

Bultwnd, Sept 11th - 1919.

My Dear Harry:

Press here beyond
words I know not how to
express my thanks to you
my dear Cousin and Cousin
for your sympathy (true
and heart-felt I know it)
for me, and your
brave noble act in

the check for Michael
Truly a lonely thing of
fulness for one who
feels this hour the
awfullest, that it
beyond me to leave under

I know nothing only
what I have seen in
yesterday Tuesday's Sun.
paper.

My poor precious boy.
only can I do that that

all mothers find in her house
that Quaker Comfort and true
loving and trusting to His
wonderful and unbounded
mercy. Mother's prayers now
for Vincent. may not be answered
in her life time - but sure
to come in the end.
Aunt is still in N. J.
look for ^{her} there next end.

Pray for my poor father
Tr. and for us all.
that I may keep up, the
ol. so so hard to do
ol. to keep what may
yet be published & printed
out. out of papers.
Can nothing ol. can
nothing be done in this
way? Help me if possible
The love and grateful
thanks my dear Cousin
Sp. Blessing & love yours
Dorothy your heart broken

Constance