Friday - July 9 -

Dear Miss Sabin -

Your nice letter came in the morning mail and pleased me so very much both because of the many nice things said in it and because it tells me your trip was safe and pleasant.

I must begin by answering your two questions. I have succeeded in getting Death Masks finished and off - which gave me quite a pleasant sense of something finished - and now I am entirely relaxed and resting absolutely. I arrived here yesterday noon.

To refer to the past year I feel very strongly that I do not wish

to forget anything that has happened - and certainly nothing which can remind me that I have been, even in the smallest way, instrumental in making the year pleasanter for you.

Rich is really a capable and intellectual person. His soul inclines to a somewhat higher pitch than the average, consequently he has been able to profit by your example. I like him.

Tom, in my own sober judgment, strongly inclined to believe that life divides its fineness about evenly between men and women, but that we see it more often

in women because men are more reserved in their higher impulses. I have further believed for many years that the man or woman most highly developed begins to have some of the better qualities of the opposite sex, and that when anyone reaches the highest incarnation the good of each will be blended into the good of both so that masculine and female qualities will cease to exist.

On the train I read the letters of Abelard and Helaise, found at the last moment lurking unappreciated in in a second hand stone - they are very fine. We have talked so much of the rewards of labor and

of course that I thought you might like the following sentence from one of her letters. "Prosperity seldom chooses the side of the virtuous, and fortune is so blind that in a crowd in which there is perhaps but one wise and brave man it is not to be expected that she should single him out."

The world is very beautiful and man's day too short to see and feel and think in time with all its music, let only the unwise and the foolish waste a moment of so precious an opportunity as is given to us all.

Mother sends her regards

Ever

Robert.