

I claim any rights of dominion. This is their home — not mine. They run it beautifully and my only concern is never to do anything that would inject the mother jealousy that seems to poison some relationships.

Bill is very dear to me and I truly love him. This is his kingdom and Win is his Queen. Bless their dear hearts. What more could I wish? I don't ever feel jealous — so he does not fear it — the only thing I fear is the physical strength to do all I want to do — and the fear of failing or of having you whisk me off in an inglorious defeat. One has from earliest childhood

Wed. morning -

Dearest

Another day — and another special from you — with the same confirmation of faith in the new order. What blessed assurance! It is no dream after all.

So much to do to-day. Win is brought home to-morrow. I move to a room in a neighbor's house. A practical nurse will take my place on the couch. It may give me more rest — and a place to unpack my few belongings. I am so afraid of ever being the typical mother-in-law — that I perhaps err on the side of being too humble and self-effacing. I never want Bill to think that

3. a certain picture of what we wish to be - it is one's goal in life - the thing one works toward - if in the end - when one is within sight of accomplishment one fails for want of a little sleep - what a tragedy! I am determined not to fail! It is such fun to be a grandmother. To feel the renewed growth of one's own seed - and the remembrance of joy of small bodies that cling to your skirts. There is such a gleam about all they do and say and are - such a clear, sparkling - bubbling joy in living - I wish I could share him with you. You are dear to want me to bring him - but I am afraid it is not time yet.

I await the book with eagerness - but try to place one loaned to me, you think, by "Mrs. Williams" - I do not recall it.

I loved the letter by Lyda - and am sure she was all that she said - but I wish you would ~~of~~ write your own impressions and remembrances - they would be even more interesting than some one else's. We must face our own conclusions in every relationship - if I seem to be a paragon of virtue to everyone whom I touch but fail you - then this failure is between us - somewhere we have missed something. If on the other hand I seem to be a perfect tyrant - or a cad to everyone else - but a beloved friend and companion to you - then somewhere we have found something. We belong to each other and our happiness lies under the same roof - if we fail there - we lose the great gift we bear each other - I look with such confidence at your portrait which has caught my beloved's face ever.