

MARY JOSEPHINE ROGERS

My Dear Mrs Eushman:  
I was sorry not to  
get up to see you  
before I left.

I tried to call you  
the night before I  
left but no one answered.

I suppose you have  
heard a bout our wreck  
coming down. Fortunately  
none of us were hurt.  
When we reached  
here another and uncle  
Ray were here it seemed  
good to see them.  
It is quite warm here.

---

we opened the tea  
Room about three week  
ago.

The flowers are so  
pretty now.

we brought three  
cats down and mother  
brought a dog.

How are all your  
boy friends coming  
along ~~at~~ a Ha.

Hope you are well.  
Remember me to Mrs.  
Cushman.  
would be glad to  
hear from you.

with love  
Go

from there but once since  
you were here. I can not  
understand Vily. She must  
have more time since  
the two children are in  
school, if Bobby is in  
school, I do not know.

Mr. Hoagland was up  
to dinner & spent the evening  
last Thursday. How I wish  
he was an instructor of  
history or philosophy in  
a boys' school. He has so  
much to give, and is  
wasting himself & his  
great knowledge in this  
petty little Unitarian Church.

We are all so blind!  
Thank you dear darling for  
all your generosity. Always for  
your mother.

178 South main St,  
Jamestown,  
N. Y.

Dearest my Chiddie: - A  
lovely October morning,  
September left me with  
a decided uncomfortable  
feeling.

Your air-mail letter came  
in due season on Friday  
morning. I thank you  
dear, for the subtlety and  
understanding with which you  
handled the situation, some-  
times, Harriette I wonder if  
I am doing right, there  
when Father, thinks of nothing  
but photography - works.

every minute with it. spend  
whatever he wants, and it  
really returns his nothing.

He has made some  
beautiful pictures, while  
"art for arts sake" is  
a beautiful thought if  
one can afford it. Well,  
you can understand it.

The matter has been  
so bad. I fear I can not  
get the walks in before  
winter. When I could  
have had them put in  
& Ali Hagee was ready  
I could do nothing with  
father. I dared not tell

him at that time that I  
had saved the money &  
that it was your money  
for that purpose.

But it is alright. Every  
thing will come out alright  
if we but work rightly  
and think rightly.

Paul is still in the  
hospital recovering from  
a tonsil operation. Stanley  
is in Cleveland.

I must write Thomas  
a letter for his birthday.  
Possibly he may answer  
it. I have not heard

-----A NIGHT WITH LONGFELLOW'S POEMS-----

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Key to a Night With Longfellow's  
Poems.

- 1.The Old Clock On The Stair
- 2.Spring
- 3.An April Day
- 4.The Brook
- 5.Twilight
- 6.The Voices Of The Night
- 7.Mad River
- 8.The Bridge
- 9.The Day Is Done
- 10.The Evening Star
- 11.By The Light Of The Stars
12. Fire Of Driftwood
- 14.Fire
- 15.A Shadow
- 16.The Ghosts
- 17.The Song Of The Bell
- 18.Day Break
- 19.To Morrow
- 20.Sun Rise On The Hills

MY friend and I decided to spend a night in the open, so consulting  
-----, and found the afternoon was fast waning,  
we got our camping traps together and started. ----- had come in  
earnest, although -----, the air was warm and balmy, which was  
not always the case in this part of the country. The sun had been  
hot enough to free the winter shackles that bound -----, which  
went singing along at the foot of hill upon which we would spend the  
night. ----- had fallen and in the hush which followed we heard  
----- . A flock of noisy crows settled in the dark  
pines above our heads, a great bull-frog was repeating in a raucous  
voice the depth of -----, the plow boy had left his plow in the  
furrow and was returning home riding one horse and leading one. We  
heard his cheery whistle and the heavy clump, clump of the horses feet  
as they crossed -----, there was the bleating of sheep and the  
quivering answer of the young lambs as the farmer was bedding their  
fold with fresh straw.

-----, and ----- shone like burnished gold in  
soft blue of the eastern sky. By ----- we found our  
way to the chosen spot and built a -----, which we had  
gathered a few days before. The ----- burned brightly lighting up <sup>the</sup> place  
and casting ----- of each tall leafless tree, like ----- of  
Druids, who may have lived long ago in these very trees.

A soft bed in the deep pine branches, the smell of wood-smoke, and  
a spurt of fire, a puff of smoke from a pine knot lulled us into for-  
getfulness until we heard -----, as the cows were slowly  
wending their way to the upland meadow. It was ----- and it was  
----- . We arose and hurried into the clearing to see the -----  
----- . Thus ended a beautiful Night With Longfellow's Poems.

*M. E. Cashman*

a lively earning out of  
it.

Father & I are still having much  
amusement over Moby Dick.  
We are digesting it in small  
bites.

When I was ill I wrote 2  
plays & several stories,  
in my mind. It takes  
so much concentrated time  
to put anything on paper. So  
I will never arise unless  
I am crippled in some way.  
Father is ready for bed. so I  
must stop devotedly.  
With love Mother;

'78 South Main St.  
Jamestown.  
N. Y.

Dearest Chizzie o' mine: Her  
mother has neglected you  
dear, but really darling when  
there was lesson every morning  
and rehearsal every evening  
and sometimes out side duties  
beside the home. I have been  
more than busy. I have  
enjoyed your nice letters,  
but realize dear, that you  
are not eating peaches & cream  
every day.



Sometimes one says to life  
whether great show and only  
yet, as if the answer  
comes 'cross the great sea  
of time, one hears, but  
keep your sails full  
set and you will back  
a float," Thus we go on.

Our play came off Thurs. May  
5th. It did very well indeed  
when one realizes none of  
the cast were ever before the  
public before. Well it did  
not hurt them, and they  
over a hundred dollars for

this fund:

I do not hear from Vily. I  
know she is busy to see  
me all.

Mrs. Bergquist has been quite  
ill with shingles. She is some-  
what better, to-day.

Aunt Jane is gradually failing,  
last week Dr. Dennis passed  
away, and it made quite  
an impression on Aunt Jane,  
He was only a few months  
her senior.

I wish dear you might  
be able to write and make

I have just finished a letter to Aunt Annie, which I have been a whole month in writing.

She has been doing a great deal of research work in the Coggin Family Genealogically. She has gone so far as Wm the Conqueror, but not back to Nathaniel or to Adam & Eve. I made a little table for her which I found in a French history. Wm's mother was a daughter of a Flemish peasant, & a mistress of Wm's father, who was called Robert the Devil. The mother's name was Arlitta, & Wm was born out of wedlock. When Father starts to bragging about his ancestors, I remind him not to forget Arlitta, in Wm's name. Will you pardon this dreadful letter I am so tired - Always your devoted Mother

178 South Main St.  
Jamestown, N.Y.

Dearest Childie & mine own -  
I am late again this week. Sunday, we went to see Mrs. Underwood Della. Della is quite miserable, but the dear Mrs. U. is the same dear resigned faint as ever when we came home I was too tired to write or read or anything but go to bed. Monday after Jane had gone, I got things picked up, as father had promised to help me clean the living room on Tue. So yesterday we cleaned the living room! Father doing the lifting

I cleaned windows, woodwork, polished  
furniture. I had previously cleaned  
all the books. To-day I cleaned  
my room, took up rug, cleaned  
mattress & springs, cleaned the walls,  
windows, woodwork, floor, picture  
etc. then did the curtains for  
living room & my room. They  
came to dinner & tonight. I  
am so tired in my spine &  
across me.

My hand & thumb are still  
so dumb, when the spine  
is tired.

I am so glad, dear, you have  
such an optimistic outlook  
and know that there is always  
a way.

I do not hear from Vily. The  
last she wrote: Robert had been

very ill. I feel quite anxious  
about him. He does not seem  
strong. Both Vily & Thomas had  
a desperate fright one night  
when Robert was so ill. I do  
hope they will grow strong  
& she may raise them all.

How I wish they lived near  
me, but they seem to prefer  
it this way.

I will copy the thought for  
to-day. "As every man  
has his cares, brethren so  
has each man his blessings."  
— George Borrow.

I wonder where you were  
and what you were doing  
yesterday.

Normal, majoring in music.  
Arnold. (15) in high school, and  
Audrey. (10) a small child.  
Plays with Bobby, and goes to  
Rogers Jr high. Yesterday,  
Virgil and Ruth were over to  
telephone and spent some  
time with me. Ruth is  
a very interesting young  
lady.

I am glad dear that you  
like your cushion. I seem  
to have accumulated so much  
yards. I made Vily a saragata,  
blue. I have not heard from  
her yet. nor have I heard from  
her since John's birthday.  
I wish you were enough to keep  
your <sup>with your reports</sup> ~~from your~~ <sup>lots of love</sup> ~~mother~~ -

178 South Main St.  
Jamestown,  
N.Y.

Dearest Childie o' mine: - I was  
so glad to hear from you,  
and so glad also that you  
understand mother, for that  
when I feel worried, and  
you are too busy to think,  
you go right along and  
know it will be alright  
with me.

This morning, our dear  
friend and neighbor, Mrs.  
Berquist, passed from us  
after a long dark night

of physical suffering. What a blessing to us to have sleep and rest.

I do not know whether I will be able to attend the funeral. I packed out to Mrs. ~~W~~ Werles to see her doll house with Mrs. Uhl to accompany me. She lives where the Thorens lived once. It was too great an effort for me and possibly I could not have succeeded in getting back had Mrs. U. not been with me.

I have been suffering so

much lately, possibly it is due to adhesions.

He had a box from Gily. in which sent me a box of stationery, and "Bobby" sent me six highly colored bath cloths, and John, six handkerchiefs, with large highly colored G. in the corner, these he probably selected himself. Bless his dear self.

How interesting the children must be now. How much I should like to see them.

The people in Mrs. Underwood's house have five children one young man, Virgil (25) a musician, Lorrimer (23) a morning Post reporter, Ruth (20) in Fredonia

I have not heard from Wiley  
for several weeks & do  
not know whether the  
baby has unhooking cough.  
Of course she is busy.

I do not know whether  
you knew Fred Clary or  
not. He was younger  
than Rebecca or Fay.

He died very suddenly Sat.  
night, leaving a young wife  
& two children under four  
years. Mrs. Clary's last child  
of five children.

Ever & Always Your  
Devoted Mother  
4/4/32

Your library. I am sure  
Father would allow you to  
borrow it.

Josephine's lesson on  
Friday was about King  
Arthur. I gave her an  
outline for home work.  
I am quite anxious  
to know what she will  
do with it. I feel sure  
she can write if she will.  
She is so anxious to learn  
and really has a great  
Capacity for learning.

I am so glad Harriette  
dear, you take the world  
as it is, and you can

adjust your self to it.  
Sometimes one wonders  
at the trend of the people.  
Men seem accept, &  
go along the lines of  
least resistance, but  
the women struggle to  
lift themselves out, and  
with all their handicaps  
bear the standard.

Will there be another  
reign of Amazons?  
Why not? While every  
man is the son of a  
woman, every woman  
is the daughter of a man.

So we are all one, and there  
are always changes. I am  
not sure whether evolution  
is forward or backward  
like "The Water Baby."

I think I told you that  
Mary K. W. wants you to  
write something for "The  
J. Journal."

You'll pardon me dear,  
if I do not fill this sheet.  
It is time for Josephine,  
and I must give this  
letter to Selma to mail  
when she comes for  
Josephine.

Mrs. Day, Richard Hilary, Virgil M.  
went, Mary K. St. Camer, Mrs. H.  
+ Richard went Margaret B.  
Camer, Mary + Mrs. D. went, June  
Swanson, (Esthus's sister) came,  
Margaret went, she came  
back, June went, Mrs. Uhl  
came at 10:45 they went,  
this morning (Sunday) Elizabeth  
Butterfield came while I was  
in my bath, she sent the  
family to church and came  
to sit with me until  
they came home. We had  
breakfast at 12:30 P.M. It is kind  
of my friends to come, and see  
me, I cannot go to them.  
Thank you darling for all your  
kindness - With love + devotion.  
your own - Mother

178 South Main St.  
Jamestown,  
N.Y.

Dearest Childie o' mine own:-  
I received your wire yesterday  
dear, I thank so much,  
you are so kind.

Every hour I am grateful  
dear, just for you, grateful  
for your strength of character,  
grateful for your abundance  
of common sense.

There is so much suffering,  
just now, it is the time that  
tries the souls of men, and  
so many have to not the



strength to bear, the courage to  
endure.

We are having a little dish  
of snow, I am so glad. Our  
warm Spring weather has  
been so unseasonable.

I had a card from Viola  
Gammon this morning.  
Her heart is quite dense.

I also had a letter from  
Miss Della U.! How few people  
are able to care for them  
selves!

There is a meeting of  
Players' Club tonight, and  
I wrote a silly scenario  
for it. I wish I were to

be there, but perhaps it is  
well that I should not hear  
all the comments.

Next week, my little one  
act play is to be given at  
the Kiwanee church, but  
I really should like to see  
and hear this one, I do not  
think it will have strength  
to live.

I have a three, and a one act,  
now in process of writing. I think  
may be better, which I will try to  
sell. But really have little time.

Here is a list of Saturday's callers,  
9 A.M. Irene came to clean, Mrs.  
Fairchild came, Clarence Mills.  
lunch, washed dishes. Irene went.  
Mrs. Hilary came, then Virgil Roe

babies. for really John is little  
more than a baby. Winnie  
has a barrel trouble. Vily herself  
is in no condition to travel.  
I sent some money by telegraph  
so she had to go over & identify  
herself. lots of trouble and not  
enough of it to take a P.P. train.  
I am so sorry for her.

Dealing please excuse this  
miserable, rambling excuse of  
a letter. & I will mail it without  
further ado.

Will write again my soon,  
Ever with love & devotion, my  
own dear faithful child.

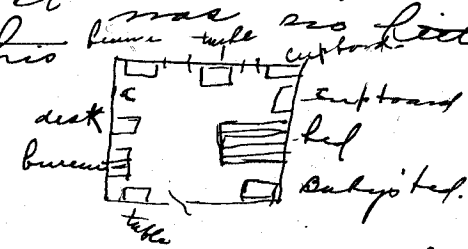
Mother.

178 South Main St.,  
Jamestown, N. D.

Dearest, my own Harriette.  
How much we enjoyed your  
wonderful description of the fair.  
How very interesting it is, and  
how you must have enjoyed  
it!

That the flat is rented and  
occupied. they came in yest-  
erday. they were to come in  
the first of the week. So we  
planned to have the rooms  
ready during to-day (Sunday)

On Saturday morning (yesterday) at 9.30 Mrs. Grimshaw telephoned they would move in bag & baggage at 3 P.M. So I went down stairs, notified Viola & Clarence, so we worked. not only did we have to clear the lower rooms, but make the upper flat livable. So!

I picked up Father's room, and put it in readiness and it was no little task to do this. like this  I have my own. Father sleeps on the deckport.

Miss Matthews called yesterday. She has not been able to come up to see me yet, as she has been quite ill with intestinal grip, but will come this week.

Wednesday: Forgive me darling, but I have had no opportunity to finish this letter.

Thus morning, waiting a moment for Jane. Bobby is ill, was ill all night, vomiting & a high temperature. poor little lad.

Thus P.M. Bobby is no better, has slept most of the day. Vily. wants to go home tomorrow, and must go on the bus. I do not see how she can possibly manage it with the

Clarence seems to be  
encouraged with his chicks  
and thinks if he loses  
35% of them from the  
day old chick until they  
are marketable, he  
will be doing well.

You do not speak of  
your friend Miss Bogart,  
and her sister. Do you  
ever hear from Mignon?  
I am so sorry and so  
often regret not having  
seen her when she was  
so near  
yes, I too think mending is a  
very virtuous and domestic  
occupation, and a most neces-  
sary one. Always your devoted  
mother.  
April 5-1936.

178 South Main St.  
Jamestown, N.Y.

Dearest Harriette & mine:-  
Marion S. and Genevieve S.  
have just sent me two  
more books within the  
last few days, from  
Marion "The Portrait of  
A Family," by Eleanor  
Fairfax, who is the  
granddaughter of Joseph  
Jefferson the Architect.  
The being a story of the  
immediate family of J.F.

very rich. Father has just finished reading aloud - "Lafayette, A Life" now we will begin on the "Traveling Deserts" (?) The one from Geneva is "Uncle Sam's Attic - Alaska" by Mary Lee Davis.

Marian spent the afternoon with me yesterday. most enjoyable.

To-morrow, Lola Fairchild comes to see me, & Tuesday Madelyn J. O. will come.

I miss Paul & Stanley. Have I written since?

received Aunt Ina's last letter telling us of the arrival of Gordon & Marion's today? John by name, came March 25-

We had the tag end of your storm last week. Snow and freezing weather to-day and to night rain. I think it will turn into snow before morning.

Harriette dear, how I wish you were near me! Sometimes you seem so far away, and seem all alone. But we are both so busy and must carry on.

against it, not with it,  
I will meet it, and buffet  
it, and reach the bottom  
of the hill, triumphant  
and radiant.

Sometimes I feel well wares,  
Oh, the wild joy of living! the  
leaping from rock up to rock,  
the strong rending of boughs  
from the fir-tree the cool  
silver shock.

Of the plunge in a foal's living  
water, the hunt of the bear,  
the sultriness showing the  
lion couched in his lair,  
And the meal, the rich dates  
yellowed o'er with rich <sup>gold</sup> dates  
divine.

And the locust-flesh steeped in  
the pitcher, the full draught of wine

178 South Main St.  
Jamestown,  
N.Y.

Dearest Harriette Sweetheart,  
Such a perfect day, how  
I should love to run to the  
top of Yankee hill, for the  
sheer joy of running  
down again, some time  
I will, I shall not have  
a hair pin to bother me,  
and but one outside Jamst,  
the wind will gather in  
my hair, breathe loudly  
in my ears, clasp my  
body - and I will run

"And she sleep in the dried river channel  
where bulrushes tell

that she <sup>never</sup> was want to go marbling  
so softly and well.

How good is man's life, the mere  
living! how fit to employ  
all the heart and the soul and the  
senses forever in joy!"

— "Saul" Browning.

I saw Mrs. Gates yesterday  
she looks so poorly, so frail  
& thin but not one whit  
lacking in pluck and self  
control. wonder ful is she.

I wish you might find  
a moment in which to  
write her. She was so happy  
to have me come, yes.  
I went. I paid the price of  
the suit last night but  
it was worth it.

Every body is so wonderfully  
good to me, so I must be  
good, and I will.

What a varied existence you  
have, but nichal how intensely  
interesting.

I am at the end of the sheet &  
will write you soon <sup>again</sup>.  
Always & ever your devoted  
mother.

178 South Main St  
Jamestown  
N.Y.

Dearest my Harriette! -

We received your nice  
letter on Thursday and  
yesterday - Sunday. the  
lovely Soap dragon  
a whole dozen of rose  
pink ones. I thank  
you, my darling. I  
did not know it was  
"Mother's Day."

I received a long  
letter from Vily, "Special  
delivery" - Robert is  
only just recovering  
from mumps & chicken.

Yesterday father went up <sup>2.</sup>  
Allen Park and found  
several children playing  
he called them together  
and asked them to play  
London Bridge which  
they did very willingly,  
and he took a picture  
of them. I do not remem-  
ber it came out yet.

Alice Cutler telephoned  
yesterday from the W.C.A.  
hospital, saying she came  
down from Packard House,  
to celebrate Mother's Day -  
and found her mother  
very ill. So took her to the  
hospital, where she has  
just undergone an



port, and John & Minnie  
are in bed with them.  
She certainly has her  
hands full!

We are having beautiful  
summer weather. It came  
so very suddenly. It seems  
all in a day, the Oriole,  
the Chickadee, theorio,  
and several warblers put  
in their appearance,  
and the lawns became  
golden with dandelions.

Lola F. has been visiting  
in Washington and in N. Y.  
C. so we had seen at a  
stand still with our plans.

Operation for tumor, and  
is quite serious. I have  
not heard today.

We have had about ten  
applicants for for the  
flat, all sorts of conditions,  
jobs. Italians, junk dealers,  
people on relief, able  
to pay \$8 or \$10 a month.  
There must be some  
one for it. Fifteen dollars  
a mo. is not much  
but it will pay taxes.

Wednesday night. Father  
made his article at the  
Coin Stamp Club. I typed  
& corrected the paper for  
him a week ago, but  
he has not made

3.  
the photographs to go  
with it apt. I suppose  
he will be in a fever  
to-night & to-morrow night  
over it.

He has just finished  
the book, "Yonder Sails  
the May-Flower" by Horace  
Morrow, purporting to  
be a picture of the  
Pilgrim Fathers in England  
& Leyden. His grievances  
his dissensions, and  
his forming into a band  
of Pilgrims. The characters  
are entirely fictitious,  
and are as strong or  
weak as the author of

4.  
at star. This father did  
for me & it came out  
lovely. In this book are  
the more serious  
Christmas poems. Now  
I shall make another  
with the lighter poems  
& Children's Christmas  
Poems. I seem to  
have accumulated  
so many, & of course  
cannot throw them  
away!

Do you ever hear  
from Reginald? a  
Claybourne Sampson,  
whose wife inherited  
a large fortune from

this Creation, which is extremely weak, or most disappointing book.

I have just made or arranged a book of Christmas poems. Father gave me a catalogue of silver ware, with a blue cover in three tones. I cut off the advertising part leaving about an eight by ten cover, with the design



light blue.

dark blue.

very dark blue. Do

I thought to put a very dark blue star in upper left corner, and three wise men on camels, in silhouette crossing far ground, and looking

as much, and then died. A couple of months ago - seems to be paying attention to Peggy. Mr. S. owns, and lives on a large farm on the Dutch Hollow road.

Mrs. Selary was up Saturday night, as she was Stanley. A very pleasant evening!

Two little girls next door have taken off their shoes + stockings and having a most exciting time walking on the rough gravel.

I can appreciate your dislike for crowds, especially in a city.

Well what a long letter of nothings. Always & forever your devoted brother.

Bobby-

Bobby's such a little boy,  
Cause his only four,  
I am older now than he,  
A whole month or more  
Bobby goes to bed at six  
Cause his only four,  
But I'm allowed to just <sup>stay up.</sup>  
Five whole minutes more

I'm sure I cannot climb the stairs,  
They are awfully steep,  
And I cannot open up my bed  
I am most asleep.  
I don't know why our mothers  
do.  
Always forget us when  
A big boy that is <sup>awfully</sup> ~~at~~ tired  
Is a little boy - just then,

T-i-c-k-a-t-o-c-k.

T-i-c-k-a-t-o-c-k.

See the pendulum go -

When I'm shut in <sup>room</sup> ~~room~~  
It ticks awfully slow.

But when Bobby comes to play  
And we are having fun.

Tick tock, - tick, tock, tick tock, tick tock,  
my but it does run.

The Dog.

Stump

Don't know why they call me ~~Stump~~ <sup>Stump</sup>

Now where I got the name.

If my tail is cut off short.

I wig-wag - just the same.

I can make it go - so fast.

When I'm feeling glad.

And I just sit down on ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup>  
When the world looks bad!

'Tis a curious fact, but past all doubt  
That the more of happiness one gives out  
The more he has left, and the more his  
powers.

As a gardener strips a bed of flowers  
That more shall bloom, so strip your  
soul

That another's happiness be made whole,  
and lo! in the quick winged second  
after

'Tis filled with the blossoms of love  
and laughter."

excellent. Do you have  
nice sweet corn? It seems  
very nice this year  
although I can not take  
care of it.

Do you see "The American  
Home" magazine? The Sept.  
1938, number contains an  
illustrated article, "A Cabin  
in Montana, by Mrs.  
Edward R. Dye, Bozeman,  
Montana. Do you know her?  
She says her husband  
is a Professor of Structural  
Engineering. The plan of

the Cottage is given in  
minute detail.

Father has not got  
around to finish your  
pictures yet.

We had a nice long  
letter from Vily. She keeps  
very busy and I think  
she is more normal.

Stanley's father has had  
a heart attack similar  
to those which I have, and  
is quite ill. Stanley is  
doing journalistic work

at Chautauque this year  
again, and is glad to be  
so near his father  
and mother.

Paul was in yesterday  
Saturday for a short  
time. He is indeed an  
imitation of a man.

I see the Post man  
so I'll get this off and  
write more next  
time.

Thank you mine own  
for all. Always your  
devoted - Mother -



She made three copies.  
and gave her uncle one.  
This work is intensely  
interesting and illuminating.  
I think the government  
is contemplating having  
the work published.

Mrs. Underwood is very ill  
indeed. Dr. Herbert arrived  
on Friday. He brought us  
news from Auto Drumm's  
Condition. Her heart Condition  
is quite serious, to speak  
in terms of the layman, her  
heart muscles have collapsed.  
they are not strong enough  
to perform their duty. She  
is extremely weak. but not  
in bed - all the time.

I feel so sorry for them

178 South Main St.  
Jamestown,  
N. Y.  
St. Valentine's Day  
In the morning

Dearest, my own Harriette: A  
beautiful morning. The great  
sun rose from a great  
bank of purple clouds this  
morning sending his  
gorgeous rays abroad and  
coloring the whole heavens,  
bringing light and warmth  
to this chaotic world.

What can man mean  
and where will he end!

Your nice letter came  
Wednesday last week, and

Your beautiful valentine  
Came Monday. Thank  
you darling for the thought.  
It is so nice!

Really Harriette I can not  
fully comprehend how you  
can accomplish so much  
and our small head contains  
so much as that wonderful  
report shows. You have to  
be on the job every minute.

I let Clarence & Clarence  
read it, so they might  
know something of your  
work. They think it the  
most wonderful piece of work.  
We are sending it back

this week.  
We have the loan of another  
wonderful document, <sup>official</sup> is  
a type written copy of the reports,  
which Gen. Washington's orderly  
kept kept from day to day. <sup>which</sup>  
the army was stationed at  
Valley Forge, 1777 & '78. The  
original manuscript is  
in a vault in N. Y. C. and  
for some official reason,  
a young lady in that service  
was sent to N. Y. to make a  
copy or copies of this manu-  
script. The young lady is  
a niece of Herbert Miles  
a friend of ours. (you proba-  
bly remember him in old times <sup>days</sup>)

P.S. I was very much interested in The Albert Spalding recital. - Thank you for the program. Shall I return it? I looked through my file of old programs & am enclosing a program which A.S. gave here thirty years ago. He was a beautiful young man.

Spalding was a relative of the Dorns and spent much of his life in Randolph N.Y. I shall always remember his interpretation of Schubert's "The Bee"!

Such a long letter. Pardon it, dear!  
Always with love  
Mother

especially for Uncle Wente, what will he do with Aunt Mamie. It takes a life long companionship to understand and manage these irresponsible men. One who has not tried it does not realize what it means.

Mary came down Saturday morning so spent the week end. it seemed so comfortable and nice to have her here.

When I am incapacitated for greater accomplishments I can mend stockings & so



for the P.S.A. of Jefferson Co.  
and I have been asked to  
give some originals readings  
etc. I think this will wind  
up my public activities  
for the year.

This A.M. I have written 25  
post cards, <sup>hand</sup> written & hand  
addressed. For father, written  
my letters, tied up a few  
hundred. magazines, newspapers  
etc. Sent out the laundry,  
Ans. 8 telephone call, and am  
still in the ring.

I saw Leo Putnam on Sunday. He has  
work in Jackson now and living at  
home under the family State man  
to M. S. P. Cook just the same & as  
the same. <sup>son and brother from</sup>  
own mother.

178 South Main St.  
Jamestown  
N.D.

Dearest Chiddie o' mine.

What a nice letter was  
your last. but all of  
them are just as full  
of interest.

Our "Green Goddess" went  
off very well and brought  
a great deal of favorable  
comment. I am right  
glad it is over. It was a  
tremendous undertaking  
for Aunties.

We were at the cottage on Sunday. It was a beautiful day. We did much planting much cleaning up, etc. The lake was unusually high this last winter and brought in much gravel. We have the back yard cleaned the cord of new wood piles and much garden planted and some garden up.

I had a letter from Vily they will be out on "Mother's Day" or I think

will be here next Saturday to spend Sunday. I am anxious to see John & the others too.

I must go over town at noon. Go to Board meeting at A. H. at 2.30 and a rehearsal at Jefferson Jr. high. at 4.30. as we will repeat the one act play at the Methodist Church. Friday evening at 8.30. So will have another recital. Wed. or Thurs. evening at Church.

On Friday 17. We will give a silver tea at Mrs. Geo. Berquist's

with Dr. Creager, we met at  
eight and did not get  
home until eleven forty five.

It was all very nice, &  
quite exclusive. I saw all  
the Stewarts. Mrs. S. is feeling  
quite well again, & look quite  
like herself. Jane & Mary were  
with them. They all inquired  
for you. I enjoy Dr. Creager.  
She is quite young, not as  
old as you, and a middle  
western, quite blunt, and  
much like an awkward  
Country Girl, but fine when  
you know her.

Darling we did enjoy your  
last letter so much, what  
experiences you do have!  
Also Grace B. <sup>hoping to see you</sup>  
this year? <sup>tonight and expect</sup>  
<sup>your dear mother</sup>

178 South Main St.  
 Jamestown, N.Y.

Dearest Bilibi, I am going to be  
more frank in my letters  
to you, it is so dear of you  
to just write when the  
time comes whether you  
have received letters from  
home or not. Such an  
understanding, and trust is  
beautiful, darling you know  
there is a reason for any  
delay, and that our love  
is just as strong for each

other and our faith is as great, in each other.

Sunday. P.M. we went to see Vily. she is quite well, but so busy. I do not see how she can do it. baby John takes so much of her time, & Thomas much. when she is teaching two hours a day. It seems too much.

Yesterday morning the hospital Com. met with ours. of the Play Com. in a two hour session. We find we made about

six hundred dollars to be divided equally. which redounds our finances; which were quite low

Our Christmas play was a great success. There were five thousand people to see it.

Our last night some of the Playgoers Club were invited to the Country Club of Warren Park to see the "Play of Shakespeare's Playgoers Give Candids" - a comedy by Bernard Shaw. I met Mrs



I am sending you a little  
package honey. I hope you  
receive it all in good time  
& hope. please let me  
know when you receive it.

I am sorry about your mail  
dear. Have you written <sup>Janice</sup>  
I fear she will or may think  
we did not forward it to  
you.

I am writing Miss Herzog  
& also Miss H. all this morning.  
I wish I were able to have  
Miss Hall come to me. but  
really fear I am not.

Oh. it is such a beautiful  
morning. I think I shall go sit  
by the side of the lake.  
Ever your devoted Mother

Maple Springs  
On Lake Chattauga  
N. C.

Dearest Childie:- How nice  
your last letter seemed.  
So the Nichol's have been &  
gone. I am glad you  
saw them. We had not  
from one of his Kandy  
friends that they were  
stranded in Miss. I  
glad they are on their  
way. It was such an  
unwise and unnecessary

undertaking. I cannot understand  
Mabel doing such a rash  
thing with the three babies.  
Of course Mr. N. always was  
visionary and irresponsible.  
I do hope they finish the  
journey and settle some  
where, where the children  
may have a chance.

We have not seen the  
children this week, not  
since the christening.

I hope everything is over  
with them. Thomas is  
very temperamental and  
hasty. They do not know

what they are going to do  
nor where they are going  
when camp closes. I feel  
quite anxious, as Vilij is  
not well and now has  
the baby.

Father has been invited  
over, here, by Mrs. Stoll to  
give a little talk on the  
stars, using the small  
telescope. I think he will  
go on Tuesday night.

I was invited to Margaret  
Merg's wedding on Saturday  
night, but was unable to  
go. It seems a strange  
night for a wedding.