

Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1908,
7.45 PM.

My dear Alice;

Your letter received this morning.
My! My! it has been a stormy day! When
we looked out of the window this morning
the ground was covered with snow and
the snow was coming down as if it never
intended to stop - it was snowing so hard
that it was not worth while to have a path
made from the front door to the curb so I
could go out and get into the cab - for you
must know that I had to go to school in a
cab and return home the same way. In about
noon the rain was coming down in torrents
and Mr. Litzmeyer had called us up to say
"No school this afternoon." I was so worn out
from the work that I did last night that I
decided to leave school early and I called up
Trott to come for me at once that was one o'
clock, and he came at 1.30 - it was a little
later than 1.30 for it was 1.55 when I looked
at my dining room clock. It is Miss Davis
birthday and we had planned an extra
dinner that is, Gertie, Etta and I had planned
it and we did everything that could be done
in advance, last night. We had roast duck -
currant jelly, shiraz, boiled onions, mashed

potatoes, chicken salad - coffee, + tutti frutti
for dessert, so when I got in the fire was al-
most out. Maggie did not bring any coal
and had just enough to keep the fire alive - so
I had to go down cellar and get coal, while
down there, I fixed the heated fire - the came
up and attended to the kitchen fire - went up
stairs, changed my clothing and returned to
the dining-room, by that time it was 7:30 -
I threw myself on the couch and slept about
ten minutes. then I got up and started
dinner, Maggie did not come until after
three and Elton still later and Settrude
later than Elton - but don't say I did not
make them work when they did come, I did
all I could sitting down but I was too tired
to do anything. Even though I did not get to
bed until nearly one I could not sleep because
I had that terrible pain in my head from
overwork. I even made fudge for Miss Rover -
it is the only candy she really likes. By the
way Jim came and is fine. We gave her
between us a lamp like the one you bought,
her has a very pretty green shade and then
we gave her with it five gallons of oil, then
the fudge, and flowers. The flowers were tiny
flowers mostly daffodils with a few others

She enjoyed it all very much.
I sent off, this morning, some chicken
salad and croquettes. I sent them in
two packages because the postage is on
weight and I knew it would cost just as
much to send the two boxes tied in one, and
as they were different in shape they would not
tie well together. I am really curious to know
how the salad came. Minnie called me up
to say how very nice everything was. I made
puree of rice of the water that the turkey
was boiled in and sent her some of that -

I hope you are not short of pocket money -
be frank and tell me so, I'll get you a
little more from somewhere - if you are
short and I hardly see how you can help
being. I send Walter's letter - please return
With love. Ned.

Thursday, February 20, 1908,
9 PM,

My dear Alice;

Your letter came this morning, the one written Tuesday night. The Sun came today - this afternoon, I have not opened them yet.

Those you hoped would reach me on Sunday, came on Monday, it is trite now, to say I enjoyed them because I have enjoyed them so much, and said so repeatedly. I attended Principals Conference this afternoon and every principal read a paper on a well managed school.

Mine was the longest one read and a number of the principals came to me and complimented me on the paper. Mr. Twitmyer made no comment he could not very well, ^{if he had wanted to} as a good many principals were waiting to speak to him. He wants me to go to Washington to attend the meetings of the Department of Superintendence on February 25, 26, & 27th. ~~His~~ I have an idea that he will speak.

If I go - I shall send you a telegram when I leave Wilmington - I am awfully tired and I can't say whether I'll pluck up courage to go - but if I do - I'll go tomorrow night or Saturday morning early, and I'll stay until Tuesday night visiting schools on Monday and attending the department of Superintendence on Tuesday.

Now let me see, I want every letter from you just the same - you will receive this letter on Saturday

so when you write Saturday, if I do go, send
by special - then I'll get it in Washington on
Sunday, send your letter written on Sunday
in the ordinary way and I'll get it in Washington
on Monday - your Monday. Now that is all
wrong - your Friday letter is the one that you
mail on Saturday and I get it on Sunday -
If I send you a telegram tomorrow you will
be in receipt of it before you will of this letter
and I'll say in telegram 'Send Friday's letter to
Washington by Special, letter will explain' then
your Saturday's letter will reach me in Wash-
ington on Monday and your Sunday letter on
Tuesday - and your Monday's letter I will receive
Wednesday morning at home. I'll leave a
letter - now I'll mail a letter here before I leave
tomorrow night which will reach you on
Sunday. I'll write you in Wash. on Saturday
which will reach you on Monday. I'll write
on ~~Saturday~~ ^{Sunday} and my letter will reach you
Tuesday, and I'll write on Monday night
mail on Tuesday and you will get it on
Wednesday. I hope my plans will not go astray
about the letters. If you don't get the telegram
of course you will know that I am sitting
under my own vine and fig tree in Wilmington
but I think I am going - if I can raise five
dollars. Before I forget it, I want to tell you

that thieves broke into Brumell's last night, ²

Mrs. Lott has been quite sick and someone came to see her and this person and Mrs. Brumell were chatting in the dining room with the door into the entry shut - this person then pulled window tore down a lace curtain and a shade and walked off with a large, heavy black clock with two brass figures on the top and a jar of gold fish! They left the window open, of course, and when Mrs. Brumell went to let the visitor out, at about nine o'clock - she discovered that someone had been in the parlor and robbed them.

What do you think? Etta has mumps? mumps are epidemic in Wilmington, it is said. She complained night before last and declared that she went to gap and broke something in her jaw - but it is mumps on one side. She had to stay home today all alone. Now she did cry when she found she could not go to school! She felt so bad because it was her sewing day - and she would miss all her lessons, she said and her roll of honor and she wept more.

She has quite a fever and I gave her Calumet and co - and what do you think Dr. Stevens order her to rub with - Iodine-petroleum

So you went to hear Hofmann, Well, I am
glad that you did - Did you go with Miss
Malloy? Is she your latest crush? I under-
stood perfectly your criticism of Hoffman -
As you know even now - a week since I heard
the Philadelphia Orchestra - I thrill when I
speak of that last concert - I feel it all
through me. It was the finest thing I have
ever heard. I am sure you must have read
the criticism in the N. Y. News - the critic was
all right about the playing of the Orchestra
but he was way off on the soloist of the
evening, because she did not scream he
spoke unfavorably of her - but her work was
as perfect as theirs.

I must stop because if I am going to Wash-
ington I must look over my shirt waists -
I was at your house over an hour tonight -
With love,
Ned

At School, Friday, February, 21st 1908

12.30 PM,

My dear Alice,

I have just sent you a telegram telling you to send your letter of to-night by special to Washington. I know the telegram will probably alarm you but it won't last but a minute, for you have sense enough not to faint. By the time your eye falls on these lines you will have received the letter written on Thursday night informing you of my intention of going to Washington. First I thought of going tonight but I am too tired to get myself together and go, but I am going tomorrow morning early. Helen went this morning though I did not know that she was going or had gone / Spahr until Sxxx came in this morning and told me. Her Father is dying and the family sent for her.

Well you ought to have been at our Washington's Birthday exercises this morning. In the first place, Miss Brooks came to the office with the program this morning and she said to me, "I have tried to write the program plainly for I noticed that you had trouble reading it the last time we had exercises". I smiled as I remembered how you always used to tell me that I never read the program correctly.

I looked over the program and noticed that May Richardson, was on the program for a composition, and I criticised it, telling Miss Brooks I thought it a mistake in Miss Cagter to put May Richardson on so often as there must certainly be other children who could write as well and read ~~and read~~ better than May. She agreed with me and ofcourse there was nothing for me to do but let it go.

The program was really exelent. The younger children in the second, Third and Fourth grades gave, in a well rendered manner the life of Washington in a series of well selected quotations. The older children seemed

to enjoy listening to the younger ones very much indeed. There is some excellent material in that second grade. After "A glimpse of Washington's Boyhood" had been read by Miss Mary Brooks, and while the children were murdering the song on page, "279", I leaned over to Miss Carter and told her the program was altogether too long that there were still five or more things to be read and it was already 9.50 and I thought we had better cut the program and I started towards the back of the room where Miss Brooks was sitting to ask her what I should leave out and Miss Carter spoke up suddenly and said she would do that herself and she looked at the program and cut off all the rest but "Composition" by Miss May Richardson and "Composition" by Nelson Loatman, so when Miss May Richardson began to read she said, "Not long ago we celebrated the birthdays of two great Americans, that of Lincoln, and that of a great man of our race, Douglass. Today, we celebrate the birthdays of Washington, born on February 22nd, 1732, and that of Edwina B. Kruse, born on February 22nd. Of course she did not mention the year and the children smiled audibly, then she went on to tell of my work as an educator and what I had done and am doing for the education of the race and said some very complimentary things.

Nelson Loatman was next on the program as you see and the announcement was just a "composition", but before I could announce it Nelson got up and went out in the hall and I had to say that he was next on the program but had gone out, just then he came in and had a bouquet of carnations in his hand. He mounted the platform and in a very neat speech without any notes presented the flowers to ^{me} for my birthday from the Junior A Class. I accepted with thanks and said it was true that I was born on February 22nd but it was so long ago that I had forgotten the year then the children laughed heartily. The entire affair was very nice indeed.

I forgot to tell you that when I went up to the assembly room, much to my surprise I found it beautifully decorated with red, white and blue

and American flags. Flags were draped around Lincoln and Douglass and on inquiry I found that Miss Carter had remained until every one had left the building, even Miss Baldwin had left the assembly room. I forgot also to say that the reading desk on the platform was tastefully draped in red, white and blue.

Elizabeth is great and I believe she can be trained to take any position in the school. We were talking the other day about what we should do if Miss Nichols should take the principalship of the new school and I know now, that she could do it. If Miss Dover or Miss Byrd should leave Elizabeth could do their work, ofcourse I mean after preparation. If she can have only a year or two at Cornell. I am sorry to the heart now that I have found out that Walter Anderson is such a boor that I had not waited and asked for aid for Miss Carter instead. I am not sure, for I might change my mind, but I think I am done with Walter. He has not sent me those receipts and I do not think that he intends to do so. His father wrote to him for them but he did not send them even for him.

I am disgusted and how does he think he is to get through Exeter without help from me when he could not make it this year without sending to me for money. Now Alice, think of all the young teachers in our school and the older too, for that matter unless it is those who already doing well, and who is there who could fill any of the positions but Elizabeth? She minds her own business and does not run around and gossip she controls the pupils with the greatest ease and yet she does speak to them too, when it is necessary. I have heard her speak to to them. When she has the pupils doing any kind of work she and they, work quietly and there is not the least dirt or commotion.

I do hope to see her get off for Cornell next year but there is the point where I think she will fail, I do not think that she is pushing her

her entrance work all that she should or that she can. I stopped giving her the German because she did not study as much as she ought to have done and I knew if she made a failure of it I would get the blame and I told her I thought she would do better if she paid a teacher and I told her to whom to go. I spoke to her last week but she had not gone then but I will ask her again today and see whether she has or not. I hope she is not conceited about it because I know it is more than an idea to pass those entrance examinations into colleges. You see what Walter has to do even though we thought him pretty well prepared.

I did not tell you yesterday did I, that your sister said to me in speaking of our friend, the bridge whister, "I don't wonder he looks bad with his company for his wedding anniversary, and his bridge whist, and his his many love affairs" I got angry in a minute, perhaps you will read between the lines and understand why. I think they two, have taken up the lines where they dropped a year ago last spring, I think it was, because she cannot talk without saying, "Dr.----- said this or Dr.----- said that, or I would not have known about it but Dr.----- showed me this or that". "Now you know that I am not jealous of the Dr. or of her, but I am disgusted with them both as I said in reply to her, "What business has a married man, who poses as decent having love affairs"? She saw that she had made a mistake and tried to fix it differently. But all other things aside, if he does not go home and go to bed at nights and stop having love affairs he will be in his grave because now, he looks awfully, and why any woman should want to have a love affair with a man that is married and looks like a death's head in the bargain, is a mystery to me!

I handed your Greek tragedy to Miss Carte^r to read and when she opened it she said, "How could you be so cruel"? Miss Dover looked at it and smiled.

Poor Etta is disgusted that she cannot come to school and cries every

day because she cannot. You see she is at home all alone. It was her class, you know that presented the flowers and she has bundles of class spirit. I am so sorry that you still have such twinges of rheumatism and if you will take care of yourself and take the medicine regularly I trust you will get better but does take a lot of time in some cases, it did in mine, but you are so much younger than I am that I should think yours ought to succumb sooner than mine did.

I sent you more Strontium in some papers and hope you received it. Let me know. I shall send your letters off each day as I do here and I hope they will reach you the same.

I must stop as the bells have rung.

Lovingly,

Ned,

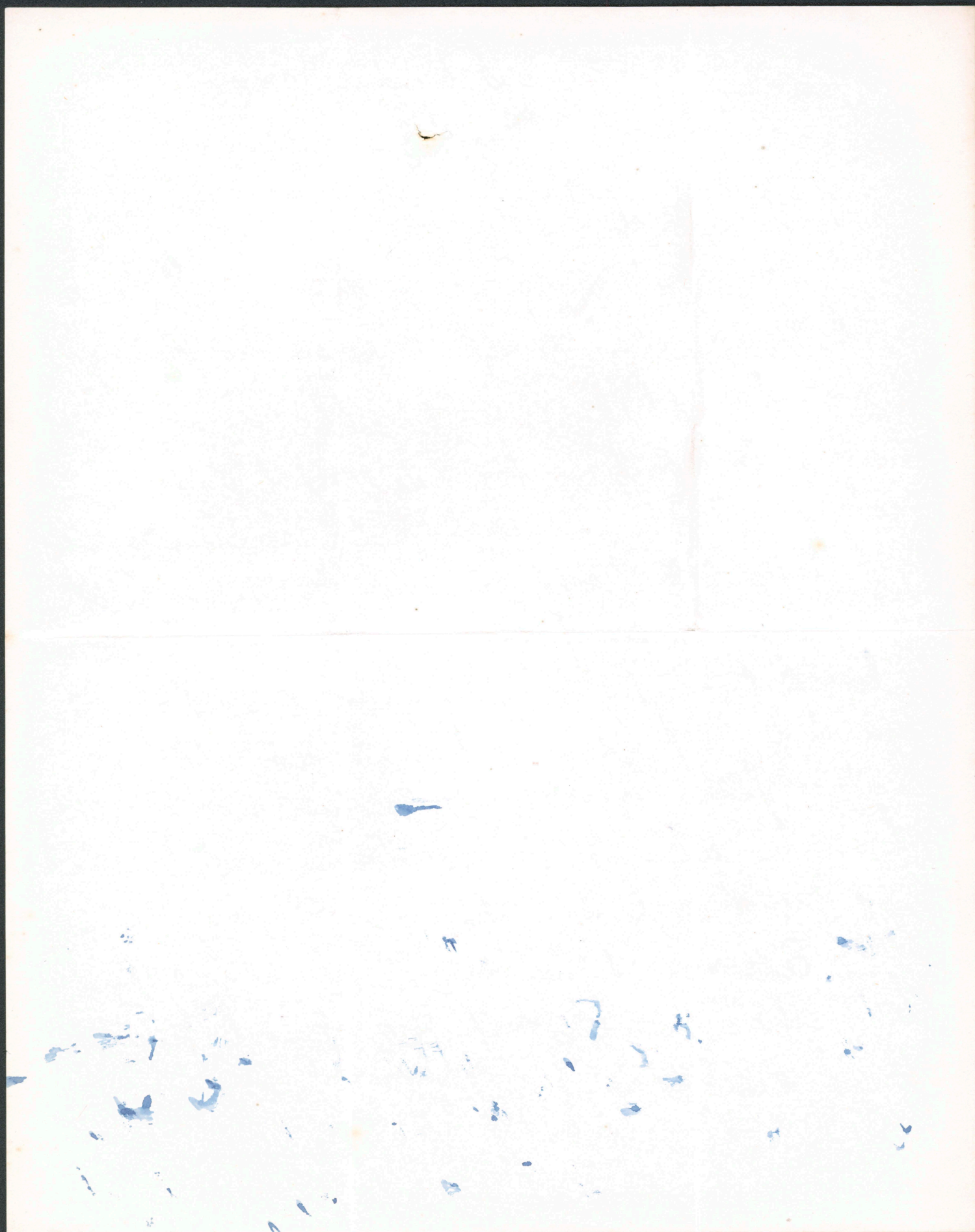
Check

Saturday, morning
February 22nd 1908
10.15

My dear Alice:

It is not surprising that with Lane and Monroe and all the various things to grow how that you should ^{have} forget^{ten} entirely that today is my birthday. I did not expect or want you to send me even a postcard, because I know money is tight but I must confess that I did feel a little twinge of disappointment that you did not remember it at all. I had a letter from a man that I helped through school when he was a boy and he has a daughter as old or older than Etta and he sent me a birthday letter. The Fourth & Fifth Grade at school sent to my office - a beautiful box, filled with the very nicest kind of candy and a dear little note. I will send

your letter

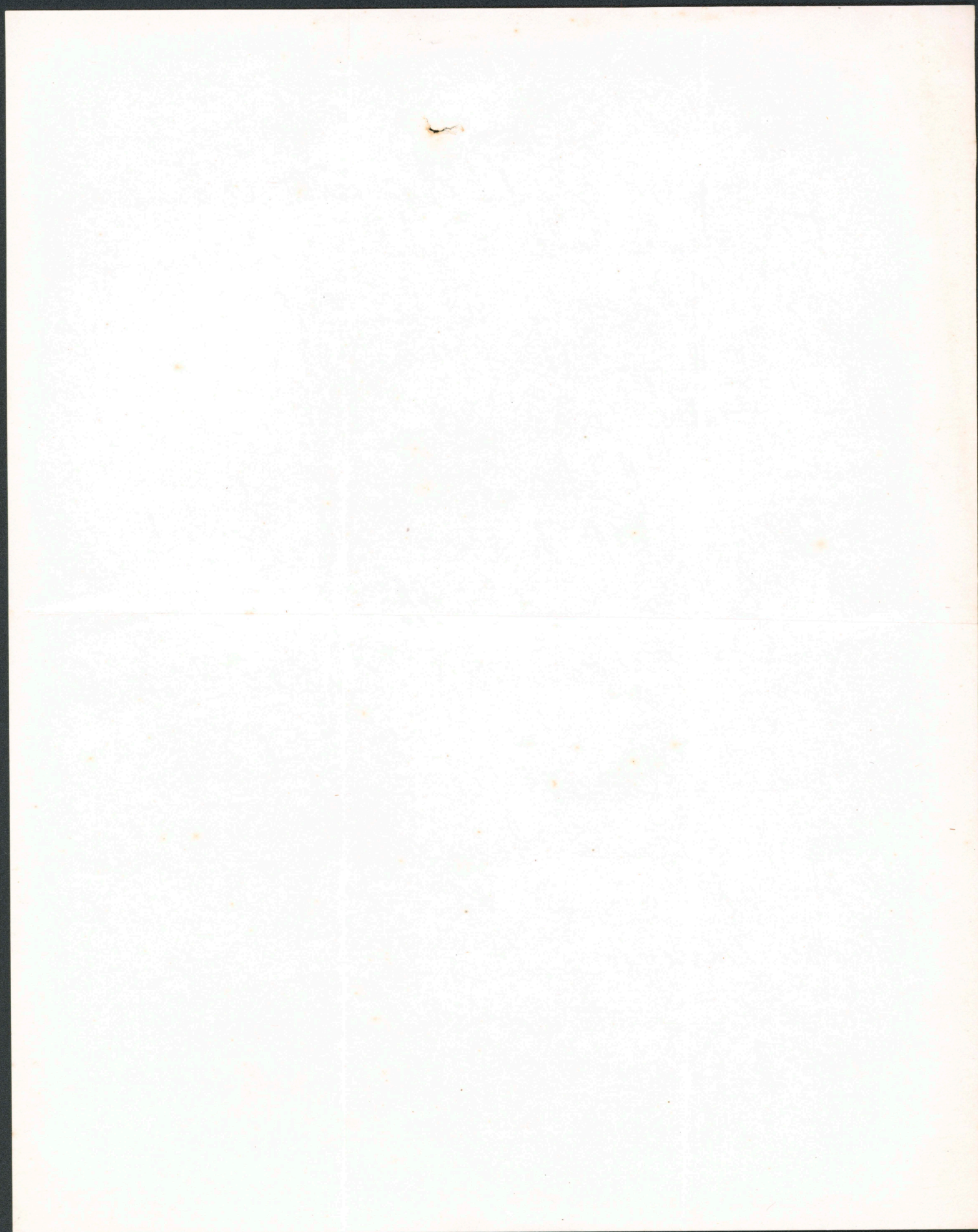


you the letter and the note from ²
Washington.

I am very glad the salad and cro-
quettes came all right - and can imag-
ine you having a few of your many
friends to sample them, today or tomorrow.

I feel highly complimented that Mrs.
Athies praised the salad for praise
from Caesar is praise indeed. If she
keeps on, I expect I'll send her some-
thing, for "her ownself" - as Ethel would
say. My fountain pen is in the
dress suit case and so I am trying
to use this great big spike - You must
tell me all about all those new people
today's letter mentions - I am really curious
to know who those people all are.

I send May Richardson's address - please
return it - Pardon this - I must get
off sometime today, lovingly Ned.



time so can not tell you the style but it is much like the Capitol with the dome left out. The Women's Waiting Room is as large as all of Broad St. Station and there are public & private toilets. If you want to use a private toilet you pay ten cents for the privilege. I used the public toilet, or one of them, for their name is legion. But the strangest thing about this station is, that it is squares away from any trolley cars, I could not believe it - when I came forth from the magnificent entrance down the steps - that there were no cars, I did not want to seem too awfully green - so I watched to see what the other people did and they all seemed to stream up a broad St - in one direction & I followed the crowd, I really think the distance is four blocks. I saw a

2110 - 14th Street
Washington, D. C. ^{P.M.}
Sunday, Feb. 23, 1903

My dear Alice,
Your Special reached about one o'clock, I had about given it up thinking you had not gotten the telegram in time or that your letter had gotten here too late to deliver before Monday, the number is 2110 and the special messenger of course did not know "M. P. Shadd" so he had a time finding me I got the letter but later than I would if the number had been correct. I thought of the number but there would have been an extra charge for that and I thought perhaps you would remember. Well, I received the letter so its all right.

I enjoyed your nice long letter very much indeed, I cited you in the letter I wrote just before leaving Wilmington, for not remembering my birthday. I must tell

you what Gertrude gave me. There was
a long box on my chair at the breakfast
table and I had no idea what that
box contained and I was never more
surprised than when I opened it &
found it filled with toilet articles.

There was a box of sanatol powder, a
bottle of the liquid sanatol, $\frac{1}{2}$ doz cakes
of Pear's soap, a bottle of Listerine, a
large bottle, one bottle Rogus & Gullie's
violet water, one bottle violet ex-
tract, one box Hudson's violet toilet
powder, one box of Creme de la Crème - from
Otta a box of soap - Pear's & Castile -
enough toilet articles to last me a
long time.

Many gave me one half dozen
Haviland China breakfast plates &
one half dozen linen dish towels.

I needed the plates and towels very
much indeed! Of course one always
needs toilet articles but seldom gets
them in such profusion.

I had thought nothing about
the new Union Station until we
had almost reached Washington &
then I remembered - but I had an
idea that the new station had been
built on the site of the old - I think
I had read that it was to be built
on the site of the old Baltimore &
Ohio Depot, but it is not at all it
quite some distance from that right.
Then I noticed that we left out all
those tunnels, not the Baltimore tun-
nels but those near Washington.

But such a station! I don't believe
there is another like it in the world!

It is too big and wonderful to take
in at once seeing. It is as long as
the distance from the corner of Benth
& French Streets to the depot (Penn. R.R.)
homothy. It is so huge that one feels
like a pigmy when walking around
the building. I am not up in architect

I felt you not making any reference
to my birthday - but of course I am all
over it now - and I ought not to have
mentioned and I would not only I know
how punctilious you are about those
matters and to have you write and
not think of it at all, got to me, but I
see now how it was. I may stay here
until Thursday night - I am not
sure. I planned to be here until Tuesday
night, but if I see Mr. Frothingham and
he says stay - Wed. & Thurs. I'll stay.
I'll tell Ettrude to forward letters if
yours should happen to get off - tho
I'll telegraph if I find on Tuesday
that I shall stay longer.

Was it not funny about that tele-
gram I sent you? I phoned it to
the telegraph office and I suppose
there was where the mistake was made.

I should say, you are primitive
if true.

With best of love, Ned.

uniformed official standing at its²
end and asked him to tell me where
I could get a Fourteenth St. car and he
told me right there. One came very soon
and soon too. I was whisked out to
2110 - I had written Marion that I
was coming and she seemed very
delighted to see me. She gave me a
very pretty wrapper - it is light blue
made in Japanese style and trimmed
with bands of pale blue satin.

I do not know whether I ever told
you that Miss Wheeler is living with
Marion? She does not board with
her but helps make up the purse and
they run the house together.

She is one of the most charming
young women it has been my privilege
to meet. She is a graduate of Smith
graduating one year later than
Harriet Shadd. She reminds of Miss
3-11-11

Allan in her voice but is a much younger and better looking girl. She is a nice height, fine feet four or five I should say, she has very pretty hair and nice eyes.

She is not a hoity toity girl but is serious minded and beautiful in character. She passed the examination to teach French & German in the seventh & eighth grades but when Chancellor went there was no French & German taught in those grades & she is teaching a seventh grade now and expects to get into the high school whenever things get into some sort of a settled state here.

I wondered when I read your letter that you were not ill - if I should eat hot coconut pie I know it would kill me, I am afraid

you won't die. I am glad that the medicine is helping you and I think it will even if you do not diet because you are young - but you had better try and keep down that uric acid in your blood or when you do add more years to your life you will not find it so easy to get rid of that pain.

I laughed at your cats and at the idea of Stunks sitting up there drawing Miss Rogers, but when you return to the schoolroom you must be very lenient with the pranks of the children when you remember your own and Dr. Stunks. I tell my teachers, told them last Friday about meeting that they are only children of a larger growth and should have more sympathy with the children.

You will feel hurt, I know that

top and half way up from the bottom and the window is directly opposite Marion's and the way the wind whistles through those rooms is awful! There are really loads of bed clothes on the bed - but when I got up this morning I had such pains in my right shoulder and my chest that I thought I was going to have pneumonia. I took fifteen grains of Strontium before breakfast.

Marion has kept up with the open air cure for consumption and she is avoiding all appearance of - consumption.

Of course your sister wrote you all the Washington news. She gets it from Madame Armistead - the death of Henry Bailey's wife, of Lem Bailey's wife, of Mr. Worley's death, Helen's father. He will be buried today

2110- 14th Street.
Washington, D. C.
February, 27, 1908.
(24)

My dear Alice:

When I do leave the house this morning it will be to remain out until about six o'clock. I shall spend the greater part of the day in the Summer School where Alice Wheeler is a seventh grade teacher - you know the Practice School is in that building and it will give me an opportunity to see all grades from first until eighth year. I shall leave there between two & three o'clock to call on a former pupil of mine from whom I received a birthday letter which I will send to you. He lives in

3-11-12

South Washington so it will take
an half hour to get there and the
same to return and of course I
know now that I won't get away
easy. Tomorrow, Tuesday. I spent
in listening to our learned gifts.
I rather suspect that Mr. Fort-
my is down for a discussion as he
seemed so anxious to have me there
on Tuesday.

I have just read the special
delivery letter, which I received on
Sunday at one in the afternoon,
and enjoyed it anew. You manage
to get a whole heap of fun in with
your work which is a good thing for
all work and no play makes Jack
a dull boy.

I have not done one thing since
I have been here and do not expect
to do anything - I feel confident that

I shall get home Tuesday night.
Marion and Alice Wheeler are very
kind to me and do everything to
make me feel welcomed and happy
and I feel as if I am awfully un-
grateful, but they keep such a
cold house, that I feel frozen
stiff all the time and have just
poured in Strontium because I am
rheumatic - Marion did not keep
such a cold house formerly &
I have been wondering whether she
is going through "change of life",
she feels the heat so. At night,
she has two windows in her room
wide open and Alice Wheeler sleeps in
the next room and the rooms are
situated just like Gertrude's &
mine at home, and she has her
window half way down from the

that I could take to Gettunde and
Mary that was at all within my means
so I sent nothing.

I borrowed ten dollars to come down
here. My ticket was fine and I shall
enclose you two, I wish it were more.

You must have breakfast and
car fare - perhaps I may send more
later on, I mean before pay day be-
cause that is still quite a way off.

I don't like to be here without a cent -
The more I think of it the more I think
I shall return tomorrow (Tuesday) night,
I ache across my chest. People die so
suddenly, I am scared.

With love -

Your true friend
Med.

I am not going to the funeral.²
Marion is - she said nothing to me
about going so I said nothing. I
did say I thought I ought to go
there and we were going to call on
the family yesterday - but when we
awoke in the morning it was
snowing hard and the ground
was covered with snow - so Marion
said no more about going out.

I received the Cornell souvenir
by this morning's mail and thank
you very much for the same - the
Suns have not showed up yet,
though of course newspapers always
take longer to come than letters.

I am going to stop now and finish
this letter tonight after I get home
from visiting schools. I write ahead

for fear there may be interruptions
so you won't get your letters as
promptly as you do in Washing-
ton. I am awfully afraid that
you will get your Tuesday letter
today. I wrote it, as I always do on
Sunday, and I wrote one to Etta
and one to the fifth & fourth
grades in care of Miss Nichols,
and in mistake put the three
letters together and they were all
three mailed last night instead
of yours being mailed this morn-
ing - so you may get it in to-
night's mail instead of in Tues-
day's mail as you should, but I
will see that this is not mailed
until Tuesday morning as I go out

to the Educational Meeting.
I wrote this between eight and nine this
morning and it is now after three o'clock
in the afternoon. I visited the Summer
School and Macgruder and staid until
after the morning session. I did start to go
to Brookland to Mr. Wormley's funeral
but I felt so worn out that I did not
feel like taking that long ride. Then too,
Marion had said nothing to me about
going and when I phoned to her from
the Summer building she was about
to start so I just concluded not go. I
meandered through Woodward & Lothrop's
and the Palais Royal and spent eighteen
cents. I saw nothing that tempted me -
even if I had had any money. I paid
ten cents for a lead pencil sharpener for
Etta and five cents for two fancy lead
pencils and three cents for a box to stick
on short ends of pencils. I saw nothing

2110-14th Street,
Washington, D.C.
February, 24, 1908.

My dear Alice:

Do you remember what Weygant wrote at the bottom of one of your papers? It was this, "You must know that is excellen," and that is what I am saying to you about your letter written last Saturday night. "You must know that that was the very best letter that any one ever wrote or any one ever received," I read all that part about your visit to Mrs. St John's and the Colonial Dance to Marion and she was very appreciative in her remarks about it. I am going to read to Alice Wheeler also as I know she will enjoy it. She was entertaining me last night with some of their college friends when she was there and just this last Friday night a dozen of the girls, including Lottie Ottwood, Harriet Shadd, Sallie Johnson and others had a party at Harriet Shadd's house - Lottie was dressed in knee breeches made of an old white figure skirt and a blouse-waist made of the same. It was a kid party and six of the girls were dressed as boys and the other six were girls. Alice Wheeler took the character of Sis Hopkins. When the time came for

for refreshments a cloth was spread on the floor and they all sat right down there and ate,

Well, to return to your letter I consider that I am greatly blessed to have a friend who can write the letters that you do. now I must set myself straight before I touch another thing in this beautiful letter of yours. I thought I said everything nice I could say to you about your editing of my paper. I am not gifted with language as you are and that you know, I am blunt and peculiar, & that you know - I'll quote from your letter.

"I'm glad if the other principals liked your paper. I judged from the evident and noticeable avoidance of the subject that you were not so well pleased that I had tampered with it, I'm sorry."

Now Alice, I think you must really be fishing for a compliment. In the first place, did I not thank you? In the next place, don't I know that it was very much better for the "tampering" with it which you did? Do I not know that you are a genius with your pen? Do I not know that I am not, and I appreciated, Alice, what you did and had sense enough to know how much stronger my paper was for the touches you gave it. I am a very unfortunate

mortal in my makeup. I leave undone those ² things which I ought to do and do those things which I ought not to do and there is no goodness in me.

Again you say, "I have rather stopped telling you so much about the folks here, and all the things we go to together, because I thought I noticed a little asperity in your remarks, or a heavy thuddy silence that hurt my feelings. Shall I stop again, and reserve the "heavy" part for my letters for you? I'm anxious to please."

You do me an injustice here also, mostly, when I write to you, I try to write you all the news, everything at school, everything in your home, in my home, in the social life of the city - I do not take up your letters as I seem to be doing with this and answer them paragraph by paragraph. I have never intended to write anything in my letters to offend you now, as I said above, leave unsaid the things I ought to say. You are of a very sensitive temperament and I am afraid you misjudge me. Perhaps if you think it over some night just before you fall asleep you will decide that you were mistaken and in the morning when you awake all the old thought will be gone and new ones will come and take their place.

Why did you not mention the names of the girls who came to take breakfast with you? You knew that I sent those croquettes so you could have a spread, did you not? I told you I intended to do so

but I did not expect to be able to do it so soon.

I found the butter, eggs, bread for bread crumbs everything necessary to make those croquettes except the turkey. I sent them an entire dozen - so I thought I would take those for toll - they had all they could use and more. The next night they invited Mr. Barton to supper as his wife was away and had enough for him and the following day they had some for lunch.

Just to think that you should have come home from all those festivities on Saturday night and written me that nice long letter! How nice it was of you. It came after I had written the one I in answer to your special received on Sunday.

No we had no holiday last Friday and you know by this time that I did not leave Wilmington until 12.35 P.M. on Saturday and reached here at 3.51 - After we got in bed I opened a pint bottle of champagne which Marion had kept out of the window so that it was ice cold - and we drank it in honor of my birthday. I laughed when I read the paragraph in your letter relating to my arrangement to receive your letters promptly and yet leaving out Marion's address. But I am thankful to say all letters have been received, not so the papers. I'll send the penny stamp for the paper cutter and holder and shall supply myself with magazines and stay in bed next Saturday just to

to use it, so you can imagine me there. Speaking⁸
of Magazines, have you read Ray Standard Baker's
last article on the Negro in the March American
Magazine? I think it is the best and least dis-
couraging yet.

You are very good to send me another present, you
"oughtn't" too, especially after I passed you. If you
have not sent it, just don't to furnish me. I'll die
of curiosity, but furnish me all the same.

I know your breakfast must have been fine;
not because of what you had to eat, but because
you had it, and you presided and were hostess -
I envy those girls their good luck. I laughed over
your orange baskets. I'll try to send you something
else before the cold weather is over and then I'll tell
you something nice to fix up. I am so sorry I did not
have time to fix you some salted almonds with the
croquettis. I laughed too, because you said that
these were the best you ever ate. I feared you might
be tired of them by this time.

Your story of your stay at Mrs. St. John's and
the talk with Mr. Fyles - and with her your refer-
ence to our religious belief - was a picture not
soon to be forgotten - I'll read that letter many
many times if I am spared - before I see you
again.

Yes. I did really, truly and honestly enjoy your
Colonial Dance but did wonder where you got your

costume and whether — you took cold and will have more rheumatism.

I wrote you a letter this morning which I have not mailed yet — in which I enclosed two dollars — Let me know that it reaches you all right. I wrote this letter. I am writing this ahead because I'll be on the go all day and shall probably take the 6.58 train for home tomorrow night.

Enjoy yourself while you can — I can't imagine you being satisfied with Miss Taylor's gossip — or Mrs. Briggs' ignorance or Mrs. Minnaye's high pitched voice and hen like cackle ^{after this}. I pity you because you must come down from the Heights and live with ordinary mortals.

If the Sir Dr. looks to you as he does to me I can't imagine you finding pleasure in his society — don't tell it but to me he seems to be degenerating.

Believe me —

Always the same true old,
Ned,

Monday Night.

At School, Wednesday, February, 26th.

"High Noon."

My poor invalid Alice,

Before I say another word, see my typewriting! Does it not look fine? I mean the letters. I have just cleaned it all up nicely and put in a new ribbon. I ordered one ages ago and they sent me a little narrow one and I sent it back and had to wait until I sent in another order and while I was away the supply came.

But Alice, what about your eye? I received your little note this morning but was not surprised at that because you did write me such nice long letters while I was in Washington, that I did not expect any thin but notes until Saturday or Sunday's letter. You know I am in some ways I suppose I am a pessimist and at once I thought, "I hope she has not got rheumatism in that eye"! I asked you, if you remember if you took any fresh cold by changing your garments on Saturday night, and while it may not be the case at all, still I wonder. If it does not get better you had best do something about it.

But does it not seem like fate that you have first one thing and then another? Miss Baldwin says you are studying too hard and that our people cannot study. It does seem like it but to have serious trouble with your eye would be terrible! But we will hope not.

Well, I cannot get over the beautiful letters you wrote to me while I was in Washington, and they all came all right although they were all addressed 2114 instead of 2110, but as you had in care of Miss M. P. Shadd

they reached me promptly and the papers came before I left yesterday afternoon. I started out at nine o'clock on Monday to visit the Sumner Building and the school struck me most peculiarly, it is a dark disagreeable edifice, I did not get the name of the principal very plainly but think it was Orum, or something that sounded like that, she was very pleasant and seemed to want me to see everything but the teachers did not seem to be very glad to have visitors and were uncomfortable, or I thought they were and so I remained only a period in a room and by the time I had been in all the rooms on one floor it was time to have lunch. Miss Orum invited me to have lunch with her and Alice Wheeler invited me to have some with her. It seems as if they all eat lunch in the principal's room and some one of the school girls makes tea and they have tea together.

I did not stay to lunch, I staid long enough to talk to Mary Williamson a while and I wish you could see her! She looks like a woman of sixty. no one had told me that she is not well and I was so surprised she must have known it. When I reached home I mentioned it, and Marion told me that she she has nervous trouble and that the doctors have told her she must stop work but ofcourse, until one is obliged to give up one does not.

There seems to be so much sickness and death among the people one knows in Washington that it makes one feel uncanny. Nancy Atwood is sick in bed and Lottie looks simply awful. I believe that they will both hike out of here and leave that good for nothing Harry to to run throug what they have been hoarding and saving. Do you know John Syphax? He was principal of one of the schools there in Washington and married Anna Wilder,

well, he is down with consumption and has been down so long that he does not draw his salary any longer. It seems they have a rule that the substitute gets only a certain per cent of the salary and then the regular teacher gets the rest until sixty days have passed and then the teacher ceases to to draw any pay, and John Syphax has been out the stated time and poor fellow, his temperature has gone right up and they think it is because of that. I can not, and even if I could, I would not want to tell you about the sick and dead people in Washington. I must tell you one thing, for while it is pathetic it is funny. Did you ever hear of Mattie Bowen? She is one of the teachers who ought to be pensioned and I do not mean any disrespect when I say it because I too, ought to be pensioned. But, Miss Bowen, - she has a tumor poor thing and when it was suggested to her that it would be advisable for her to go to a hospitable and have it removed, she replied, "No indeed! the good Lord gave her that tumor and she intends to take it back to him when she goes."

Do you know Miss Frankie Martin? She is another one of the superannuated ones or rather she is one of the teachers who would be better off for being pensioned, well when Chancellor was in he required the teachers to keep a program on their blackboard and when something was said to Miss Martin about it she tapped her forehead and replied, "No indeed, I keep mine right in here".

I suppose I must ^{be} old and haggy to other people but other people who live where I see them but seldom, do look so haggy to me! Mr. Archer, why he looks so old and funny I could not take my eyes off of him and Dick Venneing likewise, I would not wear any beard if I had to have it and both of those men are so gray! Marion too, is breaking and so is Dr. Shadd, they all think he is better but to me he looked peculiar and I thought he seemed absent minded and as if all was not just right --not out of his mind at all but just absented minded. I said to him, "Forest is doing well, and he is at the Mercy Hospital, as resident physician", "Who is Forest?" said he. I said, "Forest Battis", "Oh! Yes", and then he remembered. Now Forest lived for two years in Marion's house and they all called him "Forest", I did, so you must know he was known by that

name. Dr. Shadd, is not a well man. If I change as much to you as all the other people change to me in a few short months I shall feel that I must lay myself up on a shelf.

Yesterday, I went to the great meeting of superintendence, I was a regular member and had a vote. One could not enter the building with his badge of membership. I had to go the Williard Hotel where they had their headquarters and get my badge of membership. The first man I saw was Dr. Twitmyer, and he was so nice to me he took me to the secretary and saw that I had my badge and was as polite to me as could be. I smiled to myself when he asked, "Are you stopping here?" The meetings were full of good things and I was there from nine in the morning to 1.35 in the afternoon and returned at 2.00 and staid until 4.30 and

then I had to rush home to get some dinner and get back to Union Station in time to take the 6.50 train. I was just worn out and then too, I saw it would be likely to storm, as it has, we have had one session today, and I thought it was better for me to be at home. Mr. Twitmyer expected me to remain all three days but I wanted to come home. Marion was more agreeable than she has been since our intimacy, I mean yours and mine, she gave me the freedom of the house telling me to make myself at home and if I did not see what I wanted to ask for it. She begged me to stay until Thursday, when the meetings would end, but I just felt I had better be at home. Every thing went on all right during my absence but just the same, I thought it better to be home and at school.

Now about that work you are doing, Alice, do you for one moment suppose that Dr. Cooper, would put you to work on it if he did not know that you can do it? I am not sorry that you went to Cornell rather than to Columbia because I know that you can do it. I do believe that you are perhaps you are a little tired, and I do not mean by that, that you are a little tired, I know that you are doing so much work, not only along that line but you have so much other work. If you just had the thesis it would be as much as you could do, and in addition to that you are doing such a tremendous lot of work. I am of Monroe's opinion you are overworking and you must not do it. What means so much to you as the thesis? you have forgotten, I have not, that when you sprang on me the fact that you and Lane had arranged for you to return to Cornell, you told me that it was to write this thesis, your words were, "I have been invited to return and do this work for the University". You will do it, I know you will, but you must plan to have it published by Dodd & Mead as it will mean more to you on account of the name, if it is done there.

It makes no difference to me whether you ever get one cent of the money necessary for publication back again or not, it will be honor enough for me to see the book in print with your name as the author.

That it will ^{give} Cornell credit, you credit, and your friends and well wishers credit, I feel sure. I think too, that it is natural for you to feel the enormousness of the work you are doing, if you did not, it could be as successful as it is going to be. Now - put it aside for a day or two and then go back to it again. The time you have is short, to be sure, but if you are is better so you can study, you will be all right.

You were awfully thoughtful to send Ethel that clever letter and she appreciates it. She sent it up to school for Miss Walter to read to the junior class - Miss Walter gave it to me to read this morning and told me she wanted it back. Ethel told me that she wanted it and as it belonged to Ethel - I took it to her. Gertrude + Miss R. says Ethel was a sight on Sunday and Monday, her face swollen out of all resemblance to the original, and she

could not swallow at all. The swollen has gone down a good deal today and she can eat anything she wants to.

I have your letter written on Sunday before me and I just read what a wonderful compliment Lane paid you when he said, "Of course, your work has outgrown the limits of ^{a master's degree} ~~this~~ now; it's more like a doctoral thesis." In reply to Mr. Fyles - I'll say, "Certainly, you will publish," and you will get some of those 'big' men to launch it for you! It must be done even if I have to sue 217 W. 11th St. When your eye is better and you are in a mood write me all about possibilities for publications etc etc.

Is there anything now that you have not read in your line of work? I am reading now the question asked you by Mrs. St. John, had you read "Nature poetry from Pope to Wordsworth" Alice, you have the ability, you must take the time. Cooper ^{knows} if he thinks you can do it you must. Have more faith in yourself, dear, those people know you - Cooper, especially - and if it is possible - we will get money and send you back there next year if you haven't time to finish this. No one has made a mistake in you - don't be a doubting Thomas but - strike out and swim no matter how deep the water. I think of Lane calling on you before that class to ask you how you learned to write! He will think of you!

I got "The Bay of Winander," I thought it beautiful. They had not the "Comus" - where I bought the other & do not have it. It is the largest souvenir place in Washington D.C. - Penn Ave & 1st St. I walked there in the few

minutes I had between the closing of the morning session & the opening of the afternoon session of the meeting which was held in a Methodist Church on the corner of 4 1/2 & B Streets, I first walked from 4 1/2 & B - to Penn Ave and up Penn. Ave - to a large place where they had a great collection of postcards but neither of the prints which you wanted and I asked them where I would be likely find what I wanted and they told me of Jarvis' place. My; my; I wanted so many things in there! I hope that copy will please you - the colors are the same. Sometime I'll write them and see if they can get the other ones for me. They did not seem to think it is in print but of course that may be because they are out of it. However, say whether you honestly like it.

After reading what you said about Miss Frances & Miss Lamprug's stories, I wondered if it was not an awful nuisance for you to criticize & set up my paper for me and if you really did think it good. Honestly, after you put a different dress on it, it sounded good to me when I read it there at the principals conference. I am just dying to know what Mr. Litzinger thought of it.

3-11-19

I saw your sister in school today, but just bowed to her. Will go over there tonight if my car don't

hurt too much. I have an awfully sore corn
and I think it is too much trouble to get un-
dressed and soak it. When I soaked it this
morning it would not come off - oh! I'll try the
Dodine & Petrolin.

You will get the letter I wrote Monday night
in Washington and mailed here this morning to-
morrow, Thursday.

It is like spring here since the heavy rain of
the ~~the~~ morning washed away the snow that cov-
ered the earth last night. I think we are having
our March weather now, soon it will be June,
and you will be home. Fourteen more weeks be-
tween next Saturday & June etc! Are you com-
ing June etc? You have been gone this time
seven weeks, when you shall have been gone
seven weeks more and then another seven
weeks - you will come home - but oh! how long
that is! I shall feel awfully anxious about
your eyes.

With love,

Travelling yours,
Fred.

Do need any paper?
Do you want some like this?

Thursday, February, 27th 1908.

My dear Alice,

I am very glad to see from your letter this morning that your eye is at least somewhat better and I now think it must be just a little cold settled ther. You must of course be careful of your eyes any way, and not persistently use them at night.

I shall be quite anxious to hear a report of your interview ^{wish} of Hugh Black, how perfectly delightful that you did. How did it happen? Did you just go to him yourself or did you have an interview through a friend?

I have generally so much to say, whenever I write to ^{you} that I sometimes omit to say something I intended to say, and I have wanted several times to say to ^{you}, never apologise for any explanation you give me, because there are so many things I do not know, that it is very hard to find something that I do know, so you need never to write any excuse for writing an explanation. I thought that Prof. Knight's dedication of his work on Wordsworth to "Cynthia--Morgan St John, was a most beautiful thing, but not being a true--Wordsworthian, or any kind of a Wordsworthian, I did not know, as you did, the story you wrote me, so you can see it was not insulting my intelligence at all when you wrote me the story.

I am ready to sit at your feet and learn from you my dear child, and you need not fear that a false pride will keep me from doing so. I wish I had had your opportunities, I think, perhaps I have made the most of those I had but I have not had yours.

I am sending you enclosed a copy of a letter received by Miss Dover this morning, but I do not think I ever was so discouraged as when I read that letter. To think, as much as Elizabeth needs to study that she should shirk like this and then not to pay the man, it is dreadful! I called her in the office and ~~had~~ ^{had} read the letter and she tried to

quite as bad as if she had ⁴
had to stop shock.

All your family are well. Paul
in. Ethel & Lawrence have been
tearing down the hill ever since
I came in from school. Ethel on
her skates & driving Lawrence in
a horse. Your mother & sister look
well and seem well, your mother es-
pecially.

I hope your eye, your burn, your
rheumatism, your gripe are all getting
better. Please take care of yourself &
do not have any more things.

How is the lump? You have not
mentioned it for a long time.

Don't get discouraged, don't doubt
yourself, don't give up, never say
die, but come out with flying
colors. Your loving

Paul.

2

to lie out of it but she could not. I am awfully ashamed
ashamed of her. She will not be ready for any Cornell, I
see that now. Do not let her know that you know about it
as I imagine she is quite stubborn if crossed and I really
want her to do something, for in spite of this thing I think
she has something in her. I am afraid she likes a
good time too much and thus does not study.

George Whitten has been asked to come to Tuskegee
to teach but I think he will not consider it at all as
the salary is no inducement.

Of course, you know that the typewritten
part of this letter was written at school &
now I am at home. Just after I came in
Mr. Cooper called me to ask me about a
requisition for some chemicals Mr. Harris
had been running after him about it
and he inquired, "where is the young
lady?" I said, "At Ithaca," and he
asked me over again and I repeated
but he kept asking so I knew he meant
he had not heard from you, so I told
him that you told me to give your
love to him and he persisted that
he had not heard from you. Everybody
expects so much from you don't they?

I don't write if the spirit moved if not
I would not. You have so much
studying and writing to do, I don't see
why people fret you so. Just now I
was coming down the hill on my side

and I saw Dr. Stevens going up on³
the side and called over to him and
said, "Good Afternoon!" he came across
and said I looked so much like
them he did not know me. He must
of course like white. He said Minnie
has gone to New York she is going to
attend the Grand Opera and all the
musical affairs that going on. She &
Burleighs got very intimate. Dr. Stevens
told me when she left she said she
would be home Monday - he said he
handed her her ticket and told her
that it was good for ten days. So he
thinks she may stay ten days. Then
he said he would be over tonight.
It does not follow that he will. He
looks better than when I saw him last.

Etta is getting better she can eat now
but I do not think it best that she
should go to school until Monday.
She had her lessons every day and
we have kept her up so it is not

Friday, Feb, 28, 1908.

My dear Alice;

Received your note this morning and from that glean that you are well. I understand how busy you are and that you will write more when time permits.

You wrote me such long letters & such beautiful letters while I was away that I appreciated them very much and know that you took a lot of your time.

I received Saturday's letter & all your letters as promptly as I do when I am in Wilmington. I suppose you received mine all promptly even though the telegram was not correct, or not as I sent it.

I had a tilt with Miss Taylor

this morning that started by her speaking the fine language lessons Pauline gives her and said, "She is probably gifted in language as her aunt Alice is," she said she thought ~~she~~ so also, that Ethel gave her an excellent paper yesterday - but generally she does not. Then I told her I had received one of the most beautiful literary productions, in the way of a letter, that I had ever read one day last week, from you she said, "Yes, she had also received a beautiful note from you," I somehow did not believe her and I have come to the conclusion now, that she does it purposely, but it was not about that that we clashed - She handed me a paper written by Pauline - which ^{she} (Miss J) considered so fine; I looked at it and said, "It strikes me that this

is rather difficult for so young²
children and I did say something
about its being reproduced etc
etc - and she said, "Oh, well Miss
Williams approves of it" then I
jumped her - I said, "I have had
as much experience in school
work as Miss Williams and I am
principal of this school and to
me this work seems too difficult,"

Then she replied, "I think I
ought to be told how to do it
rather than be criticised," I said -
"That is just why I have asked
the teachers to meet this afternoon
to talk about reading & language,"

I'll copy Pauline's paper and
imitate it as near as I can - I
don't send it because I intend
to ask Miss Williams of opinion
about it just as soon as she
comes home,

I have kept account of your
time and if nothing happens
you will be here fourteen weeks
from tomorrow - that is, as I
told you before, twice seven &
you have been gone seven
weeks.

With love,

Ned.

Criticism on Pauline's
Paper. Not on the child, but
the teacher

1st. It is a reproduction
entirely and the Supt. & other
educators say, that children
should not reproduce but write
from their own experience and
from what they know.

2nd.
Pauline, nor any other seven
year old child uses the word
"fills," Pauline nor any other
child who has never lived near
a lake can conceive "lake" a pond
either, for that matter, unless they
live near a pond, have seen pond,
and know pond.

3rd The thought, the moral
is too deep for a class of seven

or eight year old children.

I have always criticised Miss Taylor's toftofness and here is a specimen of it.

How much better to have asked the children a few leading questions about — well — roller skating say — the skates themselves had them there, a pair of them — examine the wheels — tell the children a few facts about them — they are hard, they are round, they are smooth — draw those facts from the children. How many children have them? How many can skate etc etc — then a little written story on

Roller Skates —

Roller^{or} Skating —

or lots of similar things from the experience of the children

The Selfish pond.

Pauline

The pond wish to be a great
lake.

She would not give the flowers
and the rills any water.

The flowers crept away from
the pond.

The scum ^{spread} ~~came~~ over the water.

The water became impure.

She did not become a great
lake,

Saturday, February, 29, 1908,

My dear Alice,

Your letter came this morning, and I am very sorry to hear that your eyes are still troubling you. I do hope that they will get better soon. Don't write to me until your eyes are better because you have to use them so much and if I only know that you are not ill, I would rather you save your eyes for your work.

Did I not tell you when I wrote about the Boy of Winander, that they did not have the hornus? I tried very hard to get it, but at the store where I ^{thought} the one I sent you, they did not have the other and did not seem to know anything about the hornus.

I wanted to get it for you if I possibly could. Do you know Jarvis' place? It is a very large place and they have beautiful things and all their things are souvenirs. I'll write to Alice Wheeler and ask her to try and get me one like the one you have. I supposed that you wanted them, wanted them badly for a certain purpose and I wanted very much to do for you the thing you asked me. I stopped at several places on Pennsylvania Avenue.

but no one had it. I suppose I could have gotten it at the library, but I did not have the time to go there, but I'll get Alice Wheeler to do it for me.

As you know, I had a letter from Mr. Rogers this morning asking me about the money Walter owes the Academy - now you know that I sent him a draft for the full amount of his indebtedness and asked him to send me the receipts.

I waited a sufficient length of time and then I called up his parents and told them that I had asked Walter to send me the receipts from the Academy and his landlady - and his father said, "I'll write to him, he'll send them to me." He has not sent them yet. When I told them today, they were disgusted enough and Mrs. Anderson wrote him a letter and sent it by special delivery and told him to answer at once. I have no faith in his answering. I assure you, that unless he makes some wonderful explanation I am done with him and he will pay his own expenses the three years he stays at Exeter - if he stays - how he intends to do it is a mystery to me - as he has not

seemed to do it this year, up to date, at least. Then too, I did not like the tone of that last letter which he wrote me, the one which you have just returned; he has arranged for another two years at Exeter, as if he had an income, when he is a pauper. Mrs. Anderson phoned to me to-day, that Burnside is not at all well, he has some kind of spells, not spasms but real crazy spells, and they seem to be about his lessons - he will for instance get out of bed without knowing at all what he is doing, and declare he has a composition to write for Miss Brooks and his mother and father pick him up and it takes them both to hold him in bed until he comes to himself. He talks about Miss Fayerweather also. I went down there after Mrs. Anderson had phoned to me and as I approached the house - I saw Burnside, Maurice and Len skylarking in a wagon that was standing not far from their home, as soon as he saw me he jumped out of the wagon and greeted me pleasantly and walked down to the house with me. He seemed perfectly well! Well, Alice, that family! There are three boys commencing with Albert, the baby, who is two -

years old, Cyril who is four, Claude who is five - then the go right on up as you know them, Maud, Leila, Maurice, Burnside and so on, but those three - their hair is straight and a soft brown, a beautiful brown - but to me it seemed pitiful, most pitiful! Ten children in that house - and the mother carrying another, But about Burnside - Miss Fageweather furnished him yesterday, kept him after school until four o'clock when it is against the rules to keep them more than thirty minutes, and he is such a good child - the consequence was one of those spells - I invited him to go home with me and he went upstairs to dress - well - he took as long a time as a Bear Brummell, he put some grease & water on the top of his head and his hair was plastered down, he scrubbed his face until ^{it} shone, and his shoes shone likewise,

He looked as nice as he could with the material at hand - and when I reached home I told Etta to go and change her dress and while she did that, I sent him over to ask if Leila might go out rolling skating with

Lex Etta and Burnside, he soon returned & with the information that Leila would come as soon as she had something to eat, then it occurred to me that he ought to have something to eat - and I gave him a piece of cake and an orange. When Etta came down I had her call up the Chief of Police and ask him if there was any place where children were allowed to skate and he ^{said} "Yes, on the Brandy wine - so I sent them out there and told them to skate on the driveway and not to skate into the water or into an automobile or into any carriages - Burnside had no skates so I gave him fifty cents to buy a pair and Etta and Leila started out to help him buy them. That was three o'clock and they returned about 5.15. and I had dinner for them and after dinner Etta played and at 7.15 I informed my guests that it was time to go home - neither of them wanted to go and Leila frowned and wriggled - but I told her her mother would not allow her to come again if she remained too late - so she had to go - I sent Etta to see her in the door and I told Burnside to phone when he got home, which he did and said, "This

Kenise, I thank you for a pleasant
afternoon." I knew his mother must have
coached him, I watched him a good deal
before he went out and noticed that he is very
white and pale with black circles under the
eyes. His case puzzles me - if I ever see Mr.
Stevens I'll ask him about it. I mean to
ask Mr. Twitmyer, also.

I spent an hour or so at 1008 this morning
or about noon - they are all well.

With love -
Ned.