

SOUTHERN BRANCH  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

621 N. Kenmore Ave.

My dear Miss Belden:

You don't know what a pleasant surprise it was to see your initials on the copy of my lost page and then to hear from you. At once I said to my mother that "They who went down to the sea in ships, came up inidouements," and we laughed over it again. Thank you most heartily for helping me out; I have no idea how the accident happened, for the sheets here were numbered consecutively.

Your experience sounds so much like mine. Before Professor Nettleton went to France I had no chance to talk with him at all. At this distance from all the good libraries you can imagine some of the greatest obstacles I had to overcome. If it had not been for Professor Tatlock of Stanford, I should still have boxes full of notes and no thesis. He was interested in my subject, partly because he and his wife are old friends, and got me to work on a paper for the Stanford Philological Society. It developed into the chapter on Literary Back-

ground and, best of all, got me busy and interested again. Two years ago this summer I rushed straight through from Los Angeles to New Haven for a few final conferences with Professor Kettlewell before he started for the Canadian Rockies. Now you come into my story! When he talked to me about my work, he praised yours very highly, and asked if I couldn't give my work something of the light touch that made your work so readable.

I, too, had a hard time deciding about the form of publication. Macmillan gave me a bid of \$2,000 to follow Mr. Williams' style of book, but, of course, I couldn't see that at all. So I, too, ended in Yale Studies and a German publisher. It hurts terribly to send all that money to Germany and to think that I am helping to get them on their feet. It is probably narrow patriotism or perhaps not patriotism at all to feel that way, but I do. My first proofs should be coming before long. In leading my breath now to see how marks behave this week because my bank is buying 50,000 marks more

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just as soon as there is any assurance of their  
having any permanent value. My postage bills  
are tremendous, too. I've bought ten cent stamps by  
the sheet, it seems to me, and probably I owe more  
of them to Professor Cook at this present moment.  
All my copy has gone directly from him to Germany  
and so I've had no experience with the means of  
sending. I'm glad that you have had Mr.  
Nemmer to fall back on. He is a splendid fellow,  
I think. Last summer he was most kind to me  
and helped me more than anyone else to feel as  
if I belonged in New Haven. I should have written  
him this winter, but I've had a strenuous time  
with college work, Drama League leadership, club  
programs, and home duties. This summer I am  
doing the executive work and giving one course  
of lectures at the Pasadena Summer Art Colony,  
a school for teachers of dramatics and directors of  
Community playhouses. It is proving very interesting,  
but very strenuous, and leaves me only two weeks  
of real vacation before fall work begins. I, too,  
have lost track of Jessie Kelley. For months we had

Came at all and then a letter from 1818 D. Austin  
Avenue, Cicero, Illinois, reached me. I'm ashamed  
to confess that it is still unanswered.

This letter has wandered on vaguely without  
paragraphs, margins, or any of the mechanics we  
are supposed to recognize. There was so much to  
say, and I wanted to say it all on two sheets.  
"Peas 'scuse" - as my dear little namesake says.  
How glad I'd be to drop in for a real visit with  
you! It seems such a shame that you were not  
there either of the two last summers when I  
was wandering about the library like a lost  
soul. Elvira, is it? I've known girls there, and  
have heard such pleasant reports about their  
life. I'm settled for life here, I fear, with no  
good prospect of bettering my condition materially.  
But work here has its compensations. I do  
wish that you were nearer, so that we might  
have occasional confabs. I get homesick for  
New Haven, and most of all for Professor Cook. I've  
not seen him since I left in 1917. If you  
have time do drop me a line to tell me how  
you are progressing with your publication.  
All I can do now is to wish you all good luck.

Most cordially yours,

Margaret S. Carhart

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