

## STUDIO

601 MADISON AVENUE

TELEPHONE

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Laurie dear:

You don't mind this old paper, do you? The new is getting low, and I want to save it. I never knew such a year for correspondence of one kind and another. Seems as though I spent every evening at this mashing.

But enough of such remarks. The proofs have come, and you are one angel child. What a lot of good work you did on that trip you took. Some of those snow ones are so beautiful. I love the long shadows of the pines, and in the two extensive landscapes you've got a wonderful sense of distance. Was it with a pin-hole?

The Europe ones did bring it all back so! That darling little house by the water at Tintern, with the reflection of it's guardian tree. And the little old church snuggled down in the hollow. I don't quite feel the size of the big trees in the two you sent me, but you have several others, haven't you? Well, you did get something of Netley, didn't you, even though some were fogged. They give a very excellent idea of the charm of the place, but some day we must turn you loose there with your big camera, and your middle-sized camera, and your baby camera, and all the ladders and scaffolding you want, and all the sun of heaven pouring down upon you. Then we shall get the essence of Netley. O, dear, I forgot we must wait until the ivy has grown over it again. But who cares for a little thing like that?

That is the clearest proof of St Michael's shadow that you've gotten, isn't it. Very much better than the first you tried. Was it from the same negative?

I'm terribly sorry to hear Bets. has been put to bed on such a strenuous diet. But if it will only give her back her strength it'll be worth any amount of such care. I bet you're a wonderful comfort to her, especially now. What becomes of your diet, now she's no longer there to back you up?

There's not so awfully much news hereabouts. My whole family gathered from the corners of the world to honor me at the Academy on Varnishing Day. They braved the crowding masses of people for almost two hours, taking turns standing near my baby, to glean remarks from appreciative onlookers to gladden his mother's heart. I've had two tentative offers for him, but doubt if either goes through. I've put on a steep price and am not in a hurry to sell.

It seems that the thing to do just as soon as you receive a prize, is to get hold of all the art critics, and write-up men, and cub reporters, and ladle out dozens of photographs of your work, praising it to the skies, and telling them it's the finest piece of work ever done in America. Then you give them a nice snappy story of your colorful past, brag about everything you've ever done, disparage everyone else's work, etc, etc. Then you blow them to a bean-feast somewhere, and set each one against the other to get his article out first,----and you may get a little PUBLICITY.

I've changed my mind about enlarging my  
sketch for the fountain-lady for the Spring