

August 20, 1910

MONDAY

Dear Mother:

I wish ^{were} there/something more I could do than merely tell you that, on your birthday, we love you and wish you better breaks in the next year than the past one brought. And I am genuinely hopeful that such will be the case; certainly you deserve lots of luck, whether it comes or not.

I must return your copy of Emerson (the essayist, not the Bromo Seltzer king) so that you can revert once and a while to the chapters on Compensation and Self-Reliance. They are very helpful to those like us who prefer the Borahesque (or was it Wild Willie?) conception of life as a weary pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave.

Wish we could be with you tomorrow---we'd go to Monteville, I daresay---but we'll be thinking of you, nevertheless.

Your devoted son,

Wm