

My Dearest. Winter is here to-day where
yesterday it was mid-Summer. so
sudden — almost in an hour it
was gone. It makes one think about things —
and resolve to enjoy our Summer — to
plant a great harvest and to store
it up for the winter. We have all the
great things John my dear one — all
the things that money can't buy and
that taxes can't take from us. We
are blessed beyond measure — full
and running over, over all those who
touch our lives. Never was I so
sure of it as I am these days.
I don't know exactly why — perhaps
it is the actual seeing of our
way of life growing smoother —
I know why it is with all my

2.

Heart. I think of your dear dear
head on my shoulder — or
mine on yours and it is all
that matters. We will work things out
so that this great reality will bring
serenity and glory to our days.
Our household will reflect its
brightness — its sweetness and
its great good-health. The West Branch
will flower and prosper and
each little katydid will sing
with pride to be living near us.
The earth will flower under us
and our lives will come into their
full flower. Be not afraid dearest —
I know it will come.

I hope that by the time I
get home the servant problem

3.

will have found to answer — or
do we answer it ourselves? I am
satisfied that we can find some-
one much more competent and
able than Daniel — it is foolish
to put up with what I have — it
only confuses my life and
makes me ill. I want someone
that is as efficient in that
job as the Pringles are in theirs —
and now that we are going to
have a place to live & work —
I can look and look until I
find just that right one. When we
do it will be a great step forward!
Oh John my dearest — I shall make
up to you for the years the Potus have
eaten — I love you darling — I know how
much I love you — keep your heart high in