

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

September 24 1913

Wilder dear:

I have seen Herbert and had a long talk with him. We went over things pretty thoroughly, and here is the result.

Grandma can get nothing at all until the estate is turned over to the trustees. When that is done she will have about-- well anywhere from 2500,00 to 2800,00 each year. We will have to borrow about--Herbert says \$4,000 and I say \$3,000 to pay for the house. He thinks by the time we get everything done it will cost \$6,000 and I think \$5,000. that is why there is a difference in our figuring. He thinks we should not count on Grandma's being able to pay more than \$1,000 a year over and above her yearly expenses. Not actual expenses, but she is so enjoying being able to give presents to us all. She has never had the opportunity of getting what she wants just as she wanted it, she has never had the fun of having the pocket-book herself, and of course she does enjoy it. According to that it may take her three years to pay for the house. I can draw in my loan of \$500, and will then have \$2500, to put in but that is all. I do not think she will spend as much as we are planning, but he thinks we dare not plan more closely. I really think the house will be paid for in two years time, but dare not trust to it. Of course, in case Grandma should be taken from us the ability to pay for the house would come sooner, and nothing would be changed for you. I mean that I would naturally carry on the plans made for her to carry out.

I can see no possible chance for you to fail in having what help you will need after the house is paid for. Herbert would not consent to letting us have the money unless we paid it back before taking anything else on hand.

One year will be spent here. Next year you could, perhaps, pay

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The Galahad School

all of your expenses at Hopkins by football coaching. That would be two years. Then would you not have enough from this year's work to carry you the third year? Then the fourth year there would be money for you and for each year that you would need it until you were settled somewhere and earning. Would it be as expensive at Hopkins as at Princeton? I suppose it would because of the equipment you would need. Still it is not usually expected that boys spend as much at other schools as at college. I suppose because they are too busy to take trips etc.

Now then you know how things are. We both think that probably the house will be paid for before the end of the three years, but dare not plan it so. How much will it take for your needs at Hopkins each year? Did you talk with Dr Finney and "Hank Shaw"? I never have asked you many definite questions about it. I do not know why, for I was interested enough, I am sure.

A telegram came this morning from Mr March saying that Willis wanted to come back to Galahad and he had wired him permission to do so. That he hoped he could still room with Chauncey as they had agreed. Say, does not that make us feel pretty good? And Will is in St Paul and does not know it yet. Wont he "gloat"? I wish Trask might feel the same way at St Johns.

I am having trouble with one of my bridges---in my mouth, I mean-- and am certain I shall soon have to begin going to St Paul to have another one. Can you hear me groan? I have neither, desire, time or money for the trips.

God bless you--

Mother.

One year will be spent here. Next year you could, perhaps, pay

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HUDSON, WISCONSIN

had hard work to get home. We saw him limping but thought nothing of it as he often limps, and we knew he had a new pair of shoes. He said nothing, although he was obliged to leave the diningroom before eating a mouthful because of ~~XXXXXXXX~~ nassau. The evening was hard for him and he did not sleep all night--still said nothing about it. In the morning Robert came over to me for something for Douglas' leg. I was not dressed and in answer to my questions he said it was a stone bruise, and the skin was broken. I sent over a tablet to soak the wound and some salve to bind it up. Later he came again and said it had done no good and would I come over. I found him with a fever, and the leg---no skin broken--badly swollen, and looking angry enough to frighten me. I sent for Dr Kermott as soon as possible. He thought it quite serious and advised sending him home. It might be an abcess or it might be erysipelous, and he might be laid up for a month. He left a salt solution to keep on his leg until train time. The fever kept getting higher, the restlessness increased, he had had nothing to eat and could not even take milk, but quantities of water. That restlessness alarmed me the most, and I was certain of blood poison I gave ~~XXXX~~ him a sponge bath and alcohol rub before he left. Walter took charge of him at the train. A little after six o'clock I had a telephone message from Mrs Roos. "Oh why had not something been done for him sooner". The Dr. said it was very very serious--he was to be taken to the hospital, they were then waiting for the ambulance. "That poor body" and that was the great danger I knew. His flesh was so soft the cells were so mushy, there was danger that the ordinary boy would not have. Yesterday I telephoned and found that the fever was going down and they felt he was better. I am so thankful---I will telephone again today.

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HUDSON, WISCONSIN

had had to get home. We saw him limping but thought nothing of it as he often limps, and we knew he had a new pair of shoes. He said nothing, although he was obliged to leave the dining room before eating a mouthful because of nervousness. The evening was hard for him and he did not sleep all night--still said nothing about it. In the morning Robert came over to me for something for Douglas' leg. I was not dressed and in answer to my questions he said it was a stone bruise, and the skin was broken. I sent over a tablet to soak the wound and some saline to bind it up. Later he came again and said it had done no good and would I come over. I found him with a fever, and the leg--no skin broken--badly swollen, and looking angry enough to frighten me. I sent for Dr. Kermott as soon as possible. He thought it quite serious and advised sending him home. It might be an abscess or it might be erysipelas, and he might be laid up for a month. He felt a salt solution to keep on his leg until train time. The fever kept getting higher, the restlessness increased, he had had nothing to eat and could not even take milk, but quantities of water. That restlessness alarmed me the most, and I was certain of blood poison. I gave Maxx his sponge bath and alcohol rub before he left. Walter took charge of him at the train. A little after six o'clock I had a telephone message from Mrs. Ross. "Oh why had not something been done for him sooner." The Dr. said it was very very serious--he was to be taken to the hospital, they were then waiting for the ambulance. "That poor body" and that was the first danger I knew. His flesh was so soft the cells were so mushy, there was danger that the ordinary boy would not have. Yesterday I telephoned and found that the fever was going down and they felt he was better. I am so thankful--I will telephone again today.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 4 1914

My darling Boy:

I have received your two postal cards, and have wished I could get out of the march of events long enough to write you sooner than this which is Thursday morning, seven-fifteen, before breakfast. I am lazy you see, with so much before me in the work of getting things settled. Carl and Alvin will be here for breakfast at seven-forty.

The Commencement exercises were the finest we ever had. We all thought, and every one said they had ~~never~~ heard, no boys' speeches as well written and as well delivered as were these. They were earnest, serious, and yet lightened with real humor. No puns, just good humor.

The spirit each boy showed was fine. Each showed earnestness, love for Galahad, appreciation etc. with no "gush", no overdoing of sentiment.

And every boy gave his speech well--just as easy in manner, just as if he were talking rather than reciting something learned. Mr John and I rejoiced.

The Gym had never been so well trimmed with green. It was beautiful. The East end was a mass of green. It was green all around the hall against the walls. The orchestra could have vistas, but they were in a bower of green. The boys got great branches of elm and scrub oak etc. The refreshments were good and plenty of them--coffee, sandwiches, olives and cake,--The music was good, the girls looked pretty, and every one had a good time as usual, and over 100 people were here. We had to bring in all of the dining room chairs too.

The next morning every one was tired, but the boys got off all right.

We had a great scare with Douglas. He was hurt in the leg with a stone when they were playing Duck-on-the-rock Sunday. Monday morning he worked all of the morning in the Gym, showing quite a knack in the decorating. He seemed well then. About noon he went down town and

Ray came Tuesday on the five o'clock train. I did not expect him until later so I had taken a bath and a nap and was not dressed when he came--but the rest was my salvation, for I could not have had the good visit we did have without it.

Yesterday he got an auto and we went down to Valley Creek to look over his old home at Mayfield and his grandfather's old home farther on. Then we came back to see The Penfields for a moment. The day was a busy one with some things to see to and visiting. He went on the nine o'clock train last evening--I then read to mother until after ten--but beat her in bed. I had rather neglected her for the past few days.

Mother went over to the exercises Monday evening--enjoyed them and is none the worse for them since.

Later:

I must hurry now and get the things in dormitories ready for washing--- and Alvin is ready to go down town.

This is to say---that I love you very dearly, and the great reason why Grandma and I were so depressed and so very tired on Sunday was because of our feeling about your going away. So we each confessed to the other on Sunday night. However, we are not more tired now than one would expect--and I can see that there is coming an easement of strain. We had lettuce from my garden yesterday--and from now on there will be no lack of lettuce.

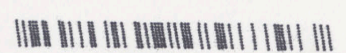
The strawberries are fine so said, with emphasis, Mr Grant. The peas are formed in the pod. It is an ideal day for transplanting and here I am held to the dormitories and soiled clothes --how disgusting.

We all love you my own dear, dear boy-

Mother

A fire Tuesday morning--started in the Andersen mill--burned several small buildings too, embers carried to the livery barn set fire to the place but was put out. embers carried to the second street school house burned the whole second floor. The building had been condemned. Strange

that buildings between were not burned - All of our night for Montgomery road was burned



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HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 8 1914

My very Dear:

To think of you in the dissecting room and really enjoying ~~it~~ it, as you say you do-! How is that for a made up exclamation point?

I suppose that one should be just as careful in keeping faith with one's self as with other people? Do you find it hard to do that? I believe I do. For instance, I am trying to systematize the summer's work, and promised myself that I would get up at half past four and work in the garden until the quarter to seven whistle should blow. It takes me about a half hour to dress, that would leave me less than two hours in the garden, then I would come in and take a cold bath and be ready for breakfast at seven-thirty. Why bless you, I was not half ready to come in the house when that whistle blew. So I was there for another quarter of an hour, then it was too late for the bath for mother needed the bath room. However at eight o'clock I am ready to sit down and write you. I have moved the typewriter around so that I can get some of this delightful breeze this hot morning, and still look out at the beautiful blue of the water. You know just how it looks----

We are getting along very nicely, Mrs Cooney is doing well, she is a good cook and is interested in all that she does. Carl is working hard at eight studies--he is making that his whole business, and is very nice in the home. Alvin holds my chair out at the table, it was a little awkward at first but he stands right up to it and is improving, and is actually getting so that he talks a little. His brother is here visiting him on his way out West. We have quite a little family you see, but they are all pleasant.



Alvin is the best, the cleanest and quickest milker we have ever had, I believe, and I think we will keep him all summer, giving him a little vacation. Will says he and Percy never did do as much work the first week of vacation as they have done this year, but the reason is not far to seek. They have tried doing office work and repairing with no money to do things with, before this, and after the year of strain it dragged. This year Will has worked early and late in the garden, Alvin taking the office work, and Percy has cared for the horse and run the lawn mowers. Both of doing things they like to do and things that rests them to do.

Every one who comes out here now speaks of how well the place looks--so trim and prosperous. Mr Andersen, Mr Baker and Mrs Severance were especially pleased.

I am afraid that the Brown Thrush is building in the brush that has been thrown down to be burned--if so the brush will not be burned right away. The rabbits know that you are gone and are often seen in my garden.

I told my S.S. class yesterday that I could be with them but every other Sunday now, as Mrs Cooney must have her day at church too. I also told them that I did not have much pleasure in the class because they were doing nothing, and it seemed a waste of time and energy to have us old Christians come there and complacently sit and enjoy a talk on the lesson that we all know or should know so well. It was pleasant but not so very profitable.

Mr Tourtellot had such a good sermon yesterday on the sower-- the seed that was choked by cares, by weeds, and by pleasures-- Cares of this life, sins of this life, and pleasures--not sinful pleasures but anything that will prevent the growth of the Christian character. The best illustration he gave, it seemed to me, was that roses, beautiful lovely fragrant roses, are weeds in the wheat field, not because they are not lovely but because they prevent the growth of the wheat that

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has been planted in the ~~fix~~ field. So you tell me to "take time to be happy", and that may mean, sometimes, the pulling of the roses, perhaps.--Yet the roses are so beautiful. This morning I was happy in the garden, yet there were other things that needed to be done in order to make the wheat productive later on. As Winifred says, "Life is so complicated." And yet it is so simple if we take it right. I am apt to be intemperate in some things that are necessary, and so miss perfection in other necessary things.

I have been interrupted--have been listening to Elizabeth's music lesson that I may help her in her practising, for Ruth will not have the time to give her this summer, I fear. Now I must do my ordering, and Alvin is ready for this letter.

Loving you dearly,

Mother.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 17 1914

My dear Boy:

Your letters are just as enjoyable as ever, you certainly are a good letter writer, and no mistake. I am so thankful that you are really sure now that you have chosen the right profession for your life work. I have felt all along that you were not really sure, and I feared that you might find that you had made a mistake, but it is all right now, and we are both relieved.

You certainly have a long day of work, and with no exercise I hope you will not get too tired. I suppose there will not be so much danger of breaking down or getting overtired in the two months you are there, for you are in good condition, and the strain will not be as long as the eight or nine months of a school year.

It seems strange that any one could really enjoy dissecting, it seems so horrible and "messy". I wish you could enjoy the day we have had here, it is so beautiful, and the cat-bird and Bob White have kept their songs going all day. We saw Bob White yesterday.

Yes, Hugo did well too-- he seemed not in the least embarrassed, and when he was ready to "crack a joke" he turned to the class with a little twitch of the lips and a lighting up of the eyes that was very effective.

A relative of Grandpa's spent the day with us yesterday-- the son of a cousin. We none of us knew him, even Grandpa would not have known him but we had a pleasant visit. He is much deafer than Grandpa. His home is in Batavia. He had been to Manila, etc. and was in the Cities, so came over. He went to the bank and Herbert sent him out here.

Aunt Mary is here today. Alvin, Carl and I get up early, I have a pitcher of milk in the kitchen with some toast and cookies.

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Then we have breakfast at nine o'clock. Dinner at two-thirty, and at six-thirty we have bread and milk and lettuce or something easy like that. Do not build a fire even for tea. I rather like it, but after a trial we are all to say truly how we like it, and then make our plans accordingly.

Yesterday the Andersens took Will and Winifred and Ruth to the cities. They left here at nine o'clock and came back about eleven at night, having lunch at Field's and dinner at the St Paul.

But Percy had "the time of his life" yesterday. New Richmond played Juneau for the state championship baseball, and Percy umpired the game. Juneau won 6-5. Close decisions all through the game. And Percy came home alive.----- All business houses were closed, and there was a lively yelling mob on the grounds. You know New Richmond and it is not necessary to tell you much about it. Nevermann lost his head completely over one decision, but he came to the hotel later and begged Percy's pardon. Percy did so enjoy it.

It rains so much I cannot keep up with the weeds, they do grow so fast. We are having strawberries out of the garden now and they are delicious. Large and so fresh that we can eat them on the stems.

Tuesday The Mac's and I were invited on a picnic on Liberty Hill. It rained---so we went to the Kermotts. They have no girl, the table was spread we all helped and had such a good time. The Tourtellots had guests, a Dr and his wife from Ironwood, the picnic was for them. The Websters, Slaters, Phipps and we were the other guests. I took Dutch Cheese, and Mrs Cooney certainly made it well. That seemed to be the favorite dish there. So few people have enough milk to make it and all seem fond of it. I wish you could have some of the thick cream we are enjoying-- In August--

We are invited to the Severance's twenty-fifth anniversary-"No presents" I shall send congratulations instead. Helen Clague graduated Tuesday. Eliot has some work at the "Ag". something in the

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HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Chemistry department, so he can stay at home. He gets about forty-five dollars a month. Cousin Florence is quite delighted.

It is time for supper, and I am going to take Aunt Mary home afterwards if they do not come for ^{her} ~~me~~. The telephone has been on a strike most of the time the past few days, and we are so helpless out here when that happens.

God bless you dear boy---how unlike Esther that picture was--

Write me when you can, and all about it.

Mother.

I am reading all I can about the Commencement and living over again all of last summer. I am remembering things that were forgotten.

*Mr. Baker sends love - Archie Johnson inquired
for you and wanted me to send his good wishes
etc - Alva I write -*

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 17 1914

Dear Wilder:

Just a very few words for Percy goes down town soon. This is Faith's birthday. When she was asked what she wanted for her birthday, her eyes sparkled as she said--"Some of Naneen's strawberries and some lemonade." So I gave her a great big dish of strawberries for the party. Mother gave her a dollar. Winifred gave her a book, Mame gave her a parasol--but the great big beautiful thing was a bicycle with three wheels---would you call that a bicycle?--- such fun and such falls as have happened. This afternoon George, Wilder and Jean are coming down. Patty is still too sick to be taken from home. Jean will stay with us for a few days and help Mame that much. Then there is to be a lovely supper at 5.30--out of doors on the green lawn in front of the Inglis cottage, if it does not rain, but it is beginning to cloud up again.

Patty has been so sick--adonitis--Dr calls it. Fever up to 104--then down to normal then up to 104 again within a few minutes. She wont eat anything, yet Dr says her strength must be kept up. After a while--when he gets the new man who is coming t help him-- he means to operate on both Patty and Jean. For reasons, I wish they would pay a little more and take them to the city. Dr Kermott may know enough but he cannot see. He made a wretched job of John's and Billy's circumcission. There are some other things that have happened that make us hesitate, but because he was away studying thses cases of children this winter, Herbert nand Mame are satisfied. Shall I, or will you say anything to them about it?

I had the sweetest most enthusiastic letter from Helen Kermott written after her return from Princeton on Saturday. Was it not dear of her to write me then? She said some nice things of you, and such a wonderful time as they had. Such fine boys as you and William are etc etc. William was the finest ever, but you ranked him all right. We went to the Passing Show last evening. It was quite good. Percy was immense--no, I do not mean in size.

I am sending you love.

Mother.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 22 1914

My darling Wilder:

I never want to complain of the weather if it is not too hot--- but it does rain a goodly amount this month. It seems better for the weeds than for anything else, and with the picking of the strawberries, I cannot seem to keep ahead of the weeds. But the strawberries are the sweetest you ever ~~tasted~~ tasted, and so fresh, so much better than any one can buy. We have enough for the three families. Not only for the three families but for the birds, and when I see them busy all day long eating bugs and worms that I could not keep out of the garden without their help, I am glad to see them in the strawberry bed. I mean to plant more of them for next year.

Yesterday, Alvin was in Eau Claire and Carl is not here, Jean, who is visiting us, had dinner with Ruth, so when dinner was served mother and I were alone for the first time. I felt that I should delay dinner a little for it seemed that some one was surely coming, and I spoke about my feeling. We had barely begun eating when Herbert, Mame, and the three children came. There was not enough of everything for everybody but there was enough of something for everybody. So the boys went out to play and Herbert, Mame and Patty sat down with us. The boys coming in afterwards for strawberries. You should have seen the way Herbert enjoyed the berries---as he does the fried cakes, you know. We had new peas and beefsteak and new potatoes, which they also enjoyed altho they had had their dinner. We also had some creamed radishes--and they are good too.

Mr Tourtellot was very pleased with your message--Said

it meant much to him coming from such a boy as you. I did not go to church yesterday, but took the four little girls up to see Cottie and then to Sunday School. When we were planning the visit to Cottie Jean said "I will tell her that Patty broke the beautiful dollie she gave me." But, I said, you told me you did not like to hear little girls tell bad things that other little girls had done." She thought for a moment--"Well I won't tell her that, I will thank her for the beautiful dollie she gave me Christmas--" then she thought a moment more---"No I won't, I thanked her when she gave it to me, and that was enough. I won't say anything about it." And she didn't. It is always so interesting to see the way little minds work things out. She is very different from the little girls here, she shows she has been brought up with the boys in that she has no idea of taking turns at a thing--it is fight for what you get and when you have it keep it as long as you want it. But she is a dear sweet affectionate little girl. I had to straighten out some thing this morning so I told her that she must not interfere with their home, but Sarras was her home while she was here. She was Gandma's and Dada Dean's little girl but that she must not interfere with their arrangements over there.

The other day she said--"We call you Dada Dean and the girls here call you Naneen--Don't you think Dada Dean is much prettier than Naneen?" I had to answer that so that when repeated to Mame--who is a rather jealous little girl--it would sound all right.

This whole letter is about Jean--and still I could talk more about her, but I must stop as Alvin has telephoned he is ready to go down town now. You see we do not have breakfast until nine o'clock. It makes this part of the morning short.

Florence is giving Elizabeth her lesson but I cannot be with them this time.

*I will write again soon -
Mother*

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 23 1914

Wilder dear:

What do you think of a question like this? Would you like to take a trip to Spokane this summer? Grandma has invited you, and the two Jeans to go with her for a two weeks visit to Spokane. Can you go? And if you can, do you want to go? Grandma Penfield does want to see you so much before you go away as she feels that she never will see you again. Grandma Jefferson feels that she wants to see Grandma Penfield again, and that the time is short. Grandma Jefferson feels she may never see you again after this summer too.

I am not trying to work on your feelings, however. If you can go we will have to go in August. You have your camping trip planned and also the Masonic work to do, Herbert says. August only has four weeks in it. Mother rather wanted to go in September, but you could not go then, and the rainy season in Spokane is in September--the two first weeks of September.

If you do not go we will probably go in July. I shall want to take Busy, for reasons that can be explained, principally because I promised her the next long trip West. But no real plans will be made until we hear from you as to whether you can go. I know you will want to go if you can.

Ruth and Percy are off for the boat excursion down the lake. It rained and blew like mad last night and it is not over yet, I fear. Bobby is with me, a young girl looking after the others. Mother is going down town to see about her teeth this morning so I am hurried. Write me as soon as possible after receiving this. Mother feels better and happier since beginning to plan this trip.

Moth r.

The Colaba School
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 23 1914

Wilder dear:

What do you think of a question like this? Would you like to take a trip to Spokane this summer? Grandpa has invited you, and the two Leans to go with her for a two weeks visit to Spokane. Can you go? And if you can do you want to go? Grandpa Field does want to see you so much before you go away as she feels that she never will see you again. Grandpa Jefferson feels that she wants to see Grandpa Field again, and that the time is short. Grandpa Jefferson feels she may never see you again after this summer too.

I am not trying to work on your feelings, however. If you can go we will have to go in August. You have your camping trip planned and also the school work to do, Mother says. August only has four weeks in it. Mother rather wanted to go in September, but you could not go then, and the rainy season in Spokane is in September--the two first weeks of September.

If you do not go we will probably go in July. I shall want to take Buey, for reasons that can be explained, principally because I promised her the next long trip West. But no real plans will be made until we hear from you as to whether you can go. I know you will want to go if you can.

Wish and Percy are off for the boat excursion down the lake. It rained and blew like mad last night and it is not over yet, I fear. Bobby is with me, a young girl looking after the others. Mother is going down town to see about her teeth this morning so I am hurried. Write me as soon as possible after receiving this. Mother feels better and happier since beginning to plan this trip.

Mother

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 29 1914

My darling Wilder:

After the long rainy time yesterday and today have been such wonderful days, and the lake has been a revelation. It seems as if I had never seen it so beautiful. Something about the atmosphere. Herbert was quite angry with me because I sent Grandma's invitation on to you. He said "He cannot go, he has no right to go"- Herbert seems to get angry with me almost every time he comes over here. He has acquired the habit. I have taken some harsh things very quietly and meekly, and he has found he can--Percy says no one else would dare-- and while it seems funny to Percy, it does not seem so to me, and I guess I will have to begin to resent it. However I told Herbert I thought you were old enough to decide such things for yourself, and were entitled to the chance of accepting or refusing.

It is to be hoped that you will let us know very soon because we are held in suspense over something else. When Ruth took the two younger girls to California and left Busy, she was homesick once in a while, and I would then comfort her by telling her that when I went to California I would take her with me. We have often talked about it. The time I took Margaret to Solon Springs was a surprise to Busy because of that promise, but Margaret was not well that summer and needed to go away. I explained that to Busy with the renewed promise of taking her the next time. When I went to Spokane last summer--she seemed to understand about the other trip--she could not understand why she was not going.

When Jean announced that we three were going to Spokane--she and Grandma and Naneen--you should have seen Busy Bee's face. She said "Spokane, out to Spokane," then she looked at me and said--"You took Marmie to Solon Springs"*** and then she dropped her head down on

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the table and kept it there so long I could not tell what she was doing. Finally Jean said something that she raised her head to answer. Her lips were drawn and her face was as red as fire. But she has never mentioned it since. Neither have I spoken of it to her. But I feel like a traitor and am not looking forward to the breaking of my word to my little girl, with any pleasure. If you feel that Herbert is right and that you cannot go, mother will invite her to go with us. Do not groan over it dear. I shall have nothing else to do but take care of the mother and the two little girls and Elizabeth will be a great help.

The way she is taking hold of her music is wonderful. She and I work hard and it is hard to tell who works the harder.

Mother and I have been reading Lewis Rand. Not a happy book but such a character study. The awful effects of ambition is well shown. I mean ambition as the master motive. It caused the man to cast off his best friend, betray his country and even to commit a murder, and yet he was not a bad man. Just gradually engulfed by his master passion.

Wilder you asked me a question some time ago that I could not answer. I feel now that I can come more nearly to answering it, although you have, possibly, found out the answer yourself. Helen was Ruth's guest on the excursion the other day and William met the boat -- I don't know where. It was the first time he had seen Helen since their return and Ruth says she knows there is nothing between them. Helen and Mary came over Saturday for a few minutes. How well she is looking and such a good time as she had. I do not believe ever a man spent money on a girl that was more appreciated than your expensive treat. She will never forget it all, and she seemed to enter into the real spirit of the whole thing. It was the atmosphere of Princeton that appealed to her more than anything else.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Will used the machine today and he thought the carrier was a little too hard to run and so loosened a screw- I shall have to ask him to tighten it up again for it does not run any better than the office machine now. It slips too easily.

Jean is still here and the happiest little thing you ever saw. She has no desire to go home. If you do not go, oh I wish you might feel that you could go with us, we will go very soon. It may be that it will not be convenient for mother to have us there--we will then take a trip down the river--perhaps. I would just as soon stay at home.

Beans, peas, chard, lettuce (head) ~~xxxxxx~~ beet and pigweed greens, carrots and strawberries we get from our own garden. Is it not fun to be able to send things to other people? It is late and I must go to bed, I am thinking of going to St Paul tomorrow. I do dread going over there more and more.

Please know that I love you very dearly. Helen did not have any chance to tell me much about her trip but has promised to come over again.

God bless you my dear dear boy.

Mother.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Will use the machine today and he thought the carrier was a
little too hard to run and so loosened a screw - I shall have to ask
him to tighten it up again for it does not run any better than the
office machine now. It slips too easily.

Jan is still here and the happiest little thing you ever saw
she has no desire to go home. If you do not go, oh I wish you might
feel that you could go with us, we will go very soon. It may be that
it will not be convenient for mother to have us there--we will then
take a trip down the river--perhaps. I would just as soon stay at
home.

Some peas, hard, lettuce, best and picked greens,
carrots and strawberries we get from our own garden. Is it not
fun to be able to send things to other people? It is late and I
must go to bed, I am thinking of going to St Paul tomorrow. I do
dread going over there more and more.
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any chance to tell as much about her trip but has promised to come
over again.

God bless you my dear dear boy.

Mother

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

July 6 1914

My darling Boy:

How the days do run away with us, I cannot keep up with them therefore I am not trying to do so. We have had rather of an exciting week take it altogether.

Tuesday Ruth and I went to St Paul--great bargains. Ruth bought two new dresses for herself and three for each of the girls and some for Bobby. I bought three for myself. Of course one of them was a work dress, but one was a linen and one for next Fall.

When we came home I found your letter, I talked with mother and with Herbert and then sent you the message so that you should begin your work on Wednesday without delay. The next day came a letter from Mother Pen which I enclose. That night I wrote to Mother and to Mrs Clarke, asking Mrs Clarke to find us a boarding place near Mother. Then Thursday morning we talked it over again and came to the conclusion that we would give up the trip. It would be expensive, and besides we did not know, what, condition we would find Mother Pen. it might not be wise to excite her as our visit would doubtless excite her.

Then we began looking up other trips. I proposed going down by the lakes and meeting you and coming back with you. Mother has never been to Quebec, and she got quite enthusiastic about it. Then when we had the proper folders and began studying up the trip, came Addie's letter. We could see what a disappointment it would be to them if we did not go, and we also saw what a disappointment it was to Busy not to go, so we changed our minds again and I wrote Addie we would come. It will depend on her as to when we

go. We are leaving all arrangements to her of course.

You see Mother, in her last letter, said that she was in the house all alone only Luella coming in at night to stay with her. She did not speak of the family, so naturally we thought they had gone for good.

I told you how Elizabeth took the knowledge of Jean's going with us to Spokane. We waited until it was, as it seemed, fully decided that we were going, then as she and mother and I were walking along the walk, I in the middle and our arms around each other, Mother said "Busy Bee would you like to go to Spokane with us?" She looked startled and flushed, and Mother said "Well you may". With a choking sob she said "Thank you Grandma," and buried her face under my arm. I suppose it must have been two hours before her self control was fully recovered. For every time she tried to speak of it or any one spoke to her about it out came her handkerchief to wipe away the tears that would come in spite of anything she could do. That shows how deeply she has felt it, and during all this time she has said nothing to anyone about her feelings. It would have been a tragedy, and perhaps we would never have known how great an one. The others would like to go, of course, but there were not the reasons back of it all to make it seem to them that it belonged to them.

You need not worry about the hard trip for me, for I shall have nothing else to do but look after them all. It will be my business, dont you know? The funny thing is that the family think it will be hard on me and the people down town think I am so selfish to drag my poor mother way out to Spokane. Is it not queer? And the queerest part is that I do mind it. It makes no earthly difference what they think but it does hurt, and it hurts when they think I am so selfish as to bring my mother over here to Calahad instead of going over town to her. They do not seem

kind & kind
is efficient and not over nervous

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

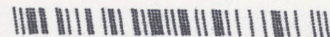
Mother

to take into consideration that I may have obligations over here.

To continue with the week. All day Thursday and Friday and Saturday morning I worked in the storeroom down stairs and shall go at it again today. On Wednesday afternoon Scottie came over here. Robin Sammond came that evening, and Jean went home on Thursday. Saturday The Macs. and I went down for lunch on the Phipps lawn--"The Presbyterian crowd" as we are called, the same that were at the Kermotts awhile ago. Then "The Crowd" as Mame calls them--in other words the young people of your "crowd" came out here for a picnic of two meals. Swimming, Can Can Baseball etc with fireworks in the evening. After our lunch we went in autos up to Stillwater and around, coming home about seven o'clock. After I got a lunch I took the Baby for the evening, as he would not go to sleep (Robert I mean.)

Yesterday I went to church and in the afternoon came Trevor and the Chadbournes with Herrmann. Herrmann looks better than he did, but I do not like his color. He sent his love to you, and says he is coming over here about the first of September and will stay a month. Nat is at work in Minneapolis. Trevor is also at work for the summer in St Paul. Why do these boys deteriorate after they leave here? Environment means much, and if the forbears are not really refined cultivated people they go back, I suppose. Possible they think with Eliot that all the little things we try to teach them are "Galahad Stunts". Yet they love us.

Winifred is without a girl and is having a time with head and stomach. She is not a very strong girl, and I wish she could learn to take things more easily. When you marry I hope you will



find a girl who is efficient and not over nervous.

Breakfast is ready goodbye dear.

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

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 and stomach. She is not a very strong girl, and I wish she could
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The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

July 12 1914

My darling Wilder:

I think my last letter answered your questions as to

who was restless and wanted to leave the new home. It is not

your mother, dear boy. It is hard for me to think that I can

get away, but it is already doing Grandma good. She finds that

she can still enjoy things. She can still do things. She can

still take her place with other people.

We had a picnic over here last Friday and mother actually

went over to the tables opposite the South Cottage and had

supper and stayed a long time afterwards visiting. She and

Mrs McCorkle had a good time together. Mrs McCorkle is just

six months younger than Grandma. She is so very fine.

Then last night there was another picnic party out here, the

"crowd" and including all of the married young people, like the

Otis King's Hughes, etc. That was too large a party to really

have a good time perhaps. "Oh we had a good time, but it was

hard to manage". Ruth and Percy, Will and Winifred and I went

to the Thrustons at Mahtomedi yesterday, for the day. Ruth and

Percy came home on the five o'clock and we came on the 6.20.

Ruth had a bad headache and the base of supplies was at her

house, so it was quite hard for her, but you know what the girls

are. I mean Helen K. Helen Phipps, Charlotte and Mary. So it was

not as bad as it might have been.

Friday Irving Jacobson who is working for Herbert fell

from the barn fifteen feet on the cement floor. Fortunately

and miraculously he was but bruised and had his lip badly cut.

It upset Herbert and Mame dreadfully of course, as both of them thought, when they heard the thud and commotion that it was George. It has looked to be a very dangerous place, and they have been troubled about it, but not enough so to take the extra precautions that could have been taken I suppose. Yet it must be hard to be as careful as one really ought to be.

Jean is so happy in planning her trip, and Mame is more happy about it. She is taking as much thought and is having as much fun over it as if she were planning a trousseau. It is really interesting to see Mame's enjoyment. While Ruth is as matter-of-fact about it and working hard to get the absolutely necessary things without any of the romance of the planning appealing to her. Some kinds of work are play to Mame and hard work for little Ruth who takes it so much harder.

We leave here Tuesday morning about nine o'clock on the N.P. and do not leave the train until we reach Spokane. We will return the same way because it will be so much easier with the babies and mother. It may be that in two years from now Mother will be able to go with me to England to see you. If you do not come home then. I cannot seem to plan anything beyond your going over. I wonder if you know when you are going? Send me your next letter to Spokane. 627 Washington St. We shall be there two weeks, probably. We will arrive there Thursday at 6.30 A.M. and will probably leave there Thursday July 30 at 8.15 reaching home August 1. Now when will arrive in Hudson? Herbert and Mame say that you are to spend a week with them, that you promised it. Then there is the week in camp, well I am to have one day at least all to myself of your company, am I not?

Out of the 600 catalogs ordered there are less than 200 here

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

now. There have been more sent out than ever before. There have been more names sent in than ever before, but I do not know how many of those names may be considered good prospects.

I wonder if you are having very hot weather there? The past week has been hard to bear because of the humidity. The thermometer has not registered so high. Today there is a good breeze and that helps wonderfully.

I never in my life saw such wonderful effects as we had looking through the haze over the lake between the trees and into the afterglow last Friday evening. As I came over to garras on the walk and looked towards the lake it seemed a perfectly marvelous new scene to me. All of the week the view has been wonderful.

Douglas Roos is not well yet. They still have a trained nurse for him. It is too bad. Stacy was over Friday, and Walter Erickson brought over a party in two automobiles Friday morning to see about putting one boy in school. I guess the boy will come but Herrmann is also working on the same one, and he really belongs to Herrmann through his mother.

Henry's father wrote that he understood that after a boy had been here for a time he got lower rates, if he could have the \$500 rate Lewis would come back. Also, Beard wishes to stay at home this year, they have been getting a new automobile. Mrs Beard told me that Lovatt would be here, however. I do not know what Lewis will do. Summer is an anxious time, I wonder if it is so in all schools, old or young.

I am greatly interested in your "perhaps" plan. Of course

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you could write acceptable English, if you were extra particular about your spelling. I wonder if that will always bother you.

It would be a fine thing to be able to do that, I think you would do very wrong if you did not tell me all of those things, because it gives me something to think about and enjoy.

The lawn, after ten dry days and but little special attention will, I fear, disappoint you. Will and Percy have spent the greater part of this past week on the tent which is a tent no longer. It has been placed right in front of the garden gate, they enter it from the little front porch, it has a floor screened sides, and uprights for the roof. It is to have a shingled roof. So it is a sleeping porch, open on all sides to the breezes. It will be very comfortable. I can see the dormitory now, but cannot see the South cottage at all. The sheds back of the carriage shed have been torn down too.

I wish I knew when you are to have your Greek exams. I shall want to know when you are through with that great bore. Your Sunday letter of today will probably come after I have gone.

God bless you,

Mother

not-coming, this morning, however.

We are talking of going out - to see
Kate and Arthur - We will probably
leave Spokane next Monday at any
rate whether we leave for Brewster or
home. It depends on how the two molting
feel. I hope last-Sunday's letter was
sent - here - but - next-Sunday's letter
must be sent - to Zululand -

I am trying to collect some money
but the ones that are left - look like
one like a sucked orange - They have
all tried to get something from them and
failed - I fear I shall find no juice.

Cassius Mc Brown has a "job" at Cornell
Warren Bean is in Seattle - Dorothy is
living at - Saint Paul - I must go and get
Elizabeth to practice - All send love to you
dear - We will be home before you are.
Mother -

Grandma said "tell Sam I should have
asked his advice about the trip but I tho't
he was going to be with me until every
thing was settled." Luck is over now, and
I hope successfully over. Boy dear you have
worked hard the past year -

Spokane-

July 21-1914

My darling Boy:

Just-a week since we left-home, but-so much has happened that-it-seems much longer. The children are having such a wonderful time that-they are quite unreconciled to quiet-days. But-this is to be a quiet-for them. Jamie was home Sunday. Took them down town in the morning enjoyed the "Pet-shop" in evening candy-jam. In the evening they went to Mariti Park where all of the wonderful animals are.

when they came home we
had all gone in the Auto with
Mrs Essig so he put them
to bed, and enjoyed it all.
Yesterday evening we, with
Grace & Oscar, took our
supper to Natatorium park
and Oscar took the children
for all of the joy rides - you
never saw such excited
children in your life - they
make warm friends because
they do not tease or utime.
Elizabeth is having hard work
to keep up her reputation for

I thought
this letter
had been
sent -

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
SCHOOL MOTHER

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

March 7 1915

My very dear----

I wonder if you do not take up my letters with a sigh wondering what new tale of woe I have to shunt off on you. This is a queer household, anyway--always something wrong-I suppose it is because there are so many of us. I am willing there should be a change in the program, however.

Faith is quite a deal better, indeed it seems quite safe now to let her cough out her cough alone by herself. That is a help. Bobby coughs dreadfully and very often, throwing up quantities all over everything---nothing serious, but quite hard to hear sometimes, and necessitating some one's being with him every moment of the night and day. Percy has been taking care of the children at night and he is quite worn out with the loss of sleep.

Gladys takes care of them during the day. We have also another young girl who looks after the house. Ruth is just getting up and around, came out to meals today for the first time since last Friday--no, a week ago last Friday. We have felt a little troubled about her condition, you know her nervous history has been a peculiar one. She had a sore throat and fever at first--but every time she has a nervous time it has begun with a sore throat. Then when the fever left, her pulse was bad, and she did not want to get up, she never wanted to take care of the children again, and then she cried because she was so unnatural a mother. For what mother would not want to be able to care for her children (she said,

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We could not let the children in the room at all. She was just indifferent to everything, but she has been gradually getting better. Gladys will have to leave tomorrow, so I suppose Ruth will have to begin doing something, although I would rather she had another a week of laziness, I know it would be better for her.

Friday night poor Cottie succumbed to Pleurisy, she had been determined not to give up, even tho she was in such pain. She is flat on her back and perfectly helpless. Petra is not a very good one to take any responsibility, she means well, always willing to do anything I ask of her, but she needs to be told every little thing and she does not yet seem able to know how to set the table in order to put on the meals when she comes over from the house with them---so I am doing what Scottie has taken it upon herself to do.

You know I hoped last year to start an annual thing when I had all of the children here for dinner on my birthday? That is going like the most of one's plans--- Last year all were here but Mame. This year? What can I do this year? If Ruth and Cottie were well I could provide a picnic dinner and take it with Elizabeth, Marmie, John and Billie up to Mame's, if she wanted I should do so--Bobby and Faith could not go, neither could they come here on account of the whooping cough--and Winifred and Ruth could not go. I hate to be downed by circumstances--still I accept those things better than I used to do. I used to like to try and beat circumstances, but I do not care to try usually these days.

We had such a blizzard and snowstorm this week. Drifts between here and the Lake Dorm, up to my knees, and shovelling

Them clear lasted such a few moments for two days. Today is beautiful and warm. Clouds in the sky with the bright sun makes the most wonderful lights on the lake and farther banks.

Hiller Boutin is to have the Galahad speech this year. I wanted Trask, but they were all against me, even the class, so I expect I am wrong. Here is the list of the things we had in mind when we voted, and the queer thing was that as we took each quality and marked the three suggested---Hiller, Trask and Movius--every way we put it Trask would add up ahead. The men tried to change the count and it would not come different, so they simply said "We will give it to Hiller."

Purity--
Strength in resisting temptation--
Courage or aggressive helpfulness
Truth--
Loyalty---
Gentlemanliness--
Kindness--
Love of Humanity--

Scholarship.

The boys voted for the Galahad representative with that list before them. Hiller got five votes--Trask and Babby each two--and Crumpton one. Chauncey has the President's address. I shall have them here as soon as is possible to give out the other subjects.

Cecil is in Chicago and Mrs Norton had a special delivery letter from him yesterday morning to come immediately. Acute peritonitis, it is now. I telephoned Mrs Cline this morning, but nothing had been heard from them. There is no chance that Winnie will rally, I fear. The ulcers keep forming and discharging. I cannot help feel more sorry for Mrs Norton than for Cecil. He is young and can still make his life mean something to him. Mrs Norton has no one but Winnie. The children

belong to Cecil, and should he marry again they would be taken from her no matter how much she would want them. She is not old enough to feel that her time is not long at the longest, before she can be with Winnie again, and yet she is too old to make new ties where she is a necessary factor.

I have some few garden seeds planted in boxes, I got them in between times, I have the strawberry garden planned and the 225 plants that are needed to plant it. I also have all of my seeds for vegetables and flowers ordered, paid for and here, for the big garden. Now the question is when I can get them in and who will help me with them. Having but one man makes it hard to get any extra work in, and there seems to be no one to call on. The papers talk about men out of work, but I think it must be only the "bums" for the want column seems to be just as full as ever of "help wanted" and very few that are advertising for situations. Still, if a call for help is put in it may be there are many applicants.

During the San Francisco Fair there are to be evangelists at work every day for the full eight months. Wilber Chapman, Billy Sunday and others. There is a great awakening in every state in the union, I believe. I think the hosts of God are organizing to fight the devil who has this war so well ready. It is quite a question I believe, "What is the duty of a Christian to fight in this hellish war or not?" There is no principle at stake, just ambition and fear of the other fellow. Ambition and fear--two of the devil's great instruments. Many think the United States will yet become involved, not if Wilson has his way. Had you thought of this? Wilson, Marshall and Bryan are all Presbyterians? Cousin Florence has come over for the first time in several weeks. She has gone over to see little Ruth, I must be thru when she comes back. God bless you,
Mother

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
SCHOOL MOTHER

March 11 1915

9 o'clock A.M.

Wilder dearest:

Just a few words before the work of the day begins-- Of course, I have had the Bible lesson, prepared breakfast, (four at table and Cottie in bed) watered the seedlings, made my bed, etc. already but that is all preliminary. The real work today will be to work up a new course on the outlines of Perkins' "The Comrades of Jesus" to follow the Life of Christ that we finish this week.

I wanted to write you on my birthday, but it did not fit in with the other things that I seemed to have to do. This was the first one without Mother, and you. I have you both still, but I cannot get a message from mother, and you are so far away that you cannot time messages to me. You see, I had no reason or right to expect a letter from you on that day, but I had made up my mind, in spite of reason, that I must have a letter from you, and I could not help being a "wee bit" disappointed when it did not come. At dinner I said to Ruth "even Herbert has not telephoned me, but I will call him up as soon as we finish dinner." Before I had the chance to do so he and Mame came bringing me a box of candy. The candy was fine but what I wanted most, I guess, was the hug and kiss. I felt better then.

Ruth was just crawling around and depressed- why the air around her was heavy--but I hope that is all over now. She answered up as bright and chipper as you please when I

asked her this morning how she felt. Yesterday things came to a climax. Percy gave her a long talking to about thinking of herself not at all, and whenever she was tempted to think of how little use she was in the world to stop and do something for him. (Is not that a comical way of putting it? but it was the right way.) Then Percy and I (after private consultation) talked with her about the coming future--I am to take full charge of the house and help. I am going to do away with all young inexperienced help, and get some one who knows how and likes to do things, I do not care how much I will have to pay them, and we will see if we cannot have things as they should be. Then later, I followed with a talk on thinking too much of her own feelings etc. In the evening I went upstairs and found her happy in studying the psalms to work up a new prayer for the children.

Faith and Marmie each brought me one of their little self-prepared gifts, on Monday. Winifred sent me over a plate of home-made candy. Then I am to have a ladies' rake and hoe, I believe. That is what I informed the Galahad family that I wanted. Will sent for it, (I told them they could not get it here but they did not believe me) and told me they were going to take up a subscription (perhaps I should say Conscription) of a penny each from every one on the property and present them to me. Then I had a card from Mrs Pace--I did not write her-- Her birthday is the same as Helen's--on the 8th. I did not write Helen either, as I should have done.

Well, you should see my pan of early cabbage--I believe every seed has poked its head up thru the dirt, and if they enjoy the

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looks of things up here in the light as much as I enjoy seeing their green leaves all will be well, for I have promised them to take the best care of them I know how until I put them out in the real out-of-doors. There is added excitement today in that the tomatoes have also begun to show life,

Given, a lake and a few trees--in Winter, a mist, then a frost then the sun--in Summer, a few clouds for shadows, the sun again for light and a few flowers for color----oh what a beautiful world this is. And with you, clouds, rain, the heaviness of the atmosphere of war, but I hope good health and happiness.

I suppose you start soon for "Edinburgh town." Hear some of the big Scotch preachers while you are there. Your grandmother Graves came from near Glasgow. Paisley was the name of the town, and her name was Lomond, you will recall the plaid I tried to get. I did get it finally. I think it would be a good thing for you to see if you could get a MacLaughlin plaid while you are there, and perhaps I will send for you to bring home one or two or more for the family.

I have written a class song, I have not yet presented it to the class, they may not like it you know. I will send a copy of it to you. It was written to the tune of "Tipperary" which has been the song of the year of course.

God bless you my darling boy,

Mother

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[Faint, illegible text on a folded piece of paper]

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
SCHOOL MOTHER

March 16 1915

My dear, dear Wilder:

Just the minute I sit down to the typewriter little feet make a beeline for my door, and I have to get up and play for a minute, then run away and shut the door tight, or suffer the consequences. I have just closed the door tight.

I had not heard from you for two weeks, and Will said to me Sunday "Tomorrow you will get two letters from Wilder for a boat came in yesterday with 7,000 sacks of mail from England." His prophecy came true, I received two letters and a postal card from you yesterday. The sun is out again after two or three days of shadow, and we all feel better, in consequence.

First, let me tell you of the little daughter that has come to Agnes Lake. Then I will tell you that after all assurance of a speedy death, when each breath seemed to be the last, Winnie Day is seemingly getting better. Then I will tell you how well Winifred looks and seems. She has been over here two or three times already. Did I tell you that her nurse, Miss Thomas—you may recall her visiting here several times? She is from Eau Claire, and it is with her mother that Archie is staying,—knows Dr Finney, Dr Ossler, and Dr Shaw? Likes them all immensely. She graduated from Hopkins and last year was back there to take a post graduate course. She says that Drs Ossler, and Finney and Welsh? were the most loved of all of the Drs. there.

Elizabeth has been spending something over a week at the Penfields', has had a fine time but wants to see Bobbie, so

returns today. There will be plenty of life from now on. Billy Boy had his three years old party yesterday. John was sick and could not come over, and Busy was gone. It was such a quiet decorous little supper party. Billy was too busy eating all of the very good things to cause much of a commotion, and Marmie and Faith were very quiet little ladies. Bobbie raised a shriek once in a while when it struck him how ludicrous it was to have Billie at the table with him, but on the whole we missed the noisy, self-assertive August contingent. You know Elizabeth and John are quite a deal alike in many things? Is it because they were born on the same day of the month? Astrologers would have us so believe. Jean is the next one whose birthday we celebrate.

It is a good idea to say what letter one is answering--but I shall have to confess that I am not sure when this letter was written, but I think on February 21--it was not dated, you see. You have heard, by now of what a wonderful recovery Wilder made. They did not take the whooping cough and all of the Penfield family seem to be very well indeed.

I thought I wrote you of the runaways. They left on Sunday--Wednesday evening they came back to the dormitory, and were getting their clothes ready to go off again, but some one told Will and he brought them to the office. It was quite exciting there for a while. Munro seemed to be the most ashamed, and it was some days before he felt quite at his ease again. McDonald--poor spoiled boy that he is--why his parents are actually afraid of him---did not care so very much, Will is beginning to wonder if he is absolutely normal, Will gave each one a good talking to, and then he had to give Phil a thrashing. He had said he would if it happened again. They each had some four

hundred trips around the track. They had been to Stillwater, down to Shattuck where McDonald had sold a desk that belonged to him, and then they went to Minneapolis and St Paul and came home when there was no more money left. But do you know, on Saturday night again McDonald and Phil were down town again? Then it was when Will said Phil must go. The boys demanded it, and he felt he had done all that he could. Mr Tourtellot came out and laid down the law to Phil, making him fully understand that if he left here he could not come home, that he would keep him here as long as possible, but that no more would he do. Then he talked to Will and asked him to talk with the boys to see if they would be willing to give Phil another trial. But Wilder, if it were just Phil. He has been a bad influence. He has made the boys here acquainted with the Buckeye girls--and Buckeye is almost wholly a red-light district, I am told. Oh dear, such problems as come up with a lot of dear, impulsive foolish boys. Will is almost fully determined that another year we will and must have a bowling alley and a pool and billiard tables. The very name of pool makes me chill. But I know there should be something going on here that will entertain them so they will not want to go down town so much.-- If you have any suggestions to make will you do so? I mean along the line of Wednesday afternoon and evening entertainments.

We have never had so much getting out of the dormitory at night and running down town. What kind of girls would be up to receive calls from the boys after eleven at night? For they go to bed and then get up and go.

Phil is still here, and so are the other two. Robert Thurston has been doing the same thing. Went away Wednesday and we had no trace of him until Friday. He came back Sunday but would not go near the diningroom or see any of the teachers. He left again Sunday night. He came back Monday morning. He told his mother that he could not stay here because the boys would have nothing to do with him and accused him of masturbation. He had told me the same thing once before and it had been pretty thoroughly sifted. Will did not believe a word of it. But Day claims he stole five dollars from him when he went away first, and another dollar when he came back on Sunday. Will thinks now that probably Day is mistaken. He is not the first who thought he had money stolen and found it afterwards just where he had put it. At least it looks as though all the money Robert had spent could be traced. Will gave him a long talk yesterday. I went into the office, and such a pitiful look as was in the boy's face--- Oh dear, again---what problems boys are. And yet you think the place of teacher is a simple one and not very high up? Bless your heart--It is one of the three greatest professions

Well, I do not know as we are seeing much of Dr Kermott it would look so, but he is so dreadfully busy I do not dare say a word to him that is not absolutely necessary. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Even Cottie, the last one to succumb, is up now. She had a hard time with the pleurisy. I hope no one else will be sick right away. What a blessing that the boys have kept so well.

Tell Ridge Lyttle--that there are such men in the medical profession, self-sacrificing, wholehearted Christians. Tell him there are such men in the ministry. Tell him there are such men in the schools and colleges--God grant that he may find such a man to be a chum during this critical time in his life. I know, by experience, that the devil tries his best to make us

lose faith in truth and in the power of the Holy Spirit. I have been thru that mill myself. I almost lost faith entirely. But, if he does not find a chum who can help him thru the dark road of this most hard temptation, there is one thing he can do. Tell him to take his Bible and read every day the account of the work of the apostles in the Acts, and see what the Holy Spirit did to change those weak men into heroes. And if they could rise above their selfish, fearful, stumbling natures into such greatness, there must have been something that took hold of them and helped them. Then too, if one man has found the source of all power, and if one man has found what so many men of that day and this have found, then the way must be open and he can find it. If all other men are untrue and unfaithful, he need not be. What one man has found another man can find, and if there is anything in the promises made by our Lord to His followers that I can have, I mean to have it. You mean to have, Mr Lyttle means to have it--and then we can show others that it is all true, and that all may have it. But, this putting self out and letting Christ in, is such a crucifying sort of thing. We are so fond of our way, our will our ease. I wish you and he could look into the work of the Salvation Army people there in London. You know Harold Begbie's book Twice Born Men? All of those characters came from one little corner of London. I wish you could find one of them and talk with him.

I was much interested in the things you said about Ferguson and about Kriege. Let me know more about them from time to time as well as about Lyttle. I knew from your letter that you were feeling in fine fettle. I am glad of that, your abundant life shows in the letters and does one good.

In looking over that terrible list, I imagined myself looking for your name---oh the poor mothers, wives and sweethearts----- I was also interested in your comparison of England and Germany. Without doubt all of this terrible loss of life is due to pure selfishness on the part of the National leaders of all of the nations. Pray God that Wilson may be lead in all ways so that we may be able to keep out of it. If he can have his way, but there are so many men over here who think we must get into it. Still, I notice from the cartoons that more and more the futility of it all is being preached. And more and more the necessity of Christians to keep out of it. Indeed more and more often one sees the question--Can a Christian in those fighting nations be a Christian and kill his fellows? It is being asked so often that after a while it will become a real question I do believe. But it is so hard for an individual to withdraw from a precedent of a system of which he is a part. That is why individuals, many of them have to become converted before the church can lead them. Is that thought clear? So many say the church is always behind public opinion instead of leading it. Yet it is the men of the church who really lead public opinion. But the church as an institution has to wait until enough of the individuals have been changed so they can affect public ~~op~~ opinion. It does seem sometimes as tho the ministers were the hardest to make take a public stand---and especially so in the Episcopal church where it is much of a business, rather than a special call.

I shall want to know all about the Princeton reunion. It was Mrs Colcutt, doubtless, who invited you--but did not you owe her a call before she would be expected to "come across" again? Be sure and see her. Mrs Bell asked for your address to send to a cousin of hers. You may not enjoy all of these

people, but it is kindness on their part and goodness knows, if one offers a kindness in this world it should be met with equal kindness.

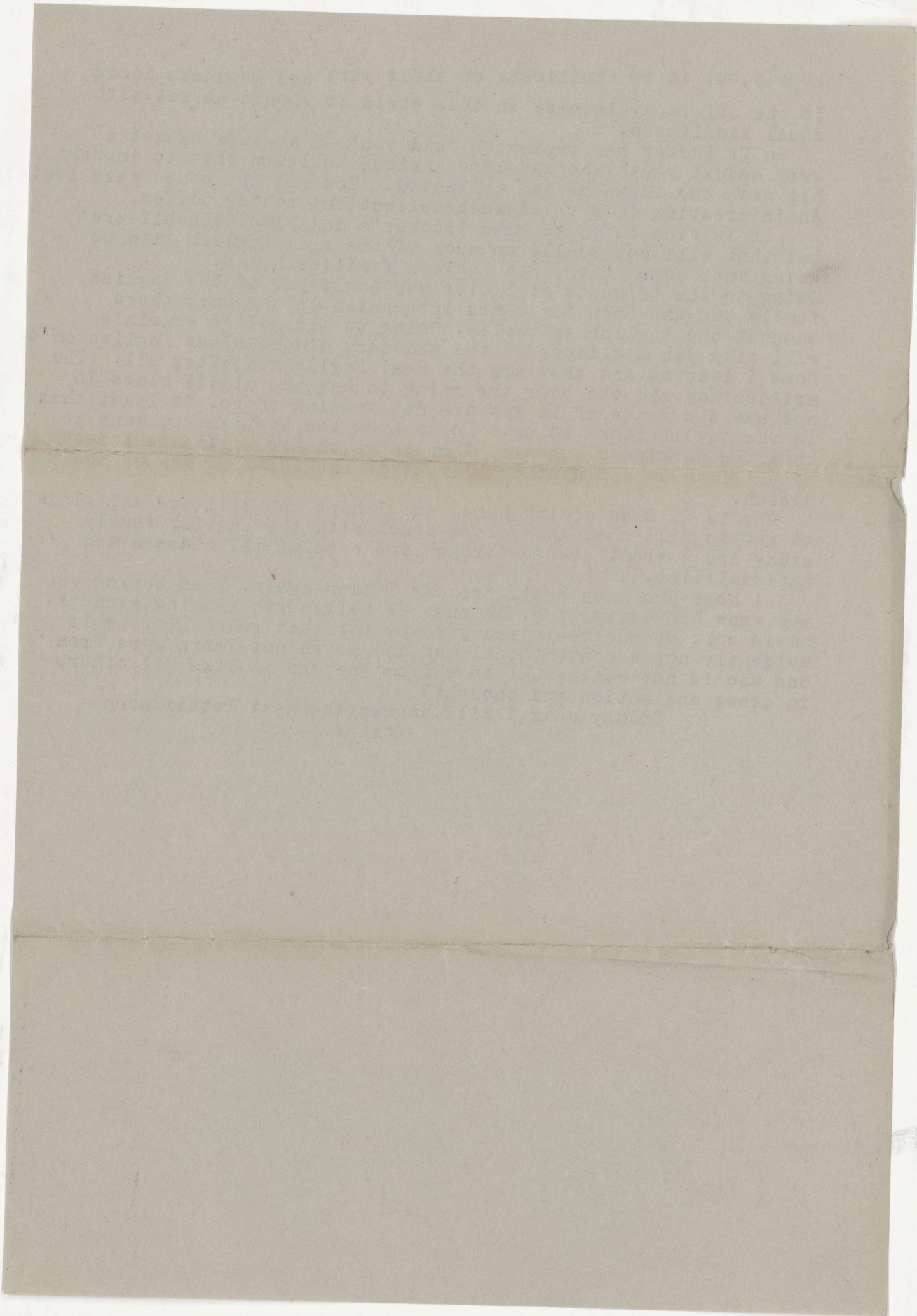
So Dr Parker was trying to "kid you"--I am sure he met a very modest youth who was more anxious to learn that to impress him with the ideas he had collected. Too bad the bones were lost. An interesting thing to ~~collect~~ collect, but tastes differ.

It is fine to go to Miss Crocker's and Miss Kahnweillers' but that will not really so much of the real English life as going into some of the old English Families homes. Going to the Colcutts will give you a glimpse of the English family who has been for years interested in the work there amongst the Englishmen wholly. Going to Mrs Bell's cousin's will give you a glimpse of the ordinary middle class Englishman's home, I imagine. And they are the real Englishmen, after all. The aristocracy and the poor are going to war, the middle class do not see the sense of it and are not wanting to go. At least that is the way it looks to us. So to know the English you want to know the working classes. Then to go to Sir William's Forest home will give you another glimpse of the thinking men of the nation.

Why is Dr Shaw coming home? And I hope you will see all kinds of people, will come into close touch with the English really study the current events through the eyes of all classes and nationalities.

I hope you have heard from Mr Tilden again. I am hoping you may know him better, too. He must be well worth knowing, even if he is sort of queer--indeed perhaps for that reason, for he is evidently not a conventional man, and do we not learn more from one who is not conventional than from one who is like all others in dress and action and thought?

Godby dear, I will answer the next letter soon--
Mother.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
SCHOOL MOTHER

March 22 1915

Dear Boy:

Ever since your dear birthday gift came I have been wanting to write you, once I wrote Helen instead, and the other times, whenever I would plan to write other things seemed to push it one side. This week has been a busy week, getting out the six weeks' reports and picking up the threads of all of the things neglected while there was sickness. Then I have written many letters to get a housekeeper, and have been working up a new course in Bible, and I think it is going to be a fine one.

The little picture frame is darling--too small by a good deal for your picture, but I mean to try and have that reduced, unless you would rather send another one. I had a letter from Helen today, how proud and happy she is over her wrist watch. If she writes such charming, unusual letters to you I do not wonder you love her and look forward to her letters. I think each time I write you that surely I will be able to tell you of a visit with Mrs Kermott, but not so. Mrs McCorkle had a birthday the other day, and Mame reminded me of it, so I wrote her a note, she sent me a charming one in reply. She says she feels pretty well but I have not seen her.

This week will be another busy one--tomorrow night the March entertainment at the church. This evening I am all ready for the other third of the school that have not been entertained at after-study-hall supper. We will have--Grape Fruit--Creamed Cheese sandwiches--Young green onions--Salted peanuts Cocoa-- and Caramel layer cake.

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Douglas, Billy McCain, Larson, Thurston, Willard Trask, Ruhland, Tawney and Evans with Percy and Ruth will be the guests. Will comes in after ten to have a little talk and something to eat.

Phil Tourtellot has left now, for good. There was no use, he would not try to do the right thing, so Will sent him home. His father says he must go to work now, but Phil tells the boys that his father will get him the job then, he won't get it. Is it not hard to raise children like that? Who is to blame? The boy? Not altogether, I am afraid, but it is hard to put it on the parents too. He left Friday, and another boy has already made arrangements to take his place. Robert Hall from St Paul. He is a junior in Mechanics Arts. Has pretty good marks, but is not very well, and his mother has been advised to send him out of the city and to Galahad. I suppose there may be something more back of it, but Kendall knows him and speaks well of him. I wonder if that is to tell us that we did the right thing in letting him go?

Your letter with the March 7 postscript came today. I have another one to answer, but I will talk of this one first. The three Dorgans were stricken within three weeks of each other.

What an interesting visit you all had while Dr Shaw was there--We laughed so over the "Noise" that so annoyed the Don. He was not a Princeton man, was he, or he would have known that was music. Well I do just wish I could have heard you sing I should have recognized the harmony, of that I am sure. Do you know when you say you had Senior singing, finishing with Old Nassau, even I ~~xxxx~~ have a thrill.

Tuesday Morning:

Ruth and Percy almost never come in for a visit, but last evening when I had written so far they came in and stayed until it was time to make the last arrangements for the table for the boys. I shall have to hurry now to get this sent down for the mail this morning. Just such interruptions come always when I am hoping to write to you. I do not know if I ever spoken especially of Bobby's love for his father? One never saw greater devotion of child for father. He wants to be with him all of the time. He loves to play as Percy plays, he tries to imitate him in everything--in the making of faces, in the use of his feet, in the sudden rubbing of his head, in his motions, in everything Bobby tries to be like him. Percy cannot handle him too rough to please him. He calls "Daddie" so much of the time and when it is about time for Percy to come he gets as restless as a young girl watching for her lover's coming. It makes Percy very proud and happy and he is almost as devoted.

The supper last night passed off very pleasantly--we sent them home at 10:45. Will had been in St Paul during the day to consult Dr Riggs about Archie. He has not seen Archie but from what Will and Miss Thomas--the nurse and old family friend could tell him he offers very little encouragement as to his recovery and fears there may be at any time a sudden violent mania that will make it unsafe for any one unprotected to be left alone with him. "Dementia Praecox"-- He will go just as Gray has gone, he thinks. It is not inherited, but both Mr and Mrs Dean were very intense people and their children are suffering from that fact. The other children must live easily. Of course Will and Frank will be of great assistance to Winifred and Daisy. Death is not the worst thing in the world, and how much of suffering there is for people to bear in order to make characters.

You know how often I have said that I hoped that you would be called to study the brain? There is so little known about it, it is such a wonderful study and there is such a wide field for original study there. Investigators should also be Christian men with a great capacity for love of suffering humanity. Last night when we were talking about what Dr Riggs said, Will turned to me and said "I feel that along that line, Will would make his mark. He would be very successful there I am sure. He has such a strong personality and impresses it upon other people so strongly he would have the power of winning confidence ~~from~~ of his patients. Then he would dig and delve into the reasons for things following the one idea he was trying to work out." Percy agreed that he had always felt that way, and said Mr Baker had been much impressed with the same idea. I had never heard them speak of it before. So there you have the thoughts of your loving family. I am sure you would make a success there, more than in surgery, if you felt interested in it. It would bring in so much of psychology too, and oh the world needs so much help along that line. So many brains are giving out, so many lives are ruined because their brains are used up before the poor bodies are ready to lie down forever.

Winifred was quite all to pieces, until Will had a long talk with her and told her she must think of her babies rather than her brother. etc. It is all very pitiful, but Winifred is making a brave stand for quiet and self-control. This trouble comes on people when they are about twenty-five years old.

Well, to turn to something brighter---Agnes Lake has named her baby Ada Marie--after her mother. And Winnie Day is getting better. It does not seem possible, but the Drs. say there is hope of her getting up again. I do not know if they think that it may be a permanent cure or not, or even if they have agreed as to the real trouble. She has put up a wonderful fight. A nervous break down they seem to think with other things--but when has Winnie ever endured a strain that would break down the nerves? You know she has never been strong enough to take her place with the workers.

As to your writing the same things to Helen and to me, what is the difference as long as we are not near enough to compare notes? Everything that you write is so interesting that I am hungry for it all. Perhaps when Helen comes home she will read me parts of your letter so that I may know all of the other interesting things. You have not told me how long will be your vacation?

New friends in the Howells? How delightful, you do seem to take to the Americans in a foreign country. Nothing could be more natural, however.

Will, in speaking of your influence over people spoke of your influence over the boys--your ability, which is so rare, to impress your personality on them. He says it was very noticeable last year. I think he enjoyed last year wonderfully because of your help here, and longs for you now, quite often. Will is growing fast--so is Percy. What do you think? Percy wants to give a course in Bible. He wants to give a course in the Athletes in the Bible. But as long as I am here I do not propose to relinquish my department to him. Would you?

Thank you for my birthday gift. I will send that article to you as soon as possible.

Can you blame the press' attitude towards sports when they are having some trouble in making the college boys want to go to war? That sounds as though I felt they all ought to go but I do not. Will not the people of these fighting countries rise in their might and tell the governments that they have fought for them long enough, and that their lives and their property belong to their country in an another way? That ~~posterity~~ posterity will suffer if the best and strongest of them are being mown down like this? Is it true patriotism to give the best of their men to death? There is no principle involved--nothing but jealousy and greed and graft. I wonder if it will be possible that somewhere we may be caught and forced into the fight. Germany and England--Mexico--China in danger from that little upstart Japan--oh dear. When I look at the faces of the young boys in the German and English armies, I just shiver, and yet those mothers seem to feel they must give their boys. I should feel that I was simply consenting to murder, for I cannot see that it is patriotism. I do want to give my boys to their country, but I want them to live for her and work for her and pray for her and help to make of her the greatest Christian nation of the world. That is true patriotism, surely.

Make yourself so friendly with your anatomy professor that he will know that you were disappointed in not being able to accept his invitation. Be sure that he knows how you feel about it.

This stationery will not last forever and then I will have no more printed like it, for your dear sake. I want to talk to you about what you wrote in the letter I have not answered, but I want to take my time to it.

I want to get at my report of the League today. Oh, by the way. I heard of some things that Virginia Clark was doing. Anita had left her here with Mrs Heritage while she went to California for a trip. I wrote to Anita and begged her to take Virginia out of school and take her out there with her. I wrote to Mrs Heritage about what was going on and wrote it so that she might show it to Virginia, making not light of the terrible necessity for a decided change before the girl was ruined, but putting it so that she could see that I had the kindest feelings toward her. Mrs Heritage telephoned to me a half dozen or more times, finally hired a rig and came out here to see me, and the next day Virginia herself came out to see me. She and I had the best kind of a talk--she promised me some things that will be very hard for her to do unless she has help from some one. Mrs Heritage wants me to come down and see her again, but I do not want to talk too much about it, in a gossipy way, you know. I have not been down, but I must, and I want to see Mrs Haven to see if she cannot help, along with her own daughters, Virginia and Mary Tourtellot, instead of talking with every one against them. So far they all seem to have taken my interference well. I have not heard from Anita, and I still feel that I must walk carefully, in order to help and not offend. When one gets into touch with people how many there are needing our prayers.

Goodbye, love---

Mother

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

September 21 1915

My dear, dear boy:

Before the work of the day really gets hold of me I want to talk with you. The weather is cold, but the past two days have had some sunshine and today promises to be fair. You recall how the lake looks in the hazy mornings and evenings? Sunday Helen stole a little time to spend with me. She came home with me from Sunday School and we two had our dinner on the porch so that we could look out over the water that you loved so much. The border of petunias in front of the new line of shrubbery were so bright and cheery, and on the little table we had a dish of beautiful pansies. We each chose the one that made us think the most of you. She always chooses the very dark ones, and I always choose the dark ones that have a very decided blue color, as that color makes me think most of you. Then, with our roast we had some gooseberry spice because that is what you would have liked to have on your roast. Your letter, written on the fourth and telling of the trip to the firth of forth, was given me while we were at the table, and as a delightful interlude between the courses we read that together. After dinner we had but a few moments--and I do not know how many telephone and other calls I had to answer during those moments, and the taxi came for her. Two hours only had we had.

She had been gone but about five minutes when Will Brown (do you remember Herbert's old friend of Minnesota days?) and his wife and two friends came to make a call. They were driving his car and had planned a trip to Hudson all summer. He has grown so fleshy I should not have known him had not Herbert telephoned that he was on the way over.

They had not much more than gone when Hiller, who came down Saturday afternoon, and Babby, who had come over in the morning, both on their way to Wisconsin, came over to have a talk with me and answer the letter I

had written them about suggestions as to what I could do to make the life here more effective. They had both answered the letter, but had done more thinking and were truly interested. Hiller is a boy with ideas, and can give the reason for his ideas. His advice was really valuable. He was not only ready and willing to advice, but what is more, he and Clifford talked with the old boys who are here and tried to make it clear to them what an opportunity they had to make this year a banner year in the discipline of the school. Hiller's contention is that the faculty cannot do much in doing away with smoking and other evils and foolishness, that it must be done by the boys themselves. The school is small, the old boys who are here are able to do what has never been done before-establish a precedent along ideal lines. Their talks seem to impress the boys, and who do you think seems to be the one who will really take the lead and do more than any other one to further the thing? Happy-go-lucky irrepressible Stanly Stone. As Percy expresses it, Stanley has had a vision this summer.

Those two boys stayed until I had to send them off to supper. At 7.30 the boys all came over to sing. (I bought twenty new singing books while at Lake Geneva) We had the Bible class here and Will took the study for his section, Mr Cameron the diningroom, Percy the porch and Mr John the living room. Then Hiller and Clifford distributed themselves among the boys who did not stay here until retiring bell, and later came over here to visit with Will and Percy until the midnight train.

Yesterday was a busy day, I did not have time to call up a goodbye to Helen, which was just as well because she was too busy to have me do so, without doubt. In the evening we had a very profitable time. I had invited the four ministers and their wives to dinner with the boys. Ruth and Winifred had been out to one of the many parties being given for Alma who is soon to be married, and did not get home until six o'clock. They had the children to see to, and so were late in getting over to dinner. Will had been out in the country and did not get back so as to get into the diningroom until we were well along in the meat course.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

Percy had to see to the ringing of the bells. Cecil and Steve came in to sit by the grate fire after a game of ball on the field, and Percy was late in dressing. So, knowing I had so many things to see to, the seating of the people, for all of the boy's seats had been changed so as to get the different church people together, and I wanted to look over the list again to be sure I had it in my mind, and needed to be on hand over at the stone house to receive the guests who would not know where to go otherwise, I had to stay quietly by the fire and wish Percy would hurry. It was almost six, indeed quite six, when I reached the stone house porch. On the fly I caught Ted, fortunately, and sent him for chairs for the diningroom. The girls had forgotten-- The first car (for both Mr Tourtellot and Mr Schultz have cars of their own) came to the steps just as I did. Introductions etc. and a little late, came the second car. Being late Percy rang the bell before I had had time to get the guests down and placed before all the boys came into the diningroom. My memory rose to the occasion, and I did not forget where one single boy was to sit, but it did take some time to personally conduct each guest to his seat, with no one to greet them after they got there. Mr and Mrs John finally took the charge of their table--she feels new too--and behind all of the boys came Percy and took charge of his table. Mr and Mrs Eglin were not here, so he had the Schultz' In the melee--and absence of Will I forgot to make arrangements for the blessing--and I was down at the far end of the room with Mr Cameron and the boys--No minister, and I could catch no one's eye, and did not really want to rise and shout out a request--so a silent blessing was had. I did not know Will was away, and so had not arranged to sit at his table with the Tourtellots. I had taken time to introduce one or two of the boys, but still it looked a little awkward--Mr Tourtellot at one end beside Winifred's vacant seat--Mrs Tourtellot at the other side and end

next Will's vacant seat--Even Henry who was to sit on the other side of her was late--and another boy who was to sit opposite her was late. I got over there as soon as I could after our heads were raised, and sat in Will's seat, and served the table. Finally Winifred came rushing in-- and at last Will blew in--(literally, for the wind was blowing a gale, and he had come so fast his hair was blown into curls over his forehead and his face was red with a sense of his delinquency) and I went back to my own seat. Mrs Reeves had forgotten to see that the spice was on the tables, and what is roast of veal without some relish- so when my plate was given me I missed what I had not missed before--so I slipped out to the kitchen and sent deft Louise to get it on before every one had finished their meat. Yet with all the fuss there seemed to be little confusion, and every one was having a good time. I was a little out of breath, however.

After the first course, I slipped out again and came over here to get the water started for the te, etc. When they were through over there, the guests, faculty and family came over here for tea, coffee etc. around the grate fire. It looked so bright and pretty with great bunches of the yellow Marigolds in the dark places. Of course the teachers, except Mr John, had to go to classes--but then came the time for my "speech"-- a message from the conference. Co-operation in meeting the needs of this town. And we all agreed that the great need was a social center for the young people. We spent a very interesting and profitable evening. Two weeks from last night there will be invited a larger gathering from all of the churches, catholic and Lutheran--not ministers especially, but natural leaders who would naturally be interested in such a work, and again a presentation of the needs and a request for active co-operation. The church to stand behind the movement, but quite in the shadow pushing quietly, determinedly, and effectively, but not in the limelight, because of some who could not work together otherwise. It may be that it will end in a Woman's club being formed to make the head of the affair

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

The idea seemed to be that it must go through, no matter who has to be the figurehead. Every one who fathers it must be willing to do anything no matter what it is, that will help along the thing we want done. And we will all have to swallow our own pet theories many times, I do not doubt. "More anon."

We are trying to get in a party for Mrs John and also that long-~~ax~~ deferred supper for my class, and the very first date that can be settled on is the first week in October. The 4th--the meeting, on invitation to talk over cooperation, the 5th. the supper for the class, the 6th, the tea for Mrs John. Personally, I would rather keep those dates free-- Mother left us last year on the 5th. of October--but I do not know that actual anniversaries count for much. I have not forgotten her, I love her and feel the need and sometimes the presence of her dear self, and those times do not come on special anniversaries. Perhaps others would not understand that, I hope they will not think I am thoughtless.

But I am busy this morning-- Your letter was so interesting. Will was especially glad of the knowledge of how things are over there. We get so little real detail knowledge here, of course. A personal hint of things make the war and its consequences seem so different. What do you hear about conscription? Would that send you home? Would you have to finish the course here? But would not other medical students still need work, not in spite of, but because of the war? Would they not need, some where, a full fine faculty for the medics? I am so glad you are enjoying the work there in Edinburgh --I guess I spell that word differen every time I spell it. It is almost as bad as "kneck".

I have not written Mrs Howell as yet, but I truly mean to do so.

Lovingly,

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

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actual anniversary count for much. I have not forgotten her, I love her
and feel the need and sometimes the presence of her heart still, and those
times do not come.

Understand that I do not think I am thoughtful.
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every time I shall it. It is almost as bad as "knock".

I have not written Mrs. Howell as yet, but I truly mean to do so.
Love,
Mother.

br
Their family Bible is a book written by a one-time amateur showing how \$10,000 a year can be made on 4200 chickens. She divides that by half--and then discounts it considerably. But if she could make even a thousand clear profit, it would help to pay off indebtedness and the orchard would be growing towards bearing. When one has three girls almost ready for a life work, it quite~~x~~ startles one unless something more than a mere living is in sight. There is so much needed for them.

Everybody is relieved and happy. The house is not ready, and if it does not stop raining soon I do not know when it will be. But who can complain of the rain when that means prosperity to the whole country! When it rains here it snows on the mountains, and oh how I wish you could have seen them yesterday! Such wonderful beauty just beyond the Eucalyptus! Yesterday morning when I got up I saw a most wonderful sight. The fog, a heavy, rolling, snow-white fog, lay in a line from the Brocksieper house up to the foothills. It was clear on both sides of this well-defined line. The house looked as though it were at the cave entrance to a great white snowy line of mountains, with the faint pink of the sunrise playing on it. I shall never forget it.

You know we are always interested in the first guest that sleeps in a new home? Yesterday morning on my way over to the house I went into my house, a thing I never do so early in the morning, and as I went into the front bedroom I was greeted with "Quack, Quack, Quack," a goose had taken refuge from the rain the night before and slept in the bedroom. I must not write more, Jack is almost ready to go down town. I love you all--Your description of the new home seems very attractive and comfy.

Mother.

January 22 1921

Dear Children

Joyful news is the keynote of this letter!



Wednesday morning, January 19th. Ruth called us at 2.30. At 5.10 the first cry of little David was heard. I know they have taken your name, but you did not use it when you had the chance, so I guess you forfeited it. Ruth says she named the other four, and this one, if it was a boy, should be Jack's chance. He has never hesitated an instant as to the choice of David but the second name still hangs fire. He favors Andrew, but fears Ruth does not like it. David Andrew Inglis--a good strong name, isn't it?

Ruth hurried matters when it came down to the Finals, didn't she? She was in bed about half an hour, Dr. was at the bedside just 20 minutes before

the baby was born. Ruth looks ten years younger, and promises to keep looking so, if possible. I am quite certain that the best thing for a prospective mother is to do as hard work as she can endure before the coming of the baby. Do you remember how Jack kept Ruth working in the garden up to the very last before Elizabeth came? The shortest times Ruth has had have been the first and the last. The other times she had a more sedentary life. She has not spared herself at all in real hard work this time, and her muscles were in good condition. She has lost the distressed worn look she has had ever since last March when she was first taken ill, before Baby was started at all. And, if we can keep real suppressed anxiety away from her from now on, I believe she will keep well. She was so anxious last winter to know how the money was coming to give them a living. Now Jack has a regular income, and Ruth plans, as soon as she gets back her strength, to go into the chicken business in real earnest herself, with Jack's help for the heavier work on Saturdays. It is hard for Jack to make the most of spare moments in a work that is new to him. He is not what one calls "a handy man" about the house and grounds. He does not know how to do constructive work with hammer and hoe-- but if things are ready for him and planned for him when he has an extra hour he will do the work as well as he can. So, Ruth will have the charge of the chickens, she really has an interest in that kind of work, she can handle them, rub them with oil etc. and has quite a clear idea of their worth as money-makers if they are intelligently and constantly ^{tended} tended. They need as much care as a baby, so while caring for David she will add the care of a twin--perhaps triplet-- It will tie her down very closely, but if she can clear a few thousand a year on them it will pay her.

100 Pages

CHURCHES NEED THE MANLY MAN

Minneapolis Pastors Discuss the
Requisites of Latter Day
Ministers.

Clergy Find Provocative Text in
Advice of University
Professor.

Minneapolis ministers tell here what sort of men they think the modern church needs most. They say it is a big problem. The various laymen's movements are concerning themselves as much with what sort of men enter the pulpit as getting men to enter it. The requisites of the present day ministry is a favorite subject at ministers' meetings. Every now and then a layman gets up and tells the ministers what he thinks.

One Layman's Views.

At a recent meeting of the Minneapolis Methodist ministers a layman, Professor J. S. Young of the University of Minnesota, talked on "The Pulpit From a Layman's Point of View," and talked out in meeting plainly. Among some of Professor Young's assertions were the following:

"Ministers today are coddled too much, especially by women."

"One strong sermon a Sunday instead of two weak ones would be preferable."

"Ministers should not pray at people, but with them."

"Men and children are neglected; one-sided sermons have all but feminized the church."

"A minister should have something to say when he gets in his pulpit, and then stop."

"If a minister wants to fill his church, let him first fill his pulpit."

"It's all right for a minister to be good, but some people are so good that they are good for nothing."

Doubt "Pink Tea" Type.

Most of the Minneapolis ministers who have something to say on this subject do not go so far as to agree with Professor Young that his declarations are based on actual and generally existing facts. Rev. Andrew Gillies of the Hennepin Avenue Methodist church has no use for "pink-tea" ministers and has said so several times. Rev. E. O. Stone, pastor of St. Paul's Swedish Lutheran church, doubts whether the "pink-tea" minister's day is here at all, although he predicts that if it is here it will be a short day. Rev. Stanley Kilbourne, the Episcopalian priest in charge of university work, says that inferior men have been thrust into the ministry because worthy men have not always appreciated the privilege of service. He declares that a more virile ministry will come only as the boys of today are taught to reverence religion and as the church has more and more choice of the best men.

Dr. Latham A. Crandall of Trinity Baptist church is another who doubts the presence of any large number of "pink-tea" ministers. "If so," he says, "I do not know them. Here and

there may be found one who imagines that a smirk denotes piety and that to be coddled in the height of bliss. But where there is one such there are scores of ministers who understand that they must stand or fall by what they are. It is a man's job to be and to do what is asked of us by Jesus Christ." Rev. William H. Wilson, pastor of the Andrew Presbyterian church, declares that the minister of today who meets the problems of the church of today can be no other than a virile man."

Strong Men Demanded.

A similar need is voiced emphatically by Dr. S. N. Deinard, representative rabbi of the Reformed Jewish church. "The church," he says, "in order to be strong today must have at its head men of strong type of character, for after all the church is an institution the success of which is measured by its men."

Rev. Harry P. Dewey of Plymouth Congregational church declares that the modern minister is already of higher quality than his forbears. He says that twenty-five years ago it was considered a matter of congratulation that a healthy-minded, capable and vigorous young man should enter the ministry, but that such volunteers are not unusual now.

The Ideal Minister.

A summary of what Minneapolis pastors say is needed to be possessed by the minister of today is about as follows: The ideal minister must be manly, strong physically, full of energy, worldly wise and businesslike, of broad learning, of lofty ideals, of symmetry of development, of personal devotion to his faith, with adequate training and discipline of body; a man's man, a fighter, a hard worker; a man square, alert, courageous and honest; a friend, a servant of mankind, aggressive, clear-headed and one demonstrating by his life the truth that he teaches.

This is what Minneapolis ministers have to say of the condition of the ministry today and what its needs demand:

"A man, to represent the church, should be a representative man," declared Rev. William H. Wilson, pastor of the Andrew Presbyterian church. "The church of Jesus Christ is the agency in the world which sets forth in living reality his gospel and service. Its efforts are substantially to do and be that which Jesus himself was. Its ministry, therefore, should exalt and exemplify in splendid character the ideal Christian life. If Jesus passed through our modern commercial and industrial and social life and stood by the busy marts of modern trade as he did upon the teeming shores of Galilee, the men whom he would bid to be his modern apostles would still come from the toil and service of mankind. Ernest, zealous, strong, capable men, who knew life's struggles and stern reality and from out of whose personal experience there had been begotten a spirit and hope which Jesus Christ inspired. It is no pusillanimous task to propagate the religion of Jesus Christ. It calls for the noblest qualities of mind and heart and manhood, and the minister of today who meets the problems of the church of today can be no other than a virile man."

Must Be Virile.

"If Christianity is to have power, it must be virile," said Dr. Lathan A. Crandall of Trinity Baptist. "If its representatives are to lay hold of the respect and confidence of men, they must embody the highest elements of manhood. The manly man is not a boaster, not pugnacious, not a brawler; but he must be square, alert, honest, courageous. Christianity makes a tremendous appeal to the heroic. It calls for constant struggle with evil tendencies within the heart, and with unrighteousness without. Its adherent must undertake a gigantic task which may well summon every power of the strongest soul; nothing less than to help make this world over after the thought which the infinite God has for it. The man who sneers that religion is only for women and children either does not know what Christianity is, or, knowing,