan. 20th, '16.

Dearest Margaret;

I am just adding to my note of yesterday. Last evening we went to the most brilliant ball I have ever attended. It was given by the Ambassadors and Ministers of South America for the President and his wife in the Pan American Building. That is a very beautiful structure as you know, built in the Spanish style with a patio and fountain. The decorations were superb, even orchids were quite lavishly used, suspended in doorways, etc. The gowns were simply gorgeous. We came in time to get a good station just where the "royal pair" were to stand, and later sit in large sort of throne chairs. I didn't go to the W. H. reception so had never seen the bride. I liked her very much. Mrs. Lansing escorted her round the semi-circle of Ambassadors wives and presented her, or them. She had such a gracious, sweet manner. Lt. Watson was very much in evidence and I met him for the first time since he was in Omaha.

We attended a very "smart" dinner the other night. The Longworths were present, the Russian Amb. and wife, Perry Belmonts, Sen. Wadsworth, (his wife was Miss Hay, daughter of the Mrs. Hay we went to call on years ago!) etc. Ladies nearly all smoked after dinner, Mrs. Longworth several cigarettes.

Gilbert's remark about the "fire drill" is lovely, I think!

Affec.,

Washington, D. C.

Jan'y 31st, '18.

Dearest Margaret;

I would like to have a little of your cold weather. We have had so many muggy warm days, windows open and all that to try to be comfortable. I like winter in winter. Probably next month it may come in earnest here.

I had a good letter from Harry in which he says Simpson is going to Europe! What a bad time to go. Does he realize the dangers of ocean travel these days, I wonder? Too bad he is leaving before dandelion season. I don't believe any other man will ever take the same pride in eradicating those pests that Simpson does.

Last Saturday evening there was a riding exhibition at the club. I didn't attend for it makes me sort of scared to see any of my own family performing on horseback. Your father went and said Ruth did very well. She did some fine jumping and also rode in the tandem and musical drill. Her great friend Edith Howard was thrown twice but not much hurt. Ruth was the only one who took the jumps on side saddle. Edith H. had expected to get the cup and was disgusted. Ordinarily her horse clears a high bar very cleanly.

I hope Peggy's muff reached her. She must need one these days.

Washington, D. C.

March 31st, '18

Dearest Margaret;

Yesterday we took some people named McCilton (or something like that) out to the Club. They were here on account of their daughter from Smith College who came down for the vacation, quite a nice, bright girl. Mr. Nolan was here to dinner the first of the week so you see we often see friends from home. I like Mr. N. immensely. It's quite interesting to see how he has developed since I first met him years ago when he seemed quite a "green" young fellow.

Tonight we have a dinner in honor of the Sec'y of State and Mrs. Lansing. Not a big dinner, for fourteen are all I can well manage with my own silver, etc. When Ruth had a dinner of 24 we had to rent a table, a cloth, and lots of china and glass. Every one does that here more or less. I am often surprised to learn that at homes where they have loads of money, half their table appointments are rented. If I were a millionaire I should certainly want my own lovely things and to use them in entertaining. A week ago at Mrs. Belmont's luncheon one of the first men servants that I noticed was a tall Englishman who always "announces" for me. He was dressed in the Belmont livery, knee breeches and all. But at the table all the service was gold (not hired) excepting one or two courses when beautiful china plates were used. There were exquisite gold bowls and tankards all down the middle of the table.

At last we have a real spring-like day. The month of March has been quite cold and bad. It makes me feel like going to New York

for a hat! The only one I have at present of straw is the one Mrs. Gardner made me. She is a perfect artist at constructing hats.

I have been hoping Harry might come on at this time and we could have him at dinner tonight. I could have hunted up a "girl" for him and enlarged the table for two more.

Well I think there is no more to tell you that can be of any interest to you. I hope the boots fit you.

Very lovingly,

The riding club is planning a Society Circus at present. Ruth and a friend are trying to learn some bareback stunts and for the purpose have secured a large white steed with the broadest of backs! But she says they both did nothing but fall off yesterday and they evidently are not feeling sanguine about their performance!

Washington, D. C.

April 8th, '18.

Dearest Margaret;

Just as I had my letter ready to send to you, one came from you to me. That so often happens that I sometimes write a letter for the sake of hurrying up one from the other side! Today another came and I am sorry to note that your Captain has moved on! What a pity he didn't stay longer. Your rides must have been very pleasant, though I don't see where either of you got a horse.

Ruth is quite absorbed now in the rehearsals for the circus. She and Ruth Anderson are trying a bare-back stunt. One of the cavalry men from Ft. Meyer rides and they stand up and cling to his shoulders. Ruth says when the horse gallops she clings so hard that there is danger of separating the man from his clothes! We have a dinner on the same night to my intense regret, but I am hoping to manage to excuse myself and get to the Club before it's too late. If I had realized it was the same night I wouldn't have accepted.

If the Senators don't talk forever on this army bill we hope to be able to go west in a few days. It seems impossible for any bill to go through without a lot of long-winded Senators talking it nearly to death. It would be so nice to go with Harry. No, it would hardly be possible to take Ruth away now. She is making plans for a week or two ahead all the time. She has got into quite a new set this spring. Recently she met some diplomats more or less titled so that Barons, Counts and Princes are leaving their cards very plentifully these days. Ruth thinks it very jolly though she makes a good deal of fun of them and doesn't find them especially attractive.

Some of the men ride and that is always an open sesame to Ruth's interest in anyone. You know she has been rather timid and afraid of people. Now she has evidently found herself and has a splendid time wherever she goes.

Do you ever hear of the Lew Reeds? Mrs. R. was ill all winter and not able to answer my letters and I don't know if they are still in Chicago or not. I may try to look at some clothes in Chicago if there's time. My dress from Field's was a great success.

Lots of Love and hoping to see you all next week,



Washington, D. C.

June 18th, '18.

Dearest Margaret;

We are having quite a lot of rain, it reminds me of last summer. Fortunately we struck perfect weather for our little trip to Gettysburg, just cool and comfortable and no dust at all. Anna Bourke went with us, and Senator Cummins had his car with his wife and Congressman T. and his wife, all of Iowa. We were delighted with the country, it is perfectly lovely, the Blue Ridge Mts. in the distance and beautifully cultivated farms on all sides. We stopped both days at Frederick and I believe Kathie sent a postal to you from there. She was a fine little traveller, never complained of being tired or hungry, and seemed interested in everything. I hope she will retain some impression of the battlefield. It seems to me my strongest impressions were made when I was about her age. That is why it always seems so extremely important to have children see and read history as early as possible, especially the seeing! The battlefield extends over 25 square miles and we spent more than two and a half hours in driving over it. There is an endless variety of monuments, some very fine indeed, and the scenery from some of the highest points is most inspiring. Anna was the only one who retained much of the history which our guide imparted to us. She really did remember a lot of the important facts but I suppose she was somewhat familiar with them in the beginning.

I hope we shall soon have settled weather and can make a visit to Mount Vernon. We had considered going to Atlantic City and

I still hope we can. It has continued fairly cool so that up to the present time the bathing would hardly be comfortable.

Poor K. is so anxious to "see President Wilson". I trust she will not have to go back without that pleasure. We got to the parade after he had gone by the other day unfortunately. Bert dislikes taking people up to the White House or I would suggest his doing it.

K. has not seen the Library nor Treasury as yet. I want her to do both on this trip for she will be interested now and not realize it's something to object to doing as the older girls always do!

I am glad Harry is not coming before the end of June, I shall hate having Kathie go. I remember when she was with me the time you went to Barbados, I said never again, for I got too much attached to her, so for that reason it isn't best to keep her too long.

She is very sweet and affectionate and always remembers when I tell her not to do something, which is a fine thing.

Give my love to Harry and tell him I realize I'm getting to be no good at all as a correspondent. But this is as much for him as for you.

Isn't it queer people are saying now Hughes will get the German vote because Wilson has been so unfair to Germany that they will not support him. And everybody has criticized poor Wilson because he was too easy with Germany! No accounting for the different points of view.

I do hope Wilson can win. If we have a change and are plunged into war how affectionately the people will look back upon the Wilson administration!

It certainly does amuse me to hear of you and the  
Hessyes dining together. I fancy Mr. H. will not regard me favorably  
after the "scrap of paper" he once received from me! Is Mrs. H.  
attractive and what is Mr. H. doing now?

Give my love to Gilbert and tell him Kathie doesn't forget  
him. She has rather a pensive look in her eyes when he is mentioned,  
as if the tears were not far away.

Very devotedly,

Washington, D. C.

July 10th, '16.

My darling Kathie;

I do miss you very much indeed. So many houses in our street are closed now and Washington seems very quiet. Except for the "Seeing Washington" cars scarcely any one passes our house.

Your mother told me you wanted to make up part of a grade this summer. I think that is splendid. I am glad you are ambitious. My father so often used to say to me, "be somebody." He meant that I must get ahead of other girls and amount to something! You know my grandmother was Dutch, and the Dutch are hard workers.

If Miss Scobie is spending the summer in Omaha perhaps you could have two or three French lessons a week from her. It would give you something pleasant to do and you would be that far ahead by fall. If you could do it and your mother is willing I will gladly pay for the lessons. <sup>(oaa)</sup> If you could have them early in the day from 9 to 10 it would not be too hot. It is very unpleasant here today. Although it rained all day and all night it hasn't begun to be any cooler yet.

Is Peggy getting over the trouble with her face? Did Gilbert enjoy his birthday? I was delighted to see how neat you were when you visited us. Don't ever get back into careless ways, will you?

With a great deal of love,

from

Jessie.

Southampton, L.I.

August 13th, '16.

Dearest Harry;

I wished for you all this evening when we were sitting downstairs before a large open fire! How does that sound, August 13th? You ought all to be here anyway and I'm going to try to prevail on you all to move East next summer.

Bertie has the time of his young life here. He knows a lot of attractive men and golfs and lunches with them and leads the sporty life. Of course he comes and goes, principally the latter, just two days here at a time. Yesterday he attended a large luncheon given in his honor, about seven courses, then golf. Of course there is always lobster. Today there was a breakfast party at nine followed by more golf, then they all whizzed off to a luncheon given in honor of Cardinal Gibbons. Margaret wouldn't approve of the stag parties, would she? I was just as well pleased to be left out as I am "off my feed". But I understand I am to be invited later on. I sincerely hope your family will soon be getting away to cooler parts. Are you going to join them for a while? I hope so, for it seems to me you'll need at least a week or two of cooler weather to keep you in good health.

When driving about here you are occasionally stopped by quarantine officers to make sure you haven't children in your car. Poor little dears, they surely are having a time of it.

Some of the younger people in the Irving have the deepest tan I ever saw. I can't imagine that they will ever succeed in losing it. Ruth has a Washington girl visiting her for a week. Of

course men are scarcer than strawberries at Christmas time, especially this year with so many of the guard down at the Border. But Ruth and Marion manage to scrape up an occasional couple to go out for tea at one of the clubs. Two of the Austro-Hungarian attaches are staying at a town about twenty miles distant and they motor over here. It's a bit inconvenient to have your young men 20 miles away, but in these days of motor cars not so serious as in Sheridan's time! A gentleman living in the hotel has his own aeroplane and goes out on pleasant days for a flight. I suppose his wife will be borrowing it to fly up to New York to get a new hat!

Well, I've tried to think of something to say and have made a dull job of it, so I'll spare you any more at this time.

Love to all of you,

Devotedly,

Mater.

2224 R Street  
Washington, D. C.

June 1916

Dearest Margaret:

I have just left Katherine on the doorstep, playing "jacks" with two little girls. She is invited to dine this evening with one of them who is having quite a dinner party, I believe. She is Mary Winslow, daughter of one of Mrs. Bourke's friends. We haven't done much as yet, but drive about. I took K. up to the Capitol and must show her some other points of interest, but don't want to tire her with sight seeing.

I am going to try to find some canvass shoes for her. Her feet seem to be in a state of perspiration constantly, and I think tan shoes must be rather bad for her. I notice her stockings are quite wet usually.

I am glad to see she has a better appetite than when she was home or rather while I was there, and so I imagine she needed a change. We talk of motoring to Cape May and Atlantic City, and the sea bathing will be good to tone her up.

We tried without success to find socks for Gilbert. Washington is a poor shopping town and I should advise your sending direct to Bests. If you don't object I'll get some socks for K. Most of the children of her size wear them and perhaps it would be good for her excessive perspiration. If you agree with me I will get the socks for her. She has slept soundly both nights, the first one a full twelve hours, so I imagine her journey tired her perhaps.

What is this about Peggy's nose? K. speaks of an impending operation. I was surprised to hear Peggy had any troubles.

K. is evidently quite contented.

Very Aff'tly,

Washington, D. C.  
June 29, 1916.

Dearest Margaret:

This is one of those pleasant sticky nights, when it is almost impossible to write without dipping my hand occasionally into talcum powder to dry it off! My dear little companion is going to leave me this week. It is at least flattering to know that she is sorry to go. Twice I was on the point of writing to suggest keeping her longer. But I really think it might be a mistake. She is in danger of being spoiled because I give up most of my time to her. I think I have only left her one afternoon, and nearly always have been able to see her tucked in at night, even when we were going out later. It has been very pleasant for me. I enjoy the little outings to the park. We go frequently for tea or ice cream out at the old Mill-- where food is served at tables under the trees by the side of a pretty water fall.

I've seen more of the sights than ever before by taking K. around. She at last had her heart's desire, seeing "the President"! I took her to the ceremonies in honor of the late President of China, and twice the President and Mrs. Wilson passed close by us--in going in and out. Our only real disappointment has been not getting to Atlantic City. But as we hadn't time to motor there as we first planned I couldn't carry that out very conveniently.

Ruth went up to the Adirondacks to Mary Wait's open air camp. Will probably be back soon.

Thank you for letting me have Kathie, and I sincerely hope



we can have another good time together in the near future. I do think she is going to level off into a very sweet girl. I hope the change has done her some good. She hasn't gained as much as I had hoped, to judge by the scales here, though we all think she looks splendidly. As a birthday celebration we took K. and Olive Shirley out to the club for an early 6:30 dinner. Miss Molano was our other guest. It was a gay little party, with the traditional cake and candles. Olive is the only child left in town whom we know. She and K. had a fine time and have exchanged addresses and promised to write. I hope it will be the beginning of a friendship. Mrs. Shirley has a lovely nature and very sweet children. She has been fortunate in keeping a wonderful nurse for them ever since they were born--a nice French woman who takes entire charge of the three. They are constantly with her. Olive seems quite mature for a child of nine and plays a harp quite nicely. I'm afraid I haven't advanced K. much in her music. I insist on a little practicing every day, but she hasn't reached the point of taking any real interest in it. She begins to play some things very well and if she can be kept at it I don't see why she shouldn't be a musician.

Does Gilbert show much improvement? Dear little Gilbert, I wish there were something I could think of for his birthday. Does he want a new sweater or anything of that kind?

K's pretty little beads pleased her very much though I fear she hasn't taken time to write and say so!

Devotedly,

Washington, D. C.  
Dec. 21, 1918.

Dearest Harry and Margaret:

Yesterday I sent by American Express a package with a few things for the children. I am sorry there is nothing in it for father and mother, but I have decided that Christmas is kept for the poor and for the children! Of course I except dear Mrs. Lake. She really comes under the head of "poor" it seems to me in most respects.

Bert thought I should let you know that the package goes by Am. Express for you might have to send and get it if it's late in reaching Omaha.

I must trouble you to kindly deliver a small package also to Mrs. Wessberg. She is such a good soul, isn't she? Also let me know if you can, just about when you and Margaret will be coming on to visit us? I don't want too many engagements that will take my time from you. And also sometime in Jan'y Harriet Smith may be on.

My best wishes go to you all for a "Merry Xmas" dear people.  
I am with you in spirit.

Very aff'tly,

Jan'y 1st, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

I am so sorry the things I sent were late in reaching Omaha. I started them by Am. Express the week before Xmas. If they haven't come as yet please notify me at once so tracers can be sent out. I put a doll for Peggy (beautifully dressed by Agnes and myself?) with a pin for K. in one box.

Hereafter think I'll stick to the mails. Thank the children for remembering me. I always love anything home made - and have a suspicion Kathie at least helped in making the fragrant hanger. The little glass plate is lovely. That West Indian mat looks so pretty under glass. I'm glad you like the dressing case and hope you'll have a chance to use it in a trip to Washington. Did the cook turn out a failure? I thought she seemed good natured at least.

Having some errands to do, I must say good bye with all best wishes for you all in the New Year.

I've just had a letter from my Belgian soldier in the morning's mail. You remember I wrote to one who advertised in the World-Herald for letters?

Very lovingly,

Jan'y 23rd, 1917

Dearest Katherine:

We are all so sorry to hear of your fire. It was too bad, but as none of the family were hurt we have a good deal to be glad about. I am waiting to hear all the details, how you got out, and what you managed to save. If you and Gilbert and Peggy will let me know each your favorite thing that was lost by the fire, I will try to replace it, whatever it was. Did Gilbert lose his violin? I am sure it will be very bad for him if he should have to stop his practicing for a few days! Mr. Brill wrote me such a nice note the other day telling me how much better he was working. I was delighted to hear it.

I was also much pleased to know you were on the honor roll again. Give my love to all the family and to aunt Anna. What a shame she lost her trunk. Tell her I am awfully sorry about her lovely blue velvet wrap!

Affectionately,

Washington, D. C.  
Jan. 24, 1917

My dear Girl:

I am afraid those dresses will look very shabby to you. Probably it would have been better not to have rushed them quite so fast and had them put in order first. I am afraid you'll send Mrs. } right away to repair them. I looked at some marked down suits this morning, and then decided it would be well to wait until I knew whether you had lost your suit. If the suit is among the things rescued, I will send instead a dress that you can wear in the afternoons and evenings. I am waiting so anxiously to hear all the details. We understand that you are having terribly cold weather.

I wrote to Kathie to say that I wanted to replace the special treasure if I could, that each of the children had lost.

I suppose the play will continue to be rehearsed n'est-ce pas? I know you are something like your father in not having any great love for your material possessions, so you'll not spend much time mourning over things that are burned. I am so silly about some of my special treasures on account of associations that it would be a great grief to lose them.

Love to everybody, not forgetting Anna B.

Aff'tly,

Washington, D. C.  
Jan'y 28th, 1917.

Dearest Harry:

It was quite a relief to get the long letters from you and Margaret! I gave the latter's letter to Mrs. Bourke to read and she considers it an epistolary work of art and says by all means put it away and preserve it always. We appreciate what a narrow escape you all had and can forgive even the firemen's culpable negligence and inexcusable slowness because you are all safe. Won't you telegraph me and let me know if your cold is improving? I shall be anxious until I hear. Please do not be rash in any way.

About Anna's loss, I should think it would be well to insist that she go to Brandeis where you have a charge account and buy a handsome new suit and hat for I know she had a perfectly new outfit on purpose for her visit to you, and charge to you. Then when the all pertinent is finally made you will know what her clothes are valued at and can settle with her. For the present I should think the new suit and hat would fill every need. I understand from Mrs. B. that she has a velvet dress or suit here and one good evening gown.

I haven't consulted with Bert about this matter; he just handed me your letter as I was leaving the Capitol. He may think she ought to be more fully reimbursed.

How lovely all your friends were! But that's just like Omaha people, always kind and good.

How about the play, are you going on with it and when? If you have it late in Feb'y I might be tempted to go out.

Much love to all.

Devotedly,

Washington, D. C.  
Feb'y 15th, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

You are certainly having a trying winter; the weather itself seems to be against you, but I'm sure the worst is over and you have had your fires. I wrote Harry about my room being on fire just a few days before your house burned. And the other day I was surprised to get an answer from some Hotel people in Georgia, where I had written to ask for their rates, etc., telling me the hotel had burned down!

Today is a busy one for me, that's why I am writing a letter I suppose--my dinner party to the Marshalls, for which I sent out invitations more than a month ago, is to come off tonight. There are 20 invited (I don't say coming until I see them!) and I really think I'll not give any more big dinners. It means renting so many dishes, a whole lot of chairs, for they of course should match, and takes a good deal of extra bother. I don't breathe freely until it's too late for anyone to fall out. A man threatened me early in the week, and I filled his place today--a lady "took sick" and I got a substitute for her. Fortunately your old friend Miss Thomas very obligingly agreed to take the vacant place.

To add to the confusion Ruth in conjunction with two other girls is giving a dance in the Haywood ball room tonight. She and Margaret McCloud and Doris Haywood (now married) are joining in giving it. It's to be a Hawaiian Ball, and when there are costumes to be arranged it's always a bore. They are asking thirty girls and sixty men. A Hawaiian orchestra plays till midnight, and after that they

Feb'y 15th, 1917

have a real orchestra of modern dance music. We intend to look in upon the dance for awhile. Harriet Smith is here and she too has a costume. She is very clever about doing things for herself and is a lovely guest. I shall be sorry to have her leave.

We are having a real snowstorm today. Such enormous flakes I never saw before. Washington people used to regard snow as most unusual sight--but now it's a common thing. Climates must be changing the world over.

We went to quite a beautiful dinner the other evening. The table was built round a sunken garden with a lily pond in the middle. There were goldfish and turtles, and the lights were all soft pale green lights exactly the shade of the velvet on my Hortell gown, which I wore. The effect was all very good. Mrs. Marshall, for whom the dinner was given, also wore a green similar to mine--tho I privately thought mine prettier! As to those dresses I sent you, they are intended for you to keep. I am not going to wear them again. I had put them on the retired list and am glad I still had them on hand. There are a couple of white muslin collars to go with the blue serge and I will mail them. Hope the black silk stockings reached you. My shopping in New York wasn't particularly successful tho I did find a nice fur trimmed coat which is useful. My pony coat I had disposed of and the fur lined one is not stylish though still warm.

This seems to be a long letter about nothing!

Much love to you all and best wishes for the success of your play.

Very devotedly

Your telegram makes me feel like going right out to Omaha, but if there isn't an extra session we may be going next month, and two trips would be rather a big expense, for I couldn't arrange now to stay.



Washington, D. C.  
Feb. 22nd, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

I am enclosing cheque for \$5.00. If you paid more for tickets let me know, please, but I suppose the best range from one and a half up. If you have already charged it to our W. H. account add this \$5.00 for I want to make a personal contribution. *(Amateur - at Mrs. Kintball's)*

Mrs. Bourke says she has heard the play was great. I shall be so interested to hear all about it from Anna.

Your father is celebrating Washington's Birthday at White Sulphur. I was invited but failed to see the fun of taking this journey for one or two days stop. We had planned a little trip to Florida and I have lost four of the nicest invitations of the Season thereby. I regretted a month ago, and now here I am--too disgusted as you may imagine. We just talk about going--never go. So I don't intend regretting any more attractive dinners. *Mrs. R. B. Howells' mother*

I'm giving a small luncheon for Mrs. Chase on Saturday-- just eight altogether. Mrs. C. never seems to take much interest in my invitations, but I'm determined to do this anyway. Alice always entertains us so much and I don't want Mrs. C. to have the least chance to say I neglected her.

I'm so sorry not to have known about the pieces. Harry spoke as though most of the furniture was intact. We could so well have let you take the pieces we are storing.

Love to all

Devotedly,

Saint Augustine, Florida  
March 12th, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

We succeeded in breaking away from Washington for a little trip at last. I am glad we didn't postpone it later as it's almost hot now down here. It seemed quite odd to put on white shoes and a thin suit this morning. The air feels quite soft and tropical.

This hotel is Spanish in style of architecture. There is a very pretty court in the centre and a colonnade on all four sides. Our room opens on the court and the palms and fountain with a rustic bridge makes a pretty picture.

We have no plans though we shall probably, if not summoned back to Washington, stop for a few days at Augusta, Ga. There is a celebrated golf course at the Bon Air Hotel and Bertie and Lew Laulsburg have been talking of some games there. I think the cool, crisp air of the mountains will be preferable to this warm climate. I have no desire to get any further South at this Season. Palm Beach is such a fashionable resort that I should have no suitable clothes for such a place. We had thought of possibly crossing over to the West Coast and looking up the Everetts or perhaps <sup>(Council Bluffs family)</sup> the McIntyres, but it would mean a night's journey and hardly seems worth while for we couldn't stay long.

There are mosquitoes and flies here and I believe where Gretchen goes there are fleas, so I should be too uncomfortable to be happy or make anyone else so. Isn't it a pity that such pests make beautiful spots like this undesirable. I wonder what Ponce de Leon and others in that day did about them. They hadn't heard of "skeeter Skoot," "Harmony Talcum" or any of those devices for keeping off the

Saint Augustine, Florida  
March 12th, 1917

enemy. No one knows us here of course and the telephone hasn't rung once. It's such bliss, and I can read or write without getting messages from the cook to say, "the eggs haven't come" or "we need more milk", or "please mam, is the lamb stew for the dining room or the kitchen." People have sent such complimentary messages to your father on his speech last week, Tuesday--I was almost brokenhearted when I realized what an occasion it was and I hadn't been present. The night before I went up for about four hours, but your father didn't suggest my coming in the morning. Of course he was there all right.

Love to all,

Washington, D. C.  
April 18th, 1917

Dearest Kathie and Gilbert:

I hope you are having a good time. We hear that Gilbert is "convalescent". Your mother received a telegram today saying so, and we wonder if he has been having the measles or what? If he has had measles and has recovered by this time, he is a lucky boy. It's so much nicer to have them when you are young and not have to think any more about such horrid things.

All the little friends of Kathie are away now. Olive Shirley is in Kentucky, and two other little girls belonging to the "large family" have gone off to school.

I hope Gilbert is feeling so fine that he can go out soon. The weather is lovely and warm now.

We are so glad to have your mother here, and hope you won't miss her too much. She and I are going out in the morning to find something to send to you.

Lots of love and kisses to you and Peggy.

Yours affec.

Washington, D. C.  
June 28, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

Well, we have met the much talked of Capt. de Juge, and we like him very much. Of course we haven't had a chance to know him very much. He called on Saturday for a few minutes, and last evening we drove out to Chevy Chase for dinner, taking him with us, and also Sen. and Mrs. Newlands. Mrs. N. speaks French beautifully, and I thought they might enjoy talking French, but they soon lapsed back into the vernacular. He and Ruth are going to try a ride tomorrow. Ruth says its very difficult now to get hold of a good horse. Some of her army friends who were good about lending horses to her have gone abroad, and it is not as easy as it was to find a horse. Perhaps if the Captain stays any length of time here, he may meet some Army men who can get a good horse for him.

We are going away the end of this week, Bert, Ruth and I, to Manchester, Vt. Some lovely people whom we met South have invited us for a week, including the 4th. I'm sure their place is a wonderful one from what I've heard. We shall not be gone quite a week. Then I shall have to pitch in and pack up for the rest of the summer. If Washington were not so hot I should regret going away because it never was so interesting as now. We have entirely changed since you were on here. Streets are filled with soldiers in kaki uniforms--also French, Italians, Belgians and Russians in their uniforms. The Russian Commission is lodged in the large house at our rear, and the two are so close that we see and hear a great deal from our windows. The Russian uniform is not at all good looking. The coat is kaki color and trousers dark blue, straps on coat of white.

June 26, 1917  
(Con.)

We enjoyed so much dining recently with the Lansings in honor of the Belgians. I sat next Mr. Lansing, with a Belgian general on my right. He was a most charming man. He hasn't seen his family for three years as they are inside the German lines. Of course, the letters are so strictly censored that the news he gets is pretty meagre and unsatisfactory. They reach him by means of a girl friend in Switzerland and he replies as tho he were a girl! When we hear of such things we feel that we haven't much to complain of, don't we? Tomorrow evening a large reception is to be given in honor of the Russians. I think I shall go and get acquainted with some of my neighbors.

The reason I suggested having Mrs. Mora come in was because I knew her position with the Baums was not pleasant, and I thought perhaps she would be glad to get away for awhile and look after the children. She would of course be under no expense. But if you can stay awhile, I dare say with "Myrtle" (name of nurse) things will go all right. I shouldn't be able to undertake them very long myself for it would be a responsibility that I would have to share with someone. I remember Monsieur Gilbert used to be somewhat of a handful for me when you were gone.

About Calli Carci, it's odd that I should never have remembered to speak of her. I agree with you that she is a wonder. Her voice is the most lovely musical instrument I ever listened to, but I did think her lacking in soul. Mrs. Marshall Field told me the other evening (she knows her well) that she had a severe cold, could scarcely speak that afternoon. So she tho't she was not at her best. It seems

June 26, 1917  
(Con.)

more marvelous to think she could have used her voice as well as she did, that being the case. The dramatic type of singers always appeal to me more than those of the Galli Curci type.

I've strung out a long letter and not written much. You must have had great fun on your motor trip. We went over to Baltimore again last week. I needed some things in order to go on this house party.

Myrtle is coming soon to stay with us, and I'll have a better chance then to judge what she is like.

Much love to you all,

Devotedly,

Swampscott, Mass.

July 16th, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

I am enclosing a letter to Mrs. More and want you to read it, and if it's all right, will you give it to her? You may tell her I didn't know how to address it.

This is one of the hot days--quite surprisingly so for this locality I feel sure.

We find our cottage even nicer than I had thought on a first view of it. It's quite a large one with lots of porch, and everything looks so spacious and comfortable. The furniture is plain, but good of its kind. There are three fireplaces which I hope to enjoy later on! The ocean is very near and we also have some trees and lawn. If you should feel like coming at any time I'd be delighted, but it might strike you and Harry as dull. There isn't much to do but bathe and motor. I can easily imagine that for a change to stay home for awhile without the youngsters will be rather a relief and a rest.

It will be nice if Mrs. M. can come and take some of the responsibility, and it will be pleasant for me to have her.

Give my love to Harry and the children. Alice H. wrote that Kathie was very handsome.

Devotedly in haste,



Swampscott, Mass.  
July 24th, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

I've just telegraphed to say we hope the children can spend a month. If they shouldn't be happy, someone can escort them as far as Chicago, but I am sure they will enjoy this place. We are off the main road so it's safe as far as motors are concerned, and we have a night watchman for this Point belonging to Mr. Little, so we feel very secure. There is a pool where most of the residents of the Pt. bathe, at certain hours. Myrtle will always be on guard when the children go in. She keeps asking, "will the children soon be here." She is lonely without children for she has always had them about. I think simple little rompers for Peggy would be fine. People are not very dressy here, sweaters and white skirts the prevailing style on young women, and usually no hats. The laundress is pretty poor which is one good reason for simple clothing.

We are spending this weekend with some friends on the South Shore, but will be home on Monday, so the youngsters are coming at a very opportune time. Several of our neighbors have called, and they show a disposition to be friendly.

Sunday was a hot day, but it's so cool today that I am wearing my jacket in the house. I do wish you were near so all of us might be together in this refreshing spot. As long as Mrs. More can stay I shall be delighted to have her. Have the children bring some of their books and games.

Devotedly

Little's Point  
Swampscott  
Aug. 15th, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

This morning Miss Mohun, Mrs. More and Peggy departed. Bert escorted them in to Boston; also K. and C. went for the ride. I hope the journey will be cool and comfortable for them. It really seemed the only thing to do with Peggy as she has grown very dependent on Mrs. M. and I believe would have been inconsolable if she had been left here. She is beginning to be so cunning in the pool and played with two dear little boys yesterday morning down there most happily. I have no doubt she could swim too if anyone helped her, as your youngsters take to the water just like ducks. Of course, one or two of us always go down to watch them.

I was in Washington part of last week, and when I came back found K. and C. occupying K's bed which is double. I objected and told Mrs. M. I had understood that when convenient you wanted them in separate rooms as well as beds. That was how I had arranged their sleeping, so if the subject should arise will you set me right. The children didn't back me up, so I thought Mrs. M. perhaps suspected I was a bit fussy myself, as she hadn't seemed to know there would be any objection to having them bunk together. Naturally it makes no difference to me if it doesn't to you.

We haven't a piano. It is so late now to bring one up from Lynn that perhaps we shall get on without. I miss the piano of course, and I've no doubt the children would enjoy it.

They were delighted to get your letters. Katherine had been

August 15th, 1917

asking if Mrs. More thought Mother could be ill. She seemed worried over the absence of letters from you.

There is not much to put in a letter. One day is a good deal like another.

I shall be glad when the Autumn comes as I never feel well in summer. Last year I had a rather bad time, and this year is sort of a repetition, for I don't sleep well. Mrs. More is so sweet and considerate, I don't wonder you think a lot of her. She is a most unselfish girl.

Lots of love to you and Harry.

Devotedly,

Little's Point  
August 21st, 1917

Dearest Margaret:

Mrs. More and Peggy have just arrived, the latter in the highest spirits possible. I really think that Mrs. M. is the kindest person in the world, but I agree with you that she is indiscreet in her allowance of candy. I should another time, if I were you, stipulate that Peggy be allowed only simple candy, made of pure sugar, and not given large gobs of chocolate filled with every sort of thing. I can't say anything, but I didn't let K. and G. have but two pieces each per day while Mrs. M. was gone, and that was simple, plain candy. I don't think Peggy has yet arrived at the age where she should be given the same food as grown ups, but I notice she eats what we all eat and never touches milk. As I have said, I can't dictate as long as Mrs. M. seems to think these things are all right, and just what P. has always been used to. So much for my "old fashioned notions!"

Well about your Public Pulse, your father evidently doesn't want you to get into a controversy. I asked him and he said, "no, I should be sorry to see Margaret start out on anything of the kind." He thinks that as long as there are many thousands of German citizens in this Country that we ought not to make matters worse than they already are by inciting greater bitterness and hatred toward them. Many of them are of course innocent and surely must be ashamed of the awful deeds committed by their countrymen. I don't think any intelligent person is in any doubt of the truthfulness of the reports of horrible atrocities on the part of the Germans and their allies.

August 21st, 1917  
(Con.)

Your father, who was so loathe at the outbreak of the war to believe tales of their cruelty, has certainly become convinced that there is no question as to their being perfectly true. Miss Gibson, the English singer whom we have recently met here, told of seeing in English hospitals mutilated soldiers--hands cut off after they were wounded. How very awful it does seem, and none of these horrors can compare with the frightful acts committed against the poor Armenians. I read of one poor sick Armenian who had been deliberately buried alive! a woman. Well it doesn't do to dwell on these things. It doesn't help anyone, and would keep us from sleeping at night if we kept our minds on them.

I am sorry Charlotte is too lively to ride, but I should be quite unwilling to let Ruth try a horse that had the rearing habit, for it is to me a most alarming one. I am glad you have stopped before meeting with an accident.

Katherine is so sweet and considerate. I shall miss her greatly when she leaves. I wish I could keep her. I'm afraid in Gilbert's eyes I am rather a dragon because I try to have him practice. He plays much better than last year.

Please tell Harry I'm delighted with his photograph. It's splendid.

Very aff'tly.

Little Point  
August 28th, 1917

Dearest Margaret and Harry:

We are not quite sure yet if our little party will be leaving us on Friday or Sunday. We hope the latter as it is no easy matter for Mrs. M. to get 3 children, her luggage and all with a handful of tickets off with out assistance. Bert can be back and take them to the train on Sunday. Mrs. M. Says she personally is in no haste--it's just a question of possibly being needed. It scarcely seems as though two days would make a great difference to anyone. The children are hoping for a postponement. We are trying to make this week as jolly as possible.

If I were sure that we could start West by Oct. 1st I think I should ask to keep Katherine. Isn't it unfortunate that a child should really dislike Omaha, her home, as she does? Isn't it possible to have her meet some little girl who would be a nice congenial play-mate? It's too bad that she doesn't enjoy her friends more. I have a suggestion to offer in regard to her music. I can't blame her for having a horror of the lessons with Mrs. B. <sup>Borglun</sup> When I accompanied K. to the lessons she made me shake in my boots! The Borglunes have some pupils who give lessons; they are a married couple and I can't recall the name. I know, however, that they studied in Paris with Borglunes' teacher. I think the girl was Alice Davis. If K. could study with someone who was more gentle she would have less dread. Even to practice seems to worry her. She is so afraid of getting into some faults.

As for Gilbert, he simply loathes practicing and I can't see how M. has persisted so long in keeping him at it. I confess I

Little Point  
August 28th, 1917  
(Con.)

can't. Perhaps if he were to leave off for a couple of years or even longer he would realize by that time the need for serious work, and I don't doubt would get farther in six months of study than he does now in one. Marie didn't begin until she was fourteen or fifteen and she made rapid progress. I think she played quite advanced things even at the end of a year. If you want him to continue of course I will still expect to pay the bills--but I have wondered this summer if, aside from the discipline of a little work, he got much out of it? There is a deep mystery about his violin. It's quite badly broken up. But no one knows who did it. I was inclined to think he tossed it down roughly on the bed where it was found in an unused room, but he is quite certain he didn't.

The children have been well for the most part nearly every minute. I think G's boils have stopped coming. They enjoy the bathing tremendously. It has been very nice to see them so happy, and I expect the house will seem too quiet and dreary for words when they are out of it. I've had a fine darkey cook, and they have appreciated the good things to eat. They are most enthusiastic boarders, and never complain of the table!

Much love to you both.

Devotedly,

Swampscott  
August 23rd, 1917

Dearest Harry:

We seem to be such a family of letter writers that there is always a dearth of stationery, so I have to fall back upon Bert's business paper.

The children escorted by Mrs. More and the chauffeur have just departed for the pool. Peggy had a weeping spell because both her suits were a little damp, and we had to put her into her grand-papa's suit! You may wonder just how that was managed, but Mrs. More ingeniously uses the upper half for a full suit, and barring the fact that it's a bit roomy, Peggy wears it occasionally quite successfully.

Bert had to go back yesterday, but I trust he'll not stay many days. Kathie felt quite distressed today when your letter came to find you had begun to plan for the return trip. She is certainly happy here, and if it weren't that Gilbert would object I should keep her longer. She and I are good pals, but Gilbert needs such constant and changing entertainment that I could not agree to keep him amused so long. If he could get interested in books so that now and then he could spend a few minutes quietly it would be a fine thing. He darts from one thing to another so rapidly that he makes me really confused. He can paint quite nicely, but the only time he wanted to sit and paint he was feeling somewhat ill with a headache or one of his boils. The poor boy has had several of these comforters, and I must say he was extremely brave. He didn't speak of them to anyone. The chauffeur detected them when he was bathing and told us. G. said he thought they were mosquito bites!



August 23rd, 1917  
(Con.)

There is no especial necessity of having the children go on the dot of Sept. 1st. I thought it would be too bad to have them start in the midst of a heat wave, and if the weather were bad, then I should like to defer the start if possible because Peggy really suffered coming on. When Bert gets back here he can make the reservations.

I have been very happy to see the children so contented. I hope another summer you and Margaret can have a cottage near the ocean for the change would benefit all of you and the youngsters do love the swimming.

Your photograph is the best possible Harry. Thank you so much.

Much love to you both.

Aff'tly,

Washington, D. C.  
November 15th, 1922

Dearest Margaret:

*Mrs R. B. Howell*

I have had a very friendly letter from Alice, quite worried about my attitude, as to what it will be toward her evidently. Of course she assured me that "she heard every word Beecher uttered in his campaign, and she knew he didn't say anything he would ever regret!" That is entirely beside the question, for we all know that whatever he said the Bee, which stood for him, every day was filled with malicious lies and misrepresentations about Bert. No matter how much they talk about having no regrets Mr. H. certainly permitted the Bee to do its worst! I am sorry your father should have been put so much strength into that wretched campaign. He says he doesn't regret that he made the effort. I am not in a mood to reply to Alice. Of course one doesn't want to say unpleasant things, and I am not enough of a fibber or hypocrite to write a nice letter of congratulation. That sort of thing doesn't appeal to me! Do you ever see her? If you do, you might say I asked you to give her my love. Will you do that. If she should ask any questions, you might add that it was too early to expect letters of congratulations or words to that effect. But I don't want to charge you with any unpleasant commissions. Alice's letter was more than friendly, it was really very affectionate. We have been very congenial and devoted. There is no one outside my own family of whom I have been so fond. But that of course makes things worse. It seems to me I could not like her husband, as it has been so clearly shown that he was willing to use any means, however base, to gain a victory, over a man who has done so much to help him. What would you

November 16th, 1922  
(Con.)

and Harry do I wonder? No use my asking your father--he is so far ahead of me in his Christian attitude. I tell him he isn't human!

With much love to you all.

Washington, D. C.  
Feb. 24th, 1925

Dearest Margaret and Harry:

Of all unattractive days this is as bad as any could be. We began with glorious sunshine and at noon it clouded over until now it's almost like night--so dark and a regular drizzle going on. Yesterday was perfect so K. was able to have two lovely drives and enjoyed herself. The day before she had gone to a luncheon with Betty P, her father and one or two other girls. K. has been put upon a diet and when she and Bert are here at the same time one dieting in an entirely opposite way from the other, it puts the housekeeper working to supply food for such erratic eaters! I fear her doctor is blaming the small instead of "the large cold bottles." In other words instead of ascribing her present troubles to holiday dissipation he says she works too hard! Of course my present belief is that not half as much illness is caused by work as the dear doctors say. This has a familiar ring and I may have said the same thing before! If so excuse repetition please.

We are going to have a rather nice musicale and I hope K. can come in for it. She will have an opportunity to meet several interesting persons and I should so like to have her know something of the diplomatic set. I am not equal to calling so cannot take her about and introduce her as I'd love to do. I miss the Jusserands terribly tho. I didn't often meet them but Mme. J. was so good about coming to see me, and he is the dearest man!

Marie is coming home this evening from the Quimbys and I shall be glad to have her back. She is such a dear about helping me in going

Feb. 24th, 1925

STARRS (Brewer)

on errands and helping me constantly. ~~Starrs~~ too is always very glad to do anything for me and they are both kindness itself. He says Marie wrote about doing some dressmaking so I imagine she is fixing over things for Grace and Cynthia.

How are the small dogs coming on? My bad Tony is as funny as he is bad. He has a perfect contempt for Toutou. He discovered that Toutou had been on his bed the other day and was in a rage! Tore the top of his pillows to rags, and dragged the pillow about until he turned it upside down! He is sweet as honey with me, but not always kind to others.

The Howells were quite "intime" at the White House. More than once have dined informally with them. If any one could break through the ice Alice could do it with Coolidge. She talks with him just as freely as with anyone, and I think he likes that. Mrs. C. is always cordial. Alice is going to entertain the Gov. of Neb. and "suite" at the Inauguration and altogether have 20 at dinner in their little apartment. She is a born politician and if Beecher gains any popularity it will be through her. She goes from morning until night calling, entertaining, and attending all kinds of meetings.

Do excuse an awful letter. I haven't any glasses so can't half see my writing.

Love to you all

Aff'tly

March 11, 1925

Dearest Harry:

Your letter brings to my mind so vividly the evening long ago when I saw the Kindalls play the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray". They were great. Mrs. Kindall in the last act was so fine. I can see her now, the picture of woe and misery at the destruction and unhappiness she had brought to her husband's home. It was so well done that I wept copiously and even after we got home I sat down and wept again! That was one of the best pieces of acting I ever witnessed in my life. I couldn't resist writing this, it made such an impression upon me. We had quite a pleasant acquaintance with the Kindalls whom we met at that time and they sent us afterward a card of greeting, I remember.

M. just "blew in" for a few minutes with the Bowens. She looked very well I thought.

Both Howells have been ill, one in the hospital, but better now.

Love to you all. Did you think as Margaret does about The Reckless Lady?

Washington, D. C.

March 11, 1925

Dearest Margaret:

I was much interested in your review of "The Reckless Lady" for I had just read this book. To me the lady was the perfect impersonation of recklessness. She gambled at Monte Carlo until she lost her last penny and had nothing in the world left but absolute starvation staring her in the face! Then when the poor old husband gave her and the children all he could afford she foolishly put everything into a silly extravagant business venture for which she had no more fitness than a humming bird and lost everything and ruined everyone connected with it. If that wasn't "reckless", what could be? Then you say the girl married the wrong man. Could she have married anyone of the impecunious lovers? Not one of them could have supported a pleasure loving girl, with no taste or ability for domestic work, do you think?

I should love to know how you would have changed this book, taking the characters of course just as they were. It seems to me her one chance was to marry the man who was rich enough to take care of her and her perfectly helpless family. I think the mother was a born gambler and spendthrift. It would interest me tremendously to find what you would do with such a "mess"? I find it most interesting these readers can take totally opposite views of the same book.

Marie has just come in for a short visit. She is escorting K. to the Doctor's this afternoon. Bert and I went out to the school on Sunday and she took a little drive with us--very short as it was

Washington, D. C.

Mar. 16, 1925

Dearest Harry and Margaret:

I hope Katherine is feeling better since she reached home. The doctor here evidently didn't succeed in helping her and decided it would be as well for her to be at home. She will of course tell how generous Miss McDonald is and also the Dean and Bishop is saying that if she comes back for graduation she can resume her old place in her class and that she will be given the flag! They all appreciate the good work K. has done and are anxious to have her finish her school course with the others. K. is the only member of my family that has ever been accused of working too hard! In the days when I was growing up we hadn't heard of blood pressure and I guess we took "Hoods Sasaparilla" when we felt weak and had a touch of spring fever! Everybody goes about here telling everybody else they feel like rags, sick cats, etc!

It's cooler now and the air less enervating. Ruth came home after a few days at Atlantic City and reported a fine trip by motor and lovely time at A. C. Bert has been much interested in the account of the tragic end of Wickham of C.B. As I had not met any of them of course I can't show his interest in the episode.

Ward Burgess was here and played golf at the Club. I suppose Bert extended the "glad hand." My sympathy is entirely with the people who suffered through his dishonesty and I can't say that I feel much pity for Ward. He isn't going to hide his head apparently. Best wishes for M's. play and love to you all. I'll be anxious to hear what I. B. says about K.



March 11, 1925

*(St. Catharine School)*

nearly dinner time at the W.C.S.

We think of going to Atlantic City a little later, about Easter and may take her if you approve the plan. I never care for Atlantic City. It's the ugliest, "dampest" looking resort I ever saw, but easily reached from here which is a very great advantage to me.

Aff'tly

Washington, D. C.

Mar. 31, 1925

Dearest Margaret:

Your father has given me a very glowing description of your play. I am very sorry not to have been there. I did not know until I saw your picture in the W.H. what a beautiful woman Mrs. Doorly was! You are simply too lovely and I do wish one of the size in the paper could be finished up just like that. The little one is too dark and defined. It should be more shadowy and soft. I don't know how they are made but I've seen them like that and it is probably the paper they are printed on. Alice has a large photograph of Sid's wife done in that way.

<sup>Quimby -</sup>  
Grace is here now with Sally and "Bill"--the latter is just about the handsomest young man I've ever seen and very charming. He has come down on business and leaves tomorrow.

Grace is with Marie and Sally with a school friend. I am not well and have been dining upstairs. I should love to see your children and Grace's together. I think they would be a perfect galaxy of beauty!

It evidently isn't quite settled as to when K. can return is it? She would enjoy meeting Sallie, but she will not be here long.

Very lovingly,

Washington, D. C.

Apr. 26, 1925

Dearest Margaret and Harry:

The flowers from your garden arrived yesterday, Saturday. While I think they survived pretty well--the bleeding hearts had lost nearly all color. It made me feel quite sorry to see how the poor little dears had drooped. I am sure all the flowers would have been happier back in your charming garden. I appreciated your desire to give us pleasure, and sorry I can't see the garden.

K. is picnicing today with the Bowens and some other young person, I believe. Marie and Stork can be just as young as anyone and enjoy going off on a lark.

It's been too warm and close the past two days, quite unseasonable. I hope for cooler days so I can take a walk. Bert is looking forward to the arrival of his friends, the Newbranches and Mullens.

I wish your brother John would be here soon. He is like a breath of fresh air and always does me good just to be in his presence.

Bert is reading aloud Mrs. Wharton's latest, a very interesting book. Another story of New Yorkers, similar to the "Eye of Innocence."

It is hard work to write such a dull lifeless day.

Love to all,

Aff'tly,

*She died quietly, May 11*