

The Vassar

Dec. 4. 1912

dear Laura.

It's a long time since your letter came - such a fine, interesting, precious letter - and how badly I've treated it! But dearie, my eyes give me incessant trouble, I can see but only a fraction as much as I want and need to, and - I hate to dictate letters to people I love dearly, which means you. So I just have to let months instead of weeks elapse between writings.

Every word you tell me of your self, your occupations, your interests, is dear to me. I hate these long

intervals between sights of you, and the only way to make them half-endurable is to keep in touch with what you are doing and thinking and being. To think how my Laloo, my dear little girlie, is growing into sweet womanhood, and I never with her! You must be patient if I don't fully realize it, dear, for to me you are just that dearest of all things, a young girl just on the brink of "growing up." You have little idea how much I think of you, or how sincerely I wish we might be living nearby so I might be much with you.

I think you have done splendidly
in your venture on eggs and chickens,
and I am tremendously proud of you.
Mrs. Fitch told me she had had a
wonderful letter from your Mother,
and that she had told with just pride
how well her Laura was doing. And
more than that - that you were her
great, great comfort. Bless you!
She also said you had seen Fullerton
and that Mr. & Mrs. Utis were going
to spend Thanksgiving with you -
won't you tell me all you can about
Mr. Utis and the boys? I should so
like to hear.

- Since coming back from the

country the last of September. I have been more delightfully occupied than in several years. In the first place, I have grown so fat that I couldn't wear one of my old dresses, so had to have them remodelled and let out - a great nuisance, and very tiring.

Then I began tutoring Margaret Wills in arithmetic, and soon after, Agnes Bartlett and Bessie Bowbright in Grammar. Margaret is in the public school, but woefully behind in arithmetic, which gives me just the kind of work I love best, and it's fun to teach her. Agnes and Bessie leave school every day to go to the gymnasium, so miss all their lessons in

grammar, so I help them a couple
of days a week. They are charmers,
— just too bright and darling for words.
Do you wonder I am happy, with
those such girls coming regularly to
see me? I tell you what, Laura,
there is no blessing on earth to be com-
pared to a little work, a real daily
duty.

Now we are full of Christmas, and
it seems very near, for we've had snow,
quite a lot of it, though the weather
has been mild. At this moment my
devoted little Miss Stahl is mysteriously
busy out in her room, and this
afternoon Agnes and Primi were

here for me to help them get
started on cross-stitch presents for
their mothers. Of course I am hop-
ing Mr. & Mrs. Fullerton can come
to spend Christmas with me, but it
is pretty doubtful. She was over
here in the summer, for it's an easy
trip then from Kingsport by boat,
but now they have to come a long
way by rail, and it's not so easy.

Dear, this must go in place
of the long, long letter I'd love to write,
but I know you will find much
love in it, and that is all that
really counts. Give your mother my
love, and remember me. I am always
Your bestest love - Grace Loomis