

(3)
and above all, cold,
utterly, precisely
cold and inconvenient.
I was almost dead
from fatigue and
nervousness. Luckily I
met an old, long forgotten
acquaintance from
Pittsburg - Mr. Williams,
a lawyer - who took
me in charge, and
for my bags and gen-
erally looked after me.
I was awfully grateful,
for I believe I would
have collapsed.

To: Paul Barber
Washington, D.C.

(1) From Alice Moore [1897]

55 Jerome St.
W. Medford, Mass
3:40 p.m. Dec. 27.

Dearest, -

At last I have
managed to snatch
a minute to write to
you. Every minute has
been taken since I
came.

We had a queer ex-
perience coming over.
Just off New Haven at
eleven o'clock Friday night
the engine of our boat
went all to pieces with

a horrible crash.⁽²⁾ We sprang up out
of our beds, dressed, rushed on deck.
It was bitter cold, the decks one mass
of ice, everyone shivering and
scared to death. The boat was
loaded heavily and things for a
while were pretty gloomy and
dubious. We said our prayers,
inspected the life preservers, looked
at the icy masses in the water
and waited while the boat tooted
desimally for aid. Freight boats
came up and then we were fun
cleared at night until eight next
morning being towed from New
Haven to New London. There a
special train of eighteen coaches
took us to Boston. Oh, but it
was exciting, thrilling, scary,

(4)
At a house party the
other evening one of the
girls recited your "Signa
of the Times". When she
had finished everyone
crowded around and
asked what I thought
of it.

"Rotten," I said
coldly, "she should hear
Mr Dumbos himself".
And of course, they all
applauded me and
said I was a dear, loyal
girl.

You remember Anita
Hemming the fox Vassar
girl about whom there
was such a heck-up?

Well we are good⁽⁵⁾ friends, you know.
She is in the library here, speaking of
literature generally the other day, she
clasped her hands and exclaimed
naturally, "Oh, how idyllic it must
be to be beloved by a genius!" I as-
sured her that it was worse than
idyllic, it was too idyllic. (Now this
last was only slang pure and
simple)

Dearest, I must be a regular
Mrs. Malaprop. I didn't mean a
thing by that jab off about your
letter being hard work.

I must stop right - here. I leave
Sunday, 4:00 p.m. by the Springfield line,
arriving in N.Y. 9:30.

"Mi corazon a ti" —

An revoir sweetheart,

From your own

Little Wife.