

I thought you might like to read this *prize* letter, written only two days before the arrival of *Horace's baby sister*.

1630 N. Meade Ave., Chicago,
October 29/29.

Dear Mary,

It was so nice to get such a long, newsy letter from you yesterday. I declare it almost made me feel guilty to think how much time you had given to me when there are so many things to claim you. But don't worry---- I didn't let that thought ~~disturb~~ hinder my enjoyment of the letter. I had a sweet letter from Ellen this afternoon, enclosing a sample of Babydent----- a sort of dentrifice for baby's teeth and gums. I'm crazy to try it! I wonder if you remember---- or ever knew---- the occasion when Selden sallied forth to sell tooth paste and ATE several tubes of his merchandise!! He was mentioning it the other day. I didn't remember having heard of it before. He said that perhaps that was why he had never cared for toothpaste since. Shouldn't wonder.

Thanks so much for the enclosure with your letter. I wish I could tell you right off what I am going to do with it, but it always takes me a long time to make up my mind how to spend a present. There are always endless things that I would like, of course, but when it comes to spending present money for them, I think they are not Special enough.

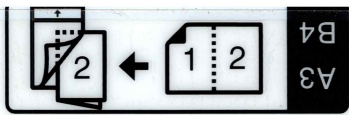
Thanks for sending on Mary Scruby's letter. I wrote to Mary for the first in a long time, last week, and her letter and mine must have crossed. Not only that, but she answered mine as soon as she got it, and so I received two letters from her in the same mail to-day. What do you suppose Mary is doing this year? She is taking classes three mornings a week at the University of California---- French, *(2 classes)* Geology and Logic----- k2 hours. Isn't she ambitious? As she says, she is working like a Trojan, for she has sworn to herself that she won't let this interfere with her duties to Horace or home or children, and so she gives them all a little extra care and attention. I was very much surprised to learn that Horace's mother, Mrs. Pierson, passed away last August. Mary evidently thought that she had written me about it before, and gave no details.

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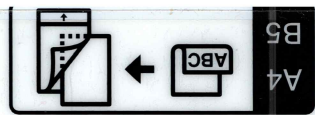
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The little automobile I found among the knitted things, and Teddy has enjoyed playing with it. He loves ANY kind of car, from the largest to the smallest. Of course I never dreamed of associating it with Mrs. Langdon. Wasn't it dear of her to think of a little fellow in that way, especially one she had never even seen ?

I wanted to go over to Evelina's to-day, but the day was too nasty and rainy. Selden had to stay down town to-night on business. Last night he had a good time making candy for Mother. IT'S GOOD TOO. I should have mailed it to-day, but that's the fault of the weather again. It will come along in a day or so. If it stays here, it might just disappear.

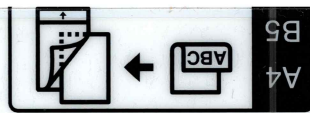
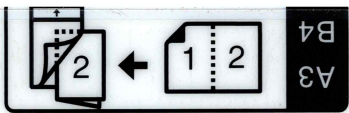
Did I tell you that Sylvia sent a beautiful Baby Bunting ? It is a lovely thing, and now I have the one Ellen made Mowie for everyday, and this for best. Most of the sewing I've done seems to be fearfully prosaic, mending and darning. I want to have things in good order, but it seems that the holes keep appearing faster than I can get caught up with them. It always seems that next week I'll surely have everything of that sort finished.

My mother sent me a clipping from a Halifax paper, which gives a little account of her sister, Phoebe Mills, for whom I was named. I immediately thought that your mother might be interested in it -----I always think of her in connection with any one's ancestry---- and perhaps I'll send it along. I made a few typewritten copies of it, as Mother had only the one clipping, and wanted to send it to other sisters. Mother is still at the coast, Victoria, and isn't it strange ? Lem was sent out there on a business trip; the first time he has ever been sent there.

Have you heard anything from or about Harriet Silver ? I'd be interested to learn what position she finally accepted and how she is getting along. Oh yes--- and her teeth. I have a mental picture of her mouth, from the many times I inspected it, and I'd like to bring it up-to-date. Do you know what Esther is doing this year ? I wonder if she went back to teaching.

Wish we could drop in for tea occasionally. I can see it as tho we were really there. I think even the "yamb baby" would sit up and enjoy it, (he's hollering for a drink of water now, tho he's supposed to be asleep.) Teddy asked me for the first time the other day, "You like me Mother ?" and of course his next question was the companion one which you would expect, "Daddy like me?" Selden and I say again and again that the next one is arriving just in the nick of time to save Mr. Teddy from his two doating, gloating foolish parents. We do get such a "kick" out of him, but too much parents is a bad dose for any youngster.

Loads of love to you both, Coral.



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