December 1911.

Dear I. M. T. - Farmer, - the chickens from the ranch arrived safely, - and by some lucky chance we opened the box, (every thing else waited for Christmas morning,) and found them as fresh and sweet as at the hour of their untimely "taking-off." If it had not been too late I would have countermanded the turkey in their honor. - but instead we had them roasted on Saturday night, (and they were delicious) and cold on Sunday, to the great satisfaction of some boarding house friends, and finally saw - or rather tasted the last of them in a soup last night. - so you may feel that they did their duty nobly. — even Frank had bones to chew and soup with toast in it. The bowl and mug and plate are so beautiful that I am afraid to let him use them, and yet ashamed to because of the women whose cherished "chany" lives on a dark upper shelf. I have seen nothing like this pottery - and it is a joy to look at. I am so glad it was found after all. The bit is also Arts & Crafts work —

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I suspect. — I wonder if things for children really are getting prettier, or whether our old rungs and bibs looked as pretty to our mothers as these do to us. The two boxes from you helped to make this the happiest Christmas in years — and C.E. and I both thank you with all our hearts. — We had a tiny tree for Frank, and our excited and joyous child gave us all an excuse to spin tops and wind up donkeys and play with elephants and balls. And I am so rejoiced to have this dearest sister of mine safe with us again, and so happy that C.E. finds his new work congenial, (although theoretically the change makes me heartsick still.) and so complacent with that extraordinary confidence that Mother Nature seems to send to expectant mothers — that my heart was almost too full of "peace on earth." — But physically I am almost helpless already — and will be glad when Josephine is safe in port. Oh, to take stairs as a matter of course again — and clothes (if you will forgive this outrageousness!) as a matter of corset. We hope for late March — almost calculable in weeks now.

If you were a neighbor of mine — (and oh, how I wish you were — how I wish we farmed the next ranch!) — I would come across lots to show you a letter that came

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for me tonight. from an English suffragette who does not approve of me. It seems so extraordinary that a cultivated lady. (this is the daughter of Sir John Hullah.) can cram page after page in a beautiful English hand with the old phrases — "domestic slavery" — "human cow" — "unpaid housekeeper." "Is there nothing better in the world," she says superbly, "than mere animal childbearing?" In all honesty must you not admit that the highest things in life are found outside the home? If you do not admit it — those qualified to judge, do." Eight pages of it, and so bitter.

I hope your Christmas was happy, too, with all the scattered clan together. And may 1912 be good to you and those you love. I can't pray well with a Farmer Lady whose life is already so brimful of work and friends and love and honors, any more to do — or any fresh distinctions — or any higher place in the hearts of her country men. — but there must be something you want. (if it is only the decease of grape vine parasites.) and I wish you that! With love from us all I am — your very admirer

K. Norris.

Thursday.

ges, 2010. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1899-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier L