

The Anchorage
Anchorage, Kentucky

April 13th, 1907

Revered and Esteemed Lady:-

The date of

your birth-day has never been mentioned to me by anyone, but a feeling came on me the other day that it was, or ought to be, about now.

Was this because I was transplanting phlox, and pottering about the garden, and poking among the flower seedlings, and the garden-truck which Mr. Martin and I have been raising in the little green-house which he had built last fall? At any rate, if your birthday is not

at this time of the year, it ought to be,
and so I am sending you a birthday
present to prove my sincerity about the
fitness of things.

The accompanying is a case to put
your ^{shirt} shirt waist and collar in, when
you go up to the farm with your
suit-case full of household matters and
garden truck which are of so much
more moment than the shirt-waist.

I may worked the letter on it for
me as you would probably guess,
or at any rate, would not attribute to
me. I used one last summer

for my extra waists, on my trip West,
and it was a real comfort.

And now, since I am writing you
a real letter as you see, I shall have
to tell you of Betty, of the unbelievable
bequest of my high-bred, reserved,

firstly Betty! Will you break it to her
Beyden? Perhaps it will not be wise
to tell it to Escher, she is young and
she may side too heartily with Betty.

4. Tell the truth there is a real
Meredithian glamour about the episode,
her family being what they are, and also
such a proverbial ice-mountain.

Betty is now Mrs Alexander Nicholas
half a dozen other names de Barry of
Holland, and is on her way to the
West-Indies and South America with
this almost stranger.

My dear, my Pretty-Betty eloped with
the son of a Dutch rear-admiral, (or
we hope he is, but there is only his
word for it) within a week of her
landing on this side. Alas for Miss
Anderson as a chaperon. We might
have known she would not have

saw what was happening under her very
nose. They met on the steamer coming
home, were to get in eight days, he followed
her out here, her parents refused to hear
of his suit until they had time to in-
vestigate his statements, and Betty, my
friend, in-a-way ^{perfect} child Betty ran off
with him three days after his arrival
here, and hurried with him East to
catch the steamer he was booked for
for South America.

She is the only child of fearlessly just,
sensitive people, and it is a tragedy over
there at Windsor Brook, their farm.

Well Mrs. Bayden I think that
when Theodore Nicholas saw the dining-
room table, he summed up Betty
as more of an heiress than she
is, and proceeded to abuse her.
He perhaps they are two young

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human things together, and he is
what he claimed to be, a young
Dante gentleman. But when one
looks at her fine, scholarly, delicate
father, whose whole gallant recreation
and was given to the Betty, it is
hard to find justification for my
guilty murder.

Alice and Cole will be in New
York about the second week in
May, she writes me. They have
had an absolutely beautiful time to
judge by her letters.

I am having fun all by myself
guessing who wrote Margerita's book,
which is a wonderfully well done

piece of work, is it not? Away into of
the ordinary in its handling. I made
a guess that Mr. Clarence Brownell did
it, then I wildly imagined if
the fascias could move, then I
knewed ^{more} wildly on to the opposite in
possibilities and imagined 'Josephine'
meaning Mrs. Bacon. Is it a deadly
dark impenetrable secret?

The ancient chief librarian at our
Carnegie library told me the other
day that the American had climbed
steadily up in the demand. For current
literature in the reading room and
also in the current literature reference
room.

The household you are in
love to you. I want my special
love sent as given to Esther, if you

please, and write you give my
many best regards to all at the
office, - And also, believe me
to be,

Sincerely yours

George W. Martin