

Jim's notations  
on back of photos  
Alice makes all  
her own dresses. No. 1

5 #1. Willow Springs, Mo.  
June 8th 1913.

My own dear Sister,

Am just going to write a little note tonight to tell you I am thinking of you & loving you. I wanted to write you last Sunday as we had no visitors but it was so intolerably hot, I took my tablet & pencil up to the grove where there is always a cool breeze under the trees but I couldn't bring myself to writing with pencil to you. So I let it go as the thermometer stood at 98° after 6 p.m. and next morning I rec'd your dear letter. The best one yet. and the boys their P.C. so I was glad I waited. We have had visitors today a neighbor farmer. 5 miles away, brought his wife and 2 married daughters. all 3 ladies are fine pianists. play good music & one daughter sings. so we have had a pleasant, enjoyable day, our tastes being congenial and they took home a book or two from my library to enjoy at home, and have just

phoned me that they arrived home O.K.  
I wish you had been with us.

Your dear letter did me so much good  
I have read it & read it, how broad  
you have grown, how tolerant, you  
seem to have developed on the same  
lines as myself, I could never lead  
Burtow to talk on the subject, somehow  
he would never come close in &  
trust me, now with you it is different,  
you are willing to talk it over and  
whether right or wrong, you give me  
credit for honestly seeking "more light"  
I expect I have told you sometime  
or other that I am a "Mason" a 32<sup>nd</sup>  
degree one, when I first joined and began  
to receive instructions. I told Maama I  
believed I had found the religion for  
which I had been searching, for Morality  
is the foundation of its teachings. I  
studied for several years and advanced  
to the highest degree attainable. The  
33<sup>rd</sup> degree is bestowed only for some  
special service in the cause of Masonry  
I was near attaining it when I came  
to the farm, and forfeited my opportunity

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of performing such services as would merit it. but my studies led me to the perusal of the books I mentioned and which I will send you, and I will say that I was thoroughly skeptical of their teaching when I commenced to study them but after two years I seem to find the teachings in them more reasonable & logical than anything else with which I am acquainted. The "Great Wo." is usually at my elbow to refer to when my thoughts need it. and my copy is pretty well thumbed.

We have had a scorching May 95° to 100° every day for 3 weeks (in shade) and not a drop of rain. damaged our early garden & hay crops. but have had 2 good showers in June so are feeling better. will have wagon loads of peaches and lots of all other fruit. Strawberries are about over and cherries are picked early peas & potatoes have been using for 2 weeks. early apples & peaches toward the end of this month. This

is a pretty good part of the Country  
for fruit. but too rough to be a good  
farming country like the prairies where  
you can use Engines to plow with,  
they can plow 30 acres per day with  
a tractor. has a headlight & plows  
at night too. I have a traction Engine  
but have never tried to plow with it  
but may do so some day. — we are  
still pushing. up at 4.30. breakfast 5.30  
to work 6. big bell on top of a high  
tree rings at 11.30 for Dinner, have two  
hours rest at noon, to work at 1.30.  
bell rings again @ 5.30, Teams fed, cows  
milked and we sit down to supper  
at 7 then about 9.15 we sing our  
evening hymn. and retire. later we  
take it easier and pass the winter  
leisurely rising about 6.30 & retiring  
10 to 11 p.m. Sundays we suspend all  
rules. we are never in a hurry but  
steadily aiming at accomplishing  
so much. — have reed another bunch

of little photos<sup>3</sup>. so will enclose them  
in case Alice wouldnt send you  
all. send them to B & welcome  
if they care to see them, another  
bunch passed us in the Circuit  
letter last week. but had to let them  
go forward. They were from Lib. —

And your dear old Cuckoo, you  
can describe a scene so I can see  
it all so plain. & hear the soft  
flute like Cuckoo & then in awhile  
he will begin to stutter. we have none  
here, nor any Skylarks. we have the  
Quail (like your partridge) which calls  
"Bob White." & later on "Old Bob White"  
and after dark the Whippoorwill  
begin their harsh unmusical call  
just as fast as they can say it  
for an hour at a stretch. the  
Crickets all chirp until the air seems  
equivocal. and the frogs in the pond  
join in their chorus. and the Fire  
flies illumine the forest with

millions of little incandescent lights. and if you could only sail over our little farm  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long &  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile wide cut out of the forest about 9.15. you would hear our voices rise in "Abide with me"; and as the last note sinks away you might hear the bark of a Fox or the yelp! yelp! of a wolf. as the night prowling animals took possession of the woods until daylight. and the boys went to bed under the trees with the stars overhead. Dorothy & her baby also sleep out in the open waking up at daylight bathed in dew.

But good night dear, & Hubert, I know he's O.K. never doubted it. —

Toudest love & a good hug & kisses on your forehead & your eyes & your lips my dear Sister

Bro Dan.