

The Studio,

July 14, 1917/

My dear old Laurie:

By now my wire will have reached you. You know, it worries me to have you so troubled as to my welfare. I can't imagine what I have said in my letters to give you the impression that I was being a martyr here in town. As a matter of fact, the weather has been most agreeable, the work here at the studio smoothly and satisfactorily completed, and you may imagine how happy I have been this week working for Dr Morton and the American Women's Hospitals. The work has been hard, aggravating, complicated, and not particularly thrilling, as it has consisted mostly of typewriting important letters concerning the new Hospitals, running back and forth from the Doc's to Headquarters, looking up addresses, etc. But naturally I love to do it, both for her, and because it makes me feel I'm doing "a bit of my bit".

In fact, I am needed up at the office this minute, and mustn't spend any more time here, much as I'd like to. Shall write a long letter from Ogunquit as soon as I get there, which will be Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning. Was so distressed to hear about poor Fran. Do make him be careful ~~from~~ now on. Daddy had the same experience when he was seventeen, and because he didn't take care then, he had to wear a truss for years, and finally had to have a very serious operation about ten years ago.

Goodbye, my dear, and don't let those Worries get hold of you again. If anything goes wrong, you shall hear of it immediately.

*Arundie*