Friday - July 9

Dear Miss Solvin,

Your two letters 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 back to Paris, finished work off which gave me quite a pleasant sense of something finished and now I am entirely relaxed and resting absolutely. Having here yesterday noon.

So 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 pleasant for you.

This 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.

Sam, in my own sober judgment, strongly inclined to believe that life decides its fairness almost entirely between men and women, but that we see it more often
in women because men are more reserved in their high 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 feminine qualities will cease to exist.

On the train I read the letters of Arnold and Kelsor, found at the local moment lurking unapprehensive in a second-hand store—they are very fine. We have talked so much of the rewards of labor and
of virtue that I thought you might like the following sentence from one of her letters. "Prosperity seldom chooses the path of the virtuous, and fortune is so blind that as a crowd in which there is perhaps but one wise and brave man, it is to be expected that she should single him out."

The world is very beautiful and many enjoy, but short to see and feel and think, in time with all it, music, but only the naives and the fooliest want a moment of to精品 an opportunity as is sure to us all.

Mother dear, love again,

[Signature]