

Lady Darling, your darling sweet little
came today. Thank you so much. I know
you have been too busy & I didn't mean
you at was sorry for what I wrote any
way. Ethel was so lovely & did such a
thorough job and Harry was just lovely
& made fine criticisms and used to have
so much ready to correct & to help me
so if. Their criticisms came yesterday &
last evening. I worked late on them & guess
will tonight. And then you dear sweet
sweet little. Oh sweet lovely lady how
lovely you are. I can't wait for you to
come. ~~But~~ they didn't do anything with purpose so it's just

And I have a maid coming Monday.
though Bill thinks I was foolish to
take her. she is so young & green, but I called
up the woman for whom she has been
working (on Cassette Ave) & she said - when
I asked that she was lovely to get on with
some one showed her how to set a table and
but she doesn't know as she remembers now,

you see that you did

"You put a job as from an one ^{side} ~~side~~ ^{of something that} ~~side~~ ^{of something that}
knife on the other, don't you?
Rafael says that where she's been working
eat in the kitchen. But she was in
Junior High school - even had Latin
in 8th grade, just played this work.
She is 16. I don't like where she
lives, those flats on Centre street in
Hasseltown. I'm going to be boss of
no more ignoramuses dictating to me
like Helen but that woman said this
girl was nice to get on with ^{after having Caroline} ~~the~~ ^{myself} ~~myself~~
^{she's so sweet.}

I'm reading Rough Heaven ^{by}
Dorothy Canfield Fisher. I wonder if she
always writes on the children & parents
there - I like her.

Love good night, Lady Darling.

Pennie weeks.

I made a few changes myself in the rhymes last
week wrote 24 tra. These two both have two
stanzas away too different from the rest.

They say the fairies are silver & light -
With gowns silken, and shimmering, & bright -
And they dance & they fly
Like birds in the sky
And glow like light in the night.

But I know that when children are good
And remember to do as they should
That their faces grow, bright
And their smiles as light
As sparkling stars in the night -

For other me see over the
page -

Once a little child
Ducky sat & patting,
Past some fairies' files,
But though they shone & sparkled bright
He could not see them — though it was not night
They noted his sour looks
And hastened to their nooks.

He's sorry now.. Though far away —

Since now his heart is well —

He hears just what they say

And sees them in their den.

(That's a place where fairies dwell.)

He sees them dance & flutter

And the fairy girls splutter.



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