

will forward small photo's to Alice they are good.

will send <sup>back</sup> in my next  
Pier photo's in my Willow Springs, Mo.

May 1 st 1919,

My dear old Sis. & Hubert,

Your very dear letter of April 13. reached me yesterday. and how I did enjoy it, you make everything so interesting, your travels and experiences stand out so naturally that I seem to live them over with you. I wonder where you got your literary genius. I look over our family. and think of Sister Mary, the best story teller I ever knew. she could make me laugh, cry, or my hair stand up with fear. no trouble to her. then Burton could write a good letter, interesting & clear. I always expected and experienced a treat when I saw his writing on the envelope. Alice is the one in our family who picks up the trait. she can relate

facts interestingly, and I often say to Mama that her letters and yours need the signature to distinguish them apart. but can you tell me when you lit your torch. Our parents weren't literary or educated, and their antecedents as far as I know were not superior to them. Father like the Fox's had a good address, but his knowledge was gained more from experience than by study, what I would call superficial and I have a number of his letters none of which impress me as being literary, and so I can but think that you must have caught the spark from Mother. I never knew very much of Mother's inner thoughts, but I knew enough of her character to stamp her on my mind as a woman of unusual high ideals and strength of character with no equivocation between right and wrong, no middle ground, either one or the other, and I have striven to

remember and copy that example as I tell my children, "you will hear many people assert that it is more difficult to live a good life now than it was when people lived simply. life is now more complex". but life is no more complex than heretofore. it is just the same old question of right & wrong don't look at life in a general and collective way. just simply decide every question as it presents itself. is it right or wrong?. Then you will find life just as simple as our forefathers had it. But where did Mother get her superior qualities? I've been to Romeos and have seen the bunch of relations there, but that doesn't answer the question. - Oh well! what does it matter I don't know why I have given the Thot so much importance. you have the gift and I enjoy it, without knowing its origin. I have time now to dream

and fuss over questions which if I were  
busy would lose their importance. I'm  
slowly improving but old Dame Nature  
is so slow, and I'm so impatient I  
have had several sets backs because  
I overdid my strength and have had to  
go back to bed. I can seem to get so  
far but not beyond that point. get  
so I can walk outside and then the  
garden looks so inviting, that I just  
must single out a row of turnips or  
pull a few weeds, no work to it, but  
just when I'm enjoying myself I feel that  
awful fainting and I collapse in a  
trouble and it takes another week to  
bring me out of it again. but I can  
tell I'm gaining a little, and hope to  
have sense enough to let well alone  
hereafter. you can tell by my writing  
I am shaky, but I live on the best  
and eat & sleep good, have no pain  
and am not in the least "blue" we have  
lots of fun over my being so weak. Mauna

says she has me now just where she  
has wanted me for 30 years. She's the boss  
now. and I threaten what I'll do when  
she's strong. we're never downhearted for  
long at a time.

Dorothy's little girl died last Sunday  
I couldn't go to them. which I greatly  
regretted. Mama wouldn't leave me. poor  
Dorothy, we feel greatly relieved that at  
last she is released from her great burden  
borne for 9 long years. but they both  
seemed more attached to their helpless child  
than if she had been normal. and  
we disconsolate. the end came. sud-  
denly. just time to get a Dr there. I  
suppose a blood vessel on the brain  
ruptured, we were always afraid that  
Dorothy would collapse first.

Am glad you enjoyed your trips to  
Stigness & Butte and hope your colds  
don't develop into anything worse.  
How vividly I remember B Hall. it  
seemed such a rambling old house

but I forgot my Dog-gate at the  
bottom of stairs, what is it? something  
to keep the Dogs from going to bed  
with you? also had forgotten the  
inscription on Sarcophagus, but I'd be  
afraid to go in the old place, for fear  
I would attract Cancer germs. They  
say we're all afraid of something -  
and I'm afraid of Cancer & Pneumonia  
I told the Dr I was afraid I had C  
of Stomach, as he couldn't seem to locate  
the cause of my weakness, but he didn't  
seem to think so. -

Francis & Lawrence & their boy are here and  
they brighten things up. Lawrence is  
taking a bushel of photos so hope to  
send you some if they are any good  
will get him to take the old cabin for  
you. - Things are looking lovely now -  
all boys home but Harold in this vicinity  
They're holding his Dio until the Gmus  
sign up. hope they'll hurry. -

Time to quit - fondest love my dear  
old sis - Hope you're both well & happy -  
Auntie Dan