4 April, 1919.

Dear Dad:

Just a line to let you know that

I have not forgotten you, and that I realize

that I ought to have written you before this

only of late. I seem to have slipped out of the

habit of writing letters, and now seem

nearly to have given up ever—

I am taking music from a

Russian musician, who is really

the very best teacher I have ever had—

in any kind. I have been

practicing three hours a day, and actually

enjoy doing it, even the most tedious scales.

I have only had two months under him,

but the improvement is quite marked.

I am teaching Chopin and Moszkowski

now.

I am almost out of mourning now and

so go out to parties a great deal. We

entertain a lot at home too, about two

dinners a week besides teas etc. I
I am enjoying the girl's club work I am doing; for the girls seem a little less reserved and more responsive now. The club work entails a good deal of personal calling etc., but in the end, the results are worth the trouble.

Last week the box of books from Wellesley which I sent some two years ago finally arrived. You really cannot imagine how happy I was to get them! Among them were your "fog curtains", remember? They made me terribly homesick for your couch bed, and I actually felt creepy. I have not felt so like my old self since my return home as I did since my books and your curtains came. Now I feel that some of my old theories and ideas that were almost back again. College days do seem so far gone, and life sometimes seems rather uncertain, especially now, seems rather uncertain, in the sense opposite to stability.

How is the eldest Order now in Shanghai? Please
feeling a baby in August, her third child.
In case likelihood, this house will have a coating of paint. Warm, as well, is very particular about not tasting freshly painted. And as the warmth varnish poison affects every one in the family, we shall never put of her for three months, until the smell of the paint is gone. It is up time to look for one house and move every darn thing one house, and move every damn thing one house before the hot weather comes on. And of course by the time this smell is gone, it will be boiling hot, and we will have to move back.
Dawn my, was right when she spoke of the garden life of the 'otherwise unoccupied college girl.' But God! Moving back of college girls in hot weather. Tan, we're of course as the boys are in school (the youngest one in day school, my oldest brother has at work in two companies, my sister pregnant, we can't leave town. And so we... Love - Daughter.