

At the Studio,

June 16th.

Laurie, you bad thing:

Here I've been waiting desperately for all this time for you to send me your Rochester adress, so I could send you on this first pencil scrawl, and when I at last hear from you, it is from up at the Lake somewhere! So if you are wondering why you don't hear from me, you now have the reason.

I'm glad you'r e playing the part of a turnip. Just the thing. Only please remember that turnips are quite content with being turnips, and have no qualms of conscience as to whether they ought not to be something more useful and enterprising than turnips. That is what makes them such pleasant turnips.

Mother left for Boston this noon. She came over here yesterday, and gazed at the figure in silence for about twenty minutes, and I almost shrieked with nervousness. Her only remarks were, (1)"Of course you will have to drape this figure, if it's to go in a cemetary."(2)" That back leg looks rather queer, but I suppose you haven't worked much on it yet."

Truly, we are a most in-expressive family!

I have a million and a half things to do this afternoon, so can't talk to you any more.

Oodles of love from



Miss Laura Gilpin
Colorado Springs,
Colorado.