

could, within the realm of her experience. No matter what your idea of a hereafter Sally has passed beyond the need for human help. She is one of countless millions who have been called from earth where they radiated love and happiness to a world about which we must all learn sooner or later. We all loved her. She was sweet and good and I know you miss her, but if she could speak I am sure she would want her Baboo to cheer up and smile and not be sad. You know she would

I love you more than ever in your time of grief and would help you in any way that I could. There was nothing in your letter that all of the family might not have read, but I shall not show it to them unless you permit me to do so. The only hurt that I got out of it was that I had unintentionally hurt you, or Charlie, neither of whom I wished in anyway to be unkind to.

God bless little Mary Jule. She is smart as can be and I hope her life will be happy. I am sorry that she is ill and feel sure that she will respond to your care.

I hope Vera will make her Santa Fe trip and will do well. She needs to get her mind on other things for a part of the time at least.

We had a pleasant Christmas with all of our immediate family, Louis, Mrs. Reineke and Blanchè Reineke. Fourteen all told. The day before we went to the cemetery and placed green and red wreaths on the graves. At the head of Sally's is a large bunch of the crimson foliage. We have not removed the remains of the flowers, for the greens which remain are still more attractive than would be the fresh earth.

I hope this letter will seem as a loving message, for I intend it as such. I have all the sympathy in the world for you, but I am certain that my advice is good. It, in my opinion, is the only way out.

Give my love to Etoile, Doctor, Vera, Charles Mary Jule and all the rest. We enjoyed our little visit with Nick. He impresses us favorably.

Your Loving Brother,

