

Alice Hegan Rice

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Jan 13 - 1900

Dear Julie:

This is rather a late date to be acknowledging Christmas gifts, but I had a quest during Christmas week and am just beginning to catch up with my correspondence.

Your Gubley tile, with its nice little Puppy-cat on it, has been carefully put away to go into the new house, where I hope you will see it some day. At present that day seems remote

as the bad weather caught
us with the roof off,
and work has been
suspended for weeks.

Tulie if you want to
preserve your wise, plain
disposition, and that
winning smile that the
General loved to dwell
upon, don't build a house.

Put wings and legs
and arms if you must
on the cottage, but don't
build a new house.

The only reason that
Jacob and I have not
rent each other is that
we have been so busy
pleading the architect.

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It seems that building is
like photography, the first
impression is Erasable.

In my quibbles inexperience
I throw out vague sug-
gestions as to what I would
like, and was amazed to
find my ideas promptly
crystallized in the mind of
the architect, and an
additional cost of one
hundred dollars for every
subsequent change whether
taking off or putting on!

I think we are going to
have several rooms more
than we need but I am
sure that it would break
us completely to try to get
them off the plans now

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they are ^{over} there -

Were you that Lane has published the name of the author of "Marquerita's Soul," we are all wondering "why on earth etc" - Were it you and Bert serpentine that night of the Pop-Corn Fest not to give the secret away?

I really thought Miss Roseboro had done it. A certain sentimental, sophisticated charm made me confident. On the other hand, the offenses against good taste and the lack of coherency puzzled me. Now that I know, it seems incredible

that I did not guess
from the first.

I am just finishing
up my part of the dram-
atization of "Mr. Opp" which
Mr. Douglas Doly has been
doing this winter. He
came down Christmas
week for the final re-
vision, and we got the
play into final form.

Of course one can
tell little about the fate
of a play, but I feel
that he has done a very
sincere piece of work,
full of quiet humor &
fact, and with a sim-
ple dignity that is quite

appealing - The Mrs. goes
to Miss Marbury this week
and the result remains
to be seen.

Anna Flexner's dramatiza-
tion of the Williamson's book
"The Boler Chaparrone" which
Willie Collier has just put
on, under the name of
"A Lucky Star", has met
with prompt success.

It is hard to realize
that Mr. Giddan, who was so
interested in all our plans
last summer, and with
whom we talked over all
these things has passed
away. His death was a
great loss to me person-
ally, for besides being

a dear friend he was such a wise and kind critic. I used to tell him that I wrote to please two persons, him self and Cle and when that was accomplished I was satisfied.

Poor Mrs. Gilder, I know how utterly empty life must seem to her.

Have you seen Celia's long poem in this month's Century? Some people think it one of the very best things he has done.

When you write again do tell us something of Florence's marriage. We have never heard any thing since the bare fact,

and curiosity naturally
runs high. Who is the man?

Tell Esther that I know
the recall of Mr. Crane was
a terrific blow to her, & I
thought of wiring her my
sympathy.

All the family join me
in love to you, and dear
Julie don't bother about
writing when you are
so rushed. Just think of
us often, and love us
always and we will
understand.

Your devoted friend

Oliver H. K.