

I have ^{had} some experiences recently
that might to some seem fantastic
and perhaps they are and I would
confess them to few persons. And
even now after beginning I am
hesitating to write of them to you.

Briefly, I have the deepest con-
sciousness at times of mother's
nearness to me with a feeling
that she was trying to com-
municate with me. During one
such period on a train a large
insect from the woods flew
into the window and alighted
directly upon my left arm
where it stayed for thirty minutes

Talladega College
Talladega, Ala.
Sept. 18, 1922

My dear Louise,

I have just read your beautiful
letter and wanted to thank you
for it. I should have received it
sooner but for my constant
moving. While it has been a sad time
for me, it might have been sadder
without the assurance of your
pathetic friendship which your mes-
sage brought to me.

I have just reached town after many
delays. The strike is on in
this part of the country and after

the inspiration for a quartet for
piano & strings which I played a few
years ago. The introduction tells
how she began to write and it
brought Everett so vividly to
my mind that I am sending
it to him when I have finished.

I am looking for big things
from him when he wakes up.
But I want you to read it also
if you have not. You know I read
everything with you nowadays. I wonder
if you feel the consciousness
of my thoughts of you.

Reading my mail it was going
to be my great joy to write to
you. But I have ^{visitors} who stole
my inspiration and so your letter
is to be uninspired, or I should
modify that. My visitors simply
outsat the white heat of my
inspiration, but it is still an
inspired joy to write. Or lacking
inspiration the memory of a recent
bit of my life might fairly fill me
to overflowing.

I have been reading Gösta Berling, the
first and most famous book of
Dr. Lagerlöf which I have also read

or more. I looked at it but somehow was not inclined to brush it away and I attempted to go on with my reading with but small success. And finally after a period when it seemed to be looking directly in my face, it flew out of the window into the woods again. A large moth behaved in much the same way later and last night, I was apparently semi-conscious the night thro' and awoke with the feeling that mother had been very near me. Perhaps it is only a natural

me. The day before in Jacksonville
I had some Lyonnaise potatoes.
Do you remember the Lyonnaise
potatoes that were aesthetically
sacrificed?

Write me all about yourself.

Your most devoted friend
Tommy C.

consequence of my state of mind
but I am not convinced yet
that it is.

But that is a serious sort of
thing and I don't want my letters
to make you too thoughtful.

I had an interesting day in Atlanta
yesterday. I breakfasted with the
Lawlesses and dined out the "beauty"
- I can't recall the name tho' the
daughter was in F is with me.
James Arnold, his wife & sister
were there also. And the dinner
was good. You see the "fest of reason
and flower power" is secondary with

so nervous after my several
weeks acquaintance and ^{these} days ^{dream-} ^{long} ^{loving}.

Louise, do you ~~believe~~ believe
that it is love? Could you
today look at me as you
did in the theatre? Come
what may, I would never
forget it. Surely, you and I
equally adored each other for
that moment, but what
does calmer reflection bring?

I can write better than this
Louise, and I can write
a ~~more~~ nice letter on Sunday

139 W. 136th St
New York City
Thursday, Aug. 27. [1922]

My dear Louise,
Today, I have been gradually
"coming to." Do you what the process
is? The most significant thing is
the functioning the ^{un}faltering of
the reasoning faculties. All last
night I trod upon air. When you
had gone, it occurred to me
that I ought to be hungry and
into the lunch room I went
I also had a few pangos that
I did not arrange that
you have lunch tho' I dare
say your train car is a dining
car. But when I began to eat

it comes on the wings of spontaneity and impulse?

Without daring does it come upon our lives a mighty flood, sweeping aside mere circumstances and arranging with a fateful hand those things which will accomplish its end?

Saturday, you were certainly an interesting young lady but in such an impersonal way. Today, you seem to be the complement to my life, my *raison d'être* - excuse my bad French, I should not

I had something of the same difficulty that one experiences after a heartrending scene in a play that is, a great lump in the throat. And I was simply and unreasonably happy so it was quite a surprise to find that I didn't want to eat after all.

I do hope your message was sent correctly ~~tho~~ I am without assurances within myself that it was.

Loisir, is this strange new thing love? Does it come without being sought, courted? and does

gossip. This is by way of saying
that you must not despair
of having sensible letters
now in a while. I can't write
letters any way. I want to talk
to you. I want to tell you
that you are my holiest inspiration
that you have striven the
fires of ambition and that
I burn to get ^{out} of New York
and to work — for you.

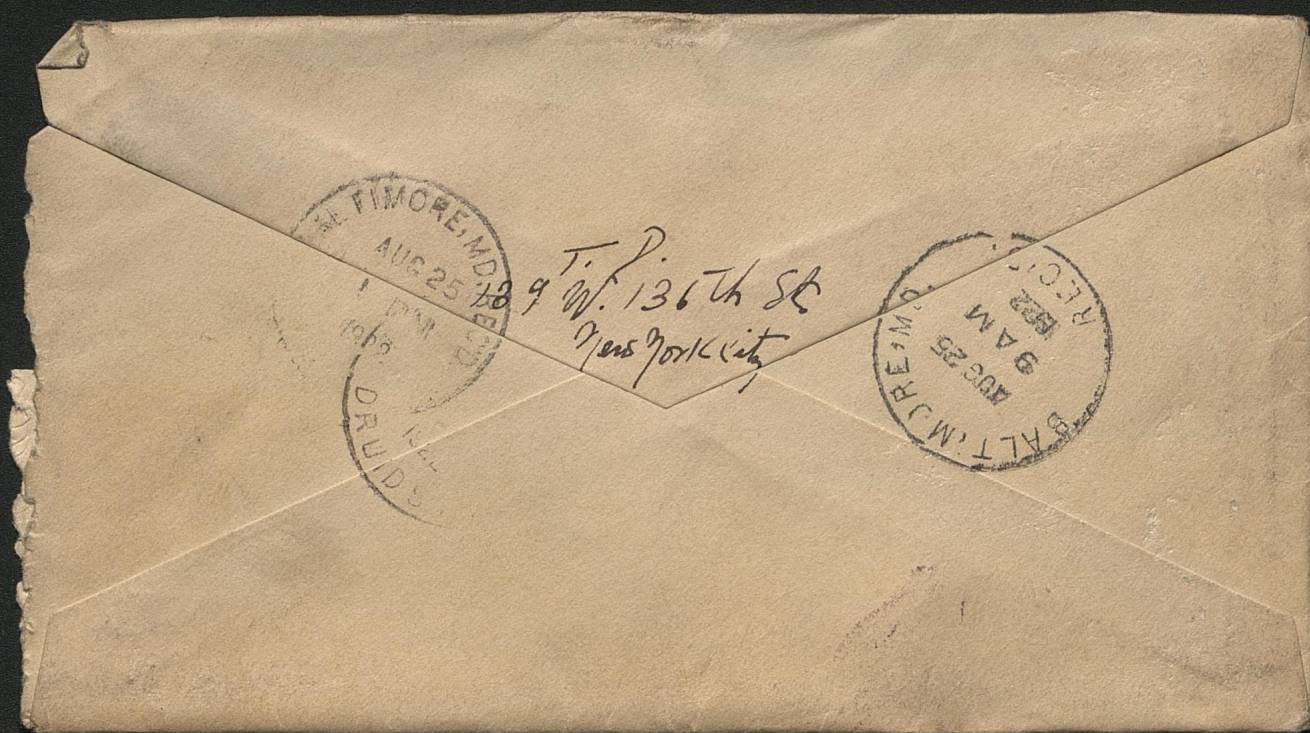
I want assurance that you
believe in our vision for it

Write to me at once. my heart is all of that. and that you
is claiming you

Most devotedly your
Toussie.

Write me at once for I am at
till the point where the packing
only deters me from leaving the
city. I shall mail this tonight
at the Pennsylvania Station and
~~stand~~ stand where we waited
for the bags. I fear that I
won't be happy tonight for
I won't ^{you} be with me then,
and I to be uncertain again
as to how to inveigle you into
waiting for the next train

Miss Gonda Louise Matthews
1522 Mc Culloch St.,
Care Rev. A. S. Gaines. Baltimore, Md.



was warm.

at the close of your letter you remarked that "you did not want to be guilty of rash." Then I am to infer that you were terrified! I am glad of that. The attempt to express something does leave that sort of impression-sometimes at least. How I have been too poor? It does require a delicate touch. Write me a note soon.

I am always
your devoted
Tracy.

Talladega College
Talladega, Ala
October 13 1922

Dear Louise

I really intended to follow my latest letter with another since it was so much delayed and I wrote to the fact that I did not when your letter came to me this afternoon. The assurance that it brings is very heartening to me, for more and more I realize what a truly distinctive place in my life you have.

I know you will like Berta Berlin.
Would you like to send me a nice, easy

I have just extracted promises from two young ladies to attend choir rehearsals regularly, for which I am to play the violin at the morning ^{and} include all the popular successes.

A great section of the South has been visited by a new sort of fever and our college community embraced it almost to a man. It had left me before I knew I had it. For a week I wrote regularly about one and read until five or thousands.

Of course I was aware of being a bit harm but then the weather was

French thing, a periodical or something. I still reply "Oui, mon pau", but I have a notion that I might read a bit in spare moments. Perhaps that is not so convenient, recommend something. Francis Williams "3" rec. has been a few days and contributed something to the not too interesting life there. Also he is soon to begin the Lectures & Recital Course. Which contains some rather interesting people. The best known maybe are Dr. Greenfield & Ida Tubell.

Roy Tibbs and Mrs. Tubert are coming and three or four from the Affiliated Young Bureau.

Friday Morning.

Dear Louise,

Just as I was beginning to wonder your letter came. Really you are far too good to me than you should be. And your letter was really a genuine excuse. The excess "reallys" but I am writing immediately after receiving your letter and the conviction is strong. Thursday

May I use a woman's prerogative,

via Harris my regards
and say that I would not write to
him except that it gave him
respite from the hangman's
noose always

Yours
Campbell

and change my mind about
this fragment of a letter and
send it with this "editing".

are you going to wait until
I send you a "snap" before
you send me one or are
going to rightly reason that
your snap (Providing a photograph
is not available) would mean
so much to me that you must
send it at once

Friday Morning.

My dear Louise,

I am still in Washington with prospects of leaving shortly. It was really amusing when Cecil came in the other night and found me in bed. He had had a "little" so he thought he was "seeing things". Well, not to pursue that topic further I am anxious to know about your journey and your reception!

can you excuse this
hasty note. Cesile refuses
to wait longer in love.
Cousin's.

D.S.

address me at home.

a bit of the flavor of a "lie" but it mustn't seem sound that way for the evidence is conclusive."

I am going to a "stay" tonight and tomorrow morning I am leaving for Talladega. Perhaps sometime soon I will tell you my business here. Perhaps it would interest you.

I am always your devoted
Cousin.

[1922]

My dear Louis,

There's a whole world of sound and formal and almost outrage that spirit in me which is clamoring to give utterance to the heart's real message.

The evidence of your interest causes me to almost admit to myself at least that which I have tried desperately to deny - that my deep concern regarding you is already my only "raison d'être".

But you don't care for love letters so I mustn't make this one. I was over-whelmed Friday when the box of letters came. May I now

that I am in Atlanta.
I have been with her
however every moment
since I have been here,
a most unusual thing
for me. I wonder if I am
not unconsciously comparing
all girls with the incom-
parable Louisa and satisfying
my natural desire for feminine
companionship with meditations
of her. If I should say
that perhaps it would harm

me that it is rare that
persons of any age or sex are
so good to me. Do you wonder
at my courage? But you
are the type of person that
should be extraordinarily nice
any day to your friends and
to homeless waifs like my-
self it is not surprising that
you are kind. This last photo-
sophy is not one bit satisfac-
tory to me but it is reasonable.
You notice by the Postmark

1922

Tougen

Miss Florida Louisa Matthews
2121 Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

T.P.
Talladega College
Talladega, Ala.

Talladega College
Talladega Ala
May 17, 1903.

Dear Louise,

I am turning to correspondence
as one of the real joys of life not
without its mixture of disappoint-
ment and dissatisfaction but
nevertheless a joy. And you
have been so good that for the
present the joy is unalloyed.
Note the prompt reply!

My greatest concern now is
with decisions. Did you ever
have to make them? Shall I
work next winter or study?
as a consequence or no consequence
shall I conserve funds or not?
Don't tell Everett that I am
in the throes of this thing.
But I had to write it for I
am fairly breaking out with it.
I enjoyed every bit of your letter

and particularly that you were
thinking of the Sunday. I was
in Atlanta and did not go
to church. Perhaps I did
many things to prevent my mind
from slipping into current channels
I thought. I did ~~not~~ feel that I could
as yet. Really it is rare enough that
I can slip out of the thoughts that
I sought to avoid in the over-emotional
address that is always a part
of the day. I saw a number of people
who spoke of you. Jessie Perre who
was good enough to ~~be my guest~~
at the A & H affair was here. During
Huntton arrived Saturday from
Fort Valley where she had been
unconquering. This is not much
of a letter but you see its
very premature there for I am
fully developed. I am glad that your
mother wishes me to write even the the united

her room
with
I am

Toussie Dubon
May 17, '23

Miss Florida Jours Matthews
2121 West Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

T. De Bosa
Salladeja College
Salladeja, Alce.

Mr. Tourgee DeBose, Mus. B.

FISS UNIVERSITY—OBERLIN COLLEGE

IN

Piano Forte Recital

AT

.. QUINN CHAPEL ..

Thursday Evening April 12, 1923

(8 O'CLOCK)

O Hush Thee My Baby	SULLIVAN
Louisville Choral Society	
Etude in F Sharp	ARENSKY
Nocturne in C Minor	} CHOPIN
Etude in F Major	
Etude in D Flat	
Ballade in A Flat	
Il Bacio	ARDITTI
(The Kiss)	
Mrs. J. H. Walls	
May Night	PALMGREN
Suite	YORK BOWEN
Humoreske	
Scherzo	
Dance of Desire	DETT
Say Once More	LOTTI
J. Everett Harris	
The Juggleress	MOWSKOWSKI
Hark, Hark, the Lark	} LISZT
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6	

309 Shepard Street
Elizabeth City, N.C.
October 14 1922.

My dear Louise;-

As I promised to inflict a conglomeration of disconnected facts upon you, I herein fulfill my promise.

I have thought of you many times since last summer. I say last for, here and I don't doubt that there also, the chill is already beginning to creep in. I also wonder how you have applied your thorough training. Have you found that the matter imposed upon you voluntary or otherwise, at Columbia is of any use? I have used mine at times to an advantage and was very happy to find that it worked well and then at times I have been thrown into a state of doubt. The thought has come to me at times that the practicability of the material applies to the opposite race. It is not generally so. I rather believe that as final diagnosis the failure at times is due to two causes. One which is probably the more correct is my inability. The other may be deficiency in previous training prior to my receiving them. I know that you favor the former. I would not expect you to do otherwise.

Also have you hibernated? There was a remark made about you after you parted from that delightful environment to this effect; Give Louise a year here and she would be all is expected of her. I did not inquire into the complexity as to what is expected but I did see a little change in you during your stay in New York, but who would'nt?

Perhaps you notice that I am not in Greensboro this term. No, I am not. This is a state school and I might say that decidedly more ultra rational sanctioning is practiced here than at the church school where I was last winter. It matters minutely how effectively you administer and assist in the acquisition of the knowledge of the past, but it matters greatly ^{how} you attend religious services. Does he speak to all pedestrians, farmers, deacons and what not is the question. Be that as it may I have long since learned that to adjust oneself to ones environment is a part of ones education.

Our friend Bob with his supercilious self has favored us by a visit. He also informs us that the good Lord along with the good Stork has increased the population of the world by one, whose name is Jr. I told him to place a period at this period but I dont think that he agrees with me.

Well Miss., I shall stop my illogical rambling here I am not used to this machine and I dont [~]doubt that it as a letter is badly done but I await with eagerness some report or whatever it may be for that matter from you.

I am your sincere friend,

F. J. G.

503 7th Ave N.
Birmingham Ala
June 18, 1923

My dear Louise,

As you see I am here with aunt
Laura and tho' you don't see it you
will doubtless recognize before you
finish this letter that I am writing
amid distractions, Babice!! Elizabeth
who calls me Too-ee is writing also on this
sheet with a stiletto, Davis, aged 5, has just
taken my last match and spilled my
to bacco over the floor, but previously
he set brother aged 3 squalling to aggravate
the whole. as a final measure my ^{pen} ~~my~~ ^{finger} ~~my~~
picking. The ink was at the corner grocery.

Louise, I am so relieved that the year
is over. Perhaps you are feeling the same
way now that your work is over.

I know you can appreciate the
reasons for my illness tho' it was ^{caused} ~~caused~~
only for the imaginative, unsprited
soul (which is not you) for I wrote many
times mentally not the physical
operation I was not up to Commencement
was not satisfactory to all I think

It was a large responsibility which I
did not choose to carry too conscientiously
for there is work involved.

But there were moments of musical
triumph in spite of that.

After reaching here for a quiet
six weeks I found many who wanted
to work with me and consequently
I am teaching. It is really my first
private teaching and I am anxious
to find out if we can teach the poor
seriously, conscientiously successfully.

I am hopeful. It is an experiment
that interests me for I am considering
retiring from school life.

It is a wonderful (much overworked
word) to be at home with my
aunt. Schools have almost obliterated
from my memory the comforts of
home and it is a ^{full} delicious surprise
- this experience. my letter is little

more than greeting, I realize
but I shall have pleasant opportunities
to write if I am encouraged.

Your mother's letter is gradually forming
in my mind. I hope she will not
have ceased to expect it by the time
it reaches maturity which I trust
is not long. I am practicing a
little and I trust she would appreciate
two "things" I am completing.

My warmest regards to her
and Professor Matthews.

Won't you write.

Sincerely

Younger.

June 18, '23

Tanger

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

309 Shepard Street
Elizabeth City, N.C.
January 14, 1923

My dear Louise,

Your letter was an unexpected surprise. I had wondered if you would answer my letter. There are many motives for writing but my pivotal one is to be the recipient of such charming expressions as the one I received from you. Another idea, perhaps uncalled for, is the belief that the one to whom I write is interested in my doings from the infinitesimal approaching a mensurable quantity to the colossal ad infinitum.

You spoke of my marks for last summer's work. The editor of the Crimson and Gray doubtless labored under some illusion in calling attention to my work. I only made A, A, B, in my three subjects.

I had no intention of going to St. Louis. I would have enjoyed myself no doubt, but I do not work for the benefit of the rail road. If per-chance pleasure presents itself I take it as the ways of the day, but cross the country for it, No.

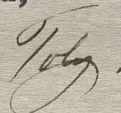
Louise I think I shall go to Columbia for a year beginning next September. I have come to realize that I can do one thing and that rather well. I know that with mathematics I am happy. Then if that be the case I would

do it well. I want a big job, something that will take the best in me to do. I may never get what I want, few do, but I will try.

I did not have a good time during the holidays. I did not go five blocks from home during the ten days. Where is there to go? For people to enjoy each other they must have some things in common. I find no such feminine animal here. What pleasure do I get from their local raucous intonations. I received a number of remembrances. Among them was your well worded card. I appreciate it so much. Among the presents that were so copiously sent were two large beautiful pictures of two young sisters in Atlanta, Grace and Louise Holmes. I think that the grace of Grace is the fulfillment of my female esthetic concept. Her scintillating eyes are such that even a Rembrandt could not adumbrate. It was her picture on my watch that you so wanted to see last summer. My relation to the sisters is one of unusual nature. I write them both love letters at the same time; I send them the same presents and I might add that I am very fond of both.

Now Louise since you say that you will answer my letters with more promptness I will not be angry but wait with exulting expectancy your reply.

Your friend,



A. Elder

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

State Normal School

FOR THE COLORED RACE
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Jan 14, '23

Miss Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut Street
Louisville, Ky.

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

RECEIVED AT 405-407-409 WEST MARKET ST., (NEAR 4TH AVE.,) LOUISVILLE.

1922 SEP 11 AM 7 59

CA59 8

WESTPALMBEACH FLO 11 815A

MISS FLORIDA LOUISE MATTHEWS

342

2121 WEST CHESTNUT ST LOUISVILLE KY

MOTHER SUCCUMBED TO HEART FAILURE AFTER SLIGHT ILLNESS

TOURGEE.

Sh2628

THESE	32	SEP	11	7	59

[1923?]

you loved me.

You were wonderful to night.
You have already brought me
the happiness of a life time. Your
consideration for me touches me
keenly. Don't let it pass. Preserve
for me your caresses, your quiet
smile of contentment, the message
of your luminous eyes (permit me
just this once). Will you have
for me the supreme message
next time? Only the days, the
weeks can tell. But I have

faith.

It only occurs to me³ that you
don't have my address.

2173 Poinsettia St.
W. Palm Beach, Fla.

My expectancy knows no bounds
until I have heard from
my darling Joise.

Your rather tired
Compsie.

1923?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

[1922?]

My dear Louise

Don't you think that people love to have the "martyr feeling", that they exult in their "hard lots" "miseries in the back", on the fact of their being despised and rejected of men, etc. I am indeed somewhat with that feeling as I sit down to write you. I have sat at the piano for 6 hrs without interruption. I am hungry and its only four o'clock. and its turned cold and misty outside. Now how could I write a happy letter. and I believe that is the only kind that should be written. Perhaps you are thinking that sometimes I don't believe any kind should be written.

I am philosophizing but say nothing.
Your very recent letter was a delight.

enthusiastic. I have seen
as before just once

Now in the 8:13 time? a trifle
fussed and hurried?

This is just a note. Sometime
when I have just had a huge
dinner I shall arise with in-
finite satisfaction and go to my
cell in the "Y" and write
a lovely letter. By the way,
I am contemplating quarters
with Mrs. Virginia Ward-Stover—
and her husband of course.
I have not forgotten your mother
photograph, as ever I mean.

ful surprise. I have not forgotten
my promise. I have begun my work
at the Institute with Carl Friedberg
tentatively—until Mr. Friedberg accepts
as respects me. He will have 10
pupils. I have seen a number of
"race" students there I doubt of
what ability they are. I have heard
three piano recitals DePaschman,
and two lesser lights—four I
had forgotten Eddie's last Sunday.

We were talking about you
afterwards. I told him I want
you to come here. Really it's the
only thing to do. I am now earning
thirteen dollars a week and spend-
ing thirty but I am still

me I am laboring hard with fern.
Encourage me with a card at
least. As ever
Louise.

[1922?]

My dear Louise,

Life is very interesting to me here, but
there is not anything interesting to tell.
I divide my time between the school, a restaurant
and my room the latter of course because
of my clavichord. But it is interesting to be in
the metropolis. This afternoon I rode down
to Washington Square on the bus alone (that is
if you except my pipe - that's a rare use of
except but to William now) and walked
over to Broadway at Fourth St. and
walked all the way down thro' the theatre
crowds, past the fashionable shops
and automobile show windows - you know
what it is - to Seventy second St. and
then came home on the subterranean
railway. Not interesting to write but
very interesting as an experience, par-
ticularly if you feel that you are in-
closed in a little house from which you
can see every thing but no one can
see you, a bit in two directions.

Did you know that there were
Italian Baptists? A crowd of non-English
speaking Italian Baptists were having

real problem; how to get his best
suit and winter overcoat out of
hock.

You will observe by the return to fash-
ionable stationery that my pros-
pects are brighter. I have a con-
cert on the 12th and two others
in the ~~the next month~~ or ~~to~~, here
in N. Y. I am considering a Southern
tour(?) also.

I have your photo graph where I am
constantly reminded that I must
mail it. So if you really want
it you may be helpful.

Only your companionship would I
have accepted today. That is my best
rational analysis of why I would have
none other. Wife, Louise, you

a convention at church in Washington
I gave with a band that was villainously
out, true but still floridly operative!

I stopped of course to hear the band,
but after ~~the~~ selection, a man in occasion
ic garb began to harangue the forth-
coming in Italian so I lost no more
time but continued my talk.

My friend Bell is here but is in the
midst of financial difficulties only
I suppose the situation should not be
called a difficulty for that in ~~his~~ some
kind of struggle of effort to exorcise
one's self. And I never saw a happier
more contented broke man anywhere
much less in N. Y. But he has scores
of friends and he dines first with one
and another and possibly, he will not
have to repeat before winter is over.

He spent the weekend in Saratoga as
guest of course of some friends. I think
he considers that he has only one

1922?

Miss Louise Matthews
2421 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville Ky

T. De Bora
181 W. 135th St
N. Y. City

[1922?]

My dear Louise

I have been thinking of you so constantly that I can't resist the desire to write you again. There are scenes ^{here in my} that bring to mind a most lyric experience in my life, the memory of which still makes me ecstatic, and I am that tonight but I can't express it. I can almost do it at the piano. I have practiced incessantly. I have a clavichord in my room and my progress encouraged even me. When you hear me again I shall be playing to you well enough to express much of that which I feel now. Perhaps I shall play ecstatically.

Tonight I played for my hosts, my interesting hosts until my repertoire got well nigh exhausted. I had a little stubborn grand to play on. But I had in my heart the image of Louise to play from.

Did I give you an address
181 W. 130 St? Kind regards to your
father & mother.

As ever

Morning. P.S.

This letter seems to be in urgent need of emendations and explanatory notes but perhaps you get the atmosphere without them

After 5 days, return to
~~BRADY'S COLLEGE,~~
~~800 West Tenth St.,~~
~~WALLINGFORD, ALA~~
T. D. B. 014
81 W. 195 St.

1922?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville Ky.

some fundamental impulse to
assert it self? I think that is
my state tonight. I have not the
strength to prevent me from
telling you that I have literally
worshipped you all along, that
are indeed an obsession, that
many times a day I am picturing
you in all the stages of our
brief period together.

Send me a photograph, don't
you? Not that I don't trust
my imagination but I just
want one. It will have the virtue

[1922?]

My dear Louise,

I want to talk to you more
than anything else in the world.
Please don't think that I ~~have~~ in-
different for you engage my mind
much more frequently than you
do my pen. In fact I am sure that
it is not reasonable that I
should think of you as much as
I do - This is a love letter to recon-
cile yourself to it - One cannot
live forever on memories, even
such as I have. And I want to
rehold you, in person, yourself.

I want to hold you delicate

know how I have felt from the in-
ception of our "affair." I wonder if I
shall know happier days ^{than} those
I experienced with you not very
long ago. exulting anticipation -
and then you. The joy I experienced
you don't know, perhaps you will
never understand it exactly.

Why do I confess it so completely
now? Did you ever reach a state
through fatigue, or low spirits maybe,
in which you lost the power of
inhibition that you had practiced
all your life long and expressed
yourself & allowed to ~~total~~

little fingers - no, more than
that. I want you close to me
confiding utterly yourself to my care
and keeping. And I wouldn't complain
if the car was a bit bumpy.

Do you sympathize with ~~me~~? Do
you want that too? You have told
me much since the very first
"first one". I am beginning to think
that the world has done for per-
haps or at any rate that you don't
find yourself very seriously concerned.

But I should not complain for
you have been wonderful to me.
You would understand better if you

I am ashamed that two days have
passed since writing the first
portion of this letter.

I shall not write more this
time but send it on.

Devotedly yours
T. Meyer.

of being a tangible suggestion to
you. I should not take too much
of your time with this "theme of the
heart" for the ^{present} master of all
crimes is to be a bore. So a little
gossip perhaps! I had a card
from Emma Hunter from
Baton Rouge, La. ^{and} evidently she
is at the State School there.

Sister Berlin is on the way. I
hope you find it interesting. Don't
read it unless you feel inclined
to because of the book itself.

~~As~~ There is something unfair
about sending a person a book

There were persons of to the
age of 94 in costume. I need
not tell you more. Your humble
servant went over to the Press
Room and after a few inquiries
located a certain George Wash-
ington whose sole interest to
me was his "knickers". He
had retired and he looked so small
in his pajamas that I
hesitated but he encouraged
me to try them with very
satisfactory results - Dear Friend

if the person is going to feel
an obligation to read it.

I had one "wished off" on me
last night. "Birthright" a novel
with many characters which you
probably have seen. My task is
about half done.

Friday night last was movie
and we had "Our Leading Citizen"
and a comedy which made the
old maids drop their heads.

Saturday (This was gale week)
The teachers had a Mary Jane
Buster Brown Social which did
prove interesting.

1922?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 Chestnut St. W.
Louisville, Ky.

1920?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 West Chestnut St.
Louisville Ky.

[1920?]

Dear Louise,

I have your note on ^{acknowledging} the Easter plant. I am sorry I could not see it to know if it was worthy to bloom by your side.

Your mother chided me ever so gently in a letter in which she says "I assume by the arrival of the literature that you reached Talladega safely." I did not tho? For the gravest danger has befallen me. I left my heart in Louisville. But I won't even write you another long letter!!! I fear I have already written too many. You were wonderful good

tho' Louise, Personally and
Impersonally. I am looking
forward to a few brief
minutes Thursday.

With very
Cordially

1923
Feb. Tampa?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

[1920?]

Louise, my own little girl

there is no way to express the complexity of emotions that are now running through the whole of my being. This is definite. No girl has ever meant to me what you do now. The sheer delight of your presence obscures every thing, my troubles, all but the fact of our own existence. The ecstasy of the great moments we have had arouses the highest ambitions of which I am capable. And I am stimulated to hope most profoundly but humbly that you are caring for me in the most supreme way. But it is difficult to ask you to share my life when I have so little to offer. Tho' with you all about me, I could go on accomplishing. My efforts would be tireless my ambition insatiable. The best and noblest that mortals could offer would

P.S. are you going to write ^{just} a wonderfully nice letter
or will you tell me also that you love me, that - hope we will claim!
anyway T.P.

be meager for a girl of such
quiet fineness as you, Louise.

I won't analyze you further

I don't wish to remind myself
of my unworthiness. Have I written
too much? Have I presumed?

If so forgive me because it is love
that prompted me and I have written
simply what is deepest in my
heart.

Are you in the mood for a
love letter? You were so nice to
me I should at least take time
of first appreciation should not?

Everett is a worthy host. I fear
I'm told on him. Mr. Norris reminded
that if I ever came ^{again} ^{central} was so
lacking in my obligations as guest they
would not forgive me.
With a world of love you always
your Tourist.

Dear Louise,

one of the girls made
this a few days ago and
I stole it to send to you!
You see to what lengths
I go for you.

I shall not write more
for I would not for words
have you construe this as
a second letter. It is not
to me to create the
idea of less thought
and interest in Louise.

I am transferring my
interest to your mother.

(in) Sincerely
Louise's.

1922?

with Tongues
pic

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

T. D. Bone
Tallahassee College
Tallahassee, Fla.



1922?

Torque

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

T. D. Bose
Talladega College
Talladega, Ala.

Tuesday.

[1922?]

Dear Louise,

Life has been rather eventful since I saw you. The most striking thing perhaps was the incident this morning which causes me to be sitting here on a log in the woods writing to you. On the way from Montgomery to Talladega the locomotive jumped the track - my ink is gone - and we narrowly escaped a real wreck (Mr. Talbert & I).

Two days later -

I am continuing this letter Louise as evidence that I have thought of you before now and that I began to write at least before. I had a letter from your mother yesterday and it was such a nice one.

I shall not apologize for my delay in writing for I should perhaps be more sincere. Not that you have not been constantly in my mind and heart but because you have! and I still feel that you should have something else to say to me.

It was lovely of you to report the

nice things that people said of my
playing. I am almost ready to do
some study in Paris.

I have been away as ~~young~~^{judge} for
several days and returned with Mrs.
Talbot for her engagement here.

She was wonderfully received
and deserved every bit of it.

In consequence of the incident I
mentioned in the first part
of the letter we arrived at 8:12
P.M. to fill an eight o'clock en-
gagement the same evening.

A band rush from the station
and dressing disturbed Mrs. Talbot
at not one bit. I am going to
Atlanta next week. But I shall see
no one I fear for it will be there
only three hours. I don't need
to tell you that I regret my haste in
Louisville. Perhaps there will be a few days
in June of next year? Tomorrow.

1922?

Tongue

Miss Florida Louise Matthews,
2121 W. Chestnut St.,
Louisville Ky.

Teranga 10/1/52
Talladega College
Talladega,
Ala.

[1922?]

Dear Louise,

I have started quite anxiously for sometime for a letter and I am doing something quite unparalleled in the annals of our correspondence - that is, writing a second letter before a reply to the first is received.

I am in the throes of producing a musical comedy. Never again!!! I had a card from Dett yesterday; he was quite near, at Troeger. Are you wondering how I get from Musical Comedy to Dett other than the chronology of the card? He interested me in amateur histrionics last summer with brilliant reviews of his endeavors about that time. You remember too that Frank and I first saw "Kiki". He commented loftily on the staging. "Was one of the best things Mr. Belasco had done" etc.

I am writing again after a lapse of several days and my disappointment.

is keener than ever that I have had
no word from you

The musical comedy "went across"
bravely. I am still resolved to stick
to the "still life" & the oratorio, however.

The quarter exams are just over
leaving me not ^{at} all fatigued for I
have a total of four students in
two courses. I shall ~~be~~ offer
three courses this quarter and
will enroll the overwhelming number
of five students. Musical Theory is not
popular in Talladega.

I am still writing a little and hope
to surprise you with the quantity and
the depth(?) of my work. The Countess
Sonata is resting in peace for the
present.

Please write

Tourjeé.

Tanper

1922?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

and reaffirm to ~~my~~ soul your
existence and your interest in
me thru talking, & this same
force about you and he, realizing
that he will want an audience
tomorrow must listen.

A few nights ago, we were passing thru
the chapel, he went stood before the
altar and called to me "DeBose"
(accent as before) "Here's where we
talk to beat # —."

Today is Wednesday and your letter
reached me last night. Your "reminiscing"
aroused delightful memories and
it caused me to remember that I
once missed your birthday but my memory
has failed me. Tell me again and I
won't ever forget.

So you do want me to come! I can't
fix the date more nearly than the
middle of March yet.

Rhetoricals last night were on the subject
of music, illustrated with music from
every period. I shall write again soon.
Devotedly yours
Toussaint.

Monday

[1922?]

Louise,

My attempt to talk with you over the telephone has left me with such mixed feelings that it is difficult for me to analyze ~~it~~ ^{them}. Certainly I feel nearer you for having heard your voice. ~~Then~~. But as for what you said, I am afraid that little of it reached me. When it first occurred to me to telephone I mentioned it to one of the girls who told me at once that I would not hear very much and the time should be filled with "what did you say", "I didn't quite get that" etc.

But in spite of that I am happier for the attempt. Tell me that you are too.

Are my letters "soft"? I suppose I am a bit inclined to be serious. I'll try to be less heavy. I suppose I begin now?—Did you ever hear of the fellow that danced with a girl with a wooden leg and broke it off? (That's supposed

to be hit). Haven't I mentioned Bugner
a young white fellow from New York
State who is teaching in the Seminary.
He and I am in at the tennis ^{and} ~~tennis~~
rooms of Joris each other - Oh yes,
there is our other bond - our girls
are far away from us there -
from we become confidential. I shall
never see his girl nor he mine so
why not ^{talk} teach other about them !!

For instance in the morning,
while preparing to go to breakfast he
may break in upon me carry his
- never mind - a garment will
say, in his hand, "Dr. Bore" (great stress
great stress on the ultimate) "my girl
loves me!! That is merely the theme
that he is announcing. You might think
because of the air of finality in that statement
together with the fact that I had no
way of reasonable right to debate it he
would make an end of it there but
he does not. It takes at least a half
hour to develop that theme. But I
listen, for I know that by and by
I shall have my chance to affirm and

1922?

Tongue

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

Took my customary shower
and arrived at breakfast
a half hour late for their start.

I was as carefree as Mr. Prokopy.
Gave a late in telling your wonder-
ful case your mother takes; for
you might well not have done that
though you can do anything else
the most wonderfully. I am sending
a few maps. I have several of my
self alone but they never turn out
well. I need without doubt the
savings grace of the proof. Perhaps
a photograph or might achieve me alone.
on your journey.

Wondered why I excited your
interest at all. Tell me some-
thing I want to know
when you write. I had hoped
ever now to hear from you
our life, that we had gained and
not lost in medical sympathy
and understanding. But that could
not be. Suppose I should come
in March - it's possible that I can
get away then - might I look for-
ward to a covenant altar in
spirit to our shared memory and
thrills, but of such transcendental

for, my subsequent comment might
not carry conviction. But I can
now confess the unattractiveness
of the small foot print and then
tell you that my interest soon
beginning to end was positively
impassioned. This morning, on awaking
and seeing this clever & jocund
gentleman on the floor beside
my bed where I had dropped
from the previous night, I im-
mediately retrieved him and
perched upon the radiator, read
until breakfast time and then

strength, that there shall be no
doubt, no shivering hopes. My
dearest, you must understand
me, you must feel something
of that spirit that makes
our words that if they reach an
unresponsive heart must seem
so foolish & vain. You re-
solved I must write
my love letter first. and now
of things more temporal I did not
tell you how I had scorned Mr.
Prohack (in the hands of a colleague
before your suggestion as to its merits)

World. How many are there nearer
your hearts throne than I?

Impudent, isn't it? But, Louise,
I should ~~it~~ not think of you
as I do unless there is a cor-
responding regard on your side
for me, unless my place at least
is at the door of that sacred
inner chamber where dwells
the heart of her whom I truly
worship. The alternative, some how
I had not of thought of until
this minute though be the good Lord
I know that I have many times

[1922?]

Louise,

Here is a stanza from "Ukland"
that might forcibly make for you the
exquisite torture, it brought me.

as our dead was I

By love o'er powered;
In her arms lay I

Immured, her prize;
Asleep was I

When kisses showered
and heaven found I
within her eyes.

Your ears should be tingling
today for "we" have talked of
you much. & he has "us".
Harswood is nearly driven &

musician & something to Louise
but for personal regard, etc, etc.

Or Louise has many fellows on
her string, so many that I am
a small consequence for I
never had a card enquiring
if I was ill or killed in an
accident when I was
afflicted with acute rheumatism
since, ad infinitum. (I have a sus-
picion that I am sounding a bit
like Mr. Prohack). But seriously
where am I Louise in your little

distraction nights; by day I have
various ones of the girls and
my co-worker Miss Steward and of
course the burden of story is the
utter wonderfulness of Louise.

Today, however something
really interesting happened. One
of your correspondents writes to
a young lady here and to day
you were mentioned in his letter.

Of course I had to know about it
and as a natural consequence
I am being assailed by myriads of
black thoughts. I am a fastidious
you. Or I am interesting as a

1922?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville Ky.

want you to spend time, be-
ing disappointed with the
the perfectly logical fact of
distance and time and money
required to traverse
same. I want you to be more
reasonable than I. But I
do want you to write me
soon and don't mind my
fit of silence. The sonata
is progressing as well as some
other things. Please write
as ever
Fanny.

December 4th.

[1922?]

My dear Louise,

Si j'étais
à toi je tolérerais!

Need I write anymore that
that? Don't say that cannot
be since I have been delin-
quent in writing. My dear, I
am delighted in all things
and it doesn't blot out one
bit of our treasured memories.

It only makes our friendship
an end in itself rather than
a prepared pathway in the direction

musician - a contradiction
in terms. My next recourse?
I have n't any. I am hoping
to say of your society some
time soon I must a musician
say so that with propriety (pro-
vided he is invited).

No, you ^{know that so} are so carefully
meeting (is that right) out an
eye for an eye, you may be
have sent me a card
& sent you one. I would n't

that lower where love dwells
in state, serve but to disappoint.
- I just read that - crazy, isn't
it? You see the long interval
silence has brought on an
attack of seriousness. Which
in turn causes me to send out
a cruel fate that gave me
the destinies of a musician.
a regular cause and effect.
But musician I am. No amount
of hesitating seems to change
that. So my next recourse
seems to be to be a ^{Moneyed}

After 5 days, return to
~~TALLADEGA COLLEGE,~~
~~808 West Battle St.,~~
~~TALLADEGA, ALA.~~

T. DeBose
181 W. 135th St.
N. Y. C.

1922?

Miss Florida Louise Matthews
2121 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville, Ky.

[1922?]

Louise

I have just arrived and I am resolved to write you at once stationery notwithstanding. I have had a most interesting journey. at Cincinnati I inquired for reservations which the desultory Everett was supposed to have secured and to my surprise found that a "lower" awaited me.

Just as I was paying for it a woman came up and resignedly engaged one of the few remaining "uppers". Feeling in a particularly generous mood I offered her mine. She accepted and after adjusting the difference turned and walked away with no further word. But my generosity was not broad enough to permit this. I called after her in a voice of great distinctness "You are quite welcome". and there was an audience. She came back and so abjectly apologized and so profusely thanked me that I in turn was deservedly embarrassed.

There was also the episode of the man in the smoke who did not believe I could read and tested me with the head lines etc of the paper. I had presumed to commence a conversation.

I have put up for the night on 4th Ave almost across
from the Garden of Joy and the repulsive strains
float in thro' my window as I write.

My ink is expended and I have said nothing.
Might I add also the hazard of the
pencil - just this once.

I assure you were particularly non-committal
at Sunday Afternoon in the sitting. Though
I suppose you had a perfect right to be
so without any complaint from me.
But I wanted so much to know if you
still thinking of me. And you gave me
not even a word bit of satisfaction.

But it was worth so much to me to
spend those few days with you. No man
in my position should allow himself
to think seriously about a girl but
that is just what I am doing have been
for about a year. There are times
when what I choose to term my better
judgement get the better of the situation
and then I succumb to forces

that know not reason.

I honestly care for you Louise in way
that makes me fundamentally dissatisfied
with my unmitigated poverty.

Thursday September 6.

Dearest Little Girl,

You had a very narrow escape
and tho' this is not night, but rising after-
noon you are not entirely out of danger.
I am going to send the photograph but not
at once. I am practicing a new clavichord
that I have installed in the Y. I shall
have to apologize all winter I fear.

Do you remember how I explained
to friends that I was at the "Y" for
the present? The exams are held

Oct 1 and my mind is divided bet^{ween}
you and them. I have seen no one
you know except Eddie Coates. Mr. Martin
died and was buried a week before
I arrived. You can imagine how

shocked I was. It was just be
chance that I learned it on the
way to the school.

Warmest regards to your mother
and father. Please say to your mother
that I am already and assiduous
correspondent that my mind is
reaching with the materials for a
letter to her and at the proper
moment I shall transcribe
them. I shall live on your letters
this winter. I have only two hopes
left the greatest two, you and
my work.

Yours — with much
affection
Toussaint.

me something that will demand
of you nothing less than
love. Seven short days and
I am writing of love! But
Louise, it is unmistakably
my heart that is speaking.

Sunday night I was thrilled
and awed. But Wednesday I knew.

When I read that you
would leave Baltimore
Monday or Tuesday, I was struck
with a thought. Can you
guess it? I wanted to ask you

Sunday, Aug 27.

Dear Louise,

Letter writing is a pleasure.
Now let me anticipate you. Our
does not indulge in "sweet nothings"
on a daisy, rainy Sunday after-
noon, curled up in a room four
by six - literally that - with a typical
New York alley and rear view of
apartment houses for an eye rest.
God! Having proved incontrovertibly
that what I shall write is the
coldest, impassioned truth.
I proceed.

Actually looked forward to
this moment, when I should

your glorious words to me, that
allayed my apprehension and
caused me to wonder that
so much happiness could come
to me.

Now, you can no more doubt
my sincerity than I can guess.
And I am believing in spite
of the absurdity of the thing
that you are caring for
me in an unusual way.
Surely you have superseded
my every thought of people
and things and I am in spirit
to hope that you will find in

indulges in this most blessed
substitute for talking to you.

Your letter did relieve my anx-
iety - for I was anxious. Had
I written too boldly? Had I over-
interpreted our precious
moments together. There were
some of the fears that
beset me in the interim while
I waited for a letter from
you. And you were so
good to me. Your letter came
Saturday morning. I saved it
until I had comparative privacy
and then - how I read and reread

to play truant once again
and I should meet you and
we would have another
glorious day, but mature
thought does not encourage
me, tho' I am going south
soon and might as easily
go by way of Cincinnati.

But you might tell me
what you think of it
(frankly). I have no reason
for staying, not except
the record which I shall

make tomorrow (Monday).

If the idea at all appeal
to you — and you are leaving
shortly wire me I have lots
to tell you — I did not answer
your letter very well, did I?

But I could answer it in
person in event — there, I am
actually asking you to let
me meet you.

Devotedly yours

Couglis.

139 W. 136th St.
N.Y.C.

I don't wish to complain
I don't complain because I
know that there is
nothing that I can say
that can affect your
regard for me (or
should I say disregard)

With warmest regards,

Yours always, your anxious friend
Comptz.

Wednesday, Sept 6

My dear Louisa

This morning my disap-
pointment knows no bounds;
I have haunted the Post Office
the three days I have been
at home and this morn-
ing I learn facts to face
with the fact that you
do not write to me
for what reason I am
left to surmise.

This morning I took a

uncertainty. I know nothing
of you since Wednesday night.
Could you wonder if I am
a trifle anxious concerning
you and the succeeding
events.

Really Louise, unless you
don't receive my letters
I don't see how you could
fail to send me a card
announcing your safe ar-
rival ~~at~~ home.

long time to think it over
After flirting with death
a couple of hours this is
the result - I am again
writing to someone who
evidently does not consider
me enough to write.

I read again your letter
from Baltimore in the effort
to bolster up my fast-failing
hopes, but I am still
wreathed with doubt and

you write music?" etc. and then
he fell in to a deep study as
he soaked rather in ^{distraction}
a gift which gave out generously
evidences of its extreme age.

Presently, as though in a trance
he announced, "You are my little
king of gold," "Write that down."

I looked up brightly and ^{answered}
that that was a good subject
but went on with my work.

But this inspirational conference
of titles only was so persistent

Thursday, Sept. 7.

Dear Louise,

When I went to the box this
morning, I looked for a pink one
and found my spirits drooped when
I saw only white ones! But the
surprise and joy of your letter
fully made up for the days
of "watchful waiting" and the ^{momentary} disappointment.

I am as happy that things
adjusted themselves one way.
I must confess that my anxiety
for a while was intense.

and then I left for the South
via the James Crow. Later on
I had an offer not by choice
and I know that you have
suffered for my sake.

In the afternoon I began
looking on my sonata (the Guest's
sonata, do you remember?) and
a waiter from the dining car
came seated ^{by} me, out of
curiosity I think for what
I was doing. He asked me
a few fool questions, as, "Do

you see, I have an imagination
a sort of perverse one and I
will not begin to paint the
various and diverse pictures
that it conjured up. But
enough of that. You have
displaced all that with
happiness" of the purest ray
serene" if I may permit
the hackneyed to say so
now.

Life has been my dear since
I left you. I spent two days in
Washington principally to get rest.

swell since the days
when I first knew him
but today when I read
your letter I could
almost have given him
a French greeting.

I am very happy over your
radio. I expected nothing
less, of course. But I too
have known of the havoc
that might have been
done to our studies

that I had to write it
down. Later he confided that
he had made several
fortunes for T. Whitney
and very writers equally famous.

I was working on the sonata
yesterday and came across
that isolated little sentiment
"You are my little heart I sold"
which brought the incident
to mind. The sonata has gained
several pages and I have
described it to you because

return for her about two,
meanwhile, I write, practice
and read - and I don't
need to tell you that I
live again the events of the
last two weeks. Two weeks!

But they have given so
much of the essence of life
that they seem more like
months.

For now I have had a
distinct fondness for

it started out as rather
academic thing and was
so interested but I fancy
at least, that there is
underneath a surprising
emotional power in spite
of its severe lines. The
relationship is faint but dis-
tinct.

Life is not an exciting thing
here. I drive my mother to
school in the morning and

with the chronology of things
slightly altered.

While in Daytona, I learned
that since Hinton was to
teach there this winter or
do you know her?

I want to attempt to describe
this place for your sometime
when I am ambitious.

There is a kind of beauty that
existed in my mind before
I saw it - fantastic and
vizarre. There is a

TV
Tence

2143 Pomisetta St.
W. Palm Beach. Fla

section call "The Exotic
gardens" it is all of
that. But I must get
this off to you at once
Don't mind if I write
again before I hear from
you. I still have a lot to
tell you. I am thinking of
you always.

P.S. I've lately been
I explain my letter
of yesterday that I decided
on second thought not to send. This is third
thought.

Wednesday, Dec 27.

My dear Louise

I have a fragment of a letter to which I decided not to send even as evidence that I began a reply immediately upon receipt of your letter.

I have been living recently in a world of thought and everything in this little world revolved about you. I have pictured you dozens of times, at home, in school. I have gone back to the first breakfast when you had to pay the bill and there is some thing of a mistle about it all. There is that faintness of flavor and rareness that furnishes me a choice resting place in the evenings when I have no energy for practice. I dream delicious dreams

Dear boys floating structures
that disappear as readily under
light of reason as under the
light of one of our bright sunshiny
winter days. Louise, don't despise
a pipe. My pipe^{ing} has many
adventures in the evenings
and not infrequently he visit
you.

Harris' telegram found me
with terrible blues I was sitting
in my studio with Hans Wood
the chap I mentioned some-
times ago and he was trying to
cheer me up. I was expecting a
telegram from Atlanta
and I assumed that this
was it and my joy was in-

I must not give the impression
that the vacation was too
much of a bore. There was
the usual Christmas funation
of schools etc etc.

I have been planning to go to
Atlanta today but I am lost
now in indecision. Probably
I shall go Saturday (tomorrow) to
avoid the Dean's wrath for I would
have to cut my last class today.

I shall have to get Mr. Prohack (?)
We have it in the library.

Do you know I like to get
your letters so much that I
am going to write very frequently.
Selfish, isn't it? Will you write me
often if I do. as ever
Tupper.

expressible when I read & found
it was partially at least from
you. While I could not
come to Louisville the evidence
& your desire to see me
really changed the whole
character of the holiday
for me. I am sure that you
are enjoying a good time for
I can imagine the round
I danced etc that must be
a part of the holiday season
every where except Talladega.

On Christmas day, your very
beautiful remembrance of me
came and honestly I felt that
I ~~truly~~ ^{surely} had a definite place
in your mind - heart?

work I can appreciate the
fact that you probably have
not a great deal of leisure
or when the leisure comes
not the inclination to use
it in writing.

Devotedly yours
Touhy.

Talladega College
Talladega, Ala
Friday, September 22.

Dear Louise,

I am writing just a line that
you may know that I am still
thinking of you. It is more
deadly here than I thought
it would be. The faculty
has gained no night lights.

A young fellow from Illinois
is about the most interesting
of the ^{new} younger group. The women?
God help 'em.

I wonder if Providence is afraid

no vocal teacher. Won't you
come and teach it for us?

I would tell you all you would
need to know the I know
nothing myself.

I am learning Detlo's "Hance y' Hine"
tho. I shall have to rename it
before I play it in this
Puritanical atmosphere.

In spite of your dear little
correspondence card I am
hungry for a word from
you. But now that I am at

that I do not fully appreciate
you. I do - without the present
inflictions. But you probably
think this is a part of
my "line", as I'll desist.

I have a splendid piano, in fact
I have two. I spend a lot of
ensemble work for myself and
my pupils. I have all my "young
things" back and it is one of
my greatest pleasures to
work with them.

We are in correspondence
with several but still have

Louise, my dearest,

This Friday night!! I know that
strikes a responsive or repulsive chord.
I have known people that enjoyed a
weekend in a missionary college.
You were not of that class though
I am sure so you know the
exonies that meet me tonight.

There is a play by the G. M. C. A.
May it prosper in all its under-
takings even the historic!
But I beg to be excused. This
introduction is a fit prelude to
the announcement that I hope
never again to be in one of
these schools. Also, that my ap-
plication is in at the Institute
of Musical Art in N. Y. as well
as in Fontainebleau for the sum-
mer in case Everett develops
chilled pedal extremities regard-
ing our trip to Paris.

Say to him for me that twelve
hundred francs cost two dollars
more than when I wrote
him with prospects of further
rises. My banker is ready to
purchase at my word and I
await his "reactions" which judging
from the length of time that he
takes to record them must be
more weighty ~~than~~ all the wisdom
of all previous sages.

Course, I was very ^{much} gratified
to find that (judging from
your salutation) you were at
least disappointed in not hear-
ing from me sooner. That
proves I am something to you.
What, I should like about all
things to know. I have shared
my heart to you, without gaining
even your sympathy; I have told
you of many things which where
you were so entirely un-
derstandable.

made³ blush to think of them
afterwards. I believe you do
care for me to a degree or
I should never have made
another reference to it. But
to what degree? couldn't you
give me just a word or you could be
well justified in encouraging me
to write as I ^{have} written upon occasion?

Well perhaps that's too serious.
I ~~was~~ am still enjoying your mother's
letter. Did I tell you that I sat
for 2 hours before I left. The
drops bear a resemblance to Mr.
I hope to give you evidence
shortly. Write again soon.

I am always awaiting a letter from
you.

As ever

Toussie.

Tanager from
Talliedga College