

MRS. JOHN V. N. DORR
WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT, CONN.

Dearest.

To-day I make a train journey to St. Pete -
to see Beechie and to pay plans. Will go to
the Hospital first to see mother - and
drop this note to you on my way. I should
have written you last night when the young
moon hung like a bright dipper in the sky
and when I was so full of things to
say with all night long to say them.
But if I open that flood in the small
hours of the night - I can never close
it again. Sleep is something I cannot
find — so I did not but wanted
to.

Morning thoughts are never so
intimate — they belong to the things of

the day - rather than to ourselves. I
was touched that one of your letters was
not of the day - but of your dear self.

I hope and pray that the things of the
day - your day - do not devour
you utterly - they are not worth you. But I
have faith in you John - you have a
way of coming through. God Bless you
and keep your vision clear of the
great work you do - forgive this excuse
of a letter - it is a touch of the

hand at least

P.ight Kiss on the Beautiful Brow
of my most beautiful Paul -
now I face the day.

Ever
on