

1926
49 West 12th St
February 10th -

Laurie dearest:

Every evening for ten days past I've tried to get time to write you - and every evening I've been busy until eleven or twelve o'clock - it's just been impossible. So this morning I grab the excuse of the skylight being solid & black with snow, and no light to work in, and take my pen in hand.

Your letters have been dear, and a wonderful comfort to me. Cheer up - you won't have to write many more in that vein, for everything has smoothed out in a rather extraordinary way, and the situation is no longer buffetting me about. I'm quite serene now, and able to handle whatever comes along. You may laugh, but I really think that it is the influence of that dear man's gentle and high-minded way of looking at things that is teaching me to take things in the proper spirit and not make tempests

in tea-pots. I've seen quite a lot of him lately, and we're the best friend ever. He's giving a series of lectures every Thursday evening on modern tendencies in fiction, drama, poetry, religion, etc. These are pay lectures, and will, I hope, not only make up the Venner deficit, but put a hundred or two into his pocket as well. I've been working hard on the illustrations for his "Pilgrim's Progress", and people seem to like my drawings, but it won't be an easy matter to find a publisher who's willing to take a chance on the revival of an old religious classic. I braved Putnam's with it the other day, but they discouraged me. Think we'll try Macmillan next. The prevailing demand is, of course, all for elaborate colored illustrations, and it will be hard to persuade them that black and white can be made equally effective. You know that side of it!

My small sun-dial is almost finished - with a new, and, I think, better base than either of the others. It will be adaptable either for sun-dial or fountain, or both.

The little marble head of Demond will be ready for the Spring Academy.

Your Dad has sent me the beautiful Lay, Susan for Shirley. Judging from the size of their new little house and its minute dining-room, it will probably occupy all the space on their breakfast-table, but they will find more & more use for it as time goes on and they get a really adequate home, and perhaps a larger family. Hope Demond will have a sister someday, or two.

Which reminds me - you'll be glad to hear that George & Auria have a beautiful little daughter; & George had a very successful exhibition in Brussels - selling many pictures, both to private individuals and to museums. They are supremely happy and hope to finish their Breton farm house in the spring.

A lovely long letter from Eva, telling me jubilantly of her plans for the year on the continent - O, I guess I wrote you that. Mother is quite determined that I shall go to Paris for a year as soon as

my lease is up next October. I want to - and I don't want to. If you and Edgar were coming along, too, wild horses couldn't hold me back. But it'll be an awful wrench otherwise. That's a side of it Mother can't see at all. Personal relations mean so little to her. I have told her most of the story of the last few months, though I found I couldn't quite confess that I had completely broken down and given myself away! Didn't think she could quite understand or forgive such an improper weakness on my part. But she knows that he realizes I care a lot about him. Her reactions were comparatively mild, and she still likes him. Volunteered to buy a course ticket for his lectures, and nobly braved the blizzard with me to go to his first last Thursday. So that's that.

A. V. H. has just sent me down the most marvelous set of four exquisitely embroidered table-cloths - a belated Christmas gift. They are so lovely, but what can I do with them in this old place? Hurry up and get married, and I'll send 'em to you for a wedding present!

Saw Mrs. K. last evening, & she proudly displayed her set of prints for the L. of C. I'm so delighted about that. What prints are you to send, and when?

Don't you think this is an interesting photograph of Louis P.? The left hand is a bit too prominent, but I like the way the light brings out the modelling in his face. Glad you are to see him soon.

Have had no reply to my letter begging for a chance to immortalize Yelundi, so I fear that's all off.

A note today from Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, thanking me, on her husband's behalf, for the photograph of the Howells relief. She says "he finds it charming, and he is very proud to be associated with Mrs. Howells's Memorial". Glad he's pleased.

Some of the snow is melting off the sky-light though it's still blizzarding outside, so I ought to be getting down to my job. Was supposed to teach uptown this morning, but traffic is practically at a stand-still.

This city sure is one mess, with its

soft coal & messy snow. Edgar says the damage to the buildings from the former will run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. He thinks Coolidge ought to be impeached for not settling the strike! You should see his blue eyes blaze with anger. Quite a novel sight! Our lungs are all turning black, our noses & throats are filled with coal-dust, and the sun can hardly find its way through the smoke that pours out everywhere. Everyone likens it to London fog. Certainly the buildings are beginning to look like the London ones, except that they're more evenly dingy, not so picturesquely black & white.

Well - here's enough for now. Good luck with your work. Geo - the "window" Bauer is the second choice. Don't feel rushed about mine. I think Mary & Maggie's pictures and things like that should come first. I have my post-list prints, and the loveliest big one, you know.

Love to Bets & your Mother & Dad, and just a wee bit to yourself -
Your Brendie



Miss Laura Gilpin,
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