25th.

Dear Dada:

Your 32nd just came. So well, for one thing Father is in the hospital. He was so ill that we thought he was going to die; but now he seems much better. He was sent to the hospital, and finally decided that the hospital is the only place for him. For due to his disease, he gets worse every day. Some one of us is with him all day long, and another is watching morning to three or four, and I am watching night in three wives, and 40 servants in house-cleaning. My dear, the servants in house cleaning. We have the most beautiful carved Blackwood furniture: bed—baize, and cushions, and every picture washed, wiped, and fixed. Every thing looked, wiped, and fixed. So I have not had time to do the right thing, never fear. And yet I cannot bring myself to move away no oth. Work, dear.
you knew it, you will be a regular "talent."

Well, N. J. had an awful fuss with his father over some personal matter. I am so glad I broke with him before the quarrel, otherwise of course his father would blame it on me.

I do hope your poems will be accepted! I'll try to write something for publication, only at present I am very much confused, I thought as well, it will you think if I ever marry, it will not be for love, for I have had two or three fortunes to care about a man who is already married. For the past few months, we both have been too busy all day, but here at home, I am busy all day, and I don't seem to get anywhere. My little brother goes to school now, and that ought to give me more time, but sometimes I don't seem as busy as ever. Since Jack has been so ill, I have given up practicing on the piano. I was working on Grieg and the opera of Galilea.

Tell Dada mine, you always understated your own ability. Before...
you know it, you will be a regular "talent"

Well, N.J. had an awful fuss with
his father over some personal matter
I am so glad I broke with him before
the quarrel, otherwise of course his
father would blame it on me.

I do hope your poems will be accepted.
I'll try to write something for
publication, only at present I am very
much confused. I taught as well, but if
you read if I ever marry, it will
not be for love, for I have had too
much fortune to care about a man who
is already married. For the past few
months, we both have been too
untidy. I have returned from America
years ago. And you know how my
family feels towards divorce, and besides
are taken off, and will be sent to the cleaners.
As I knew nothing about how to go at
house cleaning, I was more or less at
the mercy of the servants as Mother is
away.

Dear son, Dada, that my letters have
been unhappy. To tell you the truth
money will never make me happy. I
lie awake nights thinking that I am
getting no where. Do you understand
what I mean? At college, there was
always the work, but here at home
I am busy all day yet I don't seem
to get anywhere. My little brother goes
to school now and that ought to
give me more time, but sometimes I
just as busy as ever. Since
Dada has been so ill, I have given up
practicing on the grand. I was working
on Grieg and the opera of Delius.
Tell Dada mine, you always under-
estimated your own ability.
dear Dada,
your 32nd just come. So well, for
one thing father is in the hospital. He was
so ill that we thought he was going to
die; but now he seems much better. We
were worried and trying to nurse him, and
finally decided that the hospital was the
only place for him, for due to his dis-
case, he gets worse instead every day.
Some one of us is with him all day long,
and someone is there now, and dinner waiting.
mother is there now, and down watching
father in the room, cleaning. My dear,
the servants in house cleaning. My dear,
we have the most beautiful carved
Blackwood furniture, bed - bureaus,
and all is being taken down, and
the carvings are as handsome.
Every picture washed, wiped, and freshened
and the same kind of acid to bring out the
lustre of the varnish. The carpets, etc.