

This is a long  
letter - but this  
is for your people  
I am so glad  
I am writing  
you a clipping  
that will handle  
you so true.

That is a true picture  
of the whole thing.  
Hudson has been  
such a great  
James - my  
son -

Mother,

Love for  
Dorothy - love  
only told you  
I know I love it.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

T. W. Mac QUARRIE  
J. P. INGLIS  
Principals

December 1 1914

My old Sweetheart:

Old is hardly the word, is it? Yet you have been my sweetheart for many years. When I think back to your babyhood it does not seem so very long ago, and yet it seems as though it were in another existence. The world and life is so different now than it was then. It seems as though I were so very young then, yet I did not feel that I was so young. I do not think I wish I were back with my babies though. I have heard many mothers say that, but they are worth more to me now than they <sup>were</sup> did then. I did enjoy them too. I enjoyed them more than many mothers do because they were good babies and I could take real comfort with them. I believe I enjoyed every moment of their baby-lives, and only wished that I had more of them. Now I have their understanding love and have their little ones to fill the baby places. What a rich woman I am-- I look at Cottie-- I look at Cousin Florence-- and all about me and I find more happiness in my life and in the homes of my children than I can find almost any where else. Do you remember Douglas Hunter? He has been arrested in Minneapolis for a diamond robbery. Think of the unhappiness that poor boy has caused.

Mame has reached her limit of strength and the Dr has told her she must go to bed for a while. Perhaps that is the reason that her mother has come. Jean is here with me.

I should say with the children. How she does love to be with the little girls. But Mame says she is almost unbearable when she goes home from here. She is so domineering. Is it not funny? She simply adores Elizabeth. Follows her about, imitates her in every way. Talks like her, thinks like her, acts like her. And Elizabeth accepts her adoration and loves her in return.

Elizabeth has her hair tied back in two big bows now. Looks very like a grown up little girl. It is becoming, but the baby is gone. Her improvement in her work is amazing. You will have to give her another test I am thinking. Cousin Florence and Miss Heath both think her wonderfully bright. Poor Miss Heath has had sorry times with her, not knowing how to manage so positive a little girl, but after a long talk with Ruth she is doing better. She is gaining in discipline, - a little. The children all think everything of her, and she is certainly a hard worker with them.

It is queer to have no freezing weather the first of December. The ground is not frozen. The ice on the lake was good for a couple of days, but it is but slush now. And we are having the first rainy weather of many weeks. It does not really rain now, it mists. So many of the young people over town have gone thru the ice. One of the Tourtellots and one of the Utman girls went in the other day, on the pond. Simon Suesse and another boy fell in and had to break the ice all the way to the shore before they could get out.

Phil Tourtellot comes out today for school. Paul goes to the River Falls Normal and Platt is in Carroll college. Mrs Tourtellot is in very poor health and the boys were a

little strenuous for her. Phil has been doing all right in school except that he is not studying. Mr Jones (the new principal) says he is all right but will be better off over here away from the girls. He does not want to come out because he says there is nothing going on here.

The Presbyterian Social League-is ready for launching. The year and the seasons--Mr H.J.Andersen as the year,Mr Phipps,Mr Slater,Mrs Bradford and I as the seasons- have had the meeting for organization and planning the scope of the work. The months have been chosen after much thought, and they meet with us this evening to learn just what will be their duties, and to talk over the selection of the weeks. The weeks and the month make ~~xxx~~ twelve sub-committees. Each of those committees will have about thirty workers called the days. Those groups have special work. First--each month will be responsible for two public entertainments given during the month of their name. That will bring an entertainment every other week for the whole church. Then during the rest of the year each month group will have social doings among themselves. What those social doings are will be decided by the month and her (or his) weeks. The months are--Will, Mrs Slater, Helen Phipps (or Stephen) J.E.Slaughter Mrs Havens, Mrs Kircher, Mrs W.H.Johnson and Mrs Mayer, Mrs Gridley, and three others that were not sure. Mr Webster for one. I have given their names that you may see not only how efficient they probably are but that you may see how we chose from the different groups of people. Now the weeks will be chosen tonight with just as much thought. Every member of the church is to be brought into active work with

group of congenial efficient people. Then after all of the members are chosen others of the congregation will be chosen. In all over four hundred. There are some who will be nothing but padding. They will be distributed as evenly as possible. And it may be that they will develop possibilities neither they nor we know they have. Then--the whole town will be divided into twelve districts. A certain district will be given to each month to be responsible for. Not that the month group will be chosen from that district- but that district will be under the supervision of a certain month. If any one is in need of employment, if any one is ill, in trouble, needing a friend, a stranger, or what not-- it will be reported to the month. If that committee cannot take care of the case it will be reported to the central committee and it shall be their business to take care of and relieve the trouble. The months in their social plans for themselves may do whatever they please. They have suppers--or sewing bees--music--or prayer meetings-- picnics or take the charge of a mission church-- educate a child or play basket ball or spin tops-- anything the committee of that group decides upon doing. But they must meet together socially often. They must learn to know each other well. The League is a purely social organization that interferes with no other church work. Neither does it take the responsibility of building up any religious department of the church. Those departments are already well organized.

For the furtherance of the work of the social groups the annex of the church will be warmed and lighted and cared for whenever it may be wanted. Any or all rooms may be engaged by applying to the season who has charge of that

group. That season brings all matters of any importance to the central committee and five people take the responsibility of decision. The church will be a home for its members. The extra expense of fuel, lights and janitor will be borne by the church.

I am telling you all of this that you may see what a big work it is, how efficiently it is being organized, and how we are looking after "the saints". This is what all churches should do, but they do not know how to go about it.

Another thing I am going to tell you about, that you may see how much more efficient we are trying to be. The session had a meeting of about two hours last Sunday afternoon. I wrote you what a point Mr Rayburn made about dancing. It has upset many people. It cannot be ignored. We cannot shrug our shoulders and say we do not believe that, we do not think he had any right to talk that way etc. The facts are these. Hudson has had such an awakening as never happened before. Drunkards have been saved--or are with us hoping to be saved--men of years have come into the church as well as women, young men and women, and children. 170 have joined with us. Over 100 have gone into the Methodist church--many have gone into other churches and there are others to come. They are weak, new to the new life. Loving Mr Rayburn as their saviour from a real danger. We dare not shrug our shoulders too hard. We dare not cause one of these little ones to stumble. It is a time of having to walk softly and listen to the guidance of God. Some of the other churches are calling the Presbyterian church a godless church--a society church etc. Well some of the session wanted to make the strong point on dancing--dance and you will be disciplined--

dance again and be expelled. Will came out strong and talked right from the shoulder. He was asked-- "I am asked many times about what is Galahad to do with this question of dancing?" Will said Galahad is going to do its best to have something else in the place of dancing--not because we believe that dancing is wrong but because it seems expedient to do so now when the question has been made so prominent. "We believe that tobacco is a much more harmful thing for our young people than dancing. Mr Hanson said his daughter said "You want me to give up dancing?" I do" Well papa I will give up dancing if you will give up tobacco." She had me there, and I do not know but that I shall have to give it up." Mr Bradford said. "Well if it comes to a question of giving up the church or the tobacco the church will have to go for I do not believe that tobacco is wrong.

*Mr Bradford  
Oscar says  
to show  
his love  
then stand  
in usually*

Several of our elders use tobacco and one does worse he sell thousands of pounds of it. Has anyone questioned our being in the session because of it?" Will said "That is just what is the matter with us. We criticize others for what we believe to be wrong but we are very willing to make excuse for our own weaknesses. More than that you cannot discipline a member for dancing." They knew better. They could if they chose. Libel charges might follow. So Mr Tourtellot got the records out. The General Assembly have gone upon record as stating their disapproval of card playing, promiscuous dancing, and horse racing. That is all.

The boys thought we were to give up our Christmas party but we are not. We are to have a minstrel show and Christmas tree with gifts for girls, boys, chaperones, every one in the room and with a Santa Claus too. And I am to buy the gifts. A heap more work than a dancing party, but the

*best thing to do.*

Loving you  
Mother

T. W. Mac QUARRIE  
J. P. INGLIS  
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

January 12 1915

My dear, dear Boy:

Who would think that it would make such a difference as to where you were if you were not here? Absence is absence, why should it make any more difference if you are absent a thousand miles ~~or~~ or ten thousand miles---yet it does. I suppose that is why death seems so dreadful, until we learn to realize that they who have gone are not gone but are more truly here near us than they were when here in the flesh.

I hope you got your trunk all right. I hope you got everything packed in good shape, and that the passports, and the goodbyes to all of your friends were in order. I do not know yet if I sent you valuables or foolishness in the Cook letter. It was sealed, therefore I took it for granted that it was something you would need. Then I made the mistake of 217 instead of 276 Riverside Drive, and had to send a telegram for fear it might detain you and cause you worry. You see they did not send them from the postoffice. It takes those people some time to find their bearings. When you get this you will have been some days in England, and will have had time to accommodate yourself somewhat to your new surroundings. I shall want to know all about the last days in this country and the trip over and your first impressions there. I wish I could be near you in a strange environment for a month or so to get myself into line for the coming months of work. Archie Dean has broken down in his mad fight for material success and has had to leave Mobile. They have feared a mental break down. These intense people are hard to

live with, but they have the hardest time, poor things. We fear the MacQuarrie boys are coming down with whooping cough, that means loss of sleep for Will and Winifred and consequent loss of vitality and energy. Just at this time too added to the anxiety for Archie makes it hard.

Frances Helma Andersen has an eleven pound daughter, born last night. Another Mary Andersen. Mrs Helms' name is Mary-Herbert's mother and sister were named Mary-so no other name could have been chosen. Frances is doing very well indeed, and they are all perfectly happy. It will help Mrs Andersen to bear her loneliness.

Bobby kept them up last night with an earache and high fever. And Elizabeth was up with a nosebleed. Ruth took her to St Paul to see Dr Ogden about her condition. "Nothing but nervousness" he said. We knew that before. He tested Ruth's blood and found it showed a test of 60- so she is anemic. Aside from these little incidents we are all pretty well, and happy.

Will is greatly troubled about Phil Tourtellot. He is not doing well. John Young told Will he had not smoked once during the vacation and was ready to join the church which he did last Sunday. Ten joined with him-not from the school, but from town. Nora Cunningham's ~~mother~~<sup>father</sup> died and Will and I went to the Catholic church to the funeral. We heard the queerest sermon. A tirade against all who were not Catholics and the information that only those who were good Catholics were saved. "This man was a good Catholic? How do we know? because he attended mass every Sunday, by that we know he was a good Catholic." Not one word about a Christian life, not one word about Jesus or God-simply the Church. I sat there thanking God that I could go to Him for knowledge and not to a Church run by fallible men. And I think a good deal of the church too. I spell Church -"Christ" They do not.

T. W. Mac QUARRIE  
J. P. INGLIS  
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

January 20 1915

Wilder, dear:

Another letter was returned from New York--as it was directed 318 West 57th. And had also the Letters Y M C A on it I do not see why you did not receive it on time. I do not know if it is worth anything but I am sending it on to show you that I did write oftener than one would think. I also took the liberty of opening your other mail so as to send it if it seemed best, or to leave it here like the Atlantic Almanac, and some other advertising matter.

We are having much snow just now, and last ~~Friday~~ Saturday night we had a regular old fashioned blizzard. That was the night Mame left for Detroit. Herbert said they had a dreadful time getting to the train. Mame went a day earlier than she had planned in order to go with Fred Andersen who was going directly to Detroit. Was that not fine for her? The two boys are here, and certainly two more do make it that much livelier. They are nice boys. George was sick last night and that made Wilder a little bit homesick but they are both all right this morning.

Bobby is very much better so I think we will not have the very hard time that Mame had with Jean or Patty. For which we are very thankful.

Will is getting whiter and whiter with anxiety over the disappearance of three of the boys. Sunday afternoon Phil Tourtellot, Byron McDonald (the new boy from Virginia) and

Gordon Munro from WhiteBear went up to Stillwater, in the opinion of the boys, and did not come back. They are still missing. Byron had five dollars, Gordon had but twenty-five cents, Phil had no money at all. That would not keep the three for very long, and----well, where can they be? Mr Munro was notified last evening and suggested that they might have fallen in the lake--but the ice is very firm. Otherwise he said he would inquire of Gordon's friends. He said he told him once if he ever wanted to run away from school to run and run as far as he wanted to run. When he was tired of running to come home. Mr Tourtellot does not know what to do but to wait until they come back. Mr McDonald has not been notified as yet.

The boys say that Phil has been trying to get some of them to go off--Somewhere--rather indefinite. The three asked Stone and Day to go with them Sunday.

I have not seen Mrs Kermott to talk with her since you left. I cannot get over town very often. I think I wrote you of the death of Mr Sammond? Uncle Charlie has been very ill since the first of December, and they feel it is his last illness. Elizabeth feels very lonely and sad.

I can think of several other things that are sad too, but I would like to put in something that has more the look and feel and sound of gladness.

Here is one--Mary Andersen is to take her father's place as head of the Presbyterian Social League and Mrs Andersen will keep her place as chief advisor and assistant to the head. Mary has also taken the office of President of the King's Daughter's Bible Class--in other words the class I teach. If you hunt you will find gladness there, especially if you put on my spectacles.

There are many happy things -indeed more than sad things I expect, if we would train our minds to look for them.

Ray is coming down the first of February for their stockholder's meetings, so I am looking forward to a good visit with him.

To think that you are in England and seeing such different things, and knowing such different people, and hearing such different conversations--does it not seem strange? I do hope you will find the work in the college just what you want. Be sure and write me all about everything. Your first letters will be so interesting, as all first impressions are interesting.

May God keep you in His close keeping my darling boy.

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

February 1 1915

My dear dear Boy:

Just to think that I have not heard a word from you since you sailed three weeks ago last Saturday-- It does seem a long time, but I am trying to be patient, as I know you have written and the war is blamed for everything now.

It is just a little bit disturbing when we read that the German sub-marines are nearing and closing around England, that Merchant ships are being blown up etc. I almost wonder ~~itxix~~ if it was a wise thing to have you go over there even for the study you have before you. I suppose you will see much of human nature, and will learn to know people better than was possible here. That is a good set of lessons for every man, and especially so for a doctor, it seems to me.

I had such a lovely letter from Helen the other day--it followed the picture she sent me. The picture is so like her and the one I liked the best. The time of waiting for letters seems long for her, poor girl. I asked her to send a picture to Grandma Pen, and foolishly forgot to send the address, although I was so certain I did send it. Helen is also very anxious that her mother and I shall become well acquainted. I wish we might, but how is it to be? I have some evenings when I have to go over town and would like to go to some of my friends to dinner on those days--but some way, I am not sure that I feel well enough acquainted to ask myself there. I suppose I should, but I do not feel just like it. Would you think I should? Or shall I tell Helen what I could do? She spoke of her mother and me both as being so busy.

Of course they have told you of their anxiety about Mrs McKorkle? She has diabetes and they have taken her to Waukesha for treatment there. But the worst symptom is the trouble with the heart. They do not let her go to her meals they do not let her walk but a few steps from her bed because of the weakness of the heart. Mrs Kermott is very worried.

Last Tuesday Mrs Jensch had a very pleasant party in the afternoon. She had all of the Il Trovatore records with but two or three exceptions, and so gave an Opera for her guests. Each one had a printed list of the songs so that we could follow what was being given. It was very interesting I had a little visit with Mrs Kermott then. I am to let her know just as soon as I hear from you.

I will try and keep up a lively correspondence with Helen--but you know how hard that is for me.

Herbert comes over on Sunday for dinner and a little time afterwards. Wilder is sick in bed today--a high fever that Dr cannot tell much about now. It does not come from the throat, therefore he must wait a few days. Faith coughs like everything--but he says it is a spasmodic cough. George has a cold and a pain in the back of his neck--he was over with the MacQuarries when Dr came out to see the children and I have not heard what he said about him. Robert has another



growing, as it naturally would with Mary Andersen at the helm as president. We have twenty-four on the books now, and with growing interest. We are having monthly socials as well. The next one being in the country, to take advantage of the sleighing.

The Big entertainments at the church once a month are working out beautifully, bringing all kinds of people together. About three hundred were there last week. We had a spelling match and yur mother was the last on her side--I could not hold out against the other side, however. I spelled for some time all alone, and went down on a word that I knew. I did not mind the going down half as much as I did the word I went down on---inseparable---That horrid A slipped out and the E slipped in in spite of me. It was really quite exciting. The funny thing was to watch the school teachers--How they did hate to miss. Mrs Everson--who stood up until the last with me, "I used to be a good speller, but I do not spell any more except in the writing of letters". Her amazement was so great when she found that I did not either. "Oh but I Thought you taught" It is queer how little people know about the things out here at Galahad. Some think I am a teacher, some think I do some of the manual work, and some think I do nothing. Some think I am the chief spoke in the wheel and some think I care for the rooms--etc.

The boys are getting quite in the habit of coming over to play on the victrola. At the ten cent store in St Paul Robert bought some ten cent records-- and now some one or more are here all thru the leisure hours to learn the music. What class of music? Just now the Ragpicker is going. "And then came Ruth "will probably come next. "Down in Hell" is another favorite selection. But Tipperary is perhaps the "best seller!"

I have bought a beautiful set of History. I do not recall if I wrote you about it before. Full leather, tooled. Beautiful paper and illustrations. Edited by Edwin Markham. American History in Romance. The atmosphere or setting of the historical facts is given by fiction with fictitious names. But nothing but absolute fact is given in the connection with any historical name. It is beautiful and valuable. I bought it for future generations---but Herbert looks very longingly at it already.

I had a letter from Aunt Hessie the other day--Quite a deal more than a little hint was given me that Virginia could well use a little money. I do not know what to do. I have a good many demands even now. If I thought she really did need money I would feel that I must somehow get it for her---but whenever Tom has sent her any, it has most of it gone on Jessie's back, I am afraid. Then, too, Jessie had money left her by her grandfather, as I am given to understand, that would, if taken proper care of, take care of them. Meaning Jessie, her mother and Virginia. But when necessities, in her mind, mean \$27-- hats for thirteyears old Virginia---don't you know I cannot help but hesitate and question. Poor Jessie, and she could have developed into such a fine woman, had she had the right training. Surely her mother is suffering for all of her past foolishness. It is all very pitiful. Of course she thinks I have a lot of money now. They are playing n the piano as well as the

Victrola, now. All about how much more hell there is up here than there is down below.

What a rambling old gossip letter this is proving to be. Of course there are many chances of delay in this letter sending and receiving, but I hope we will get into touch with each other before long. If one dwelt on all the things that might happen weeks before we could know anything about it, well--it is best to think of something else. The boys have begun to sing now, and some I think are dancing too-- I guess I would better close the door--or better still stop this trying to write.

God bless and keep you and make H's face to shine clearly upon you dear, dear boy of mine.

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

WJ  
2/9/15

February 8 1915

My darling Boy:

It did seem so good to hear from you, and how I wanted to answer you right away---but wait until I unfold to you the tale of the past week. You know almost anything is liable to happen in this family. But how trivial the most annoying things here seem to be when we think of all of the sorrow over on your side of the big pond. I think your first letter showed green with seasickness. Is it not an awful feeling? But how gloriously fine one does feel--afterwards.

Last Monday morning Wilder the second was very sick--the next day it was pronounced pneumonia--and his mother so far away. Do you know it is no joke to be responsible for other people's children, even if they <sup>are</sup> your own too, in a sense. We did not want to send word to Mame, and Herbert is a long distance away, after all. Of course there is always much anxiety about that treacherous disease. One never knows what turn it may take at any instant. I brought him down stairs and put him in mother's bed and Elizabeth went out on the porch with her father. Ruth is in the house with Bobby and with Faith. Faith has whooping cough--caught it from the MacQuarrie boys although no one knows where they caught it. However, they could give whooping cough, and yet they have never really whooped themselves.

On Thursday Ray came for his annual visit, and as it is only an annual visit, you know I want to make the most of it. That day Wilder was dreadfully ill. I finally sent for Herbert. It is not necessary to tell you all of the details. On Friday his fever ran up again, and I feared a repetition of Thursday--but the bathing soon quieted him and by morning the fever was a thing of the past. We are now fighting homesickness through his weakness. I mean because of his great weakness he is very homesick for his mother. So I have to coddle him. Horace Day thinks he may be getting ready for it now. But Dr thinks it is only a sore throat.

Dr is so busy and so tired, he sends his "remember me to Wilder"--I shall take your two letters over to read to Mrs Kermott, probably tomorrow. If Wilder is so I can leave him I am going to Mrs Elwell's to dinner tomorrow. Mrs Andersen and Mrs Baker are to be there, I do not know who the others may be. On Thursday of this week I am invited to Mrs Slater's to a tea and on Friday our Bible Class are to have a sleigh ride out to one of the country member's home for a social evening. So I am getting quite giddy.

Ray stayed until Saturday morning. He brought me another record--On one side "Every Valley shall be Exalted," sung by MacDonald. On the other "He Shall Lead His Flock" sung by Elsie Baker. Both from the Messiah. He has been reading English history since he has been in Canada. He wished to send good luck wishes to you.

Archie Johnson wished to be remembered to you too. He is happy that Elsie is in my S S class and seems so interested.

Oh your letters are so interesting, and there are so many more things I want to know about. If Germany is able to carry out her supposed plans of surrounding England and starving her out---it seems so impossible that it seems almost foolish to speak of it--I wish the Oxford students could be transferred to McGill. The very violence of the war seems to be encouraging in that the horror must soon be over. So much of feeling cannot last long amongst Christian nations. It looks different now that you are so near the war zone.

Now Wilder, just that same thorough work is what you really want is it not? You want to be prepared for research work do you not? Would it pay to lose a very valuable year right now? I am glad Sir William Osler was a little more encouraging. I am trying to imagine you in your new surroundings. Of course you could stay until ~~October~~ September of 1916 and take the two long vacations in work. That would be almost the extra year. Well, I expect the coming months seem long and hard to look forward to, but I know they will be worth much to you and that you will get the best out of them. Playtime is over, or what will seem playtime to you now, although at the time they seemed filled with work. I am glad you are getting out to Rugger I should hate to have you give up all athletics. You could not and do your best work.

Will is talking about buying two Holsteins for \$250--each. I do not see why you did not get a letter from me that first week I thought I wrote so that it would get there almost as soon as you did. I love you, and surely do not mean to let my letters lag. I seem to have very little to write. Nursing and seeing Ray, with a League meeting at Mary's, and the Bible work---That is all I have done, and the surroundings are all about the same.

Babby has broken his nose for the second time. Will has had to expell Phil Tourtellot because he will not obey the rules Mt Tourtellot cannot have him at home--he has worn Mrs Tourtellot out completely, so he will have to leave home and go to work now. Is it not too bad.

Did I tell you that Mr John will probably bring a wife here next year? George Ripley will be married this week. I may know some gossip to write you next time but I know none now. I am sending two letters that will explain themselves. I guess I will make out my seed order. Herbertt says I need to begin planting now.

God bless and keep you dearest boy, I wish I could write you as interesting letters as I get from you.

Mother.

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# URGE ACCEPTANCE OF MAYOS' OFFER

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## Medical Board of University Approves Proposed Co-operative Scheme.

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Affiliation of the proposed Mayo foundation for medical education and research at Rochester with the medical school of the University of Minnesota was approved unanimously last night by the administrative board of the medical college, and was recommended to the board of regents of the university.

### Final Action February 18.

Final action will be taken by the regents at their regular meeting February 18, and, according to Dean E. P. Lyon of the medical school, probably will become effective at once if sanctioned by the university board, the plan having been approved by the directors of the Mayo foundation.

### Merits Are Apparent.

"The merits of the proposed co-operative scheme were apparent to all," Dean Lyon said last night, "and there was no opposition on the medical board.

"It is generally regarded as one of the best moves that can be made in the interests of medical education in Minnesota."

### Credit for Rochester Work.

The plan contemplates an informal co-operative arrangement whereby graduate medical students may receive university credit toward advanced degrees for work done at Rochester.

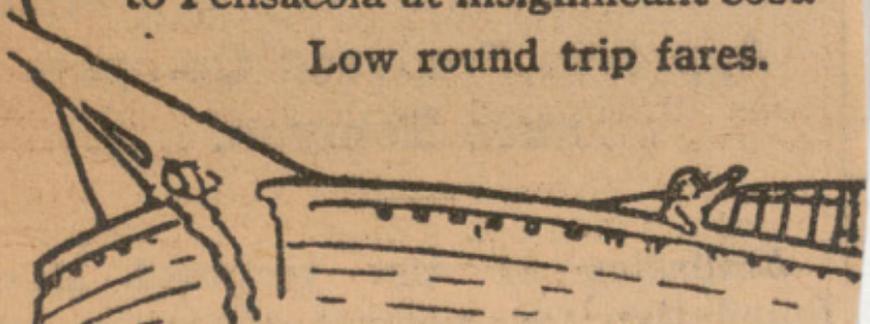
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THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

February 17 1915

My darling Son:

Your most interesting dear letter came on Monday, and I wonder if you can know how eagerly it was opened and read. I have been hoping to get up to Mrs Kermott's to give her the news from you, but I have not been able to make it yet. No, I have not been too busy, at least I can not see that I have done much even though I keep at it everlastingly, but it has not seemed to shape itself just right. I was interested in your joke on the Iambic-- Surely your letters are full of "I"--what we want to know is all about you and your interesting experiences. Everyone of them are intensely interesting to us, even to the girl who pleased you with her American slang, even though at home we might have thought it rather coarse and beneath a lady--but I know just how it sounded to you, and more than that I know just how and why she said it. Just the relief of meeting a compatriot who could and would understand all of the homesick longing that word expressed. I know once in long, long while I have heard sweet little Motherdy let out all of her pentup disgust in a laughing outbreak like that. We Americans are breezy and unconventional, even the most conventional, sometimes. It must seem good to you to come in contact with so many whom you know and others of whom you know. How fine it is that Sir William Osler is get-at-able, and knows just what you want and can help you to form and

carry out your plans. If you have opportunity and it seems to fit in right, I wish you would tell him and Mrs Osler how much a certain mother over here appreciates all of help or sympathy they are kind enough to extend to you. How many kind lovely people there are in this world, and how fortunate you have always been in meeting and getting into touch with them. I think the reason is that you are kindly too, and meet them in that spirit and that they feel you are different from many who only cultivate them for the things they can get out of them. Did you ever stop to think how men and women of position and power are surrounded by parasites who flatter and fawn just for the things they can make out of them? So when they meet an earnest, honest man who is frankly after something, yet is able to appreciate what they can do for him, and will, in return, give honest true friendship, it must be refreshing. I think you answer to that description.

What shall I write you that will be of interest? Will came over last night for a few moments to tell me, so he said, that he thought the Bible class work this year was wonderful. It showed in the class sections. Reverence and interest and the willingness to take their individual share of the programs. Of course that was a great satisfaction to me in every way.

We have been very successful in basket ball this season. It is queer to see how little interest Will takes in it now. He was talking of athletics the other day and said as he and Percy grew older they would be more and more losing their ability to carry on that part of the work etc.---It showed in the basket ball

game the other night when the team played against Mr John and his brother (physical director) and Mr Cameron and his brother (physical director) and Percy. The score was 18-40 in favor of the team. Will did not feel fit enough to try to play.

In March there will be a tournament in River Falls and it is quite possible that we may win the basket ball cup. I hope that will happen. Hiller, is of course, the very fast one. Chauncey makes baskets, I understand. I have not seen them play in a single game yet. Something always happens to prevent my going over to the Gym. when a game is called.

Mary Andersen is such a darling, and so competent. As president of the "Kings Daughters" class she is doing well, she has started the Big Sister movement. Each member of the class will take a little sister and try and be a friend to her and urge her to get the right associates etc. On our sleigh ride party last week out six miles, we had a delightful time and got this started. Mary told them it might take a year before they found just the girls they could help, but to be ready for them when the opportunity offered. Aside from that she has formed a club of young girls. She went to Mabel Johnson, a telephone girl, and together they made out a list. Mary said, in both cases, "this is not rescue work, but it is prevention work." So when she questioned Mabel's list, it was with that idea. And Mabel would say, "But she needs us now." They started last Monday evening. They are to meet in the basement of the library, and Charlotte and Lucille Menky are to help her. All of which will be good for the two

helpers as well as for the girls. If Mary could get such a vital helpful work started here, and get Charlotte interested it would fill both their lives with happiness, and the satisfaction of knowing they were doing something that was their very own. I feel so happy over it for the sake of all concerned. Mary will not want to go elsewhere then. It will grow, and with financial help at first may become something self-supporting.

Mrs Andersen and Mary have gone to Rochester to consult the Mayos about Mrs Andersen's health. Her stomach is not as it should be, and her brother, Dr Vaughn wanted her to see them.

The sudden deaths are quite alarming, and the queer thing of the business men of Hudson being called alphabetically, is causing comment. Mr Andereen, Mr Baker, Mr Carrisch, Mike Dorgan, Phil Eder--who will be the next? Jim Dorgan was stricken first, while he was unconscious his son Dave Dorgan was lifting him, and was struck down dead. Then Mike Dorgan was struck down. With what? it looks like apoplexy, but they are beginning to question if it may not be a germ, for Hudson is not alone in the sudden deaths. And yet Mr Clark lingers. A D Richardson has been released, however.

Wilder is quite well again, and Mame will be home on Saturday. I am quite glad, for things here are rather hard at times. Mrs Poland is not well, has gone to a hospital and Gladys was obliged to go home. So Ruth has been without help much of the time lately. Faith's whooping cough, and Bobby's teeth, fever etc, keep her busy to say nothing of the work with Elizabeth that is more

harrowing than anything else. Today Marmie is sick, and George is--well, cross. I think we will give him a dose of castor oil when he comes home.

I am to buy about \$50. worth of books for the Galahad library to pay for their board while here. You know on account of the taxes Galahad cannot take board money. And that reminds me, Elizabeth and I are to garden and sell our extra truck to the stores this summer. I suppose I should underline the word extra. Herbert said that one year he bought 20¢ worth of peas and they had all they wanted to eat and sold over \$5.00 worth to the grocer. Ruth and Percy think peas cannot be raised here but they thought the same thing about head lettuce, and I had beautiful head lettuce last year, so I was brave and sent for 90¢ worth of pease to plant. If from 20¢ Herbert did so much, how much will we do for 90¢? I have not figured it out yet, perhaps I should do so, it may be the only chance I will have to gloat over the dollars that will come from our pease. I tried some last year but the rabbits worked earlier and later than I did, so I did not get much. This year I am going to put them in the wire enclosed garden. I saw a jack rabbit in my garden the other morning, my heart sank down into my boots, when I looked at him. The little bunnies are bad enough-----

I am at work on my cartoon book--do not forget to send me some good ones as you come across them. The foreign ones are so different from ours. What a miserable complication the high sea commerce question is making now. I saw an editorial in the Independent the other day telling how hard it was to do good. The U S is trying

to be fair to each and every nation, and is getting roundly scolded by each one of them in turn. The German-Americans have felt quite unhappy that the U S seemed, in their eyes, to be taking the part of the Allies-- so they are making an organized effort to turn the sympathy of the country to the Germans. Well I cannot blame them, it hurts me to have so many things said against them-- still, the English are our own flesh and blood, and I think it is only natural, for the most of us, for the U S as a nation to feel that England is nearer to us. But what a cosmopolitan nation we are-- why it is impossible that we should take sides, we must be a neutral nation, or we would be fighting against our own no matter what we did.

Jane Adams has been elected president of the Woman's Peace party-- I do not know what their plans are, what they will try to do. Ray Stannard Baker had a wonderful story of the war, supposed to be written one hundred years from now-- and showed how we could laugh out an invading ~~an~~ army should one come here. It surely would end in victory could it be carried out. Imagine a fleet of warships coming here and being met with a warm welcome-- No army, no guns, simply a jovial kindly hospitality. In the story it was the German army that came-- they demanded money from New York-- it was given heartily-- the army had bought of the hucksters enough to pay for it-- besides they were told that New York had been ruled by the Irish for many years and they guessed they could trust the city in the hands of the capable Germans for a short time. Finally the whole country was laughing at the angry astonishment of the invaders when their seriousness was taken so lightly. You cannot quarrel with good nature-- so they took their guns and ships and went home, except the many who preferred to stay here.

Bobby has come to help me so good by-

*I like the card very much  
I will attend to the engagement - notice*

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

February 20 1915

My Very Dear:

I wonder, I wonder, will the Germans let this letter ever reach you? Are we not to hear from you any more for some time? I suppose it will be no worse than it has been some times in Europe, no not as bad, for we know you are not in the battles even if we cannot hear from you. And how many wives, sweethearts and mothers have not been able to hear from their loved ones and have not known where they were.

I quite feel the need of talking to you tonight. Winifred has not been over to meals for two days until this noon, as her maid has been ill so she has had to stay with the children. So many things have happened since then that it was quite a reunion there was so much to talk about. The wonder to her was "And I never knew a thing about it."

Mame expected to be at home last night but missed her train in Chicago and so did not come until this morning. The boys left later in the morning. We have had some excitement about Faith. Several times when coughing she has had a convulsion. Yesterday Elizabeth found her on the bathroom floor with her feet around the commode and she had to work hard to get the door open. Then later we heard a fall in my bathroom she had fallen against the radiator and cut her head quite a long and deep cut. Dr came out and clamped it together (how much better that is than the stitches) I do not suppose you recall a little history of Faith's spasms so I will tell you. When they were in Bayfield she was jumping up and down on the

couch and fell striking the whole length of her spine on the wooden edge. After that she had a convulsion. A few weeks later she fell on the floor, stumbled against something, and hit her head and had another one. There have been no more until now. Dr says we must get that controlled for there is danger of epilepsy. I thought that always came from some bad family history, but he says no that is often comes from accidents or even from a severe fright. It makes one's blood run cold to think of that danger.

Bobby is probably the crossdest little fellow in seven counties. He has lost all of his sense of humor, he sees no fun in anything. Although Faith did get him to laughing tonight for the first time in days. He is coughing quite hard but has not begun to whoop as yet. It lasts so many weeks, it is discouraging, especially when they have it as hard as Ruth's ~~en~~ children have.

The boys are dear boys, but certainly the house does seem more quiet and restful now. George's voice is so high and sharp and insistent, and with the sickness their noise, that was all right, did hurt. Then he and Elizabeth did quarrel so all of the time. Today Elizabeth has been so happy again. Her eyes have lost the harried wretched look that was so unchildlike. Do you know we have all come to the conclusion that Wilder is not the problem over there, that it is George, and that many times Wilder is punished for things that George does, or causes him to do by his constant irritation. So from now on Wilder has friends who will stand by him. I shall tell Herbert some things when it seems best.

I have not heard from Helen for some time, and neither have

I seen Mrs Kermott. Dr is so busy he does not try to go to the office at all except to sneak in and get some medicines. He is getting quite tired. There are many sick. Do you recall tha Mr Donahue who came down from New Richmond to attend Mr Baker's funeral? He dropped dead last week. How many of such things I have told you.

Oh but I did not finish telling you of our happenings here. Marmie has been sick in bed fo two days, is up now, but quite white and drawn yet. She surely is a patient little patient. She slept in mother's room while sick. Wilder was able to go out on the porch with George and Marmie slipped in. But now Busy Bee is back in her old bed again after some ~~four~~<sup>three</sup> weeks of being away, and we had a little rejoicing over it. I did not know if she would want to come back she does so enjoy the being out of doors at night.

Percy had started for Bayfield last night and Ruth sent a telegram calling him back. The weather is so very mild the snow is almost all gone, and Pixie is digging up the ground. My garden, oh my garden.-----

Monday Morning:

The weather is so warm, and rainy, if it were only a month later. There is one thing where Herbert and I agree, we always have plenty to talk about when we get on the subject of the garden, and perhaps we encourage each other in extravagances. He has a Guernsey bull. Our old pigs and then our new pigs have all died with ~~the~~ cholera. I suppose it means a loss of at least \$150- to us.

Faith is not any worse, and I guess better. Your postal came about the game in London. Mrs Kermott said she was trying to get Dr off for her mother, but could not move him. He cannot

go until after "Wendy" MacQuarrie comes. Winifred is without a girl and expecting to be sick any day now.

I am sending you enclosures that will explain themselves. Be sure and present this letter wont you?

The boys went down to River Falls Saturday and played River Falls High but lost 43-28. Of course they have all sorts of excuses, but Will thinks there is nothing to them-they were just beaten that is all.

Obie is making us a visit, sends his love. Last night after study hall ten of the boys came over--(The old team) and we toasted marshmallows, had some apples and when Percy and Will came in they all thought and talked over old times. They did not go until 11.30. On Tuesday--tomorrow--I shall have the seniors here for supper after study hall.

But now I must say goodby---oh when Dr does go to Waukesha I am to go down there and stay all night "and we will have just one good jolly visit"-- That may come.

God bless you in all things and may you draw very near to Him in your work and play.

Your mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

February 28 1915

My darling Wilder:

Your letter written on the 13th came today, and it was certainly an interesting one. Save your letters? well did you think for a moment that I wouldn't? I always save them, and certainly now they will be treasured more than ever. So many questions I want to ask about things, but first-----

Ruth MacQuarrie came to take up her abode with us this noon.

A redheaded little girl--what do you think of that? And she is named for Ruth. As usual we have had a busy week. Faith is better, but we cannot leave her alone at all. Bobby is whooping like a good boy and his meals usually come up so we cannot leave him alone either. Ruth was taken sick Friday and is down here in Mother's room in bed. A real case of Grippe. So things move as usual--every one in the family pushed to the last minute of time. Last Tuesday night, after study hall, I had the table set for twelve, and the ten seniors and Percy and I sat down to a little supper.

Monday morning---

I wanted to finish this last night, but could not because I wanted Ruth to get a good night's rest--which she did, and if her throat was only better she would be all right, I think. Then Will came in after the ten o'clock bell rang, I am talking about the supper of last Tuesday now-- and we talked around the table until after eleven. Ruth was sick that day so that she could not come to the supper, Percy taking her place. Then I invited another ten to come for supper on Friday night, and Ruth had reached her limit that day, so that the day was quite a

Wilder

I hope you have not been "sent down" for getting back late.

one for all concerned. Percy sat down with us and Will came over for after the ten o'clock bell. The question I had put up to the seniors was "the commencement program-- especially the speeches-- The question I put up to this crowd was the commencement program---minus the speeches.

What do you think it came to?--- We had, on the table, two big banana cream cakes. The best they could do was to eat but half of them, yet they could not bear to leave them. So we decided to give the half of one of the cakes to the one who should give the best suggestion for the program. Then they began to look to see which one was the better---when I said we would give one for the best and the other for the second best. Suggestions came and developed-- Of course Will could not be outdone--The final suggestion which caused much enthusiasm and which has been the subject of conversation ever since was this.---

In May, during the moonlight nights, hire The Red Wing--or some other large boat with a barge, take the whole school and family and go down the river for about three days with three days coming back. Play baseball with Winona, Lake City and La Crosse and Red Wing and perhaps Hastings, in the afternoons. Have regular school on the boat in the mornings--- Visit the industrial concerns in the different cities as apart of the work and have study hall in the evenings. Have white trousers and caps as a uniform for evenings. Entertain somehow and some time the friends who would be willing to come to visit us at the boat, with a little vaudeville, perhaps. Have our own cooks etc. Sell lemonade or icecream and candies on the boat to help pay expenses. Charge it up to advertising. The boys are wild over the plan and seem to enter into the idea of the advertising stunt with great heartiness. We talked

until half past twelve o'clock that night. I shall have the rest of the school as soon as possible, but the seniors at least will be here once a month.

I cannot bear to think that the Germans really did such dreadful things in Belgium-- if they did there, what would they do if they should get into England. Oh dear, what an unspeakable thing it all is, but the Germans are a kindly people--they lack imagination, perhaps, but they are not savages--how can it be possible. Your last letter brot hōme more vividly the fact of the war than reading impersonal things do.

Mrs McCorkle is better and I suppose Dr will soon go down after her and bring her home.

So many people are sick all over town, and actually the business men are frightened. Mr Gatchell is beginning to diet some they tell us.

George Ripley was here with his wife all day Saturday but we could not get up there to see him. We felt so sorry. Herbert says they fell in love with his wife. She is not a raving beauty but better than that. They seem to be pretty well up there, and the boys have not developed whooping cough as yet. Mame is looking so well.

I do not know if I told you that Mary goes with her mother to Rochester today to have Mrs Andersen's goitre taken out. Mary is so fine--I think I always say that whenever her name is mentioned. I think that bathing seven in a tub was the funniest thing--- I thot the English were great bathers? Are they short on water on account of the war? Was that one tub for you fifteen or for the whole three hundred?

I cannot answer any more of your letter as I want this to go down town this morning---

I love you dearly----Mother

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

xFebruaryx28

March 1 1915

My dear Boy:

I sent off the short letter this morning because I hoped it would get off in the Wednesday boat, now I will quietly write you the letter. This Mrs Colcutt, if I recall the name, must be very kind indeed to be so anxious to know where you are, and so willing to be of service to you. I hope you will call on her very soon. I know you will get much out of your studies, but, after all the friends you make there will be of more help to you than the studies. I do not mean in a financial way, but the knowing people and different kinds of people makes a man of more use to the world than any other one thing. So I hope you will make many friends in England. How delightful it will be to visit Sir William Mather in his home. The Americans more polite? well is it not true that Englishmen are quite reserved and slow to give of themselves, but when once their friendship is offered and accepted, are they not really very warm friends? Your description of the architect quite made my heart warm to him. If he is lonely perhaps he needs your friendship. I know you hate to give up any time to entertaining when there is so much work to do, but-----

Let me understand, your vacation comes about the 12th or 16th of March; and then do you go to Edinborough? And for how long is the vacation? How delightful to cycle there thru that beautiful lake country. If conscription comes, does that mean all of the high school and college boys who are now drilling? You may please not feel uncomfortable in civilian clothes, this is no war of ours. One of the Bible questions I had to answer last night was "Is killing in war murder?" The Germans claim that England could have stopped the war in the beginning, could she? Even if she could, I presume her leaders did what they thot at the time was the right thing to do, even if now they would have done differently.

I must answer your question about Archie Dean--It was a complete nervous break down. It will take him a long time to recover if he ever does recover. He is at a quiet lake with the Thomas family. He thinks a great deal of Mrs Thomas who has seemed almost like a mother to him of late years, and he was much in their family in Eau Claire. He does not see why he should not be with one of his sisters, and wrote he thought he would come here. Will wrote him he must not think of it, that Winifred was too nervous and that it would be good for neither one of them. It seems that in a trouble of this kind ones own family should have nothing to do with the patient as they irritat each other. Their very anxiety is bad for the patient.

He worked very hard, he fell in love with a girl who felt that he was not enough of a society man, so he made up his mind if that would get her he would do the society act to the full extent, and he joined every socity and social club that it was possible to join. In that way he neglected the office work

enough to give an opportunity for the nephew of one of the partners to get the chance he had been waiting for, and his work began to be criticized----that preyed on his weakened physical condition and something almost snapped, I guess. That is certainly a high-strung family.

Oh I must tell you a funny thing that happened yesterday. You probably know that Winifred and Will were very anxious for a girl and had decided to name her Ruth. Yesterday morning before they were sent out of the rooms Billy, who had never been allowed to put on a record managed to get hold of one and put it on and started the machine. The strains of "Along came Ruth" floated out into the room much to the amusement and hopefulness of the family.

I was so interested in the description of your introduction to Miss Crocker's receptions. I am trying to see how one could get twenty-five people in a room the size of this study of mine. Has she only that room? or do they all get in that one room ~~xxxx~~ because they want to do so? I expect you will go there often now you have found the way.

The sleeping porch that was built for the Inglis family last summer has been moved over in the trees North of Sarras and just West of the Field. It will look very pretty there, I imagine, and will make a delightful play house for the children during the summer. Especially if they get pretty vines over it. It will be a place for the children's gardens too.

The basket ball season is over. They would not let our boys in to the tournament at River Falls on the twelfth, as they feared they might get the cup and they wanted it to go to a High School. Too bad, but the worst is that there is so long a time between now and baseball.

The seniors are all wearing new fobs. The fight between the Blue and the Gray is not very strong this year. Babby is not much of a leader or a fighter, and the other side are so far ahead they will not work for it.

Please tell me what "handing out jerries" can mean. Is this a correct guess? If I had some girls, more girls than I needed, and there should be a call for some down town and I should send down the ones I did not want at the same time making them think that I was showing them great honor by so doing, would I be handing out "jerries"?

I shall send you some napkins as soon as possible. When I can get to St Paul is beyond my knowing. But look you, I shall not send them all in one package for fear they may be all sent to the bottom of the sea. I will put my eggs in more than one basket. But how about the duty? or wont there be any duty? I wonder how I can find out about it. I do not see why some pretty paper napkins would not be nice to sandwich in. I wish I had done as I wanted to do when you went away and had fitted you out then. I think it is queer that they do not have them in Hall. Is it on account of the war or do they never have them? Are the meals better? You only said they were insufficient. But that may have been because you were so very hungry after the sea voyage.

I am glad you are really getting acquainted with Englishmen. I suppose the very best among the English students are perhaps off at the war being killed now. The worst of it is that the best are killed and the worst are left to keep up the race. Did you see anything more of London this last trip?

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

April 3 1915

My Dear Son:

I have finished drawing the checks for the first of the month, after having to borrow enough to carry me through to July--wont I be glad when I do not have to do that any more? or will I never get to that point?---and have corrected two commencement speeches, have fussed with the seedlings, looked over a magazine, etc--since breakfast. Oh yes, I have been fitted by Mrs Nash-O'Day and listened to her tale of woe, comforting her as much as possible. Deary me, the many people that have troubles! She has married Mr O'Day--who is a fine man, but will not interfere with her son Kenneth and Kenneth, who is fourteen years old is beginning to run the streets nights, and will not listen to her nor tell the girls and boys' names with whom he runs. "And what shall I do Mrs Penfield?"

Four hours later.

It is slowly getting to be Spring weather, I suppose when it comes it will come to stay without any setbacks, but I cannot remember a March without any spring days. It is supposed that we are to have a very fine baseball team this year--hope the prophecy is a true one. Percy has a birthday today, but will not allow Puth to celebrate it in any way. She did want to have the family all here for a tea, but I shall be gone this evening and Percy did not want it hurried or want it to interfere with baseball practice. So it is to be postponed until Monday.

Galahad sent a beautiful plant to Mrs Baker, I got one for Winifred and Mame sent one to me and one to Cottie because of Cottie's whooping cough. Do you know I have not been in St Paul yet? Will you ever get your napkins?

I also had a beautiful card with this on the back--from Mrs Colgate. "You ask 'Why'? It seems to me it is like a Marconigram. Spiritually, it seems to me, we must be tuned at the same pitch. That makes us understand each other." On the other side in illuminated letters "Our Resurrection." "Out of the tomb of error into the light of Truth:

Out of the shadow of materiality into the substance of Mind:  
Out of fear and anger into confidence and love:

Out of sickness and sorrow into health and the joy of achievement:

Out of animal existence into Spiritual Life:

This is our resurrection."

I have written it off for you, because you would be interested, and because the words fit in so well into the experiences of the past week. I can tell you a bit about them but not enough so that you will understand it all.

I wrote you of the interviews I had with Mrs Heritage and with Virginia ~~Clark~~ Clark about the way Virginia was doing, and was being talked about? I did not think it possible that

she could keep her promise to me about giving up these undesirable friends, and she has not, indeed I think the girl is greatly to be pitied, for she is being talked about so much and is so sure "the darn fools" of Hudson are in the wrong. I expected also to make both her and Anita and possibly Mrs Heritage angry with me, but Virginia tells that I am her friend and took back all I said to her and told her she was doing just the right thing, all of which is a very funny way to justify herself in going on as she pleases. Mrs Heritage telephoned me to please come down to see her on Thursday, I felt I could not, but she seemed to feel there was no other way, as she was ill, so I went. Well, surely the world is full of trouble, and, Wilder, we make the most of it for ourselves. Oh if we could only make young people know how hard having their own way makes it for themselves later. Mrs Heritage is ill and unhappy and lonely, and disappointed---I cannot give her affection, but oh dear I am so sorry for her. Then to see this poor girl throwing her life away---I can pray for them both, but cannot do anything more than I have done, which was to warn and plead with Virginia and give my sympathy to the other. Connecting the two does not mean that their troubles are connected. Mrs Heritage only comes in because Anita went to California and left Virginia in her charge. Anita knows about as much about the care of a girl as an unborn babe. She would rather have Virginia out on the streets until ten o'clock with these dreadful boys and girls than have her reading novels in her room !!--

The whole town is waiting to see what the election on Tuesday will bring. The wets are sure of victory, and so are the dries. I hope the dries will not be too sure. There is a third party who say, with Dr Kermott--If the election had come two weeks ago, the dries would have had it, but it is too late. Clinton Howard has given two lectures. One a pay lecture-25¢ when there were about 700 people there. The other free when standing room was at a premium. He is a temperance speaker, of course. Today Mr Raeburn is here, and will give three talks tomorrow in the Armory. He was at the shops this noon. Our boys went over there too.

At the caucus here in North Hudson we beat them by two votes only. The wets were organized and the Dries--like all Protestants were not. card

I had a beautiful ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ from Mrs Baker and one from Arthur Lee. I have not sent out one single one not even to the children. Helen sent Elizabeth a volley ball--I do wonder if that is spelled right?

A strike in New York? We have heard of none. The only one that we know of that would interfere with the mails is the dock strike in England.

Will told me to tell you that you need not be so facetious at my expense for that I was right, that Ruth MacQuarrie is red headed. It is her red head that makes her hair look red. But you see, because her hair is a darker red than Billy's they are trying to make us think it is not red at all. I do not contradict them, but --wait and see.

Winifred has had tonsillitis and is better of that, but she

Discussion for Sunday night April 4 1915

1. There are some things that God cannot do that He depends upon His friends to do. His need of helpers.

2. What things are there in a boy's life that most hinders character building?

is terribly depressed. Poor girl, who can blame her, yet she must get out from that depression both for her own self and her own health but for Will's sake. It is dreadful for him to have to be cheering her up every minute he is with her. It is wearing on him, I fear, but when she can get out of doors more perhaps she will get over it. One would hardly dare say anything to her about it. A good physician in whom she had confidence would be the only one who could do it.

What an interesting trip you had seeing all of those old historic places. I am so glad you are there, after all.

The letter I am answering is the one of March 14. Faith is better, and so is Bobbie, the rascal he is getting into all kinds of mischief now. Ruth is better but tires easily, and, well, her disposition is getting more like her mother's I am sorry to say. I had another dinner last Tuesday for the Seniors. The great topic of conversation was "Senior Privileges". What? oh no matter, as long as they could do something different. Trask argued for as many trips down town as they pleased. He is in love--most awfully with Lois Zimmerman. He cut Willard out, and as it is his first love affair he is making up for lost time. Movius argued for the right to study in their rooms so long as they were on the outlist, the privilege to be taken from them as soon as studies were neglected. Will's objection was that some of the other boys who were on the outlist were, perhaps more to be trusted than some of the seniors, and besides, some of the seniors were not and could not get on the outlist, so it would not be a senior privilege. Other suggestions were to be excused from letter writing period, to be allowed to sleep in the morning if they did not want to go to classes, etc.

After a talk with the other teachers it was agreed that no senior, unless on bounds, need to walk off his minutes. So if he gets less than 100 minutes he has it count against the Blue and Gray, but he does not have to report on the track. Also if a senior wishes to have extra trips down town he may buy them for 100 minutes ~~xxxxxx~~. Trask has 1200 ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ minutes credit.

Later: Have just finished reading the Easter story to the three little girls, and they have now gone up to bed. Certainly you will have to have a tuxedo, I suppose there are many times when that is better than a dress suit.

You did not say if your invitation to the Howells held good for the next night and so you got two dinners?

I am glad you went to the Colcutts--no, there is but one "l" in their name? Colcutt, that is right, is it not?

You picked some pussy willows? Ellery Evans and Douglas brought me in a great big bunch of them yesterday. So big that I put them in four vases, and made the mantle shelf a wonder in the brown and gray. It is a joy to look at them. Ellery brought me some a week ago and saw that it pleased me so they brought more. The only things that have begun to show in my garden are the Golden Glow, and the children tramp on them so much I fear they will be broken before I can break them of the habit of walking everywhere.

I am corresponding with Mr Ramsdell about having some work done on the lawn. That is putting in a few shrubs to outline the place a little better and roll and fill the holes and level up where the barn stood, and ~~possibly~~ possibly take

out the driveway. If it were time to build the drive around by the lake I would not take out this drive, but immediately make the new walk to connect with that drive just ~~East~~ South of the house. But that drive cannot be made now, and besides it would do away with the enclosed garden, and I want to use that for a while longer. I fought rabbits last summer. This year I want the peas and asters, at least in the enclosed garden away from rabbits, babies and Pixie.

God bless you dear heart,

Mother.

Winnie signed her name to a card to Ruth, so she is still improving. Still they have not dared move her into another room as yet.

Ruth told me to give you her love, and to say that she knew now just how you felt when you had a namesake.

I hope you will be able to keep clear of the "foul-minded little snipe"--and don't lend him any money--is he an Englishman?

I rest too much I sometimes think. Next year I will have things different, however. I am going to have a housekeeper. And there is hopes of my haveing a Mrs Mitchell whom I tried to get some years ago. She cannot be very young now, but she is fine, and knows how to buy and how to handle help and is a fine cook. Mrs Price was very fond of her when she was here as housekeeper at the Sanatorium.

You do not worry--because you make mistakes sometimes do you? If one never made mistakes one would never learn, you know--Do you think you must be learning a wonderful amount? perhaps you are. Any way, your mistakes are always the mistakes of a kindly gentleman. I am thankful for that. And so long as you keep your present modesty and helpful kindness of manner all of your inadvertances will be forgiven and never laid up against you.

May I speak of a misspelled word? "Born" is to be brought into the world. Borne means carried. But you surely are improving along that line. Is it not queer what a time you have had to see how a word should look when written?

The lorgnette does work all right. I told you that Mrs Helms had one exactly like it? I was invited to such a dear little dinner at her house last week. Just Mrs MacDonald, Mrs Andersen's mother, Mrs Andersen, Mrs Elwell, Mrs Baker Mrs Helms and I. You know how we would all enjoy each other.

I must tell you a tale of woe-- You know how hard Winnie Day has fought to live? All of a sudden she was sent to the hospital in Chicago on account of her heart. They said the tubercular trouble was all gone but her heart was bad. Then Elizabeth came down with pneumonia. Suddenly came word the first of last week for Cecil to hold himself in readiness to come to Chicago immediately if they should wire. They thought a tumor had broken, probably in Winnie's bowels. How it would end they could not tell. Before he received the letter the wire came calling him. They had five specialists, they thot it might be walking typhoid. Cecil came home sick with grippe on Saturday last. He is quite sick, Elizabeth is better. I just telephoned to find out about Winnie to give you the latest news of her. The Drs. do not know what is the trouble except that it is not typhoid if they know they do not say. She is slightly improved, they hope. Very thin and very weak, but altogether cheerful and still doing all she can to make herself well. The Drs say she is wonderful in her hope and courage. Cecil is going back again in a couple of days.

Our baby boy is sitting up after he is supposed to be in bed keeping Percy showing him pictures of horses and dogs-- "Boo-oo-oo." he says. He is happiest when he is looking out of the window looking at Pixie digging up the earth around Naneen's plants. Ruth thinks she will go to bed and so I will say goodnight.

God bless you dear---Mother

Sandwiches  
But. Toast 4

Muffins 4  
Rolls 4

Cake 2  
candy  
nuts  
Flowers

3 Howard.  
2 Hayward  
1 Swanson

1 Kings  
1 self  
8

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

April 11 1915

Dear Helen:

By sending the short letter Monday morning it must have made the Wednesday boat for it beat your other letter over.

Now how do you suppose I felt when opening a letter that began that way? I read as gingerly as I would walk as if I feared I was treading on eggs. I was afraid I might be reading something not intended for my eyes, and it was not until I was nearly through the letter before I settled down to really enjoying it. I read it the second time much more comfortably. My dear Wilder:

I received your letter written the 28th of March, on Friday the 9th. It does take a long time to get answers to ~~24~~ letters, but supposing for a moment that we could not get the answers at all? I am breaking all rules by writing on Sunday, but I have this, and a long one from Ray that should have been answered last week, that I do want to get off on tomorrow's mail. I do not write letters Sunday because that is a hard day when I have two Bible classes. Rest every day? why Laddie, you have made me a slave to resting every day. I cannot get along without it now.

I think your description of the skylark was the finest I ever read. I am glad you are enjoying it so much. Do you remember how annoyed you used to be with me last year because I did not hear more songs of the birds? The birds are about here in great numbers now, and when I am asked if I heard them and have to answer "no". I have seen the same look come on Ruth's face as I so often saw on yours. So the other afternoon I

was in my sleeping room with all of the windows and when Ruth and Percy spoke of the birds I made a test. They were hearing them with the windows closed. I opened the window and put my very best ear out. They said, over and over again "There, didn't you hear that?"---and I never heard one tiny sound. Then Ruth told me that she had thought the reason I did not hear them was because I did not listen for them. The fact of the matter is that I have not heard a single note from any bird this Spring. The sweet little notes are too fine for my dull ears, and those ears of mine are growing duller all of the time. Of course I have known that for the past year, and have known how more and more I strain every nerve to catch words that are being said, but I did not realize that some sounds were not heard at all. I used to think that deafness was worse than blindness because deaf people were usually unhappy people while blind people saw the best side of human nature and were therefore happier. No one likes to talk to a deaf person nor to have them around, they are a trial to them. But Mother was not a trial, and Mrs Robert Clarke is a joy to her friends, even though very deaf. So I am not troubled by the threatened <sup>deafness</sup> trouble, but I have put it just this way. My dearest desire in life--that I know--is that I may be of the greatest help to the greatest number of people. I truly do want to make life easier for the ones with whom I come in contact. I really do want to do effective fishing. Now if our Lord Jesus can use me better while deaf--then deaf I am willing to be. If He can use me better when able to talk with people, then I am going to trust Him to make my ears whole, for I am certain He can do it. When I went to Dr Gibson some years ago, he said there was nothing to be done--

that I could do more for myself than any Dr could do for me. I am taking the ear exercises that he advised. He told me I must not take cold, making it very emphatic. I have tried to be very careful this Winter, but I have fought colds and "tiredness" all winter, but cannot tell what has been the matter. I have not worked hard, have been at my desk almost all of the time. I have also had about two hours of "lolling" on the bed almost every afternoon. However, spring is almost here. The ice is trying hard to get out of the lake today. It blows hard, it rains a little, then blows and rains a little more. The rain is not much more than a heavy dew, but it is rain.

I will cut out some clippings from our two noteworthy papers that will explain the other side. The charges are rather foolish ones that seem to bother but a few. Mr Tourtel in his sermon said, "This is no time to throw stones, that is a foolish thing to do". Let no newspaper nor any man make you think that the Civic League is anything but a great benefit to Hudson. It is still alive, and new officers will be voted in on Tuesday evening. "then an urging for all good citizens to uphold an institution that was for the good of the town and was here to stay. He reminded us that we were not defeated, but had an incomplete victory. A town that only cast about 768 votes had made a gain of 262 votes for the drys, losing by 28 votes only, <sup>was</sup> not a defeat for the drys.

Here in North Hudson Gasolin was not caring much--he is making arrangements to go into other business. Starr and he have formed a combination to get Hochstein out of his corner. Pound, if they cannot sell drinks to North Hudson he shall not. There is a state law that says no saloon shall be run in any district that is not policed. So "segregation" is the word ~~now~~ now. Gage wants to sell out, and it is rumored that Starr will buy him out. But saloon men and brewers all over the country are trying to sell out, they see the signs of the times I am sending you the account of Will's trip to Madison too. I am trying to keep you in touch with the family, at least.

Winne Day is improving very slowly. They hesitate when asked if there is hope of a permanent return to health. "Of course she can never spend another winter in this climate." Yes indeed there are several worse things than waiting.

Mrs Andersen has been home and is gone again. She will not be gone long, will return the last of the month with the Phipps'. Mrs Cline is going to California for a few weeks she does look so old and worn and white.

Tuesday afternoon I give my talk on the women of Japan since the coming of Christianity. I have enjoyed the preparing of it. The commencement speeches are about half finished now. It is astonishing how many hours they take, after all. Will told Winifred, and Percy told Ruth, what they had evidently talked over together, that the Bible course that "mother Jean" had given this year was "the best course ever offered on any subject at Galahad." Now what do you think of that? Well it has been a good course, I know it has. The boys have been more than interested. The having them before breakfast every morning is a good thing. Ten minutes ~~at~~ a time five days in the week and in the early morning is worth far, far more than fifty minutes once a week after the day's work and fun has tired them---and we still have the fifty minutes too. It has taken more work and time than one would think to get it planned and executed--but it has paid, and the boys have seen

it and acknowledged it. Next year if I can get them to reinstate the morning talks at the table on Wednesday and Sunday mornings I will be satisfied, for a while.

I was pleased that you wrote Mr Tilden again. Mrs Fisher, the Methodist minister's wife, is an Englishwoman and how she does love and admire anything that savors of England! She is so homesick now that she cannot go back, even if she would. Then she has cousins in the army, and that makes her tender towards the old home too. I met her at Mrs Napier's last Thursday, and she did so enjoy what I told her of your impressions and experiences. I told her about your invitation from Sir William Mather. She knew of him, and her eyes fairly bulged out as she said, "Oh, but he must have pleased Sir William very much to have him show him that courtesy. How very fortunate he is." I guess you are, I hope we appreciate it.

I hope you will get to Land's End and Penzance--and to read Kenilworth on the grounds---oh dear, I envy you. Not seriously just enough to enjoy the thought that you can do it.

No, it does not make a bit of difference to me that Mrs Helms has a lorgnette like mine, I enjoyed mine before as much as I do now. I have always wanted one, and now I am enjoying the having one.

I do not think Germany's campaign to win American sympathy is having much effect. The papers say very little about it now. Really, it is remarkable how Americans are holding themselves quite neutral. They are not taking sides, very much. The allies seem more like "our folks" to the majority of the people I meet, and in the majority of the newspapers. They blame England for interfering with our commerce. Germany blames us for supplying the allies with war tools--and I do too. If we thought it was not the part of a neutral country to furnish Mexico with arms, why is it the part of a neutral country to furnish any other country at war with arms? But as far as I can see or read the general sentiment is in favor of the allies. We are an English speaking nation. Then, it must be, always and forever that we are friends with France who twice has proved a valuable friend to us when England would have knifed us. So, for the sake of France, at least, we must be on the side of the allies---yet we love England. Is this the war spoken of in Daniel 2: are the countries to be divided into ten kingdoms, and then Christianity come and break them all in pieces and make one great neutral united states of the world? Has the vision of Daniel 7: anything to do with this time? Anglo Saxons-- Serbs--Latins--Teutons? Will Palestine be freed from the Turks? and will the Jews have a chance to own their land again? Is this not an interesting time in which to live?

Such a trip as you had--110 miles on such roads--- The teas are coming often, and that is good. I wish I could send you some pictures--but I do not even get off the napkins. I will make a start some day and go to St Paul sure. And a lunch cloth you must have, surely-- It is a good thing that you are in love, then--for Mr Hayward might object--and I might have to send for you to come home. I know she must be very charming. Tell us about Banbury Cross--the only cross we could see in the postal card was the one on top of the church building. That is not the cross is it? I am glad about the slippers and the lounging robe. Ruth is getting the children's supper, and it is after five o'clock, so I must take off my tight clothes

and get ready for evening. God bless my darling boy and keep him close to His love/- Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

April 16 1915

My Very Dear:

I am wanting to stop in my work this morning just to write you of the death of Winnie Day. Yesterday morning her mother had a letter from her, written by herself and telling how much better she was getting, and then in two or three hours a telegram--"Winnie died at noon. Heart failure. We know no other particulars as yet. Cecil will bring her home tonight. We know it is better so, she would probably never be really well again. Indeed has the child ever been well, I wonder. It is peculiarly sad for poor Mrs Norton.

Now let me tell you something happier. The day after I wrote you that I had not heard one single bird song I was out in the garden and heard the sweetest song of the springtime, I always thought--a meadow lark right in the trees close to me. You know they never come here, did he come just for me, do you suppose? Two days he was here. Since then I have heard a little sparrow--and yesterday I heard a robin for the first time. Little meadow lark opened my dull ears, bless him.

I am sending you samples of our new dresses. The two pinned together are mine and the other Ruth's. All made by Madam Taylor of Bowling Green. You will recall that she has made dresses for me before. All of my best ones since for several years. They fit so well, and look so swell. We are now waiting for hats from Addie.

I am also sending you an article that seems to me to be

well worth your reading--Mr Krieg might also like to read it. It is all so true. I cut it from McClure's Have you received the American yet? I hope you will enjoy it. It seems I did not send enough money for a whole year, that will take you through July and I will renew then for another year, if things go well with you over there. They have said so much about the war just beginning in May, that one plans not far ahead. It seems to me that all nations, except England are beginning to give hints of a welcome peace--but she has just begun to get started, and will have to have her fling for a while, I suppose. I will not stop to answer your letter of March 28-- but thank you for the cartoons and for that speech.

Loving you as always,

Your Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

April 25 1915

My darling Boy:

Just a word with you. It has been a busy week. I went to St Paul Wednesday morning to attend the meetings of the Woman's Missionary Board of the North West. Stayed with Cousin Florence that night and the meetings again on Thursday. Met my old friend Laura Winter Dean whom I have not seen since I was married when she was a little girl of seven. She knew about you from Eleanor Johnson who is to marry the daughter of Mrs Dean's sister-in-law. We are to have some more visits-- Grant Lightner is the one Eleanor is to marry.

I came home and was rushing to get back work done in garden and at desk, when a telegram came yesterday morning from Aunt Lizzie saying Uncle Charlie had at last been released from his weakness, I am going down to Milwaukee tonight. Going not knowing how long I shall stay. It is hurrying me somewhat to get every thing left shipshape.

I am sending you a package of six napkins--Ruth sends the holder for them. I hope they reach you safely. I bought them at the Episcopal sale, and Cottie made the initials. There comes the rain, and a good thing. It has been promising for so long and we need it so much. On the third of May Tom Engle comes over for a week to fix up the yard. I shall have two men to work with him for the week and a team for three days. The trees are all in leaf, my peas are up, the currants are in bloom and so are the tulips, the gorgeous things. I received the Daily Graphic Cartoons, thank you. Will write as soon as I can. God bless you.  
Mother

The best - River Falls 5-3

Seabrook is a very pretty  
game! John Young pitched  
Bruce Campbell catches - and  
they had not spoken  
to each other for a month.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

May 1st. 1915

My darling Boy:

All sorts of flowers are out this May day, but it is a very cold day for all of that. We have been expecting frost every night for three nights, but the cold wind that makes it uncomfortably cold still keeps it from freezing. Please can you imagine me in front of the grate fire with my type-writer? A fire, not of coal but of wood, and it does look cheerful. Out on the porch are the tables of seedlings that attract so much attention; the fact is every one enjoys seeing things grow in the spring of the year. I have very little out in the ground, but next week will see a change there, I am hoping. The three plum trees, the Transcendant Crab, the Tartarian Honeysuckle, the Rugosa roses, the Snowberrys, Spireas etc. with the 250 Strawberrys are all here and heeled in waiting for the fray of next week. Tom's room is ready, two men will be here Monday morning to work with him, and lawn seed and plans are all ready to begin.

Yesterday was the 50th anniversary of Scottie's joining the Baptist church, and the old members, what are left, with Mr and Mrs Schultz, (the pastor), came out in the jitney and brought her flowers and flowering plants. We managed it so that she received them on the porch, not knowing why she was there. With a pretty speech from Mr Schultz, a cup of tea, some conversation and a prayer at parting, with the beautiful view before us and the sun shining in on us, and every one happy in giving happiness, it was a thing to put down in our memory books. While writing this Ruth came in with a book and said "I have found something for

Winifred and me." Then showed me this--"When man depreciates himself he commits a crime." When she was dressing this morning she had thoughts like this-- everything that God made is beautiful the ugly things, like old buildings, scrap heaps etc. are all man made. Even death is beautiful on God's side, it is only the man side of that that is ugly.--Then later she picked up this book and read that. It has made a great impression. You see Ruth is beginning to realize her limitations and is reaching out for growth. Yesterday evening she was talking about illness.-- and said something like this-- I believe that illness is being out of tune with God. Now I know when things come hard with the children and I find I am tense, my face is set and I am at the end of patience, if I will go off a moment and pray, get in touch with Him, every nerve not only relaxes, but a feeling of warmth, of health rushes all through me. It is more than relaxing of the tense muscles, it is health. Then it developed that we believed it to be true that illhealth is being out of tune. On Scottie's objection that one could not think health when in pain--this reminder was given her. Scottie does not complain much, she just draws into herself and accepts pain, broods over it, nurses it, is resigned to it. "Humps her shoulders and takes it," as was said of the way your father used to meet unpleasant things. But, it is true that God sends pain often to make us take needed rest and relaxation.-- If we met it in that spirit, we would think of it as rest, and quietly yield to it in that way, still keeping the quiet and happy feeling of being in touch with Him, and we would be filled with health and when we had rested and taken time to think and listen to the message He may have been trying to give us and could not because of our great preoccupation with other things, then we would find ourselves not only well, but better able than ever to do the work He gives us to do.

When I came home Thursday I found Ruth cleaning house and taking care of Byron McDonald who had been quite sick--rheumatic fever, joints stiff, high fever and valvular heart trouble. The latter had been of long duration, but we had known nothing of it. Yet with the responsibility and work she seemed so happy and full of life. That was the secret.--

I was very glad that I went to Milwaukee. Russ and his wife were there--the only ones of the Freeman family. I was there to represent them through the old love of our four parents. Uncle Charlie was Father's chum since early boyhood. Aunt Jennie was Mother's old friend. They planned to be married on the same day, but Aunt Jennie being taken sick their wedding was postponed for a week. Father and mother were married but waited the week so they could come West together. Then Mrs Prince, Mrs E A Macartney and her eldest son, Mr and Mrs Fratt from Kansas City were there. In the talking over of business I seemed to be needed. Each one wanted to do the best for Elizabeth, and she wanted to do what they wanted she should do. She could not talk freely, and neither could they, but I could talk freely with them all. Elizabeth has absolutely nothing. Mrs Prince has given her \$600--during the last five months of Uncle Charlie's illness to be sure that she had all that was needed. Russ feels chagrined that he has not been able to do for his father at the last. He could have done so if they had been with him but could not do as Margaret has done. The sisters will see to it that she has a home wherever she may want to have it. It will not be advisable to take her into their own homes, both on account of her happiness and the happiness of their husbands.

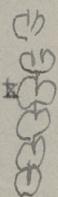
Yet it would have been a delicate matter to have told her so. I was a neutral, and as all of the belligerents were only wanting the best for all concerned, and full of love for each other I fared better than most go-betweens. Elizabeth is to have a year of rest before she finally decides what she wants to do. She will go out to a friend in the country near Milwaukee for the most of the summer--then she will make us all a long visit, and then the decision will be made. Just now she will get rid of all of her things she does not want to keep, and get out of the house as soon as possible. I will probably go back there for a week leaving here the ninth. It is a bad month to be away from home but she should not stay in that great big house all alone, and the girls cannot be there all of the time.

I am so glad of the cartoons. Those printed attempts to work on the patriotism of the English middle class are certainly interesting. My books will be much more valuable for the collection from England. By the way I had lunch with Helen Dean Wilmans on Wednesday. Later they took me to the train. Helen makes a charming homekeeper, and is so very happy. Mr Wilmans is certainly a very fine young German and a fine husband. I asked Helen to try and find me some good German Cartoons.

I was amused when I went over to breakfast this morning to see that they had begun to dump refuse on the old barn site out here by the walk. Anywhere there is an unsightly looking place, there other unsightly things congregate. There is some wonderful dirt there for my plants, that will all have to be moved, and the dirt from the future tennis grounds will be hauled over to fill up the hole. So two birds will be killed with one stone.

The reason why I am anxious for you to meet Englishmen is that is what Cecil Rhodes wanted, and also it is your chance to meet men of different thought and lives. It is education that you need. Meeting Americans at the expense of Englishmen defeats the thing you are in England for. I recognize that the war is making much difference. I was amused about the amount you ate at tea in your letter of April 4 after your long cycle ride. I shall certainly try and get some of the Madame Butterfly music. I heard Christine Nilsson sing "I know My Redeemer Liveth." and I shall never forget it. Her accent on the know has helped my faith at times. It was said of her that she never went on the stage to sing that she did not offer a prayer first. Bobby just came up with a cherubic smile saying "Nanie". He says a great many words now. I am sending another letter from Elizabeth. She wrote it all by herself, no one knew she was writing so she had absolutely no help of any kind. She has improved? She reads to the children now. Ruth "Elizabeth you must not skip words you do not know"-- "But Mother, if I stop to sound them out John won't listen to me." So she skips them. Whatever she learns now she picks up by herself, for no one helps her, except in her music which she has taken up again this last three weeks.

In your letter of the 12th of April, you speak of Hiller's smashing your record, it is quite possible that the teaching now is better, and besides that he was not a "shark" until after his trip abroad. It is wonderful how that developed him.



No, I did not think of getting any help from the papers, just from my writing of papers, and this one before me, on immigration, is bothering me somewhat for I have not found one little minute to put on it as yet. I have not even done any reading for it. He just (Bobby I mean) brought me his hat and I put it on my head and he was so tickled he laughed until he could not stand up so laid down and kicked up his heels and giggled and giggled. He is a great joker and as devoted to his "Daddie" as ever.

Thank you very much, dear boy, for saying that I am of help to you--I do so want to be. I never said you would not make much of a surgeon-- you will do well whatever you set your mind or your hands to doing. You always do, you always will because you always do honest work; but sometimes and in some ways you can do better work because you do not have so much of a handicap.

You are back in Oxford again.. When do you visit Sir William Mather? I must get to other work, and must leave you dear. I expect Byron is waiting for me to give him some breakfast. With very much of love,

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD  
SCHOOL MOTHER

May 10 1915

My darling Wilder:

Our Week's work in the Bible class is to be on efficiency, Percy defined it this morning as the "picking out the important details and attending to them," therefore, even though that immigration paper, and I am responsible for it for tomorrow afternoon, is not even all written, even though there are two teams and six men, besides Tom Engle (at 3.50 per day) at work and I should be out there and doing my little bit, to show that I am on the ground and in a hurry; in spite of the fact that there is much in the house that needs my attention, I have brought the typewriter in the gray room by the East window where there is plenty of light and taking the most "important detail" in the day's work, I am writing to my sweetheart over the sea.

I wonder what the feeling is in regard to the Lusitania over there. Of course, the papers are putting aside much of comment to inquire what the United States is going to do about it. President Wilson has gone into retirement until he can look over the situation pretty thoroughly and be sure he is right before he goes ahead with any remarks. Count Von ~~Rxxxxxxx~~ Bernstorff is crazy in trying to keep away from the reporters, until he gets word from home before he knows what to say. While every one is horrified, and some believe we must get into the world's fracas or be considered lacking in-- well, in something, I scarcely know what it may be,--still, I must believe that coolness will predominate and nothing rash come of it. Underneath all of the bluster I am sure there is outside of the army and navy circles, a deep-seated feeling that we must keep out of this war, no matter what happens.

Herbert thinks I am a German sympathizer, and so is ready with his arguments. Yet we really agree. I think it a crime to teach his children hatred of the German nation, we know that the Germans are a pretty good sort of people. I do believe that Prussian Militarism must be, and will be rooted out. In fact I believe the death-knell of the god Militarism has sounded over this whole world. If we arm and get into this war we will simply delay matters, yet some others think we will hasten matters. That Germany is really trying to get us into it so that she will have the excuse to say "We cannot fight the whole world,--Let us have peace." That seems sort of silly, to me. If it is true that Prussian egotism has come so near its end, then surely the war is very near its close. That egotism is what is keeping it alive, now. In America there are some hotheads among the Germans, of course, but I think the most of the foreigners feel that they are Americans after all. As one German said, "I am a Cherman, yes, but I am an American, I love Chermany, I can talk about the war and be glad when the Russians are licked, but I do not feel it so much here in my heart. I am an American."

Naturally I am objecting mightily to those Zeppelins-- They do too much damage to non-combatants. One other thing about the Lusitania--if your napkins did not catch that Wednesday boat--They were sent on Saturday morning and should have done so,---they were on the Lusitania, perhaps.

Have you received the American Magazines? They were to ~~begin~~ begin with January, and it was in that number that the article on The Last Phase of the Great War was.

You will be perfectly amazed how this filling in the barn-site, making the new road out to Sarras, circular around a triangle of green grass, leveling and filling and putting in black soil from my walk out to the drive, building the carriage out out across the old road, putting in fruit trees and hedges, taking out the circular drive in front of the East entrance, outlining the proposed running track, etc etc etc will change the looks of the the Sarras surroundings. We are getting the sand to fill in from the proposed tennis court. We will go on and finish that up too. I am going to borrow the money until July, and loan it to Galahad until September, will plan to use no more than I shall keep out in July to last me thru the year. I wanted to get the house surroundings in shape, I am tired of looking at all of this disorderly sand, and it is cheaper to do it all together. I have not talked with Herbert as yet, but I know he will not object. Just so long as there is an unsightly place anywhere, there is no way of keeping people from making it more unsightly.

Ruth, Winifred and I were at Mrs Bell's for luncheon last Thursday. The weather has been so cold. Saturday night we had quite a heavy frost, but nothing was much hurt. The wind seems determined to stay with us. Fortunately I have not put out many plants as yet.

I am sending you a bit of fragrance left over from Mother's day. I hoped Herbert would come over yesterday, but he could not, very well, he telephoned me instead,--and we argued about the Germans all the time we were talking except for the first and last sentences which were love words.

The boys who wear white trousers make the place look so much more attractive, white trousers, white shirts, tennis shoes and gray sweaters are very becoming when a fellow is just wandering around. Percy took the track team down to River Falls to work out on the track there, this morning, so there is no school. The track meet comes off on Saturday.

The baseball team are doing good work--they beat Hudson Saturday 16-4. But Bruce Crompton, catcher sprained his bad knee again, so he can hardly walk even now. Chauncey broke his finger in the Blue and Gray game, so second baseman is disabled, and Byron MacDonald will not be able to play any more this year, or any year, for the matter of that. He is out of the achery but he looks far from well, poor boy. He always says "Oh I am fine, truly I am."

Will saw Faith and John sitting in one of the trees that have been cut down. Their heads were close together and they were talking very earnestly, so he came up quietly and heard, "and an automobile, and a bicycle, and---" then they saw him. "Are you having a good time?" Faith answered--"Yes, we are birds, I am the mother bird and John is the father--and-I-am-laying-eggs." As Will turned away they went on without a change of expression " and an automobile, and a boat--"etc.

After Lunch----

Your letter written the 25th. of April has just come. And it certainly does ~~waxx~~ make me want to talk with you instead of just writing- the fact is it is hard day to sit down and write, for I am so often interrupted, to see where this or that plant or shrub shall be placed. When the plantation is once made, then I can put in and know where it will look good, and know it will not be uprooted next year. Why even the war takes a back seat of importance when it comes to this hauling and digging and planting. Mame says I am like father in that I simply love to be seeing things grow up.

It was interesting to hear what Davieson said about the Germans' feeling about the war. It seems as though they, the common people, would, must feel that way.

Was it jealousy? Well I doubt that, for you were not the only one of the Princeton boys who felt that way. But Wilder, don't you know some boys develop more slowly than others, and some develop in one way and some in another. For instance, do you recall how unpopular Mary Heritage and Frances Helms were here in Hudson? They were not in touch with the thought of the other young people. They knew more than the most of the others of their set, therefore they seemed peculiar. Let any young man or woman be in a set of people and think along different lines, popularity does not follow. Let any one of the set get out into different environment, and meet the unpopular one in this different environment, then they will discover points of contact that will make each one seem altogether different. Your interests, your aims were different and yet quite the same, too. Just enough different to make you a little intolerant, perhaps. That is a great fault of young people, this being intolerant of others who seem a little different--but it wears off, and then they see how much they have lost of pleasure. And yet, possibly it is not wholly a fault. One has but a limited amount of time, a limited amount of sympathy to use in each stage of life. You were receiving a certain kind of education while in Princeton, you put your whole self into it, that part of your education has been finished, yet the result is there. Also the things you learned in that especial environment have entered into your character to be of use to you in some other time and environment. Boys who had not your especial education and training there were receiving the things they needed and will need in the future, and now both of you are receiving the same training, and in touch with each other; that, too, to be used in after life.

And now, we will take up the treatise.-- Of course, I do not carry things out as you do, I do not go so deep into the philosophy of things, many things seem simple to me, that probably are not, would not be if I tried to reason and explain each little detail. But see, God is omnipotent, and omniscient too. I cannot tell how He is omniscient, my finite mind can not imagine a condition of limitless time or space. I cannot understand how He can be with you and with me at the same time. Still, I am sure He is. I am sure too, that there are some ~~things~~ He cannot do, and yet He can do everything. Now perhaps the grass is blue and not green--He could have made it so, had He so desired--but He has certainly made my eyes to see the grass as green- Having made my eyes see that grass green, no matter what the color may be, can He make my eyes see it blue and green too? Certainly not, He could have made them to see it any color He wanted them, but having made a law that human

eyes shall be so made that they need the restfulness of green grass to delight them, then we say God cannot make us think the grass is blue--unless we are ill, and that is probably not His doing. Now He desired a creature capable of reasoning, capable of recognizing the difference between good and evil, and capable of choice. He desired a creature who should be able to know Him, to be able to love Him, and love Him intelligently, such a creature must know the difference between love and hate, obedience and disobedience, must be able to make a conscious choice, therefore must have the power of decision, must have the power of using his will. Therefore we have freewill, we are free to do as we please, or else He is not getting for Himself the thing He wants.

I used to be terribly worried over the Presbyterian doctrine of Predestination and Foreordination.---Finally I came to the conclusion I would let that drop with some other things I could not understand--would rest back on that "cloud of faith" and sail over to the next point and not waste time over what I could not understand. One day in camp--and it was in camp in my private corner, resting in my hammock with the Bible and other books about me, reading, praying, sleeping, thinking, getting myself adjusted after the confusion of the year at home, that I grew---I was reading some where in Peter and whether it was First or second Peter I should have to look up now, I suddenly discovered that I understood that misleading old doctrine that has upset so many people. Paul was talking not about individuals when he talked of predestination--he was talking about the mystery of the Christian Church. "On this rock I build my church", said Jesus--the rock was the confession that He was the Son of God-- The mystery that was foreordained from the beginning of the world, was the mystery of that church. I could go on talking about that for a long time, but that is not necessary, possible or wise. Any way, think about it a little.

Cottie sends her love and says she did appreciate your card to her and that she has been meaning to write you but she just couldn't--and she wishes you were safe back in America.

When does the next vacation come and how long will that be? Certainly you must get in some traveling in other countries, but oh what a difference now and last year at this time.

God bless my darling boy--

Your mother.

Tuesday Morning:

I wanted to tell you something about Elizabeth-- The other day

Ruth was reading to them about David-- and he had three wives, when Elizabeth caught that she threw her head back and shouted--"Three wives,--oh think how awful it would be to have three mothers.-- Oh girls, think of that." When that was exhausted she went off into another gale when Ruth told her of how many Solomon had. Then she sat up and very seriously said, "But think mother how many dressers and chairs and beds he would have to buy, and then to have so many mothers wouldn't it be awful?"

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

May 23 1915

My Very Dear Boy:

The sun is shining by spells this afternoon and it is a good sight to us all. We have had so much cold rainy weather that we appreciate the warmth and brightness of the sun when it does show itself. You wrote in your letter of May 2--something about the calm beauty of the lake here. We have seen it quiet very seldom this Spring. Just now, and I think once before this week for a very few moments it has been peaceful and so beautiful. Herbert lost much garden stuff by the frost, but I had so little out that nothing was damaged. So I am trying to get some more tomato plants into shape for him to plant in a few days. I gave him something like 200 more or less, and gave Will about the same number, and have nearly 300 left, I imagine. But they are not all big ones as were the others.

I intended sending this bit out from the paper at the time that it all happened--but it was lost between two papers when I needed it. If it is of interest now--very well, if not--forget it and it will still be well. I am hoping that when the lawns are in fine shape I may write you about it, but it is impossible to get teams, and here are a few heaps of hopeless looking black dirt, there a half made gravel drive, and no way for a team to come nearer the house than the Lake dormitory. Did I tell you about our drunken tramp who came to us some weeks ago? Irish Dan Drien. He wanted to work for something to eat--He has been working for something to eat--a room in the North cottage,

(used only for the knights now) and six dollars a week. Will thought he would go off on a spree when he received his first money, but he has kept sober all of this time and is a really good worker. He putters, perhaps, but he gets up in the morning before any one else does, and say--this is the cleanest looking property, it would do your eyes good to see it. Today he made a cobble rock drain from the porch eave trough down to the brick drain you made, then worked up the ground and put in new sod, and put other improvements in the way of sod--and it looks so neat and finished. He has an eye for line and can level the dirt and grade as well as any one. He is slow but he positively wont shirk anything. He has his own ideas and is quite insistent that they are absolutely correct. For instance he thinks it a crime for a man like Tom to come over here and grade a lawn as Tom did. The ravine should be filled in up level with the knoll beyond. How get into the woods? why terrace it--to be sure. This dipping down into little valleys, around such a nice house is wicked. So I would not want him as a landscape architect--but he can do valuable work never-the-less.

Ruth and I went with the boys to New Richmond to play the return game. We went in the jitney bus. Having twenty of us in it made it ride comfortably enough. They beat us 4-2. We were 2<sup>is</sup>-their I, until the seventh inning, when thru our bad errors, bunched, they made three and we could not gather our forces. John pitched a bad game. They are in Minneapolis playing Blake today. We ought to beat them, but the boys felt rather too confident, I am afraid. Will went over with them, and we will not hear until some one returns, I suppose.

Adele McLarran Liggett is coming down to read for us Commencement night and is to give Madam Butterfly and we are to get some of the records to give it "atmosphere" as she rightly calls it. I am so delighted, for she really is a little better than the majority of readers. She is so tiny she will make a wonderful Madame Butterfly. I have read the story and will be glad to see her interpretation of it. I am also going to get "the Idiot" as soon as I can so I may read it--but not until after school is out. Indeed I am beginning to hold my head to keep it level there are so many things to think of and plan I am afraid it will not be able to remember everything. I think our Commencement will be fine, however. I have written to all of the old boys, and hope we will have a lot of them here. Then will come the planning of the rooms and beds.

Mr John is to be married on the seventh of June. He does take it in the very coolest manner. You would think it meant no more than going over to St Paul to make a call on a relative. Her name is Nell Shupe--Not even Helen or Nellie--Just Nell--so read the invitations. She looks like a studious girl, not domestic or fluffy--yet she may be both when she has the opportunity of doing as she pleases. I did not write her until today, to tell her of the welcome we have ready for her.

Carl and Ruth are coming down, so is Melville. Will has come home and we were beaten 5-4. A pretty good game he says. McDonald is over in the hospital, and Will went to see him. He had his tonsils removed and some adenoids were found and also removed. One tonsil was a mass of corruption and probably the heart trouble is due to the hard work it has had pumping out all of that poison. Also his rheumatism is due to that. He

will go right home now and be back in the Fall for another three years. Of that they are confident.

I went to the Andersen's for dinner yesterday---Mrs Elwell's farewell. She is going to visit her boys. Mrs Phipps, Mrs Humphrey and Mrs Dinsmore were the other guests. Mrs Helms entertained the young people on Thursday evening--the anniversary of Frances' and Herbert's wedding. They all had such a delightful time. They had charades and Will and Percy were on different sides and were the leaders in keeping things on the move.

Tuesday I give another dinner--this time to the Blues-who are the winners this year. Hiller is the leader. <sup>Babby</sup> ~~Raxy~~ was the leader of the Grays-but is not much of a pusher and the contest has been quite one-sided. Some of the Seniors want to wear white trousers for Commencement--and who do you think oppose it? Boutin and McLennan--because they cannot afford it." Hiller has~~x~~ been wanting his car down here the last week. He thought he might have the Packard--but he is to have his heart's desire--the Pierce-Arrow. So he is quite happy. He and Percy go up to Bayfield tonight and bring it down tomorrow.

I am not writing much tonight, for I have some work to do and mean to get to bed early. I could be very very homesick for you-if I wanted to be tonight. Jean Tawney is out in the other room playing chords on the piano- He loves to come over here and be let entirely alone, and look at the pictures and drum on the piano etc. I never pay any attention to him and he likes it better so.

With much love for my darling boy-

Mother.

Have you received the American?  
Let me know -

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD  
SCHOOL MOTHER

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL  
HUDSON, WIS.

May 19.1915

Wilder dear:

I am late with my letter this week, but I have not seemed to be able to help it. This afternoon Ruth and I went with the team in the jitney bus up to New Richmond. I think Percy was anxious to have us go for padding. It is pretty hard to ride in when half full but was quite comfortable with twenty of us. Up to the seventh inning we stood 2 to their 1-- then they made three--and we could not beat them. To say that we beat them worse down here does not seem to make any one feel any better. John pitched a wretched game.

Last evening I gave a dinner party. Mrs and Mrs and Miss Sabina Fisher. ( You will recall them--of the Methodist church-- ) Mr Tourtellot ( Mrs T. was away ) Mrs Elwell, Mr John and Mr Cameron, Ruth and Percy, Winifred, Cottie and I sat at the table. We had a fine dinner, and having somethings left I invited Winifred and Will over for dinner tonight. We did not get home until nearly half past seven, and the wind etc. have made me a little sleepy.

Mr and Mrs Fisher are English and were quite interested in the cartoon books last evening. I am quite anxious to get your next letter because that will speak of the Lusitania. War history is moving fast, and each day adds to the interest. It seems to me that the whole world will be lined up against Germany soon. Davieson says the Germans have plenty to eat-- but a letter came to some River Falls friends of a German family a short time ago and by a ruse passed the censor. In that letter

came the words "we are starving."

The account of the May morning program--the choir in the tower--The visit to the Parkins, was interesting. That was a very busy day from sunrise down, I should think. Is May day a holiday? So you think there will be some chance of your going to Germany? Do not get too near the front, son. With the effort to get London with the zeppelins, it seems to me that you are near enough to the front.

I should think you would get some of those numerous "ologys" mixed up. Goodness I do not even know what they are all about.

Cecil will keep up his home as usual. Mrs Norton will do as she has done, keep house for him and care for the babies. I am afraid that Margaret Kermott will be the next one. She has been in bed for some time. Dr calls it dry pleurisy. That is what he said was the matter with Winnie. Does not that mean tuberculosis? Margaret looks dreadfully, so they tell me, I have not seen her since she was here in the Winter, when you were at home. The Crarys want her to go to some specialist but Ned will not listen to it. He does not think it necessary, and Margaret will not hear to it, either. The Crarys are at their wit's end, not knowing what they should insist upon doing.

Mrs Helms gives a company for some of the young people tomorrow evening. Ruth and Percy and Winifed and Will are going. It is quite a giddy week for them, for Galahad is so far away from social things that when they do come fast it is bewildering. In the afternoon tomorrow the girls are invited to Tena Dinsmore's, to stay to supper. So one dressing and going down town will do for the two companies.

I am not quite sure that I like your moving up a flight of stairs. I have rather enjoyed your entertaining, myself. I am sorry that you find it necessary to do so. Will you be able

to make up the deficit? Does it cost more than you thought it would? ~~Why~~ I rejoiced when you told me that Kriege was helping you to know how to economize again. You used to know how, but lately it has bothered me somewhat, because you seemed to have so little idea of the value of money. Still, I felt it was, probably, only a phase of your education and the pendulum would swing back to normal and you would be the better for the flight into extravagance before you had a family on your hands. I do not believe Helen is very economical and you may have to be the balance wheel for the family. Sometimes I have thought that one who knew how to spend would, with judgement and good sense added, makes a better economist than one who had never learned how to spend. If one does not know how to spend all they know in the way of economy is to do without. And doing without is sometimes the greatest extravagance.

We are having the queerest weather. March was so cold and windy and ~~xxxx~~ without rain. April was cold except for two weeks and it was so hot then it brought up the average until it was said to be the hottest April known since records were kept. May has been most unsatisfactory. Very few pleasant days. A continual cold wind from East and North. Plenty of rain but too cold to help things much. And on the 17th. a snow fall that turned to ice so that the peas were laid flat with the weight of ice. And today--Thursday the 20th, for I fell asleep before I could finish last night---- more rain and continued cold.

I am at my annual task of writing to the old boys. We are not sending them formal invitations this year. Galahad is too poor to buy the extra invitations, so I am being more particular in writing to each one.

We are to make another attempt to have the Galahad Hymn sung this year. Cousin Florence wrote it over a tone lower and changed

some of the highest notes.

As far as I know, we will have the eleven speeches, the ten of the seniors, and the sword address, the Galahad Hymn, the class song and two other songs by the class--and Stone will sing a topical song to which I am writing some extra words, and the giving of the diplomas. Stanley has written a farewell that I would like to change and fit to words and let him sing at the end of his song. I will copy it---it will make you smile. Pardon me for opening this invitation, I wanted to take off the envelopes--I might have sent it separately though. After school closes I will write you oftener to make up for these delays--- God bless you dear boy.

Mother.

Stanley's song.

Class of 1915--Farewell.

Comrades, though we say goodbye,  
We wish to you, as your alumni,  
All the blessings God can give,  
That He'll watch you while you live;  
That He'll guard you from temptation  
Make you great men of this nation.  
Though we hope to meet again  
In a land that's free from sin  
We do hope y ur days on earth  
Will be full of joy and mirth.  
If the devil tries to stop  
You, when you're at the top  
Show him who are the biggest men  
Yes ! show him our motto to be sure  
"My strength is as the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure.

I find, after hurriedly destroying the envelopes that wedding invitation will not go in any envelope I have. Pardon me again and I will copy that. Mr and Mrs Charles Adams Wolfe request the honor of y ur presence at the marriage of their daughter Carolyn Childs to Mr Ralph Holden Binns, Jr. on Saturday, June 5<sup>th</sup> at five o'clock in the afternoon at Calvary Episcopal Church. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.---But there was no card giving their future address. I am sure I did not lose it out. I wont do anytiring like that again.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Feb 2

Dear uncle Wilbur.

I hope that you are having a good time.

Did you see any battleships on the way over?

I hope you are not feeling homesick.

Have you seen the king and queen yet?

How do you like England?

I hope that you are not bothered by the noise of the guns.

Did you know that Patty Jean and mother have gone to Canada.

I'm at Galahad to stay until

mother comes home,  
I'm having a very good time at  
Galatia.

love

from

George Penfield