

Adams Centre N. Y. 6/18/1912

Dear Miss Tarbell.

Enclosed is an article with postage for return.

In regard to the letters which I have sent you, please return them when this is returned, or when you answer this. I was pretty severely criticised by my daughter, who, like many American daughters, has a good deal of trouble bringing up her mother for allowing the fact to be printed that she was present at my confinement. She said it was not so much that, as that I was likely at any time to explode in a new place.

(That is my version, not hers)

So I am trying to be like the serpent and be wise.

I am receiving letters every now and then, like the distant mutterings of the thunder, after a storm.

The main thing now is how we who are here are doing.

Well, strangely enough, it seems to be developing into a school for character. There is no place like a farm for showing up flaws in character.

We are anxious to improve, and it is because of some experiences I have had recently, that this article has been written.

We know how to live so as to get and keep well, if we think more of our health than we do of our stomachs, and so we can cure nervousness if we want to.

When one is not nervous, and is healthy he is apt to be sane.

I esteem it the first sacred duty of Man to himself and to his fellow man, to have his bowels in good order.

If he fails in this duty, he fails all along the line.

He need not fail here, unless he is too self indulgent, or too pig-headed, to live as he should. If he is, he deserves to suffer and we, who know how to live, and do so, let him go his own way, until he gets tired and comes into the fold.

My experience so far teaches me that the bowels, not money, is the root of all evil.

This letter is shocking, I know. Retain it for private consumption, so as not to injure your fellow creature. It is a little strong for the delicate, but it is the Truth, all right.

(Gret)

The answers I have had so far, argue a possible future for our colony. The greatest obstacle I see, is that my son, who has, like Jacob, served an apprenticeship of seven years (and they were lean years, too) should not be defrauded of the opportunity to enjoy the full results of his labor, for which he has given so many years of himself.

It will come out in some way, all right.

I have a fine Lawyer man, with his 27 year old wife, who live in Omaha, who are coming to see me in regard to it.

He is Walter Lenoir Church, and ^{he} has written a series of articles in the engineering and Railway Review, on "Delivery of Transportation, which articles, he says, will tell about himself." In the May number is one.

Another woman is Mrs. White, of Houston, Texas, who is just three weeks older than myself, who speaks French and German, as do I, who has a musical daughter, (mine is a son) who has been two years in Germany (as have) ~~is~~ and is of a cheerful laughing disposition (As am I, when not in a grouch)

She wants to raise chickens, but is in poor health.

I am a walking Nature Cure Sanitarium, and I shall cure her, as I did another, last year, and as I shall have to do with the young man I have here, if he amounts to much.

I have enough knowledge of these matters, so that our village doctor is ready, if I want to, to open a sanitarium, conducted on the principle of eating properly. I have been a vegetarian for thirty years, and took up fruit and nuts in Chicago, 18 years ago, to the great interest and amusement of everyone, including the street urchins, who used to inscribe on the pavement "Monkeys live here."

Still, I eat meat, once in awhile, just to be not a fanatic.

I wish you could light down on us here.

My son is in New York now. They wired him to go and play at the Gulick wedding. He wired that he would go if he could play his own selections, -- not a wedding march.

They WROTE back that that would not do, ^{2161/84/9 I am sure} and the letter was delivered to Me, (wrong address) Sunday noon, when he was on the road.

There is probably a mad musician in New York to day.

Wish you could see him and hear him play.

Some people who are good judges in New York claim he is ready to "burst" on a New York public.

If you had the time, I feel that you would be interested in him. As I told you, he is an artist, (contributes to LIFE and HARPER'S and is at least equally good as a musician.

He is entirely self taught.

He learned from me at ten to read notes, and did nothing until eighteen, when he began on Masterpieces! to the torture of everyone within earshot. He has arrived, I think. I wish you could hear him.

I will write to Gulicks to-day, and if they know where he is, they will tell him that I say to call on you at the office of the AMERICAN. Probably he will not do it, as he is retiring.

But if he should, be cordial to him, even if you have to excuse yourself from an interview.

He will not mind that, if you make him feel that he did not intrude unwelcomely.

We are having a whole lot of fun over all these letters. I see now, how interesting it is, to be in touch thro' literary, work, with people of brains.

I thank you for your interest and hope sometime to see you

Yours truly

Ellen Eames de Snaff