

January 3 1916

Dear Wilder:

Another year lies before us, and what lies ~~before us~~, ^{in its possibilities} how good it is that we do not know. I have just written to Ray and want to write you just a little bit to go in this New Year's Greeting from the "Crowd". We all had so good a time. They always do have a good time just because they ~~are~~ together and then, it is a little different out here than it is in town. We are apt to do things in a little ~~different~~ different way. I cannot spell the simplest word this morning, I am hurrying so fast because of having been detained and so the things I had planned to do are not being done. This evening we have a meeting of the nominating committee of the Social and Service League, and I have some thought to put on that so as to be sure it will move ~~off~~ easily and efficiently.

Saturday afternoon Mrs Yoerg, Mrs Haven, Mrs Jensch and Anita North gave a "The Dansant" (Oh I hope I spelled that right) at Dania Hall from four to nine o'clock. They had a jolly time. At the same time I went to Mrs Elwell's. Mr Carr was in St Paul--he is there much of the time doing the real society act--and we had the nicest little visit together over the grate fire. It was helpful to us both I am sure.

Ruth has received her mittens and is perfectly delighted with them. Helen and I are going to dinner with the Penfields tomorrow evening. On Wednesday Ruth and I go to St Paul. She to exchange a dress she bought last week, and I to buy things for the school etc. The "etc" means something in the way of chairs for Sarras, as well as other things. I shall probably stay over night with Cousin Florence and do on Thursday the things I cannot do on ~~Tuesday~~ ^{Wednesday}.

I also will pay my dues at the Schubert club and take my place as a member of the club.

All of this is supposing that Mrs Reeves returns tomorrow to her duties here. The boys all come back on Thursday, and we are hoping for two new boys. One of them Russell of the Bridgeman-Russell firm in Duluth, and one of them Herbert Boutin. He is in the eighth grade, but we can take him all right, I think.

Ruth and Percy are anxious to get something of their very own, and we are beginning to talk quite seriously of starting a lower school. I mean that Will shall have Galahad all to himself, and Percy and Ruth have a lower school all to themselves. They can arrange to begin right away with any scholars that may want to come, girls and boys, of the ages of their own children, - and not do any building until the demand is such that they must. We can see how it can be done, and I guess it will be the most sensible thing to do. Of course Percy will go on doing the things he does now. The hiring of a good woman for teaching the lower school will not be a hard thing to do. Ruth will take care of the children and help in the ways that she is most needed. They will all board in the Galahad dining room paying a certain amount for ~~zz~~ each extra person. A good housekeeper in charge there, of course. I would be very glad to see them started on the way to doing the thing they feel is what they want. I can see how it would help Galahad too, to have a separate school in connection with the present school. Many things could be run together much more economically than two schools could be run separately.

Mary goes back to her work tonight, Helen goes Wednesday, and soon we will be ready for the long pull up towards Spring.

And when Spring comes everything is so much easier to bear and do. Now you are in Paris and doing the work in the hospital that you hoped to be able to do. Helping some one as well as learning how to help others later on. I guess that is the best there is in life. In my visit with Mrs Elwell Saturday night while we sat close to the grate fire we grew quite confidential. She certainly is the dearest most helpful little woman. She says she feels that nothing can hurt her, that she is willing to leave everything to the Father, that she always has the feeling that she is curled right up in ~~her~~ ^{His} arms and that she is safe. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Well as she was talking I remembered once when we were in Los Angeles, Aunt Jessie, little Virginia, Ruthzzdzē and I. Virginia was about two years old. We had a little cart for her, but she would not stay in it, she wanted to walk and wanted to walk when and where and how she pleased. The streets were crowded, it was dangerous as well as slow work. We had to hold on to her, although she resented our doing so. Often she would have had a hard fall if we had not caught her and held her up. At last she consented to hold on to our dresses. She stumbled often, but we caught her our progress was slow---because she was wilful. That is the way I seem to go. I am safe, because the Father will not let me go. I do not want, now, to go alone, but I am still only holding on to his garments, stumbling along, getting scratched and bruised and soiled, and yet I cannot seem to rest quietly. I seem to feel it is necessary to stumble along beside Him-- and I feel I am being led, and yet am I doing as He wants me to do? I feel the call to think things out for myself, to investigate for myself--so did Virginia, yet she was very

annoying. How we would enjoyed having had her with us if she had been content to have been carried. Mrs Elwell is content, and from her goes out waves of loving sympathy to everyone, ^{she} that does ~~so~~ help so many people in need of that same loving sympathy. Perhaps God wants me to learn how to walk even though I stumble now, perhaps He wants her to be content to be carried. My work may be different, I hope that is it and that I am not merely wilful.

Bobbie has been out doors playing and has come in feeling pretty chilly, Elizabeth wont go out doors, although I feel sure she would feel better if she would do so. Margaret and Faith are out playing, so you see it is fine winter weather.

Do you know that I am about determined to have an Edison re-created voice machine? We can use the Columbia and Victor records on that so they would not be useless. Aside from that, The Edison records are unbreakable, the needle is a diamond point, it is self-oiling, and, under demonstration it is quite impossible for one to tell when the singer stops singing and the record takes it up. That is what those who have heard it tell me. The records for the Victrola are so easily broken and scratched with the handling the children and the boys give them. The boys are especially careless, some of them.

I suppose the letters will be still longer in coming now than they were before. God bless you dear boy, and keep you in the place where He needs you, and may you feel that this year is the year of great blessing for you and the world. Poor old world, what is it that it is blindly working out for itself? Surely all nations will be better after this terrible war is over. Surely the lives that have been laid down on both sides will have accomplished something for the good of the whole. Loving you, dear boy, Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
SCHOOL MOTHER

January 13 1916

My Dear Boy:

It was 30 below when we went to breakfast this morning. Yesterday we had the worst blizzard we have had for years, and how it did blow and snow, and how bitter cold it was, and yet there were ten girls at Mrs Hanson's for our first Mission Study class--now were they not brave girls? This noon ~~XXXXXX~~ the sun is shining and the thermometer has gone up to 20 below. And yet there are such delightful places in the U.S. as California and others.

Sunday morning Elsie Goldberg joined the church, and we are all so glad about it. None more so than she. It took the whole week to get her mother's consent, but her father helped her out in that. She said she felt so different when she at last came before the session. Some of the girls were saying that they really no different after joining than they did before, they had simply done what they knew they should have done long before. Elsie's face fairly shone as she spoke up so suddenly and said "Well I did. Last week I had a dreadful week, and Saturday night (after it had been decided and she and Mrs Johnson had been to see Mr Tourtellot) I never slept a wink all night long. But when I stood before the session, all of a sudden something came into my heart and I was at peace and happy and I have been ever since. I would not have cared if there had been a million there then."

The bag you sent. Mame came yesterday and she is so very pleased with it. She telephoned me all about it this morning. George is so well since his tonsils were removed, he is getting really "husky". This morning Herbert telephoned Mame after he reached the bank "I nearly froze coming down but George wasn't cold." The other two she kept at home until it should warm up a little.

Tuesday at the Missionary meeting we had China for the subject. Mrs Haven was the leader and she is always very interesting no matter what work she gives, but was especially interesting this time because she is so interested in China now that Phil is there. He has left Canton and has charge of a hospital in Linchow, and Linchow is eight days away from a seaport. Then Mrs Webster read some of William's very interesting letters.

Your last letter was so very interesting--Mame says she is so proud of having her brother a doctor in a hospital--but you make so very light of all of the responsibilities that may be yours any day. Well that does not sound as I mean it. You laugh at yourself so because it seems to you as though you did not know enough to be there. The reason is that you do feel the responsibility of any work put on your shoulders, and so afraid that any of us shall think that you may be doing anything remarkable. I am so glad you are you and not an egotist. You and egotism are so far apart from each other--but dear, we are very proud of you and very fond of you and we know that the soldiers under your care, sick or well, will receive sympathy and all of the help you are able to give to them. But it was a bit doleful to us to know that your Christmas greetings and gifts had all

gone to England and that you will not receive them until time for your birthday. I hope you have no duty to pay on any of them. It is such a nuisance not to know what is to be due on things. Really we ought to send magazines and books instead of merchandise, I expect.

I wish you could have the sight I saw the other night. The three little girls had undressed for bed--then over the nightgowns they had something that would trail, nothing at all on their feet, but scarfs in their hands. Even Bobby had a red silk cloth for a scarf, and in his blue blouse and knickers, he made a picture too. They had the victrola going and were dancing and posing. They were so beautiful, every one of them, and so different, and even dear Marmie was graceful. Elizabeth was actually waving arms and keeping step to the music, and looking the beauty she will be, I imagine. Margaret was not sweeping, and bending and posing as much, but her dear dimples were showing and she was all right in a more modest way. But Faith--the fairy--paid no attention to any one, she was as earnest as she could be in doing the thing she was so intensely enjoying. Her little pink feet were just dancing, and they were missing no notes of the music either. She is full of tune and rythm all of the time. An Bobby, oh Bobby, it was funny he was so different from the girls, yet he has the rythm too. When he kicks out his ^{foot} feet, it is as though he were kicking a football, and he wont use any but the right foot, it is done in time though. And the way he used the scarf--I wish you had been here.

I am anxious to know about the bullet in the leg of the soldier. What did you find, and what did you do, and how is he now? How about the man who was buried under the debris?

Was he injured or was he not? And how did you find out for sure?

Dr Kermott has finally formed a partnership with Dr Livingstone. I thought he was the man who was here when mother left, but he isn't.

Mr Sam Campbell is taking the Civic League as seriously as I hoped and knew he would and it is a fine thing for him to feel so interested in something again.

What happened to my line, I wonder. Chauncey is about fully decided to go to Macalaster when we close the 25th. The school year is almost half gone now. I wonder when you will be back. Will it be in June or September? You will be tempted to come in June, but probably won't come until September. It took twenty days for your last letter to reach me, and it only takes twenty-four days for Williams' letters to come from China. If the censor really reads all of the letters that are sent and received I do not envy him, or her, the job. Think of the monotony of reading some one's else letters. Postal cards go thru much sooner, I notice. But I never have learned how to use postal cards, they seem so very unsatisfactory.

I had a postal from Mr Wright from Naples. He has been ill, and comes home before very long. He would better stay there until all danger from sub-marines is over.

God bless you dear,

Mother.

*I sent a needle & pin case to you
for your birthday. It will be there
some time before this letter reaches
you.*

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
SCHOOL MOTHER

January 21 1916

My dear Boy:

It is today that you leave Paris and the hospital there to resume the studies at Oxford, I am hoping that you will have a pleasanter trip back than you had going. Today it is raining, not blowing but just coming down gently. So will go the snow. It is good to have the cold winds and the below zero weather gone but the winter is not over. I always dread February, that so often proves a long cold month here.

This week is a busy one for me, not with Galahad work but the League work. We are preparing for the first big church meeting. It is so hard to make every one understand the new system. Some think it is so much work--others that we are interfering with the established organizations. For instance, the Ladies' Aid think it unnecessary for their organization to continue in existence for the League will do the work they have done in the past; while in reality it is more necessary to the good work of the League that they keep on with their work than it was when they were the only society in the church. But it will be all right in time. The thing is that the ones who do not attend the meetings where explanations are given are the ones that make the trouble. And they act as though we were interlopers and are really hurt that things are doing and they do not understand. Then I say, "oh but you were not out to the meetings were you?" Then they wilt a little. All of this does not mean that there is any

hard feelings any where--simply bewildered feelings, and explains my work for the coming week. It is Friday morning-- I am all dressed for the day. First I am going up to Mrs Baker's and have lunch with her, in order to explain how we are not interfering with the Missionary and Aid societies, and showing how they can help the "church organized." Then at 2.30 Mrs Bradford and Mrs Slater come up there to meet me for a meeting of the Memorial committee, of which I am chairman--(should not be on any committee). Do you not think the Memorial idea a good one? Each year, at the January meeting we are to have a brief memorial for each one in the church who has died during the year.

At three o'clock I go to Mrs ~~KK~~ Kermott's for a big tea. At eight o'clock this evening I go to Winifred's to explain to the North Hudson section all about the plan of the League. Now that keeps my brain bobbing, for in between I am trying to reach others who have things to do. If all four Counsellors were like Mrs Kircher I would not have to do so much thinking---but Mrs Andersen, without saying a word to me, and in the face of this particular meeting has gone to visit Mary. Mrs Kermott had a big lunch yesterday and this tea today, and her League work has been put one side. In fact she has been to so few Council meetings that she does not understand much about it, and she sends her people to me, when she thinks of it. Now it seems a pity, she could do a lot if she would once wake up to the sense of real responsibility. I talked with Helen about it when she was home, and she said she could not understand her mother that of late years she has been so different in that way. But she will come to the realization again, some day. She is very nervous, and, I think is dreading growing old. Some women do feel like that.

Every body is getting into it in St Paul. Bankers and society women and their families. The high schools, and the private schools, every one is co-operating, and the costumers and dressmakers are doing a big business.

I have not heard from you this week, and it seems long-- between letters, but I am not surprised at any thing now.

Mr John may go at the end of this semester. He has been offered several positions and one of them would need him right away. Will hopes he will go, because of the small number in school. It will keep the others pretty busy, but they can take extra work with spring coming on better than they can when working up to the winter. Spring seems to bring so much strength through newness of life. My schedule will also be somewhat changed then, as I am planning to let one of the girls go.

I must go and get my things together for the auto-hack will soon be here for me. God bless you and bring you very close to Himself,

Mother.

Oh you should have seen Ruth yesterday when she had on her very newest and prettiest gown--My, but she was a beauty----

I went to St Paul and Minneapolis on Tuesday, staying all night with Cousin Florence. I went over to attend a concert given by the Junior Symphony Orchestra. Irving plays in it and gave one, ^{string} quartette number of which he was leader. Helen made her debut as a singer. A student of two years only, she sang very nicely. Her voice is very sweet and has much volume back of it that is only allowed to show itself once in a while. She is a very pretty girl, and I always wish that I could take her away from home entirely for a year or two. Cousin Florence is so completely a nervous wreck I do not believe it is well for Helen to be with her so much. But I see no way open for that now, so I guess I will leave it with the Father. Virginia Jefferson is another one I would like to take for a few years.

I spoke to Herbert a while ago about the money I had borrowed from you, as I knew I had never paid any interest on that. He had forgotten all about it. Sixty dollars will come to you the first of April. That will help a little.

I did something this week--I bought myself a Christmas- or birthday--present. ~~for xxx~~ I bought a wrist watch. I have wanted a watch for years. It seems queer to buy such things for oneself, indeed it almost seems right selfish to do it. However I think of this as almost a necessity, for I am so dependent on time. It is gold and quite small, and I like it.

St Paul is preparing for a big carnival from Jan. 27-Feb. 5. An invitation was sent over to the school to participate, and Percy has gone over today to see about it. There must be costumes etc. to get in the parade, and incidentally, advertise us. I wish we could afford white horses and their trappings. Of course the boys will furnish their own costumes

Friday Mornig Feb.4 1916

I suppose if I should speak the word I jave written
that is the way it would sound---Mornig--

Dear Wilder Boy:

I sealed up an envelope of clippings to you yesterday,
without any letter in it, thinking I would be in better
condition to write you in a day or two---Since then the
following edict has gone out from the powers that be, namely,
Dr Livingstone, "Go to bed and stay there for two weeks."
Now what do you think of that? I have already stayed in
my room for a full week--but now it is worse--stay in bed,
and for two weeks-----

I have been fighting grippe ever since early in November.
Some times it w uld seem as though I must give up to it, but
some one else was always sick, and there seemed to be no
time to have this extremely fashionable disease. Last week
Dr told me that I was so run down that I might have pneumonia
if I did not take care of myself. Christine was sick with
tonsilitis so we were sick together.

Wednesday evening came that very critical church meeting
towards which I had been working for weeks and weeks. I felt
that I must be there to take charge as no one else knew all
of the delicate situations that might arise so well as I did.
Of course that was out of the question, so I sent for the
Council and Mr Tourtellot on Wednesday afternoon and we went
very carefully over every little detail of the program. Mr
Tourtellot would take charge and the others would do their

part. Mrs Kermott and Mrs Johnson had been at a meeting of the Woman's Society the week before when we had a very delicate situation to handle, and the handling of it had proved the last straw for me. (However, Mrs Johnson called me up the next morning and congratulated me on my disposition- The first time I had ever received such a compliment-) Do not understand that they had been "nasty" but only that they could not understand and persisted in feeling that I was trying to take away the rights of the society and taking matters into my own hands. It has seemed so hard for some of them to understand this organization. Mrs Baker put it just right when she said "The trouble is that we have been running things our own way without any reference to any one else, that we do not know how to be dictated to." I told them that it was not dictation--but co-operation that we were after--at last they understand, and both Mrs Johnson and Mrs Keeley were thoughtful enough the next morning--Thursday--to phone me that they had had the most wonderful business meeting they had ever attended. All of the wheels within wheels went as though they had been greased. And every report, from ten organizations--twelve sub-committees and eight standing committees were well given and every one was happy. I am so thankful.

But when Dr told me yeste day that my head ache was on the neuritis nerve, and I must go to bed and stay there- I am in bed. I have a bed in the study right against the bookcases, under the safe. I have the typewriter so I can swing it over the bed. I slept all yesterday afternoon and last night so I am feeling that I can write a little while now. Percy is sick in bed with grippe up stairs. Been in bed since Friday. Trying to find something good to eat.

He is weak and unhappy. Poor Ruth has had her hands full for weeks, the children have all been sick, and Bobbie still has fever and wants so much attention at night.

We have only nineteen boys now. Chauncey is going to Macalester--Sibley's father is sick and he had to leave--Burke was lonesome and wanted to go back to Minneapolis and board with his aunt--Bridgeman wanted to go back to Duluth high school and be with his girl--and Brammeld is sick. We hoped that Mr John could get another position, but it has not come to him. The only other way to draw in is to have one less girl. I talked to Minnie about it yesterday--and it will be tried, with Mrs Reeves' help--only I ought to be on hand to help out, and I am not.

I do not know what God intends that we shall do here. we are praying for faith, and that we may be able to know His will. There seems to be nothing else offer to show the way out. Two families to be taken care of--Well, we can only do the best we can and let it go at that.

Ray is talking of adopting a child. I wish he could take hold of this school and bring it up to where it belongs.

Mame has been sick with grippe for more than a week. It has affected her stomach as everything does, and she has been having a really hard time, poor little girl.

The Woman's club had a meeting last Tuesday and there were fifty-one there to join. And many of us could not be there whose names are down as prospective members. Is that not fine? Mrs Haven is such a capable one to lead. I feel so pleased about it.

I hope you will keep out of London--These Zeppelin raids are annoying. I hope you have found just the place

in the right family where you can learn the French you want.
I am so glad that arrangements could be made with the Merton
authorities. Do you go back to France in six weeks?

How did the game with the Ambulance come out? Did you get
the lunch cloth? How did you like the silver? I dreamed
last night that you said you did not see why I sent you such
foolish things as embroidered things--you did not want them.
If I would show sense enough to send you some knives there
would be some use in that. Sounds so like you-----

Did you receive your little pin and needle case? And is
it what you wanted? God be with you-- Do not worry about
my being sick, for it is only a case of nerves, I guess, and
I shall soon be all right--but oh why do we not all of us
live in a better climate than Wisconsin?

Mother.

Elizabeth sent the washcloth as a bit of her own work, and Scottie and I sent the lunchcloth. I hope you have received them all and that they will help you out on the teas you may give. If you have to pay any duty on them let me know how much it was. The reason that Herbert signed the note was that I sent the money to him, and he proposed that it be sent as a pound note and fixed it up for me. I will try and be more explicit in the future.

I suppose you are in Oxford today, it is so hard to place you when the letters are so long in coming. The one written Jan 9. came Monday evening.

I must tell you what is being planned here now. St Paul is working up a wonderful Winter Carnival. Every body is in it. Society people, business men, schools, etc. Percy was over there yesterday and went to the armory to see about the place in the line that the school would have. The first thing he heard was "Why hello, Mr Inglis" and there was John Burnley. Men were drilling and doing fine work. It was the Fire and Marine Insurance Company. It was the third time they had been on the floor and they were drilling like veterans. Percy said, "That proves what I have always said, if a man has brains he can learn to drill with no trouble." They were all men with brains, from the president of the company down. They were getting ready for the parade. There are to be seven divisions. People are coming from all over. We are to be represented by the Galahad Polar Bear Club. The largest polar bear in captivity--This from the man Percy was explaining to about what we wanted and what we had to exhibit "What? not really, Is he alive?" "Yes, he is very much alive there are two lively ones in him. He is Thirteen feet long

First
Pat-suit
Helen

and six feet high." Really Will has outdone himself. The head is a work of art. Electric lights for eyes, that will wink. A tongue that will move in and out, a jaw that works to perfection, teeth that look like teeth even though they are of tin. Neck that moves up and down and right and left--as Percy, who will be inside of the creature, determines. The back part of him will be moved by Martin. (Maurice Martin of Duluth) Stanley Stone will be the trainer. Beard will carry the beautiful banner of White wool bunting with its big red cross, and Movius will walk with him with his bugle and another smaller banner. They will walk in front of the bear, and some other boys, six or eight, will walk behind him. All of the boys will wear scarlet Rodelcaps--the kind that come down over head and ears, leaving a space for the face, Will used to have a gray one--White sweaters with "The Galahad School" in red letters on the front and a red cross on the back. A shield is outlined on the back with red and the cross is inside--I think they are to wear white German socks too. There is some question of changing the Galahad colors. Of course these are the colors of the Knights. And by the way The Order of Knights is in good working order this year. I will send you some clippings from yesterday's paper. I also send a clipping to show you what a wonderful convention the Laymen are having. "The world for Christ" is the Christian Endeavor motto, I believe, but if the business men take it up in earnest--these men who are in the habit of making things a success, wont it mean that it will come to pass?

It is time for the mail to go down--God bless my darling boy.

Mother.

I had a letter from Jamie the other day with the first news about Mother's death since the telegram. She died of pneumonia Was buried beside father. The house is rented--Addie is with Arthur Smith in Brewster--Arthur in Wardner--^{MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD} Jamie in Lewiston and not one of ^{SCHOOL MOTHER} the Penfield family in Spokane. All gone now.
HUDSON, WIS.

February 8 1916

Dear Wilder:

I received your short note, written from Oxford, yesterday. I am thoroughly disgusted that you have received no letters from me since Christmas--why deary me when was the last letter that you received written? Some time about the first of December? I do not see why you should not receive my letters if you receive Helen's, for I have written regularly, and they havw been perfectly good letters, interesting to no one but you, of course, but perfectly good letters just the same, and I do not want th em wasted.

But what has happened that you do not know? Do you know yet that I sent the money to you instead of Herbert? That and me. the spoons are from the Penfield's and Inqli?, That the lunch cloth is from Scottie and me? and the the washcloth was worked by Elizabeth for you? Do not forget to write her for she took much pains with it.

I sent some clippings, two pictures and a letter to you last week. In that letter I told you of Jack's sickness. He was in the house for nine days. Feels pretty well now except for a weakness in the ~~knees~~ knees. I told you about my fight with grippe and how I was worsted in the end. Two weeks I am to be in bed, and this is the sixth day. I thought I was going to get a lot of things done in these two weeks, but I get lazier and lazier. Yesterday I thought I should get all of my garden work planned, but, bless you, I did not

even finish the flowers-- the plants, I mean. I did not touch the flower and vegetable seeds, nor plan the garden itself. At this rate it will take the whole two weeks for that and nothing done in the letters, the cartoon book, the card index for the League and for Galahad, and a few other ~~x~~ things I had visions of getting into shape. And the queerest part of it is that I do not care. I do not want to do any thing, that is not new, but not to care is surely strange. And the hardest thing I have to do now is to make up my mind to eat. I can make my jaws go because I have the habit, but when one egg is all I want, and I send back half of the delicious thin toast that Cottie makes, and I don't want coffee--in fact when milk tastes better than almost anything else, I do not recognize myself.

Imagine my amazement when I opened a letter yesterday and saw it signed-E.P.Kermott-- I knew I did not owe him any thing and to think of a friendly letter from him was inconceivable--the enclosure will explain, however.

Bobbie almost lives in his father's "bes hat" and a long vest. When he gets that broadbrimmed felt on and the vest that comes to his ankles, and pushed back like a coat and his hands in his pockets and swaggers into the room, he is funny. This morning he swaggered in here and Elizabeth was sitting, on the little taboret you made, beside my bed he was disgusted. Frowning he walked up to her, stamped his foot and said "Busy-bee" Put as much force into that as a child not yet two and a half years old could manage, and you will have a funny picture before you.

Margaret is wildly enthusiastic over the bird shelter now. Ruth made it last Spring but the birds did not discover

it then. Margaret is keeping it filled and with the "bird guide" is trying to name each bird that goes into it. She has rubbed suet into the bark of the trees to watch the nuthatches find and dig it out. She has taken the care of Elizabeth's canary entirely off her hands, and dotes on fussing with "Peterkin". She wants some dog books and some bird books that will tell her more about their habits and the care that should be given them. She is growing very tall, very mentally lazy, very irritable and hard to manage--all due to the tonsils and probably adenoids. Elizabeth simply cannot breathe thru her nostrils at all, day or night. Dr dared not attend to them this winter. Since the grippe has taken such a hold on people it has been forbidden to touch tonsils unless absolutely necessary because so many cases have proved fatal. It is hard to carry them thru this long winter with these constant colds etc. Every time the thermometer pokes itself above the zero mark it begins to snow. We have lots of the beautiful now, but as it fell after the ground had been thoroughly and deeply frozen we are going to have hard times getting rid of the water when the snow melts. Floods have already begun south of here. Of course we can have no trouble right here, but I do dread the floods.

Faith is learning lessons well, such a funny happy-go-lucky girl as she is. I have not seen Herbert and Mame for weeks and weeks. I have not caught a glimpse of Herbert since I was there to dinner the first week of January. He has not been over here since Christmas. Mame is better, she has a little girl to help her, and Herbert has a good man.

I have a beautiful bouquet of carnations that my class of S.S. young women sent me. Probably you did not get the letter telling of Elsie Goldberg's joining the church. It was

a real fight, a real conversion with the real knowledge of the coming of the Holy Spirit into her heart. Archie is so happy over it. He always sends messages to you.

With Wilson storming the West with his Preparedness speeches, the Germans conspiring to attack Canada, as the Canadians assert, with Mexico and other little annoyances buzzing about our ears, such as to whom does the Appam belong? is the Lusitania case settled? etc. there is plenty to keep one busy reading the daily papers. The St Paul Carnival ended in a blaze of fun--not so much glory--and St Paul is decidedly on the map of the United States. The most wonderful bit of advertising any city ever had. All due to Louis Hill. It is a united St Paul as it never was before.

And in Hudson things are moving too. The Civic League is stirring up the men to united action as never before. The proposition of the Company to unite with the city in starting a Y.M.C.A is the question now. Co.C. offers its whole plant, and in return asks that all men between the ages of 18 and 35 join the company. That raises the wind, as you may imagine. Percy has done much to cleanse and raise the standards of the Company. He contends that they have offered a big thing to the city and why should they not get something in return. He does not argue as to the necessity of the company--but the fact that it is here shows that some think it is needed, and if it is why should not the whole town feel proud of it and more than that help in making it efficient and representative. And I think it will be carried. The business men are also preparing to have a Chatauqua this next summer. Last Fall the street fair was -well it was not respectable-- and I guess that stirred up some of them to think something else might be undertaken. But I must stop my gossiping- Write and tell me about the many letters you have had from me.
Mother.

Galahad

Hudson Wisconsin

September 21 1916

My very Dear:

I do not know where you are, so I do not know where this letter will be sent after I have written it, but I am going to write it and send it when I hear. Your letter, written on the train, was received yesterday noon, and I was glad to get the love message it brought.

Tuesday, about two o'clock, I gave up and went to bed and stayed there until Thursday morning. The cold I had taken left my head and went to my bowels, and I was kept pretty busy with cramps etc. Rest, fasting and hot water bag did their good work and today I am feeling pretty nearly fit. Shall I tell you about what happened yesterday morning?

It all began before yesterday morning, as most things do. You know the boys at my table are not the most gentlemanly boys in the world, owing to age, temperament, and home training. Excuses enough can be made for them, but they are here to learn better. Being in bed left them alone for several meals. Mrs Pace sat with them ~~Wed~~ Tuesday evening but begged off after that. Each meal they got worse. Wednesday evening they got so boisterous that Bobby's usual good manners were intensified, so that Ruth had to take him out and spank him. She then threatened to do the same by the older ones if they could not control themselves, but they only thought it a joke. Will came over late in the evening, with a new list for seating at the tables. I suggested that I would like to talk to the boys first, but he thought the

trouble was that we talked too much and were too patient with that crowd of fellows. I gave in, but not being able to sleep ~~a~~ that night, a new thought came to me. Simply distributing those boys about the room would not be any help to them, it would throttle them, but leave them just as rude as ever. They need education rather than force. To make the story of a long night short, this was the result. I had the usual Bible class but was not equal to talking very much, so with ~~an~~ a written examination and the Lord's Prayer, we went down to ~~the~~ breakfast. After we got well started I asked the boys if each one could hear what I was saying, if I talked no louder. They listened--and I never said plainer truths to a bunch of boys than I put to them there. Their actions were those of hoodlums and bounders. They had not the first principles of gentlemanliness, etc. One of three things was true about them: either they had never been taught the meaning of the word "gentleman", and I could not believe that--or they were sub-normal, morally, and could not understand the meaning of the word--and I would not believe that; or they were simply thoughtless because of their unlimited egotism and selfishness. I told them the only way they could put themselves right with the school, with Mrs Inglis and with me, was to stand right up there and apologize for their actions. Stanley agreed, instantly--Perkins flushed, hesitated, gasped, and agreed. Some one said "Let Stanley do it for us." "No, let us not ask Stanley to be your spokesman." I urged that they each make an apology, they begged that one might do it. I asked each one if he would--Fitzsimmons, white as a sheet fairly glowered at me and at Stanley and did not reply, I said--"evidently not". I asked Martin--"I am noy much good at making a speech, Mrs Penfield."

I said I knew it would be hard to do, but hard things were some times worth while. At last Martin said, "I do not think we have done anything that needs an apology"--Then my quiet manner left and I blazed at him--"You don't, then it is true that you do not know what it means to be a gentleman. You boys have talked of things here at the table that should never be spoken of at any table, that should never be mentioned in a mixed company--You have been so noisy that no one else in the room could hear conversation---You have made it harder for Mrs Inglis to manage her children--You have acted the hoodlum and yet think you owe no apology"----- Nolte tried to make light of it, because of embarrassment, but it did not work very well, at last Stanley shot out of his chair and apologised to the school and Mrs Inglis for the noisy table they had had-- as soon as he sat down Perkins did the same--then Nolte, Larson, Fitzsimmons, Martin and last poor Atwood. Then I got up and spoke to a very interested, breathless, and in some cases, tearful audience. I said they need not think that my boys had done a very easy thing this morning, and I believed that they were, each one of them, gentlemen at heart, even tho it did not also show, that they would try to take their proper place in the school, but if Mr. Mac. was willing, I would like to keep them with me for a time longer that I might cement the friendship between us. etc. I was standing with my hand on Martin's shoulder, and was shaking, myself. Mr. Mac. rose and said he had planned to change the table thinking it for the best interest of the school, but if the interest of the school would be better served by keeping the table as it was, very well. Now, Honey, that is the first time I ever interfered with the discipline---it remains to be seen what comes of it. At noon, it was a very constrained lot of boys that met me, but

they were dreadfully hungry, and we had a fine lunch, and I was very much interested in many things, and the restraint was soon gone--the table is quiet and good.

I miss you, that goes without saying, but I do hope both you and Helen will have a good, good year and if so, it will pass quickly and happily. The mail has come, and there is nothing from you, but I must stop now.

With love,
Mother.

Monday.

Dear Heart:

Your letter came yesterday--I have not been able to find your little book, but do you not think it is in the unopened trunk?----But oh do not unpack it to see. I will look still farther for it, as soon as there comes a breathing space, and if I find it will send it down tonight, special delivery. Hastily,
Mother.

Galahad

Hudson Wisconsin.

Oct. 5 1916

Dear Wilder:

I wonder if anyone else has remembered that this is the second anniversary of Mother's new birth. Dear little woman, I wish I could take her in my arms tonight. But I am glad she does not have to go thru it all again. I guess just dying is the hardest part of dying. Just the change to something one knows not what. I regret more and more that I did not receive her ~~last~~ word and look. That was given the nurse who cared for her, and yet I was awake and only in the next room. Just delayed coming into the room until it was too late for her to know me.

I sent several letters from different people to the first address you sent--983 Broadway--I hope you will get them. In your letter that came yesterday I learned a good many things I wanted to know, but I am very anxious to get the next one to let me know if the other three exams have been cleared for you. I am so thankful that you have not had to go through that strain. I am glad that real exercise has made you feel so much better, and that your appetite is so good.

I know you enjoyed being with Helen in Milwaukee and that it was good to see her in her environment there. I am supposing, too, that the work in the lab. was what you wanted too. I wish I could see you in your rooms, and hope you will have the very happiest kind of a year.

I went to see Dr. Cook in St Paul, on recommendation of Dr. White--Mrs. Pace's son-in-law.

The only thing he seemed certain about in regard to this skin trouble is that it is not eczema. He thinks it is due to my general condition. It is astonishing how many things have been laid to my general condition, yet when any one examines my "general condition" he never finds anything wrong. Ever since that fall I had the first year of Galahad January 1906, I have had a "general condition." Nerves---- but every organ in my body seems to be all right. Dr. Cook examined the urine---perfectly normal. After that time of blood poison, Dr. Kermott had me have the uterus scraped-- but afterwards acknowledged that there was not much necessity of having it done. There is never any reason for my troubles. Dr. Bickford tried to find tuberculosis, but could not succeed. Neuritis developed instead. And then "General condition" became chronic.

However, General or Major Condition---the trouble is worse than when you left. Last Friday, the second time I was over to see Dr. Cook, he asked to have Dr. Freeman up to see it. "Peculiar case", certainly. I could not hear what Dr. Freeman said about it, but the lotion was not changed, and the itching, burning and aching still keeps me awake at night except when I am so tired I have to sleep. It is very bad on my hands now. And it mortifies me very much. I am going over to see him again tomorrow.

I am to take George over to see Dr. Harding, also Louise. Scottie wanted to go too, and wanted Mrs. Elwell to go, so Mr. Carr takes us all over in the car, tomorrow morning. Louise will do her own shopping etc. and Mr. Carr takes us to lunch. I am especially glad on Cottie's account. She has been wanting

an auto ride so much. I hope it will be a beautiful day.

Last Monday on my invitation or suggestion, Anita asked Mrs Baker, Ruth, Winifred and me to go to Cottage Grove to make our party call for the luncheon in June. I asked Mrs Phipps if they and the Havens did not want to go, so Stephen and Helen took Mrs Phipps and Mrs Haven, and we had a beautiful time. The day wa beautiful, the foliage was so beautiful and the drive home through the woods made one ache with the beauty of it. Mrs Severance is building a big addition to the home, an enormous ball room, bedrooms etc. She wanted to know why I had not brought you down this summer. She reminded me that she had never seen you, and especially since your being blown up in the Sussex she wanted to know you, for she had a fellow feeling for one who had had such an experience. You will recall that she was on the Republic when that went down.

Mame is sitting up the greater part of each day. Little Fred is growing, and is a very good baby, for sure. I went down to the church yesterday afternoon, and had supper there with my girls, and after supper went up to Herbert's and visited for about an hour and a half. It looks as though I should see more of them this winter than for several winters.

You must take after your mother in your love for large desks. I shall be glidd to hear all about Dr. Shaw and the Finney's again. Please recall me to Mrs. Finney's remembrance. And if you ever do see Mrs McLanahan and Mrs Hibbing give them my very best love, wont you? Ted is piling in the coal, it is not so very cold, but he would

rather build a fire in the furnace that to keep the little heater going. Did I tell you that he found that the grate in the sitting room was connected with the furnace instead of having a separate flue as was supposed, and that is probably the reason why it cost so much to heat the house? But I cannot use the grate any more, and I do not like that. I must begin to get ready for bed, and St. Paul tomorrow. God bless you my dear boy.

Mother.

*Shall I direct my letters
to Dr Penfield?*

The Galahad School

October, the Thirteenth.

Dear Boy:

Things move fast for me, as they usually do. Percy comes home Monday and I go to the hospital in St. Paul soon. Now for the reasons why and how.

When I went to St. Paul last week Friday Dr. Cook urged me to go to bed. Well, I puzzled how I was to do it. So I thought and thought, did not talk any until it was decided, and then said I would rush things through, finish up all the loose ends down town as fast as possible and then go to bed every noon and stay there until the next morning. I could then attend to the two Bible classes, and look after the office, and consult with Mrs Byrd, etc. etc. etc. I would also resign from every other duty.

I gave up my table in the diningroom, dividing up my boys between Mr. Bell's and Will's tables and putting most of the younger boys at Mr. Thomas' table. All of the ladies and children at one table. I worked like everything to get the Mormon program for the Miss. Soc. ready for Wednesday. I had not known, until Friday that I was responsible for it. I gave Winifred the materials to tell about it from the woman's side. I gave Mrs. Knott the article-"Are Christians Justified in Combating Mormonism"--and I took the rest of the subject, and I was so saturated with it we had a most interesting meeting, "If I do say it as hadn't ought to." There was not a soul in the room that was not stirred a little bit out of her normal. Then Winifred and I were both helping to give the supper- she worked, but I depended on a substitute, and studied my lesson for the

evening. After supper, and visiting with different ones, we had a church meeting up stairs. It was the regular meeting -open meeting- for the League when each section leader was expected to give her report for the program for the winter. First I gave a little speech of my own and explained why the Council had been so inefficient. In fact there was no Council I was the only member there and one woman could not "counsel" alone. We had never had a full meeting of the five members. You will not need to know more than that I resigned on account of ill-health--save the mark, when so healthy a looking woman as I gives such an excuse, but a Dr's name carries great weight, and they took it quite seriously, seemingly.

Mr. Tourtellot could not let me off entirely, and asked me for a speech of ten minutes from the pulpit Sunday--on the ideals of the League. I said I would not be there and he kept at me until I promised to try and write a speech for him to deliver. An easy way of getting a sermon?--or does he really think it would help?

After that meeting I had a meeting of the Mission Study class. I resigned from that and from the S.S. class. But asked the girls to come here on Saturday afternoon to sew for the Baby booth for which we are to be responsible at the Fair, and to stay to tea. Mrs. Reid will take care of that, I have planned a very easy one for her. And that will finish my responsibility to the girls. Now I must set my house in order here, which means, principally, my desk. I have nearly cared for the necessities of one drawer, today---bills etc. But it looks as tho there were two or three weeks' work ahead of me, all to be cleared off in two or three days. But most of the letters may be post cards-- I shall try and have it all in the order you always keep your

things in, so if anything is wanted while I am gone I shall be able to direct some one even tho I am twenty miles away.

I went to St. Paul again yesterday, and Dr. Cook seemed really distressed because things were going so very slowly. He says the inflammation is so deep down in the tissues it must be drawn out before any attempt can be made to heal them up. The skin is so sensitive it cannot bear even the slightest stimulation. It must be soothed, and must have the wet dressings kept on constantly. That cannot be done while I am moving around. In bed a part of the day would help a little but not enough. I must go to the hospital, where he can keep watch of it better, and where it ~~xxxxx~~ can be properly cared for.

He advises the City and County Hospital--"It is so very clean there, good rooms and not so high in price." Almost the very words Dr Bickford used of the hospital. But Herbert does not want me to go there. He wants me to go to the new one--St. Johns--it sounds more aristocratic. But I will not worry over it, I have written Dr. and will wait until I hear from him before I decide anything.

Of course I could not leave Will alone, so I telegraphed Percy last night--"Am ordered to hospital. Cannot go until you come. Can't Colonel Metcalf help? Mother" This noon I had an answer. "Leave here on first train. Saturday morning. Arrive in St. Paul Monday morning. Wire details about Will." Now as Will was in Cumberland with the team I could think up no details about him, so I telegraphed--"If you need money, wire. I am sick, not Will." Do you think that will probably cover what he may have meant? If he really thot that Will had been ordered to the hospital, he was one frightened boy. He, himself, has been in the hospital for a week with malaria, but is out now.

When I write a "double-header", it does not mean that you are to send on your copy, it means I have made a carbon copy and have sent it to both of you at the same time. Imagine how disappointed I was to see a nice fat letter, and then find it was my own letter returned to me.

Do you know there has been nothing that has made you seem so very grown up, and so very much the-man-who-can-take-care-of-himself-without-mother, as your taking obstetrical cases. Good-by, dear little mother-boy, you will go on growing stronger and stronger, looking after the needs of poor suffering humanity, helping them bear ^{their} ~~your~~ burdens, (and soon you will have a dear woman to help you in the bearing of those burdens) and mother will watch her dear, strong Christian son, with a heart full of pride until her growing weakness will become too hard to bear and then she, ^{will} lie down, and open her eyes with the feeling of a new and blessed strength, after a while of resting, and will perhaps have a feeling of greater pride in her dear Man-child than it is possible for her to feel in this world, so close to him. Life never seems very hard when one can look back, and far forward and connect each with the present. It is only when we get so depressed that we can only see the present that it seems hard at times.

I must tell you some of the Kinder-sayings. I wish I could recall more of them. When I was in St. Paul one day I went to the Met. and went around the world on the screens. I told the girls about it and Elizabeth was overheard telling John. "And John, Naneen went all around the world when she was in St. Paul, and she saw monkeys, and elephants going down the shoot the shutes--and oh lots of things." John's eyes were big--"Did she see un^cle Jack?"

The other day John was playing and of a sudden he began to walk with great difficulty, dragging one leg on the ground and moving about first in one place and then in another. Winifred said-"John what in the world are you doing?" "Why I am uncle Wildie ~~Wilder~~." "Uncle Wilder does not walk like that." "Why Mother don't you remember what you told us about his being blown up on the Sussex, and that he had his leg broken, and even with a broken leg he went about helping other people who were hurt? and that is what I am doing." Now you see, you did not like us to make very much of your experience there, but that experience of yours, and the way you acted under it, will do more to make self-conscious, self-centered little John work himself out of that condition into thoughts for others, far more than any amount of training that can be directed at him? Sort of a big wonderful thing life is, when our unconscious actions if true and helpful may be of benefit to so many others.

Marmie was very tired and hungry. It was half past five o'clock when she asked to go over to the kitchen and get something to eat. Her mother refused saying it was too near dinner time. Margaret threw herself down on the couch and cried with temper. Bobs was playing, looked up, hesitated a moment, then went to her and put his arm around her, "What's matter Mamie?" Mother wont let me have a cracker" howled Margaret. Bobs got up flew at Ruth and struck her just as hard as he could, then back to the couch, his arms around Margaret. "There Mamie, I hit her." Not a very lovely story, but it was funny. He was loving his mother very hard, kissing and hugging, then he drew back and said-"I do that to Daddie,--but I wont hurt my Daddie." And now he is coming on Monday, and how happy they all are.

I asked Ruth if she did not think her mother loved her very much, and had she not always tried to get for her everything she had ever wanted. When we could not get him home any other way, I found a way that hurried him ^{but} ^{back} instanter.

But there are other letters. I am anxious to know about the other three examinations. Ought I to tell Dr. Kermott what I have done about going to Dr. Cook? I suppose I should have asked his advice before, but I did not think of it.

With all love, dear.

Mother.

C + C Hospital.

St. Paul. Minn.

Sunday - October 22-16

My Very Dear:

I have not yet been able to get hold of any ink - and I have to do all of my writing before Dr Cook gets here in the morning, because after that I go into wet bandages, hands and legs.

I wrote you before I left home that I was coming over on Wednesday - Jack came with me, and was his own sweet self, of course - I have forgotten where I wrote - if it was after he came home or before. The last few days at home were so busy, I was trying to leave everything as near apple pie order as I could. I got the business in my desk finished up and brot the letters over here to write - they are not written yet. I wrote to Helen K. just before I began this, however -

It seemed good to say you to have Jack home again, especially so to Ruth & Will. And the boys think now they are going to win some games. They will have some time to get into shape as they do not play again until next Saturday.

But dear one, do you appeal me to talk anything else but my own affairs when I am lying in a hospital? It is my first experience in a hospital bed. The thing that is the most noticeable is the disturbing noise. Quod dormitones are nothing to be compared to the noise

here. Wednesday night my door was left open. Babies crying, a woman shrieking and a man growling all night long. Added to that the noise in the corridor - I cannot locate them all, but being next the boiler room in a big building is more like it - yet my room is at the end of the corridor a corner room S.E. and very pleasant. The noise in the halls was so terrible - Thursday night I asked to have the door closed. I slept pretty well. Friday was "Council day" two of them and the nursing is in the middle of this corridor. Late in the afternoon I was so tired from the noise it seemed as though I could not wait until bed time to get the door closed. Then the night nurse said she was sorry but she had been reproved for closing it the night before. It was against the rules to close it. "Why you might jump out of the window and I would not know it." Such a night as I put in, and Dr was disgusted the next morning. The door was closed last night, and at any other time I want it closed. Also I slept last night and I think he will be better pleased with conditions this morning.

Now for a little professional information. Besides the old spots on my legs which have grown in size since you saw them - there ^{are} several new ones starting - and I am broken out for my knees up to my thighs - and again above my hips on both sides. Some that have become the same round spots, the small and others that have

not get come thru the skin - Besides the two large spots on my hands, one on each hand there are six small ones, one hand and five on the other - Besides that there are others coming on my arms -

He gave me a lotion "Calman" that left a powder on the surface until I came over here - Now I have to keep wet bandages on all day - and lie in the bed under the cradle - and I freeze all day - At night I put on the other lotion - remove the cradle - cool off the sores and keep warm - My feet - my body warm the air under the cradle but it does not -

When Jack left me Wednesday night he sent back his books - one of Ralph Loomis - and Mary Rhinhardt - "Central staircase" - said he would order the Minneapolis Journal too - that has not appeared - neither have I had any word of any kind from anyone of them since - Dr Cook lent me Mrs. Shaughnessy's "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico" - and say, it is a wonderful book.

It is so fair and so broad minded, but oh the weakness, cruelty and ignorance of the handling of the Mexican problem by the U.S. - is terribly shown. Of course Bryan was the one, but - was not Helen responsible? These letters written to her mother from October 1913 - to April 23 - 1914 - written day by day when things were happening - when they could see that Hurta was the only one capable of handling the situation - and when Lind knowing nothing

of the Latin-Americans came down with a
pre-conceived idea which he did not try to
justify with the facts - ^{land} - having a fascinated
interest in the bandits of the North raised
the embargo on arms and hell followed -
Well, I hope you may read the book some
day - I shall try & get it for Herbert - for
Christmas - One cannot buy it now - I wonder
if there has been an answer to it - I would
like to read that - It is late - but I must go
my net things - the more the better in and I
have no time to wait longer -

God bless you darling boy -

Mother

Monday October 30 - 1916.

My dear old sweetheart:

Well, I had a little visit with a nerve specialist

today - "We do not treat the nerves as we used to treat them -"

You will not need to leave home, it will be by Psycho Analysis.

dreams, forgotten things in your storehouse of memory that

have made an indelible impression on your mind etc.

After I am over this trouble - "An irritation not from

the nerves, but the condition of my mind simply has

pr predisposed me to the trouble" I am to go to his office

from time to time and together we will work out the

cause - Now the question is, do I want any man poking

about in the inner recesses of my mind to see what I

thought and what I did in past ages - It makes me laugh

for two reasons - I have always been so interested in this

Psycho Analysis for some time else - and have made the

statement several times that I would hail the day

when we could really read each others minds - because ^{so often}

human words do not interful human meanings as often

I made that statement before Mr Carr me - and he looked

at me with horror - "You must have a very white mind,"

Mrs Penfield, if you are willing say we should read it -

But what I intended was, if we could, all of us, read

the others mind, there would not be so many misunderstandings

and there would not be so many doors in our minds we

would want to keep hidden - But, when the thing comes right

down to me now - and "together" we are to search all of the past

in this poor mind of mine - I don't know - there are several

And to divine - is the End - I believe -
God bless my darling boy - Mother

half forgotten corners I do not care to clear out - some to
be regretted, some to blush at and some I am afraid of
many and various are the things that have brought
about the woman that I am. . . And yet - I will
do almost anything to get rid of the thing that keeps
me from sleeping - and so keeps me from offering -
I may live thirty years more, and I want to live
a useful, sane, strong mental life to the last -

I told Dr Cook I wished he would send a specialist -
who was capable and honest =

Mr. Dr Cook has now made an examination of the
epidote. It is getting better, but so very slowly that he is disappointed
and will bring Dr Freeman up again to see it again, tomorrow.
I like Dr Cook very much - One of the nurses called him
a "Lee Utzig" at this trouble - but I do not know much
about him otherwise, and how the public does seem to
take Drs in trust!! -

Tuesday morning:

Your letter of Sunday came this morning - and
my dear, my dear how happy it made me. Queer how
things come together so - Yesterday, after the interview with Dr
Snary, I was greatly stirred - I went back through the past -
gathered up impressions to bear, not in the formation of my character
so much, as to the influence on my present - credulous condition -
delving about - as I did brought many hard things to light - and
I expected a wakeful night - but instead I slept - well and
woke up needing an expression which I found in the psalms
95 - 103. The joy that comes with the morning: the whole world
seemed desirous of calling out the joy and glory of God. Then
your letter - "Sing a new song" - Ah yes, indeed - Hard things
are hard to bear at the time - but "joy cometh in the morning"

Before we can be of help to others we must live into knowledge
and it all pays - oh how much it all pays. As I look
back and note definite decisions made, sometimes in
the face of great temptation, I am so thankful, so
very thankful for the experience - for it has paid in
this letter received today from my darling boy -

Helen will be the influence that is the greatest in your
formation of character from now on? No, dear boy I do not think
so - for this reason - her love and companionship will
tell much for your efficiency - but you are the stronger of
the two and you will form her character. Helen's grandmother
has done the most wonderful developing her into the dear, sweet
girl she is - you will take her and mould her into
strength and auxiliaries. She will be a great help - yes,
your greatest help in the carrying on your life and plans
for the future - and your children will help to form the
character of both of you. Do you see what I mean? I rejoice
for Helen that she has a man to whom she can look up, and
on whom she can lean in perfect trust - and thank God
that that man is my son; my crown of happiness.

By your being "an out-and-outer" you make your mother's
life worth while - and you exert the greatest influence over
your chosen wife that has extended her life to make her a
worth while mother for your children - Does it pay to be
"an out-and-outer"? - I should think so. I pray

God's richest blessing on Will and Percy, Dr Fanning and
Sir William Osler. Those other strong factors that have
helped to mould your life.

And now, a bit about the third part - the free will

or "egg." Tendencies, - (heredity), opportunities, education, -
(environment) help or hinder more than we know. - but after
all, the principal factor is the egg - and that is the
strongest factor of all. "I will," can snap his fingers at
tendencies or opportunities. I may be weak in the legs, and
knowing that thing I must watch my steps carefully. - Some
day I fall and break a leg. Along comes a friend and lifts me
into a carriage, takes me to the best physician, gives me the best
care, I recover quickly with better legs than I ever had, and
say, that friend was more powerful than my parents. - They gave
me weakness. ~~They~~ gave me strength. I had to watch myself
every moment. - now I do not need to watch, my weakness
is overcome, I am strong. - very well - could I now have
been made strong without that friend? - Must I always have been
weak but for him? - Not at all. - He could not have helped
me at all had I not been willing to be helped. Had I resisted
him could he have put me in the carriage and taken me to the
physician? - without my consent - would I have kept the
splints on? - without my desire would I have learned to use
my stiff legs afterwards? - etc. - On the other hand, had he not
wished to help me! the physician & the hospital and the
means were all in existence - had I been determined
enough - I could have crawled to them: it would have
been painful, it would have taken a long time - there would
be many obstacles such as stones, autos, and people in
the way. - But there would be many a policeman at the corners to
help me over - there would be many a man to give me a
helping hand - etc. - I could. - And, more than that, before I
had fallen - in the first place I could have walked slowly
& haltingly to this same physician and had help. - If I had
known about him. Now older boys there is the hardest thing - so
many do not know about this wonderful egg that has the choice in the
making of the life - so many do not know the Great Physician. - That is our
duty. - to emphasize the glory of manhood that comes from the power of choice -

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

C. + C. Hospital -

November 4 - 1916

My dear Diller:

My two weeks run up last Wednesday, but I am still here - and how long will I be here? - who knows -

Yesterday Dr Cook brought Dr Armstrong with him to see me. He said they had a long talk but it is getting better, what caused it and what is the prognosis a return of it - whether one could say - Dr C. had told me before that he would "like to take an examination on what he knew about the case." I think I truly am more interested in the cause than the cure.

I have been growing more and more anxious to find out the cause of my many sleepless nights. Either things that bother me it seems to me could be traced to the loss of sleep - but what causes the loss of sleep? I am wondering about my teeth - Dragners is some times caused by the teeth, and that does trouble me a great deal. There is a nerve in my upper jaw that is sensitive to touch. Dr Cook does not think the skin trouble can come from that, however. Dr Snary thinks the nervousness might come from that. I believe I will have a radiograph taken of my teeth - what do you think? - I suppose it would be a good thing, right now, to get myself into as perfect physical condition as possible in preparation for the going down hill. I want to keep good health even though I may not do strenuous things. I want to keep in touch with things and be efficient.

mentally as long as I live. I see no reason why I can
not do so. Father did not, but he harped on one string
too much. He was in a rut and wore out - a fine mind
by not using it in many ways. Mr Baker's mind runs
more out; and what a help he was to so many young people.
The thing that worries me most is the mind, and the deafness.
Do you know, such lovely things happen some every day here.

Yesterday, Mrs John Meigs came to see me. She could be here not
much more than half an hour - but how fast we talked! - She
seemed able to go right to the point and get out of me, in
very few words just all about Galahad. I believe she knows
more about it now than any one in Hudson. One suggestion
she made was - younger boys - on account of the big young families -
'an ideal environment for such a school' - a school on the large plan -
sure it would draw & pay. The other - she will see Mrs
Susan Parmore of Minneapolis - a successful business woman;
the head of the Finance dept. of the Y.W.C.A. and a woman who
loves to help others and "the most wonderful believer in the
efficacy of prayer of any one I ever knew". She thinks we must
have some one to help us out financially. She will ask Mrs
Parmore to come over to Galahad and spend the day - go
over the whole plant and advise us. It seems like asking
a good deal of Mrs Parmore but Mrs Meigs thinks
a work like ours, founded on prayer, and this year handed
over wholly to God - that He may decide what we shall do
with it - has the right to demand of others of His servants any
help they can give. It is such a big outlook, such a wonderful
view point: while I believe it, yet it takes my breath away to have

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

it put before me in that way. To think that "He is able
to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think,
according to the power that worketh in us" means what
I know it means - yet - I am not big enough to take it
in - I know the work of Galahad is his work, I know
we are in that work because we believe it is his work. I
know he will never ask us to do anything that he will
not give us the power to do. I know he cannot run
the school without boys, or without capital. Then if I
know all of that, why should it seem strange to ask me of
his intimate friends to help us to understand what is wrong
with us? Will say - How do I know that he wants
me here? What proof have I that I have not made
a mistake, that he never intended I should be here?
Mrs. Meigs says God never closes me door without opening
another one, and until there is an unmistakable door opened
some when she there can be no doubt about his being
in the right plan. It seems so easy to believe with the
mind - Why can I not lay hold on the promises
I believe. One mind believes it - ^{for other} cannot grasp the
wonder of it. "All things are possible to him that believeth."
Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief. That is the motto
of my young woman's class - and I never say it without an
inward gasp. All things is so big -

There come the nurses with the dinner tray -
God bless my darling boy - Dr. Cook said this morning -
"Why did you not tell me your son was a Princeton football player?"
Dr. Harding had well been -
lovingly, Mother

sensation and easily hurt; and "cannot
forget-the hurt:-"

I shall enjoy reading my book, I
know - And for my dear Ludda I thank
God.
Mother.

C. F. C. Kerpelod.

M. Paul. Minn.

Nov. 7. 1816.

My dear:-

The book came this morning, the
English edition yesterday morning -
Thank you for Bill - And especially
for your enclosed thought - I am
mother. Oh he - I do appreciate it -
all.

Dr. Will one yesterday that I
might go some this week. And in
part - is Saturday or Sunday when
Mrs Deane says they will take me
home into care. And what to do?

[interme]

Dr. Bangs, came in the other day and said he was to take a history of the case. At the end he said - "I think I can name - ask Dr Cook if it is not Erythema Multiformis" - I asked him he threw his head back and laughed. "Tell him he is not within 2,000 rows of apple trees of the truth, altho it was a good guess. Tell him if he will find the right name for it - I will be glad to present him with a bag of the best cigars I can find." I have not had the opportunity of telling Dr Bangs.

Last evening who should walk in bed - Ray. He has come down to have his bridge work done. His pulse has gone down from 120 with 18 skips - to normal and after no skips at all. The dentist said there was so much pain there it could not help but make him ill - symptoms, rheumatic. I shall see him every day for the rest of the week.

What would you think of living in the town with a man who "has out-smiled for nearly seven years" - Imagine a woman taking care of such a ^{husband} man - Imagine a family of children belonging to such a father - He believes every man's hand is against him and if any one is kind to him or his it is because he has "an axe to grind" - He is confined to the house - That is the home life of Bernice Newsham - one of my class of girls - No wonder she is

Thursday Morning -

C + Hospital -
St. Paul - Minn.

My dear Mother:

I had such a glorious sleep last night - and the room is so bright - with the yellow button chrysanthemums that Ruth brot last night - that I feel like doing things this morning - I have just written Helen K. thanking her for the lovely roses she sent to me from Milwaukee - They are in one corner of the window at the foot of the bed - In the other corner is a bunch of pink and Ward (copper yellow) roses that Mrs Pare brot me. On the table beside me a single rose - the Russell - that Mrs White brot me last Friday - It is still fragrant and beautiful - It has been the "marvel of the ward" - "Have you seen Mrs Parfield's rose? is a common remark. Here is a bit of advice for you. If ever you want to show special attention to some shoekies who has been kind to you, some - any one to whom you would like to show a delicate attention - find a florist who carries the Russell Rose - buy just one - and leave an order for just one to be sent on a certain day each week to this person you wish to honor. A big bunch of expensive roses - or orchids - or sweet peas - is not to be compared to the pleasure one will have with this beautiful rose in a small vase so that it can be intimate and friendly near by and last so long. It is very fragrant - beautiful in form & color. a deep, clear pink - with petals of good texture - and deep green glossy leaves - how remember. Ruth remembered my love for yellow and how it always exhilarated me. She did not think she could come over here - so many shoes and stockings etc - for the children were naked it kept the pocket book.

empty. And yesterday when she poked her clear head
in at the door I never was more glad to see anyone -
she has a very becoming black hat - and had on her
new winter coat - that she had bought that morning - and
she was so fresh and lovely - she stayed fully two hours
with me -

I am out of the ointment and the net-dressings and
for three days have had salve dressings on. I am broken
out from my knees to thighs and around my
waist - and on my arms - but he does not dress
them, simply gives me an alcohol solution to put on
to relieve the dreadful burning and itching - and they
are not growing - most of them show signs of drying
up - I spoke about what you said - that you
found you had done more harm than good -
and he said no - he did not think so - you
need not worry about that - But now, on
some of them the new white skin is forming -
And he thinks we are beginning to get ahead of the game.
Since beginning this letter your letter of the 22nd has
come - and a long one from Ray. I had a good
laugh at each one of them - And Dr. Cairn in
while I was laughing and telling Miss Larkins about
the Negro whose grandfather died of "noticing serious" -
I do not know how long I shall be here - I would like to
be away from Galahad for a longer time than the
two weeks, but do not think I would like to stay
here longer than I would have to stay - too much
suffering - too much noise. It does not seem to have
any place to go when it would not cost too much and

keeping his death...
As I grow old I am going to write my own history
you - but I wonder. I shall write my own history
and will you all - for dear boy, old people - dear as
they may be - as a case and are different - But we
will see if that the year brings you - you are old
I write to Kermit the day after tomorrow - I do not know
how he feels about it -
"Power" - Oh what a world while things no matter how
not a thing that comes to our attention, "as the
much in my hand - But I think the pleasure of work,
one that finally got it in with the amount of work,
and a certain kind of judgment - is the price
will have it - I have had
one must pay - And there who truly deserve it - "But long
power in the city - I remember well you will endure with power from
an high. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth
The "All things are possible" that is what says by the
one, when you look at that - Power that is what says by the
shaking table all the legs that bear - that work - look
in your table all the legs that bear - that work - look
well said it is a matter all right - you understand
my strength - made errors - all through - I was
one have taken longer than I - one - I was
interested in the account of the fishing - and in the
and I thought over what you
said about the fingers of the accounts - persons -
And I was interested, too - I am glad you were
decide to go to the Yale game. You might go. When
comes - how I wish I could go to the game -
I wonder you are in a club - with her -
mother -

where I could get what I want - just absolute freedom
from any responsibility of any kind - why when Lottie
would come in and say - "What do you want for your
dinner?" I would be irritated almost to death. I would
say "Lottie you and Mr Riel decide that and don't
dare to ask me again". But it would do no good - I would
have to make out the menu - and refusing to do so only
made her feel bad. That was a mighty little thing - but
it showed a big thing, perhaps. If I need down to names -
I would have to take care of the children and my sympathy
would be drawn on all of the time - well I am not
going to get about the future - I will simply wait - and see.
at present I am just so busy that the days go by as swiftly
as they did with you at Down. I have some Bible study
yesterday morning I sent off the results to Will - the work
for next week's work in the Bible class. Then I brought
over so many long over-due letters to answer - then
Dr Cook has brought me some reading - I asked
him to buy a North American Review and send it
to Will & Perry to read, then I asked them to send
it to you. I know you are dreadfully busy but please
before election comes read the first article on the
President - by George Harvey - Mr Harvey is the
editor and a democrat and the one who is said to have
"discouraged" Mr Wilson and really elected him - then
read "Wilson and Our Foreign Affairs" by David
Jayne Hill - you will find out - this too by looking
at one of the first pages of the magazine - how do not
fail of doing that, dear - please -

I have not seen the Independent - lately - but will watch
for Lloyd George's sermon, when I can get it -

Perry is feeling better - and better but for a year will be

Galahad

November 14 1916

Wilder, Dear Boy:

I came home Saturday evening just after Jack had left for St. Paul on his way back to Texas. They would not extend his leave of absence, but at the same time, from the same regiment a Menominee lieutenant was granted a two month's leave. It seems strange. We do need him so very much. Will is not like himself at all. He was different while Jack was here, Ruth says, but now it is as it was before. He has so much to do is the trouble, of course. But we are to have five days vacation at Thanksgiving, and that is good.

I am getting better, but oh it is slow work. I am to get up in the morning and do what is necessary to be done, and then go to bed until the next morning. I am writing this before I undress now. I had a talk with Dr Cook on Saturday and told him that I would take his advice as to what I should do. I cannot afford a long expensive trial with any Dr. and yet I must get into the way of sleeping nights. Friday morning I went down town for a little while. The result was only two or three hours of sleep that night. Then I came home and that night I never slept one wink. Over tired? well, perhaps so. He is going to talk to the nerve specialist and will be ready to tell me what he would advise when I go over to see him next Saturday.

While I was lying awake on Friday night I made up my mind that I would go on to Baltimore with you when you went back after Christmas. I could close the house, and make other arrangements for every one but Scottie. I think I will take

her and go down there. We could have two bedrooms, a living room, kitchenette and bath room and keep house. Of course, when one had to pay for a furnished apartment, and paid the fare down there there would not be much saved even if I did not have to buy coal and pay \$30. a month for Mrs Reid. Certainly, I know I could not do it. I could not afford it, and besides I cannot leave Will until Jack comes back. But oh I dread the cold weather, I am discouraged about this trouble and I do want to know what causes that and my sleeplessness. Yes, I shall be patient in a minute, but let me sputter it out first. Now I am all right again.

Ray will be over tomorrow afternoon on the twilight. He had his tonsils out on ~~Kriday~~ Thursday and I have not seen him since. Every one was so good to me while I was in St. Paul. You never saw how many flowers I had brought to me.

The Russian book came all right, and I am enjoying it so very much. I want to read it all over again and read it aloud. I did not care for the Idiot at all, and this one started out in about the same way. In the Idiot there was not one single good character. But this book is different. Alyosha and the monk are both strong characters. But the Russians must all be hysterical? They become mad, they rave, they kill, they know no love but that of passion. But in this book I can see a little more what the author is trying to express, I think. I thank you so very much for it, my dear.

I had a letter from Helen and she is talking about coming home for Christmas. You know it seems so funny to have so much more sympathy from Dr Cook and real personal interest as compared with Dr Kermott. I wrote Dr. K. but I do not know how he feels about it. I have not answered your

letters that meant so much to me, but I will probably write more before I send this.

Morning--

In looking over some of your old letters I am horrified, did I ever send you your tennis racket? I cannot recall that I did. Do you want it now? I am so chagrined.

Vacation begins, for you, Dec. 23. that is on Saturday. Will you be here on Sunday evening? Oh dear, you will be here only about a week, but such a precious week that will be. Especially if you go to England in the summer.

I must not write longer now, for I have only a few hours of work during the day and I must get the cards off today.

I love you dear,

Mother.

Galahad

November 19 1916

Dear Wilder:

Since writing you Ray has been here for a day and night. We had a very good visit, of course. I thought I had written you about his being here in September. I did not see him then as he spent his time at the Doctors and dentists. He discovered that he was not breathing right, short of breath, weak etc. His pulse was up to 120 and skipping every eighteen beats. The Dr. in Calgary said his heart seemed to be all right, he could not see the reason for the trouble. Ray came to Dr. Jones in Minneapolis and he said the same thing but suggested teeth. He had an X ray taken-- found a bad condition, had eight teeth out--they had all been crowned after the nerves had been killed-- and then he went ~~he~~ home to watch developments and wait until the ~~xxxx~~ gums were well. His heart action is much better, but the gums are not well enough for bridging as yet. While the Dr. had him here he thought it would be a good time to take out the tonsils, which he did. I presume he goes back home tonight. He expects to come back again in February.

Of course you have seen that the 3rd. regiment has been ordered home. Naturally we are very happy over it, but rather disgusted that Percy had to go back to come home with them. It will be good to have him here to stay. Too bad Princeton was beaten, I know you were disappointed. All the school went to the game yesterday to see Wisconsin beaten, and see Galahad beaten by St. Paul Academy--mush to

our surprise. It was not our rejoicing day, was it?. Calahad has won just one game this Fall, and that was last Saturday with St Paul Park High, on our grounds.

Mary Bergstrom came Friday to go to the game with Earnest. She goes back tonight. They just came in to say good by, thinking I might be in bed after supper, it was just six o'clock, and when I told them I had not been out of bed more than fifteen minutes they went back with the promise of coming back after eating.

Scottie and I went to St. Paul yesterday, too, but not to either game. I saw Dr. Cook and bought Christmas toys for all of the family of children. And by the way, don't you think that you will have to buy any Christmas gifts. I wish we could make it a children's Christmas. That would be the ~~best~~ sensible thing to do.

Dr. Cook called Dr. Freeman in again as he had not seen me since I went to the hospital. He could not see what else Dr. C. could do than he was doing. I guess it is getting better on the big places I know - are much better, all of the rawness has gone, but the new ones that have come are slowly growing larger, although they are not as angry as the parent ones were. The alcohol solution I put on keeps them from the intense itching. When I get nervous I have to put it on oftener---or does the itching make me nervous? Which is cause and which is effect? That is the question.

Dr. took a blood test yesterday. I will not see Dr. Snavey until after he has tested that, at any rate. I just do not know what to do. Mrs Phipps, Mrs Andersen and Mrs Clark are insistent on my going to Rochester. Mrs Haven was treated for a year for her stomach. At Rochester they found

the trouble was in her throat and she had to swallow a spool of thread (not the spool but the thread off the spool) and dilate the tube leading to the stomach--then she got well. Mrs. David Humbird went all over the country, including John's Hopkins, and found no help or knowledge until she went to Rochester and there they found it was softening of the bones, lack of lime, and they helped her. I said if I were going anywhere I would rather go to Baltimore. Some way I have an intense horror of Rochester.

It does seem strange, but I surely do like to stay in bed. I long for it when I am out of it, and hate to leave it when I am in it. I am getting the habit. Dr. Snavy said there is no such thing as nervousness. It is mental. He wants me to come to his office when I have plenty of time and he wants a long talk with me. Of course I have had things to keep me wakeful, and of course losing so much sleep for years would have a bad effect on me. Probably I have contracted the habit of letting every little thing keep me awake, and it is probably all mental. But---that is in the past. Many a night I have walked the floor and wrung my hands and cried--and now, or at least before I went to the hospital--not since then--sometimes I would be so "nervous"--I do not know what else to call it--I would be trembling all over inside and I would catch myself walking the floor, wringing my hands and sobbing--no tears, understand, just dry sobbing--and yet I was not unhappy over anything nor even worried, just wrought up because I may have been hurrying or felt there were so many things I wanted to do ect. Will it take months of absolute rest to get into shape? Shall I stay here and try and do that? Shall I go away from Galahad entirely? Shall

I go to Rochester? Shall I go to Dr Snavey? What do I want to do? I don't know. I do not want to go to Rochester. I do not really believe that any nerve specialist will do much to help me, altho I may be wrong. I do not want to spend any more money than I can help. I guess I do not want to do anything "on time." It does bother me to get up in the morning and go to the Bible classes. I am all of a tremble after talking the high cost of living with Mrs. Byrd. It does bother me to think of the little bickerings in the kitchen. The things about the school bother me in that I feel I ought to be doing something to help make them different. Yet my very marrow shrinks from taking any responsibility. I have not worked too hard for the past two years, possibly more, but I may be paying for the stress and strain of nearly thirty years. I should have thought that break would have come at the change of life, I suppose it did but I kept fighting it.

I really do not want to go away from home, I have such a comfortable place right here, but I am under quite a heavy expense right now. When the vacations come I shall have to plan for the whole family's living--in some way, if I am here. Unless I do go to Baltimore so as to be near you I do not know how I could go away any where. There is no where to go unless among complete strangers. Another thing, my hearing is bothering me more and more. A pressure is bothering me as though a tight cap were settling down from the top of my head right over the ear drum. Some times it seems as if it were almost fully covered, and then it will lift a little. It is getting worse, and I fear the cold weather. Yet I am not longing to go away. If I should go to Baltimore, it would be understood that I was not to take any of your time and atten-

tion from your work. But you would be near for advice if I needed it. Perhaps if I could spend a year away from home where I could get lectures, sermons, thoughts, different from giving out to others, it might be a good thing for the future. In the summer, while you were abroad, perhaps there would be some inexpensive place at shore or in the mountains where I could stay.-----I do not know if I should think of such a thing even. I would not say anything about it until you came home, but if it should be advisable for me to go there for a change and for treatment, if needed, perhaps it would be well for you to look about a little for a small apartment for Scottie and me.

Well, well but I wrote a lot about that. Dr. Cook is from Minnesota. He was in general practice at first. He has been to Vienna at least twice, I do not know if any more than that. I was told that Mrs. Meigs was in town and wrote her asking her to come to see me. I was interested in the Gillman school and your umpiring. I hope you will get some more of such things.

It is almost time for the evening talk etc. I am going to read some of Twice Born Men, as only about half of the boys are here. Many of them stayed in St. Paul over Sunday.

God bless you dear. Give a little thought to my problem but not enough to take your time off your work.

Mother.

Galahad

Hudson Wisconsin
November 27 1916

My dear Boy:

When your letter came on Friday I said "I may hem and haw and hesitate as much as I please, that letter really settles the matter, I expect, and it means Baltimore without doubt." I went to St. Paul Saturday and told Dr. Cook that some of my friends wanted me to go to Rochester." Why you do not want to go to Rochester, they have no skin man there. Besides that, they are not equipped to take care of a patient like you. They have only an emergency equipment, just keep patients long enough to prepare them for an operation, and get them into a convalescent hotel as soon as possible. They could, possibly, tell you what your trouble is, but you would have to go somewhere else for treatment. You will not get well in a short time. But I had that of suggesting to you to go to Chicago. If you want to go to Rochester, I know almost all of the men there and could give you personal letters that would give you all the attention they could give you. etc." Then I said you wanted me to go to Baltimore--- His face lighted up as he said that he had forgotten that you were in Baltimore and told me to write you that I was coming. Then he said that the skin men of the North-West had a meeting in St. Paul on the 2nd. of Dec. and would I want to come over for a clinic at his office.

Dr. Kermott came out yesterday to see one of the boys and as I was in bed in my study he came in and I showed him the new spots on the upper leg, the legs ~~xxxxx~~ below the knees were bandaged. He wondered if it might be -----

a Frenchman whose name begins with R. and perhaps sounds something like Rano's disease. A gangrene of the skin.

I told him about Rochester ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~. He said almost the same thing that Dr. Cook did. I told him about Baltimore and he said just what you already have guessed---"Oh yes, but why not go to Chicago? They have just as good men there as can be found anywhere outside of Vienna." Then he said, I don't care what has caused the trouble, what you need now is the best skin man you can find. And remember this, all men have not seen everything, and because a man has not happened to have seen a rare thing like this is no sign that he is lacking in knowledge in his specialty!" When I told him about the clinic--"Certainly you must go over. You must not think of missing such a chance as that. Some one there may have studied just this thing, go and get the benefit of it." I rather think Dr. Cook wants me to go for his own benefit too. So probably, Saturday evening, you may think of me in St. Paul with the "skin men".

Cottie is the happiest creature alive over the plan of going to Baltimore. "Just to think that I am going." Will and Ruth are not so jubilant. They are thinking of the many hard readjustments ahead. Will says--"It is not what you do or do not do, so much as your inspiration and your planning for us all. It is like a funeral when you are not here." I have thought sometimes that perhaps my many plans grew a little irksome at times, but I expect they will miss a certain push that they have learned to depend upon.

But think--"Where will the piano go so that the boys can practice and so we can have the Sunday night sings?" Where will the sick boys go, and who will look after them?"

"Who will look after the parents of the boys when they come"?
Where will the boys who are now in the house go?"

"Who will help Ruth with the beds when Mrs. Reid is not here?"

"Who will do that extra ironing?" Who will plan the parties,
and the Commencement?" "Oh you will be home then wont you?"
You know that the month of May is a very, very busy month for
me. Will is to take the Bible class in the morning, I do
not believe he will take the seniors, though. I am to make
out the outline and he will send me the papers to correct
and mark. It will be sort of nice to keep in touch with
them in that way.

Then when Percy comes home we will together go over
everything and I will try and get them to divide up the work
a little better than they have ever done before. I am talking
to Will about it now, and because he feels my going, I think
he will be more anxious to do that thing that will make me
feel more comfortable.

There is a very fine spirit in the school and he feels
very happy over it. Also there will probably be two more
boys after Christmas.

Now that I have put you in touch with the home feeling
on the subject---Herbert and Mame feel it to be good,--Mame,
because I will be with you--Herbert, because the climate will
be milder, and that will be good for me.---I will talk a bit
about the other end of the proposition.

If you would have to help pay for the rooms you now have
would it not be feasible to have Davidson come with us?
It would be but little more, and if I should have a negress
to do the cooking, it would help out in the expenses and
mean so little more trouble. It might make it very pleasant.

That is left to you--I only wanted you to know that I would be willing to have it so,

In looking for the flat, or apartment, (I believe there is a distinction without much of a difference) look for certain things to tell me about as soon as you can. For instance-- we will furnish our own bedding, table linen and silver, I suppose? Are ~~they~~ ^{there} double or single beds in the bedrooms? What pieces of furniture? My idea would be to get any dishes we might need, after we get there, but I would want to have some idea of what was there before I leave home. Also, I have three chests as small as a small trunk that I will pack with some necessary things and send by freight before you come home, giving them about two weeks to get there and be there when we reach Baltimore. The chests are of good size to lift easily even if packed. And can be used in the rooms, if desired, for storage and seats, when covered with something pretty. Two of them were Mr. Wing's and one was your father's. I have got to go thru every box and trunk in this house, and shall begin very soon so that I will not have to hurry and work too hard at the last.

We had a stenographer for two days, then she went home sick. She was not much good, but I could give her some of my work to do and I wish she would hurry back. I must stop now, but here is a heart full of love for you, dear.

Mother.

Little of the money fashionable
stick and find as comfortable
Look out for sun & ventilation

Love you
Mother

I am going
to Newark for
Christmas - I
send them a

turkey as
they fell - they
could not
afford me

How would a
game do for
Christmas?

Calahad
Hudson Wisconsin
November 29 1916

My Very Dear:

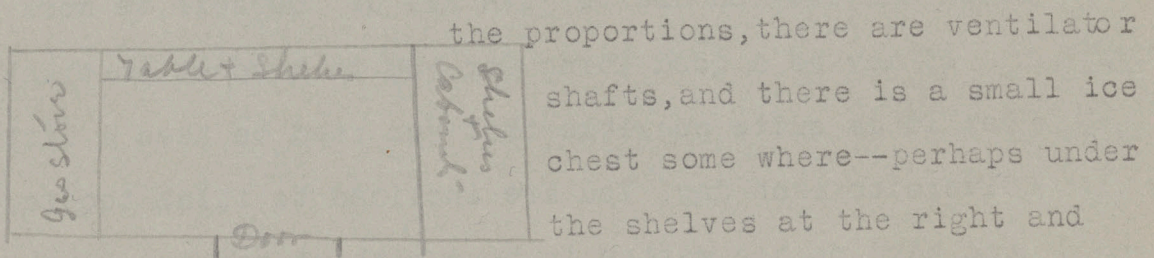
Your letter came a short time ago and I hurry to answer and give you all the ideas I may have on this very interesting theme. There could be nothing of more interest to me than the subject of how to plan to be with you. I do not believe I told you in my last letter how happy it made me to know that you were really so anxious to have me with you. Do not misunderstand that, I know you like to be with me but I feared that our coming to Baltimore would take your mind off your work and I appreciate fully how very anxious you are to give all of yourself to work now.

It may be a good thing for you to have me to think about for it is quite possible that you need to have a little diversion each day. You are inclined to think too long and too hard on the matter in hand without resting your mind. You cannot know what it will mean to me to get away for some long time with you. I dread leaving home, dread leaving the house and dread leaving the interests that are so vital to me, but I can do so little real good now, and it does tire and worry me when I see how inefficient I am. I am sure it would be better in the end for me to go away and go now. And oh it will be so restful and so happy a time to be with you.

Now as to business--I shall have about \$1600 coming in the first of January. I have borrowed \$150. to carry me over to then, and have \$300. to pay for the window stripping,

and #145. for the coal that is already in. Besides that, there will be the Christmas bills etc. Galahad owes me something, so do Will and Mack for the summer expenses. If they are able to pay me I will not need to worry for there will be enough to carry us over to July again if I am not too extravagant. There will be taxes to pay, and insurance too, but even with that and the interest--(oh that counts up so) I think we can plan that we can spend \$100. per month on the living expenses.

Margaret Thomas says that so many nurses keep house. They rent a tiny apartment with a box of a kitchenette attachment and the required number of bedrooms. The little kitchenettes are probably like those I have seen. Only one person can stand in them at a time. I have drawn about



the proportions, there are ventilator shafts, and there is a small ice chest some where--perhaps under the shelves at the right and the ice goes in from the hallway. Then with a screen in front of the door three or more people could be easily taken care of in the way of food preparation. With a large living room and dining room in one, (or two rooms if we can afford it, and three bedrooms we will be fine. Provided---- we can be near a delicatessen where we can buy cooked meats, vegetables etc. whenever we so desire. In the Leamington, in Minneapolis, there are very nice and inexpensive apartments with the kitchenette. There is also a cafe and a delicatessen in the building. One can have meals in the cafe, especially if there is company for dinner, or get anyx thing already cooked if desired, or cook it oneself.

Our breakfasts are so simple and easy to get. Cottie and I will be alone for lunch, and we can put all of our extra energy ~~energias~~ and money on the dinners.

With a kitchenette a maid would be out of the question, but it must be quite possible, if we desire, to get a cook to come in and prepare our dinners. But if it is not too expensive it would be well to have two rooms besides the bedrooms. I suppose it would be possible for one of us to sleep in the living room in a bed that is so dressed for company that no one recognizes it. But if I spend some of my daylight in bed, I couldn't, Cottie may be sick and she couldn't, and you must have a place all your own so that you shall not be disturbed in your work.

I wanted to give you \$500. in January--but I am afraid you will have to call in some of your money, and I did not want you to do so. And then, about your coming home. You know I am to pay for that. I do not want to borrow it, provided you have the money to use to come with. Can you pay for the trip home and then I can give it to you later? I do not know what Dr. Cook's bill is to be.

I am planning a little on doing this. I may not come home until a year from this coming Spring. If you go to New York before going abroad, if I can afford it we will go too and have Helen come down to be with us. Then while you are abroad Cottie and I can stay at the sea shore some where where it is cheap and cool, and be with you another year. In that way perhaps we can make the money hold out better. My summers here are pretty expensive now. I have done nothing that I have not wanted to do, but it will be just as well to let the dear children work out their own

plans without my interfering or helping out. It wont be so much pleasure for me, but better for us all, perhaps.

As to food cost I do not know. We used to plan on \$10. a month for each person for the actual food, but of course prices are so high now that I do not know. It seems to me as if we could do it for \$12. at any rate. A company of ten persons in Chicago are proving that it can be done today for 40¢ per day and their menus are as good as any one could need.

The only trouble about getting rooms and paying for the food and service would be that if the cooking did not please we could not discharge the cook without discharging the rooms too, and we would not want to move. I am sorry to have you take up your time looking for a good place, but why do you not talk with Mrs. Finney or Mrs. Fisher about rooms or flats or apartments, they all mean different things. They might be able to make suggestions as to where to look for they must have many friends who live in that way.

I shall think of you tomorrow with Mr and Mrs Price. It will be nice to be so near that we can see them some times. What will I do? you ask--Well I shall go to Baltimore with you when you go back, and we will live as well and as cheaply as we can. If you do not find a place before we go we will have to find one later. It would be nice to know right where to go before we get there, but if we cannot we will do the best we can. I have been told the markets of Baltimore are fine. We could get a woman to come in and do the weekly cleaning etc. We want to be in a good neighborhood, but must it be the most expensive, fashionable one? We will not be in society, and often one can find good places that are a

Galahad Hudson Wisconsin

November 30 1916

Dear Wilder:

The Thanksgiving dinners are all eaten, you may have left Washington, or you may still be with the old friends. I know you had a good, homey time with them. Every one here at Galahad had a good dinner "We did not lose anything on the dinner by not going home" one of the boys said, and they all agreed with him. I had a good dinner and nice visit at Herbert's and now I want to visit with you a bit before having my supper of bread and milk and shallots and going to bed.

And the first thing we will talk about is the boat and engine of Dr. Kermott's. Did I answer your question in regard to it? The day before school opened? No, you were here then, but a very few days after you left there was quite a wind blowing and Will feared for the engine and took it up in the Gym. ~~xxxxxxx~~ basement. A day or two later the boys carried the boat up and stowed that in the basement of the Gym. So it is perfectly safe, I am sure.

The second thing we will talk about is the book of football plays, for I am afraid I did not say anything in answer to your questions about that. Perkins gave the book to Jack as soon as he came home, and Jack left it with Ruth for me and it is now in the basket to go down to the storeroom to put in your own trunk.

I wonder if there are any other things that I have not answered. I have been intending to ask you about your own

health, but I have been so selfishly taken up with my troubles I have not been thoughtful enough to ask you, although I would think of it the minute I ~~have~~ ^{sealed} the letters, and many times between. Mrs. Finney said you were looking peaked--are you studying too hard? Are you taking too little exercise? How is your leg now? You gained three pounds at Mrs. Finney's and went there after church Sunday and went home Monday morning? It must have been another Thanksgiving dinner, and you must have gone to the scales right from the table. How long did you keep that extra three pounds?

Oh wont it be good to see you every day-----And now let us talk about the apartment. I presume that you could get one for a year for less money than for the same time by the month. It is always an expense to have tenants move out and especially to move in. It might be that we could get a \$50. apartment for a year for \$450. Paying \$225 in January and the other \$225. in July. We probably would not stay there during the two hottest months, but paying less rent than by the month, and not having to move anything would make it better to keep the same place. Also when you look at the place be sure and see if any improvements should be asked for. One can get them done at first when nothing will be done later. I doubt if we could get anything with any furniture for less than \$50. a month---but by the year I am sure we could get something cheaper than \$600. Perhaps not, however. I do not want you to spend too much time over the search, and so I am praying that you may be directed to just the right place, quickly. Find out about the floors--condition--have them re-waxed if that kind, and varnished, if that kind. Wax is better for us if the janitor keeps them

Galahad School
Hudson
Wisconsin

December 7 1916

My dear Boy:

Dear me, I wish you did not have to think of these rooms etc. just now when you are preparing for examinations, but I do not see how it can be helped, unless--there is some place we could go until we could find them together. If I send anything by freight, it should go very soon, for the season is bad for quick freight. Christmas time is always bad, but this year it is a case of not having enough cars for transportation. Mr. Striebel says that every thing in the way of rolling stock is being made ready for work, including cars that have been thrown out of service because of being too small and too light to be of economical value, and others that have been ready for the rubbish heap. Instead of paying men to break them up into firewood, they are bringing them into the shops to repair and are being sent out for more service.

I am afraid that my many suggestions were of less value than I intended them to be. They evidently made you feel bewildered. Everything is in your hands, I wanted to call your attention to some things that would help you to decide between different apartments, if there should be a choice. But it does not look as though you were being offered much of a choice.

I do not want to board. We would not be so independent in the first place, but aside from that it would be foolish. I do not want to feel that I must dress and appear in

company three times a day, for I may want to have some of my meals in bed. Then, too, Cottie is liable to be sick in bed at any time. She is just up again after a sick time, and she is not as young as once she was--over seventy, she is now. She will not often want to go to a public table. Then again, I am in hopes your home with us will be a sort of a gathering place for some of your friends, and we would need a small kitchen to get up something hot once in a while. So let us eliminate the boarding proposition. Furnished rooms or not furnished--is the next question. At first I thought I could not think of furnishing--but I am not so sure now. ~~There~~ There would be at least \$10. a month difference in furnished and unfurnished rooms. You would not want anything very elaborate? Your friends would understand and not mind if we gave them a warm welcome even if they only found a camping equipment? We could buy Y.M.C.A. beds and mattresses, and use them afterwards at Galahad. We could get packing boxes and cover them for dressing tables. You know they can be made very pretty, and then with curtains at the windows and a bed cover to harmonize, with another packing box for a window seat to put extra clothes in, and a rug on the floor the bedrooms could be made very attractive and very comfortable with but little expense. We would need to buy a diningroom table and a few chairs, not more than half a dozen, and we might get them at some second hand store--if not we could get some that were not expensive. Indeed, I would not mind having an ordinary deal kitchen table, that we could leave there. It would be covered with a fine tablecloth at meal time and a pretty

spread would look fairly well at other times. And if the living and dining room were one room a pretty screen would be around it when not in use. There are plenty of pretty inexpensive rugs that would do for a year under that table. Then for the living room--If I knew the size I could take a rug from here, or if it were quite small I could buy one there. Then with some willow furniture--you know they have such pretty couches, chairs, tables, etc. in willow now, and in colors that are pretty, too. I could buy what we needed and use it on the porch at home later. I could slip in a very few pictures to make the walls look interesting--and there would probably be some built in furniture to help out, such as a place for dishes etc. Dishes are not so expensive if one looks for color rather than fine quality. Yes, I will furnish rooms all right.

Twelve employees of the health department in Chicago went on a diet to see how much it really costs to live. They gained on an average of almost four pounds apiece during the -two weeks, or month, I do not know how long it was) time, and the menus were not monotonous nor scimpy. It cost them a trifle over 30¢ for each person per day. If they can, so can we.---So \$30. a month should buy the raw food. Allowing \$20. more for preparation, and we should live on \$50. per month. Then we can get the rooms for as little as we can and have them pleasant. I spoke of looking out for the summer breeze, for it makes a mighty lot of difference about the exposure, and there will be more warm weather than cold weather to think about. Will says-"Go out in the suburbs"- But what is the use of being in Baltimore if I cannot be with you?

I have just broken my glasses, the rest of this letter will be a sort of feeling my way along.

The boys go home next week Saturday, and the football dinner comes this week Saturday. The time is drawing near to the end of the year. And you will be home the 24th.-- Such a little time to do all you have to do, and all I have to do too. I am deep in misty forgotten corners, and fighting mice--almost a hand-to-hand fight it seems to be. But they do make a mess of things. By the way, apartments is spelled with one P- thought you would like to know. Never mind the cafe or delicatessen--It will do us good to walk when we need anything--indeed, I think that may be prove to be a part of my cure.

God bless and keep you close--

* Mother.

Are you going to bring home a trunk? If not, we will take back three with us. If you do--we may still need to bring take back three with us, and pay excess instead of sending the bedding and tablelinen etc. by freight. We will have it there then when we need it. Perhaps you would better bring a trunk rather than bothering with much hand luggage--for you will have two women and their luggage when you go back--and that may make a difference I shall have my black bag and Cottie will have a reed suit case of mother's. All of Mother's many travelling luxuries descend to Cottie. How happy she is about it all--only worrying about the extra expense of taking her. I tell her that is my worry, not hers---and that she is going because I need her.

in condition, as he probably does. A good janitor is a great institution and saves one much money. Find out if he keeps the windows washed-outside. See about floor coverings. Look carefully at the bedsprings and mattresses. Look at the wall ~~coverings~~ covering, paint, paper, or kalsomine and the colors. If paint, they can be washed. If kalsomine they should be renewed. If paper-possibly they should be re-covered. I hope they are painted, more sanitary after the other people, perhaps. See about ~~closets~~ closets, storeroom and laundry facilities. Question about ventilation shafts, very closely. Look for sunny rooms so that we may all have a sunbath some part of the day. I don't mean that every room must be a sun room for that is impossible, but somewhere ~~let~~ let us have sun. Also notice if we can have cool breezes in warm weather. Will there be a fireplace in one room? That would be very cosy and nice but I do not expect to have everything that makes for luxury and comfort for even \$50. per month.

Some times it happens that a tenant on a long lease wants to sub-let for a while and ~~is~~ is very glad to do so for almost nothing to people like us where there is not much entertaining and no children. Your friends might happen to know of such a chance, so be sure and ask every one you know about places. Perhaps Miss Mary Fisher might be of service if she is such an active young girl.

All of this sounds as though I were going to be very critical and hard to please, but that is not so, I am just calling things to your mind so that when you come to decide between different places you will know what to think about.

Cottie is sick again, stomach and bowels, as she was last March. I think it is all because she wants to do so much

for Christmas, and for going away. I have been laying down
the law, and we will see what effect it has on her. She
wants to do as she used to do, and it troubles her that she
cannot.

God bless you dear boy.

Mother.

Galahad School
Hudson
Wisconsin
December 10 1916

Wilder Dear:

I tried to send a night letter in answer to your letter, but cannot get the Western Union. I will trust that this letter reaches you in time.

There are some things I like about the 2034 Calvert house--but it looks like a lot to furnish and possibly it would be very foolish to take a house for a year. Cottie is not very young--over seventy--and, well there are many things that might happen to make a change in our plans. If we had to buy ice chest and gas stove, and all of the other things, I expect the other place would be much cheaper.

So, if it is not too far away from you, making it too hard for you to get back and forth, and you still approve, it would be wise to take the furnished rooms of Mrs. Campbell for six months. Neither Cottie nor I will mind the trolley noise. It will be very little less than the trains across the lake, indeed, not as annoying. More companionable and one soon gets used to the noise.

The rooms on the air-shaft are not so pleasant, but if we can have the bright sunny room on the South to sit in, we can bear the sunless rooms better. The small bathroom I have tried once before and it is not objectionable for grown people. It would be hard to care for children in so small an one, but it will not be bad for us.

The guests in the kitchen seem to disturb me more than any other thing, but I suppose they may be met with in many of those rented apartments. If the beds are clean, etc.

How much bedding, table linen, and silver are furnished? I would not object to bringing most of it. Get a list of what is furnished in that line. Indeed, we will have given us an inventory of all of the things, perhaps she would be willing to give you a copy of it now, and then I could plan better about what to take with me.

Are there electric lights? Would I need any little rugs? Oh never mind that last question.

If you have but ten days you will need to be in Baltimore ready for work on Tuesday? When would we need to leave here? You have not answered about the money? Have you enough to come home with? Or shall I send some? When the answer to this letter is sent off, and you have engaged the rooms---forget the whole thing and put the time on your work. I will even forgive you the time usually spent on my letters---and that means quite a sacrifice. I shall expect to see you on Sunday morning the 24th? I think my skin trouble is getting better. I shall go to the clinic on Tuesday, however. It will be interesting to see what the combined knowledge of the Twin Cities thinks of the trouble.

God bless you dear heart. I must get ready for the last Sunday evening Bible Class---for how long? The football dinner went off very well. Will tell you more some other time.

Mother.