

2. friend of Darwin Stoughtons and sees a
Portrait of her in Washington. You remember this sister
was born in Spain and has lived most
of her life there with only a Sabbatical year in
America. She had a shop in Madrid
that was the outlet for all the peasant
industries in Spain. She also had her
own weavers, glass-blowers - embroiderers
ect — much like our Marguerite
Friend had in Italy. It is all fascinating
to me — but she herself most of all.

Wouldn't I love to revive the old womanly
arts in America??

There is another nice young family here
from California - the father is in Radcliff

PINELANDS
CENTRE HARBOR
NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dear one -

Another quiet morning before mail time. It's
hard to realize how many people are rushing to their
offices as I sit here and lift up mine eyes unto
the hills. Not that one would want to spend
his days in idleness (God forbid) - but there
is a way that is a good way where man
may sweat without being a slave — and
where woman may retain her womanliness
and serve.

Miss Dalton's sister is an utter darling.
She looks like a small, bright monkey with
the keenest expression and the warm and
sympathetic heart. She is a great

3. in Boston now - she is a good musician
so we have music and a much happier
ride to the Village.

Derrick is expected to day so I am
afraid our Nature Baths may be over —
but then I can usually find a secret place.
The weather is slightly cooler than when you left -
but I long for rain with the rest of the earth.
I don't like to think of our garden. It is so
disheartening after all the work.

This is a kind of bread & butter letter -
and not really very nourishing bread at that.
I tried for an hour yesterday to make out your
letter but gave up finally - the paper was so
thin, the ink so faint, and the scrawl so
hasty that I don't believe even you were sure
about anything you wanted to say.
But there are always the deeper things between
us - which are there and which we both
know. Sometimes I think they count very little
in your "aggregate" (?). But the old saying
"Love is of a man's life a thing apart" - a small
thing in the dangerous and challenging & exciting
life of to-day. Well so be it - I still sing. Bless be the tie that binds
us.