"WOODCHUCK LODGE"
ROXBURY-IN-THE-CATSCKILLS
NEW YORK

Sept. 16, 1915

Dear Mrs. Tarbell,

You've been in the United States since you left us, I know, and we have the thought of such a different kind.

We had a houseful over the Pageant, but the fees didn't come, but hardly kept us now. The Pageant was very beautiful—a real success, I think. The Nellie Todd was lovely.

Poor old Mrs. Tiffany died in the midst of things, and Mr. Brodways died after taking care of his sick guest to the train, taking little Catherine with him for her home, went over to the phone to talk to her.
Old Yellow Meeting House,  
t again to a meeting of  
The Shaker in the afternoon.  

The next few days we were  
ever at home with callers.  

Mrs. Burroughs went home Friday  
- she had been away from home & felt so uneasy  
- to the distress of herself & others,  
that we could not keep her company.

Saturday the Gilbert Colgate  
at Buxton - Peter went for us  
- to come for The week-end.  
He motored over, dropping Weekly  
at her house in Chelsea.  
Mr. Burroughs short the lift  
well. Stories, scenery  
assured Stoney Clove. Tennis 

- to - one original food  

- at The Colgate.
The Edwins were there, if you can imagine what a treat it was. Then on Sunday your friend, Mr. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and wife, and Mr. Cootes came. The Monday we came back to our cabins high in the mountain valleys, at the home of simplicity, "Mooncliff" Lodge.

The simple life is one I shall get at them today. I then went there and met Katherine and I saw the pretty hand reaching to Mildred and sent H to see her. Mildred was much pleased, said she would write you. I hope Katherine will also.
The business (poultry) is now
in my name, the other partner
has been paid, contracts
signed, and now it rests with
my brother & the children to
see what they can do with
it. (Those same paid out for picking
chickens men paid to the
children - to encourage them
the minister said.)

Mr. Piets, says that he hopes
you won't forget to come to
his studio - 630 5th Ave
C. S. Piets. He was at dinner
the last I heard, but will
doubtless be in N. Y. soon.
For most of the time here.

After.
The little ship you sent me. Burroughs is fairly passing with the heat these days, but if I knew he will change his line, I squeal in another Key soon, or there — then he will be a companion.

Mr. Van Loan, the quiet man who came up on the hill (as promised) to the room photos, went as same yester-
day. 'The tiny one is a delicate man. She said next,

Is I'm sending these to you.

I hope your mother is com-
fortable these days. I think you are
not working too hard, I think
you will come to again
some day— perhaps to the close
neighbor. Sincerely yours,

Eleanor Harris