Hamilton F. K.
1 May 1912
East Williams
May 1, 1912

Dear Maestro:

The morning herald day the Engineer's strike is averted. I have consequently written Mr. Hanlon to oblit the Old Harvard and Old
London.

At once.

A splendid Journal from you Saturday.

And a reviving Den in

East Coast.

And Massachusetts.
Go for Teddy as always my favorite!

Love & thee,

F. W. #

The case is all hand-sewn.
Drake, Mary

1 May 1912
My dear Mr. Summers, I have waited all this long time, before acknowledging the receipt of the complimentary card, passport & such a wealth of good things; for which accept my heartfelt thanks.

Also, I have not reminded my dues sooner, as every day for some time I have expected to think of the West-Coast trip and have desired writing until these matters should settle; indeed I think they have, just now.

Of the same spirit a prompter nature, as it surely will, it will be the first thing, etc., and your work in connection and that your Society will be of prime importance.

It is just to thank you for your through the Dri game, we have been wearing for their contributions.
removed she will probably go too.

My mother appreciates Emile Cook's

all things beautiful, therefore, I trust her journey will
be one of continued joy and

honest pleasure.

If you will just take her under

your protective wing, a bit, when
the join your party, I would be

eternally thankful.

Pac. Coast
she will leave early in July for the

stopping at the "Ploughed Field" and the

Grand Canyon in route.

and with many day accounted for

she will have 10 days or 2 weeks

in Southern California, often being retained

from the "Giant Forest," before

turning Eastward. I am

now looking eager that she shall

call at "El Calisal" while in

two weeks, to see you.
for some time and it is still
likely I see you living as well.
I don't believe the camera fits
and the picture taken in the
"Fine Art Print" with Zuniga
brooks as you did in 1987 as I
can't remember you, because
less concrete. I Zuniga is fine.
like my new boy, he is growing
up fast, & fancy.

I am very very sorry

I can say that my own plan
to join the splendid party
are upset and my
mother will go in my place
and if Miss Brown does
not have to submit it having
the sense of her right eye.
Shall any of these wonderful metals of Springfield Indian music occur in your home, may she not be ill used in your company. She does not know that I am asking these things of you. I am I afraid she might think me presuming, but I think you will not think so. It is only that I wish her to know you and your work as I do.

Are we going to the Mesa Verde after leaving W. ?

Nothing unusual. I see the cliff ruins.

I must confess I am almost overcome by this summer's pure delight, and I hope every minute may be filled with profit.
and joy for you all.

Mrs. Page of Page Hotel (Gallup)

and me. She had stopped

with the sisters at 11:15 a.m.
times when there hospital was.

not filled with patients. Can she

strength and recommendation.

have written to know if they

will not hate my mother in

after her stay in the City

town I come right? Is this

not the hospital where you lay

helpless for so many months.

I know you are always busy

and there kind, things we

will not my one by asking for

many questions. One of them is

any special word you want me

to get read at back before

July 10th. The date set for
my mother, euaglana,
I am now as soon to you and
Burlie and Dinkham.
Faithfully yours
Mary A. Bower
and "The Brook"

14 Hilliard St.
Cambridge Mass
May 1, 1912.

P.S. — Included 10 = P.O. order for
$10. forty-one.

M.
Elliot, Louise

11 May 1912
Winnipeg, Canada. May 11, 1912

My dear Sue—

This is where we finish tonight, & tomorrow we start on our home stretch. The summer plans are still uncertain. Mrs. Parsons wants us to come to Lakeotton if she is well enough to be there herself. We're not crazy about it for various...
reasons, but couldn't live with ourselves if we didn't heed her call, for she is old & ill, & has been good to me all my life. If not there, it looks like our old stamping ground—Bennington, Vermont.

About June 1st, I love it best of all places, so am glad. We had thoughts of Nova Scotia, but three weeks of Canada have cured us of any desire to spend a holiday among Canadians. They may be all right, but it looks to me as
England last sent her incompetent & useless out here for a time while, & the effect shows in the second generation. Anyway, we like our own folks first. First we go to Boston, & but more important our household gods in parking cases, no telling where or when they'll be set up again. We'd like an archibald.
but we've been trans-
steamers so long that
I dare say any part
would grow monotonous,
we'd long to sail
the seas. But we carry
our real "home-port" in
our hearts, so know we
have the best of all.

This is a lot of talk
about us an' ourselves.
How is your world
going? I'm glad to
hear of a new "piece"
'f the what issue
of the Independent
that "The Lost Child". I'd
like it, & said Inde-
pendent is difficult
to find on news-stands.
Our Teddy seems to be doing rather well at the primaries. If he & Wilson get the nominations, won't it be an interesting strap? And doesn't the Sitwell disaster make you glad you're Anglo-Saxon? I miss Lott. I think of you a lot, as well as a lot of you. God bless you, dear Lott.
Spring good to you.
Always the same.
"Little Louise"

Wakilee Elliot

Best address
49 Spring St.
Catskill, N.Y.
Hamilton, F. K.

13 May 1912
13 Cedar Street,
East Bridgewater,
Massachusetts

Monday, May 13, 1912.

Dear White Lion:

Tell me how you feel for the wonderful divine qualities which are partly Indian and all better than white? Did you find them among the Indians, noble and poetic race; or did you always have them, and seeking other similarly equipped, formulate toward Earth closest and honest? Wonder and wonder about it as I look at our face and read your letters. There's endurance like tempered
still, but you have also a
soul-touching loveliness
and tenderness. Bette said
of you: "He is for everybody."
Can't you be a little good
to yourself? And rest more?
I want you to live long, that
they not be left without a
God.

The foregoing is true,
and shows how foofying
and understanding Saint
as Mr. Wentworth who came
to report on his visit. Mr.
Alisdair said some. "Almost
the first thing, Mr. Lumnie
said when he found who
it was and that I came
from you, was. "She greatly
oversaturates her friends. How what
mean? 'Dear Don Carlos? Striking me
that a way? "When you say that smile
I said Bon Wentworth. "Have I over-
Estimated him?" And he replied "No!
I loved him the moment I saw him
and put my arms around him." And
I shed my revenge immediately, as the
very next day contained that ecstatic
Hymn to Teddy! Oversaturate! Well,
well! Teddy may not the President,
but there no doubt your been turned
hundreds of votes in this direction.
May 14.

Another day has gone, and I begin anew on this.

The paper of the L.A. investment company came this morning.
It's a great letter you sent them, and worth as much to parents and sons as it must be to the company. You'll build the new bath with one stone if you come back to earth for another life. You'll surely appear to hold a stone and everything will wings will come flying to your home.

(P.S. I hope I'll have wings.)

The two cases went before sometime ago. I went to last Friday, having to gather a few dollars on the three things
You would not have to spend too to over to Sandoe, but Mr. Houlton told me they were behind on the transaction as it was. The new case cost double what the first one did. I had two made in England, an old little town near Birmingham, where labor is cheap. This is better pigskin in fact, the best obtainable, and not a machine stitched in it. I offered to repay what he considered fair, but he wouldn't allow it, so I would be like me for the shoes, which, of course, I expected to. He is a gentleman, wrote me the day they started, and
said all he hoped was that Dr. Cummings would like the newcomer. The man who made it or just if it, thought you preferred a stripe to other faceting, so put it on.

You are a genius and a dear! Don't be surprised. Truth will out. I just stopped and re-read "Page One" which I keep on my table.

It is maddening to have to send such work as yours to more than one publisher. But if they are even enough to accept they would not be there. They would be writing imperishable things themselves.
Such work as Thence gives to your "Building of a Boy" is imperishable, for it embodies sound fact, understanding of youth's requirements, sympathy, the generous heart, and all that puts clean principles into the child's warfare with nature and himself. You've done many fine things in your books. There's training for the undisciplined in them, as I know, and am profoundly grateful for.

Let me know when you do. This poem. Yes, it must be there, and it will be.
The Alcalde Mayor was my cousin. Archibald Denali she was delighted. Told her you liked her name and that you said you were half in love with her already. It pleased her, of course greatly. She wanted to write you, and told her to do so. She called you "The Hero." When told of your blindness she cried, and asked, "Where's God?" She wanted to know if it was your stupendous philosophy that kept you up, and I told her part that, but more was Man, man as God hoped he would soon to be, when he was first placed here.
You must be a comfort to God! So many of us fall readily to raping when the rose leaves fall not to our liking. But you, it just seems as though all the world must adore you for the splendid Man you've been in this latest move. Never mind. Your brain has a thousand eyes, and I haven't a doubt that the two blue-fooey ones will look upon earth and sky and faces again. It's a marvel that you can write at all without being able to use dictionary or reference book which reminds one of Homer.
and his question. You said you must get him a small set of encyclopaedias. The Book of Knowledge, published by The Grolier Society, No. 7., is the best thing of kind I've ever seen. It's a Child's Encyclopaedia, but the grown-ups monopolize it. I'll send a prospectus. It can be purchased on installation plan about $2. amount, I think. It is in a number of volumes — as many as 12 or 14, I think, and costs $30. That's pretty near anyway. It was produced.
by men something betwixt me, who had children asking strange and wonderful questions. I wish I could buy it and send it to the handsome lad.

In returning the Joe W. Foley letter, asking for the invocation to the Absent One. It did me good to see you appreciated. Always tell me the lovely things said of me, if you can. I enjoyed reading of the General Sherman House warming and your poem in it. What sort words you said.
E. A. Curtis has a fine Indian article in Zaman's Magazine for May, and it is illustrated with his own fine pictures which I saw in Boston.

When you're alone, in the dark watches of the night, don't be downcast, just remember what you have said: "God counts genius by the drop." If I hadn't known you, I don't think I would have missed the greatest joy of my life, but I should have been a fool, alas! But love, F. K. W.
Hamilton, F. K.

28 May 1912
13 Cedar St.
East Dedham,
Massachusetts.
Tuesday, May 28, 1912.

Dear Maestro:

I have read "The Dream" in May 23rd's Independent. It has a strange tone of reality. Now, tell me, is that all public, or are the dreams of Poets a mixture of fact and sleep?

Anyhow, it is a fine and beautiful dream.
Splendidly worked
up, once a term
of the workers in
words.

"Flower of my Heart, and I,
helps practically all who
have imagination enough
to read it understand-
ingly.

Builder, The House,
how are things with
you? The latest
Journal told me
much that was interesting.
but I wonder each day how it is at 200 E. Avenue 43.

I note that the Harvard case is reheard tomorrow. But is it really? I should see in it the ardent and poetic dreams and ambitions and aims of the young man who used it in those days; and would have a vision of the small strong hand that fastened and unfastened it. You may keep it there, for Quinn, if you want to, but
Finally it belongs to me.

I saw itvisite word picture pour pour journals. And often I have joy in the wish it shall please and the humor that aids and abiets it; and it all illustrates the kind of mind beloved of God.

Many many persons unto come to know of you; much of them knowing you only through your works. Bless you, dear fine strong spirit. [Signature] 7/10/92.
CFL

3 June 1912
Dear Fannie:

It was good to get your good letter—damn me, but you do write good ones! You never say how you are, or whether you are—the time latter I generally suffer from the fact you write.

Yea verily—The Harrvans case is entieter to you; you can have it any time—this that was a mere jest, for I don't know what a lady wo
So with a shabby old shaving case. Quinn won't need it for four years yet — maybe will he be too proud then to use so old a one? Then he might have the ancestral pride. So it's just as you say as to it — but if he holds it meanwhile, it is pledged to you. And if you really care for it now — now "goes,"

Ladies shouldn't be curious! Aren't all good poems of "a strange turn of reality?" And isn't the only successful
I am — I've made her myself! She's all the women that ever were — + never! The One that each particular She looks to be till caught.

My success is in not catching her;

All goes well with the baby, isn't well; The baby isn't well; I'm walking through the Shadow with a Dear old friend whose oldest son is on the Drummers' lads, + the old man has come a thousand miles to see him. And I'm standing off the wolves in the old robberies +
4 debts; by good luck line come to see us all this week. And now iron is solid in muscles, and sin's calm as a pup in sleep, so busy as the pleads on him. God bless you good luck! Always your friends.
C.

C. F. C.
Hamilton, F. K.

5 June 1912
June 5, 1912,

And an opalescent blue
and silver day, dear
Maestro, with a world
of blowing green.

You and Teddy came

Yesterday. Slangy
persons would say
"it is great" but
I call it worthy of

You. I'm not sure

Where is Lige? No
news from along side of
prophets.
If the other gentleman, 

As one might

Speak, your face is

turned toward your

Adored one, and if one

can judge by looks, you

are both in love.

You're a dear to

send it. I have

had a full-blown

wish to visit for

many a day.
Teddy ought to be proud. I hope he will always be found in as good company — but how can he be as men run? Answer that!

Do write Mr. Hanlon. The address is J. J. Hanlon, The London Varners Co., John Hancock Building, Devonshire St., Boston.

I write mine as soon.
as I heard from you, but what's a letter from me? While a few words from you will be worth all the pigskin Boston can furnish. What amazed him was the letter you wrote, every line black letter in place, spaces absolutely correct, and every word, scholarly and to the point. He kept saying, "It is marvelous, how does he do it?"

You see he doesn't know you, dear Master Y. Events, he's accustomed...
to ordinary men who lie down and call for oil and spices when a puff of wind blows them. And still, I who do know you a little, I also marvel, and can't understand. You have a great white spirit wing somewhere. Someone must love you. Someone whom you love with great tenderness. That gives the power you display in so many ways.

The journal came. So did
The West Coast, and a great number.
Do you want anything
tiner or more inspired
than John's Anthology?
It causes women to
surprise the folly little
nature in "The Stogynist."
"Philosopher that confied,
along with or without
them" Indeed! I
read "The Stogynist" and
women in Boston
and one of them said, "I'd rather know him than be loved by the most wonderful man in the world." F. T. H. piped up, "He's the most wonderful man in the world." You're foolish and deliciously pig- and mightily dancy. Don't meddle with us as a set! Don't be dare! Becoming balder.
become more truthful and say
"I dare ye!"
We set the Proposition
in the Den. This month
You really do think. How
Do you do it, what with, and
How can you know when
its straight?

I laugh by night over
fragments of the Journal
that pop out from memory.
One night a dog chased me.
Mildie called, and you
let out a howl, Mildie.
reporting that the
dog "clears the eucalyptus as a bounder
winds to that effect."
The picture of the
dog clearing the eu-
calyptus strikes me
as wildly fantastic.
The people downstairs
enjoy and hate me
because I laugh
when they want to sleep.
Think of sleeping when one
can laugh and be one
with the Starry Night!
I love and treasure
the letters from your own hand. God gave you to
me to replace one for
being off in a health
paroxysm for beauty
and virtue.

Keep all the publishers
did invite you what to
more say in his beauty
published memoirs, just
but in this country? That
he used to be greatly depressed
when publishers returned his
manuscript, but one day
Arthur Symons would him
that whenever he had anything
returned he never doubted
the Editor was a fool.
Moore said it sur-
corrupted him. It
was a new view, and
since he had become
rich from the sale
of those articles and
books, he knew it
was the true view.

I empty my heart
into this letter, dear,
and send it to you—
who can furb along with
without me!

F. C. H.

G. W.
P.S.

Mr. I like your essay on doctors. They won't know whether to thank you or shout you. And the word you say for Sunday in the ben, is the right word! God bless you!

You will tell take the plane words you say for his Lord? Is he big enough?
Drake, Mary
20 June 1912
My dear Mr. Summerfield: It was most kind of you to have sent the bulletin that reached me with its interesting programme for the meeting on 24th. I am sorry you have my thanks:

It is a delight to me when even a hand-written or personal card marvells at its unchanged appearance, the same forceful individuality displayed everywhere as before. Your letter arming me with your missive, as I regret not being able to join that wonderful party on 24th, but next week I hope to attend the sending off for dear old Artie, who will reap a glorious harvest for calm enjoyment in her old age.
She will have only 10 days toLos Angeles arriving then on July 20, leaving Chief 36°S for 81°W. She will probably make flying trips to San Diego and St. Bárbara while I am there. I asked her to let you know immediately on arrival in order to call at a time most convenient for you.

All rooms will be in her head quarters as I was with her and her address will be 104 So. Second St. Can I find Mrs. Mac Martin? She will be at Alberquerque for the day of July 14th, Adelante the 15th.

Can I arrive - Bright Angel Hotel - 16th or 17th?
If you need to communicate addressed
Mrs. A.G. Aiken
I have not yet been
able to learn about special P.R. rates
to the U.S. at all. I am trying
to arrange to have thetelegram
she would prefer to give them within
than to make the trip around the
circle from C.J. Hammonds. Also, I
would have to make "them around the
circle" from C.J. Hammonds. Also, we
want her to be made and see
the "green corn dance." So I want
I have Cambridge in two days,
so I shall see
for home. Then I shall send the
registration fee and camp fee.
I hope I am not too late in
this, or any rate you will
surely see. What she is accepted
and provided for counted in
the party, will you? The sisters
will like her in, and perhaps
with the many days of meeting
and effort. I see that it will
be better for them to be out
in the open air of the little
care they may render.
In fact, the weather
serves as
and favors
message.
I am glad for you all, that the
work is as that was.
I was just
writes fell into my hands: the 059
and we at and the simple notice
of the decision of the court spread
class for pleasure - that paper
in the 14th.
I am (I think)
from all at - we saw you
in 1907, the instant possible
family, and you do not mind
if I retain this memory, do you?
II

We are in the midst of Grad Week festivities. There have
been nice perfect weather in June for a long period, but
Cambridge is indeed gay and joyous, and as it was at Christ's
season, in June last.
Love to you and Rutha
and I as ever. Faithfully.

M. L. X. Drake

14 William St.
Cambridge.

June 20, 1912.
Hamilton, F. K.

13 July 1912
13 Cedar St.,
East Darien,
Connecticut.

July 13, 1912.

A minister’s date, dear.

Part of the old Spaniards!
Part of whose existence it
will associate by writing to
you.

I was waiting in the
parlor of Young’s Hotel
the other day. Where you
and I met one memorable
Sunday morning—and
I took up Scribner’s
magazine. That the moment
might deliver more joyous.
"The Riddle," "Chas. D. Summer," appeared in type that seemed set in jewels—for it was unexpected and charming—just like you, my dear.

"And for cover,
I folded over
Five slim petals
Of a little wild rose."

"Own up; isn’t that musical poetry? "Five slim petals of a little wild rose."

Yet you write me one,
"I shall never write any more poetry." God knows best.
You see, having stored the poetry.

She came to see it forth, and it came, enriched by years of experience in a world of sun and clouds and water, with green earth for balance.

The Journals come and undo me, and do me up again.

This glad Tucson is over.

Now I hope some spirituality shining web of Destiny is weaving for you. Get a long

Young mate with mature mind and life happy. You deserve to be, and
have all the elements
to produce happiness for
yourself and some
other half of your soul
( I take it man has several
halves! )

I see you without the
bandaged eyes, in the
future, but your latest
men is disgusting —
influenza and fever, and
so on. So drop a word to
some known you aren't
dead.

Poor dear Rob Lund.
I hope through each page
that he was winning — and perhaps he did, like
knows. May be traveling
in brightness somewhere now, understanding
and joying. I'm glad
the dear father had me.
I've never forgotten the
cletter you sent me when
Charles went over. It
was like an assurance
from another sphere.
Bless you dear loving
fine-framed nature.
The second case
stops with you until Dunn
stays older, and it happy
it for the sake of love he may love it. Otherwise I want it for the sake of the young poet whose hopes were so high when he and the case were younger.

I am well—since you ask—and loving the world and finding it wonderful and thrilling anew each day over the other bread and beauty of things. My heart seems all song, when I cry it is its deep sigh, to God
Won't know and call me ungrateful. I work, and I
idle some, too, and plunge into
words, and associate much
with the grand men in books,
and always always Malols.
I love thee.

How do write?

James Price

Jennie E. Hamilton
Tew, Marguerite

14 Jul. 1912
1609 Sumner St.
Phila., Penn.
July 14, 1912.

Dear Uncle Charlie: —

I received this week two copies of the “West Coast Magazine.” I suppose one is due me as a regular subscriber, and the other sent by you — thank you very much. I am very much interested in what you say in the piece about the Los Angeles library-to-be. I do hope it will some day rise up as nearly perfect as possible; the people have only to follow the plan to accomplish it.

Don’t I wish I could join the summer session of the “American School of Archaeology”! I am so sick of this city I hate every cobble stone and lamp-post, contemptuously inoffensive as they are. Of course it is hot, but I could stand heat, without city emphasis. I am trying to read Wordsworth and calm my soul. Thank Heaven I believe it is going to rain!
I know you are terribly busy, and I am not writing this to remind you that you owe me a letter, you never owe me letters, as I look at it, but I broke for me before long.

My garden are blossoming as well as they can—Lillian Rozen is so happy over her marigold that she actually kissed my hand. Poor, beautiful little Lillian! Wish I could give her gold more efficiently—that would comfort her body as well as her soul.

I am doing a little modelling this summer, as a few of us have the use of the modelling work at Academy. I get a lot of ideas from my work in the "Ghetto," and it’s really making of me think of things I never should otherwise have thought of, I’m sure. I wish I didn’t have to see so many ugly things too—for I have to look them because they attract me in spite of myself.
I hope Bertha is passing a pleasant summer, and Quimoto, too.

Someday I wish you would set forth in the "Dear" your views on "Suffrage" or as some say, "The Woman Question." I don't know what you will say, but I just want to see how you say it.

With love and best wishes from your Affectionate Niece,

Marguerite R. Bee.
Kauhe, Lizzie

18 July 1912
Santa Fe July 18 -1912

Dear Mr. Summers,

Received your letter yesterday and shall endeavor to answer it at once to relieve you of the impression that maybe we did not want you, till now you know at least by this time you ought to know that you and yours are always welcome to our humble abode and home. The idea of putting a thought into your head maybe we don't want you. Banish this foolishness forever.

Now the reason why I did not write for such a long time is this. At the time I received your letter, I was seriously ill, so much so, that
I was not expected to live. I was taken ill suddenly and suffered the most excruciating pain and was kept under opiates for several days. For a week I thought my time had come, but they do not want me as yet, and am around again but it seems as though it is slow work, and do not feel it same anymore. Still it might all pass away. Now don’t this keep you from coming, in fact I think it a pleasant change all around. I see you have been on the sick list also, and dinners etc. I will it might do you good a change of climate.

Lucy and Dick have been home from school about a month and a half and they were real glad to come home. I read the programme of the school.
of Archaeology in the New Mexico State Art Evening, and see Dr. Allston down for I think he lectures, you are damn for social also. So you see you have to come. So does Dr. Dunn have to come. He is not booked for any lectures, but I think he is booked for a horseback ride anywhere of his age back taking such trips as he ought to be a hero, and are certainly went to see him but at Santa Fe, and we will have him come. Tell him not to forget we Santa Fe people. He surely does not intend to go to the Pito only and give us the cold shoulder. Then of course that umbrella of his is still here. Mr. Hewett and wife arrived here day before yesterday. Imagine he is prepared for his work much better now, as he has run and hosed so much.
I see that Berta cannot come and stay with us a while.

We are having lovely weather, showers and every day enough rain to make it pleasant and cool.

Hope after you receive this letter you will not be reluctant to come and make your headquarters with me, and we will be looking for you in about two weeks. I suggest you will let us know just when.

With love & loving and yourself

Your friend

Lizzie Kane
Way, Maud
19 July 1912
My dear Mr. Sumner,

I wonder if your thoughts are treading Kito

wards this season of the year. It certainly has been exceedingly

and from me to stifle the

yearning for that glorious

southwest. I had hoped to

be "off" to take this week to

camp, but the lady I thought

would go with me, decided it

was too unseasonable and

uncomfortable. And so the

Henry's have tied themselves

off to your sunny land, and

Los Angeles YMCA Institute

company. I think the only

advantage a person has in

being a man is to go off
I assure you I am not in a hurry, while a woman always has to have a companion. I had wanted to go to the Petrie's Forest and the Wachau Valley and do you happen to be traveling there only this summer, and if so would you be so good as to let me tag along behind your party? And what do you go to do to the dance? I ran down to the Santa Fe office, and they said they knew nothing of it.

Do you expect to be at the school at Santa Fe next month? And what are their plans for the year? I wonder!

I fully expected to go to the archcheological School at Colorado Springs, Dr. Carrol, Dr. Hearst, and several others are to be there in the leaflet said, but the Henry's said Dr. Hearst just arrived in New York last Monday. But too many things made my plans. I am aware and feel still in Denver and don't know just what I shall do for a trip. How are you by the way?
I sincerely hope that they are really well and you are able to use them all you wish.

With good wishes to you and yours, Dear

Sincerely,

Maud Voy.

1969 Monroe Street,
Denver, Colorado,

July 19, 1912.
Kawne, Lizzie
25 July 1912
Santa Fe, July 25-1912

Dear Mr. Summits,

Received the two letters, one telling of Bertha's coming. We are very glad to have her with us, and certainly will have a corner for her in the hotel, as we will also have a place for yourself and Ernie. And here by this you have put that foolish idea out of your head about your welcome here. As long as we have a roof, it is yours to share with me although the tone is very imperfections, the welcome is cordial.

About your comforts, I think you
ad istaken for you did not have anything here, not even your great-daddy umbrella. you were not even as liberal as the Count with this. Hope you will find out when you lift the sandwiches. It is supper time, therefore only a few lines and hoping to see all three of the luminaries in a short time.

With love to all,

Your friend

Zyrie
Wheeler, S. A. P. (Mrs)
7 Aug 1912
626 Tulia Rose Drive  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
Aug. 4, 1912

Mrs. Charles F. Summies  

Dear Sir:

If it is convenient for you to have me call at your home on Sat. the 10th inst. between the hours of nine and twelve, I shall be very glad to do so.

I want to talk with you about the South West Society and my connection with it which has been unfortunately interrupted owing to absence and illness.

I was in the Cavalier District among the beautiful hills for more than three years.

The nearest P. O. was at Norris nine miles distant. There was no R. F. D. and mail was sometimes sent afloat.

It was always a pleasant event when notice of a lecture, or a pamphlet relating to some archaeological subject was received. And if it can be arranged
I shall be glad if the privilege can be continued to me.

I need to bring news for the Sequoia and Landmarks as well. I shall be glad to know of them. If it is not practicable to han one call on Sat. Kindly set a date at your early convenience. I am very anxious to han some matters understood as soon as possible.

My sympathy is yours in the great misfortune in loss of your sight. The knowledge came to me but recently.

I am glad you have in so severe a trouble the comforting presence and assistance of your son. With sincere thanks for your many favors.

Believe me,

Very respectfully yours,

Mrs. S. A. P. Wheeler.
Explain my absence, when I'll return if that this will then be referred to me.
Hamilton, F. K.

20 Aug 1912
August 20, 1912.

What do you think would happen, dear Malcolm, if you had time to think? And why, if I may ask without fear of the townshawk do you drive ever and always at what a man might be permitted to accurately name as a hellishly breakneck speed? (I being a timid branch of the New England rose tree do not name it.) Rush down hills, up mountains, flying leaps over fullers and washouts, drives from perilous places, with never a moment for pause. Is it the spirit that drives? Or what is Captain of the Soul? With
all. You are doing finer and higher work than the man of leisure. That's what
upsets me understanding. You break all rules and evolve silver and lace and rippling
sheets; jewels, roses, and ivory. My imagination
dreams in notes of heavenly
height. Though your influ-
ence, but I do want to know
what you could do under aus-
picious circumstances — or
in auspicious circumstances,
just to show you that fire
keeping up with highbrow
learning.
I wish you had the
chance to idle and
dream over a cigar; I wish
You would spend days in exchangeing
confidences with flowers and
shrubs—yours would be as full of
charm and poetry as theirs. And some
night when you can look at the stars
all the night, and there is no more
dark for your gentle eyes, commune
at length with those opening worlds and
write it out for those who farm
over minds like yours.

Muriel, dear, you are unspoiled.
You are wonderful. "The Lost Child"
in "The Independent" is an alchemy
of soul. When I'm not writing you
I'm thinking of you and do calculations
know that you ride a cloud chariot all the time.
It is well with me.
I never expected to like snakes—and I hate to.
Still they have seized upon me through such a flight
of silver and blue and bronze
and gold, in words, that
instead of leaping affrighted
at dead sticks and pieces
of rope, I am haunting jungles
and woods and am ready to
say "little brother," "serpentine
creature," "jewel-eyes," and
so on. When there's none
I want to copy a few lines
for you that I may enjoy
your own chiseling through
another's eyes. You're a dear
Indian—Greek—Shanando to send me
articles come.

I like "The Blade" in West Coast. You'd never touch a heart, though! You'd bind up and care for the hatefulest one ever dreamed, and soothe it with soft touches.

Aren't you really a kind of Psalm for Sorrow? I think you are. And an

Inspire faith to the mind,

and a splendid mountain-kind of Stimulant to somebody. And there's more I could say, but I won't, and you needn't ask me!
Off to the Ritz will Bertha and Quimn and a train of satellites. The Ritz! I dream over that. It's a splendid word! And don't forget to let me know more about your article on 'Words'. It's a subject over which I'm mad. Think of the Latin for Spica, ear of grain, meaning hope—hope of the husband woman. Isn't it some poetry? I adore French on words. He's not too antiquitated to lead all the newer ones.
What a little for a story of the
old soul-bracing kind is the line
under your picture and Quinn:"
"The Bench Builders." Sounds
swirl like a Beethoven. Despite of
notes. Yes, you are a
superb sort of creature, and
me, I don’t care who knows
it.

Die return some sheets
You wanted back, in my neck
Which I seem to see burnin'
This immediately. During, with love?
Elliot Louise
31 Aug 1912
my dear luna

if you had had a letter for each of my three this summer, you would have been deluged. but as madre once put it, "how little time we have for doing things—we are always doing other things!" we have just finished a most beautiful vacation in our beloved Burlington, Vermont, where we found the heart grown much younger after our older years at once. we were like returned prodigals, & the faithful relief was
slaughtered for us all up and down the main street. It was good to see old friends - it was good to golf and fish. It was good to be back where people like us - but best of all to wanderers, is the neighborhood of a small town. To have the woman across the street call over and ask how the last game of golf came out; to have the neighbor on the right stand and visit over the fence, or the left-hand neighbor bring over a plate of cookies she just baked. To stop on the
Street corner & talk politics, or go in & visit with the newswoman. — All these quite ordinary things roll on very quiet & heartfelt, un-drawing to us, who have so little of it, & they really make up the best of the quickicer. If one own roof-tree is growing anywhere, alone to me it must be the. Beunington is more like home than any other place, & we do love some of its people. My three Rogers girls are still a joy to heart & mind.!
the young lawyer we
used to know has mar-
ried him a nice
wife, so it was un doubt-
elly our most success-
ful summer since
our last in the same
spot. So back we go
next year, I.O. just now we're on our
way to work, rehearsal
for Caesar beginning next week. Arthur
thinks California sure
in the spring, if it
is a 'go.' The Habershacs
are getting a fine com-
pany, so I hope it will
succeed for their sake
as well as our own.
Your good letter of
early June warranted.
my heart. Frances sent me a cutting as to the Tuesday proceedings, so I'm glad things have come to a satisfactory finish. Glad of all the good news the letter contained. How are the mushrooms flourishing? And did Dr. Lundsoe recover? He was ill when you wrote. I kept watch, I found when the 'Lost Child' was published, so I have it safe & sound. Also saw some verses in Tribune which I liked immensely. Aren't we having a
true political scrap? We heard many of the first guns in Vermont, as missed Teddy's speech by two days - to our sorrow. Arthur proudly wears a Bull Morse button in his coat, so we have 'fit' & feel a duch for the cause many times.

Roosevelt sentiment is surprisingly strong in Vermont, considering what a hide-bound, conservative old state it usually is. We attended all the "Rally," in the town square, & heard amongst lesser lights, Debs & Judge Lindsey.
It was all most entertaining, though I think the day had passed when street speeches gained or lost a single vote.

Write me when you can. My best and dearest love to you, as always. You're still on my mind and heart so much.

God bless you, dear Love—

As always,

"Little" Louise Wakeman Elliot
49 Spring St.
 Catskill
 New York
Holway, Ella
16 Nov 1912
Sandwich, Mass.
Nov. 16, 1912

Dear Charlie—

I was more than glad to see the familiar writing and thus feel sure that what I had heard was true. It seems almost a miracle that you are able to see again. The Unitarian minister here is Franklin K. Gifford, a Freshman at Harvard when you were a Senior. I gave his wife "My Friend Will" to read, and she told me about her husband's acquaintance with you. Upon her return from a vacation of a month, she hastened to tell me that she saw just two
line, in a New York paper, which said, you had recovered your sight. It seemed almost too good to be true, and I had hesitated a week or more, whether to write and say how glad I was not to wait until I had it confirmed.

Thanks for invitation to the actual beginning of your wonderful Museum, how I should like to see it and its founder, but it doesn't look very probable, but I wouldn't wonder at all if you saw my boys or Amy some day. How she mourned when she heard you were blind, and how glad she will be when she hears.
that there is an improvement, because I know now there is a chance if your lesson has been long and hard enough, so you will take wonderful care of those precious eyes. A great disappointment has come to Amy and to me. I had a letter last night saying that she had got to give up college again and come home. You remember she started in a year ago at Mt. Holyoke and at semesters before she exams, she had to come home. She lived out of doors, on her saddle horse, rowing swimming, tennis until late, then she went to school, but he
was wrong, she could not stand it, and now she is coming home tonight. Her father has gone up to the Harvard-Dartmouth game, and will stay for the theatre tonight with the two boys who as I have told you are both in Tech, training for Sanitary Engineers. Somehow I know it is for the best for her to come home but we can't see ahead. With best and kindist wishes.

As ever,

Sincerely,

Ella F. Holway
Hamilton, F. K.

4 Dec 1912
Dress per
heart, maester.
I've waiting on
Time, and longing
to write - you'll
fulfill.
Which I mean
to do unhelpfully!
I love your letters and the Journals. And I'm still yours to command forever and ever world without end.

December 4, 1912.

F. 16. H.
17 Dec 1912
Dec 19, 1912

My dear Charles,

Many thanks for your kindness. I appreciate so much your generous heart, and the trouble you took to do up and mark the packages for the little ones. You have done so much to lighten and sweeten life for me. That in my heart I can always bless you. I love to recall your kind face as I saw it that first time in Berkeley. If I never see you again in the world and I should live to be the oldest woman on it, which God forbid, I shall always see you as distinctly as I did that first night. Since that moment, after that first glance, erst
If I ever fell down or fear it vanished, and I felt only the fullest confidence, the most sincere regard, and I thanked God for such a friend. I felt every bit of that in the very first glance at your face. I suppose she will soon be at home and am glad she has gained so much. I am sure her long visit will do everything to her. All women need a change to become the grand pity is that so few husbands realize it. Many thanks for your kind letter, although without any when I received one.

Very Sincerely, Lizzie

Yapque
New Mexico
Hamilton, 1 = 15

18 Dec 1912
13 Cedar Street,
East Dedham,
Massachusetts
December 18, 1912.

My dear and beautiful Malvina:

Such a heart-warming Christmas letter from your own hand! It changed the rainy day to one of splendid sun and song! What a gift to yours, and what a big, loving heart to share it with those who love just enough understanding to
appreciate.

The journal and
endowments made me
feel like a Princess!
I am honored far far
beyond my assets. I
toom in my own
eyes because the
all done to you,
and great place and
a bright outlook. I
hope that you visit
tour and help make
it a tone full time.
Also, Maestro dear, a little
taken prey cantering across
the Continent to you—soon.
You wouldn't stretch one
to be right on time! Such
haste is undignified. I believe
in the divine inefficence of
supreme leisure.
A letter of peaceful length
for the present?
Here's my heart, highly decorated,
hidden in the lines.
Not until tomorrow. Yours, F. H.
Drake, Mary
19 Dec 1912
My dear friend,

I do so no more is the least repudiation. I humbly offer my apology, and promise there shall be none so long a period elapse without some little word to you. I appreciate, thanks and inquiry.

Wishing Christmas to you the happiest possible day to you all. "Wals-hall"

 Likely the wonderful company will be gathered within the wonderful house, as was before, while in, or this side, the map are rewarded, longing for a taste of that alluring California jule-tide celebration.
I must thank you at once for your part in helping my mother — such splendid programme in the Indian Country! She thinks she has never met such nice people as she found in St. Fi. and the rest. It's all very difficult but it all ended happily but all the same she wants to go back to the Cliff Dwelling trip and to meet her friends. She made the trip but was not glad she went and was not very able to do much about it. She is very much apart. We are so far apart but we long expect to get the whole story.

I am so glad to know as she tells me about a glimpse of light — is coming to you
It will all come back a glamorous flood, dear friend.
It surely will, in time.
That was a dear bit, "The Riddle"
and "The Rivals," lovely.
Is this last not dedicated to
the little Spanish扭转
the little poems
I was so glad to find both poems
soon after they were published.

Dunbar tells me you are doing
your very finest work, now!
your very finest must be better than
your very finest can be better than
what can you have already given
us?"

I am sending as a little
token of Xmas, an old book
"Coals to Newcastle," pretty.
but I'll venture. It's all that I have just now. The folded within its cover is a suit I made for Burton and Gurney, as ever, with my love. Will you not tell me about yourself, your new boots, your family, Burton and Gurney, and the whole house? I'm truly homesick for that land of sunshine and blue skies. My love to you and that's all. Take 'Brodie' you like this. Ever faithfully,

Dec. 19, 1912

14 Hilliard St. Cambridge, Mass.