

at 10:30
Tuesday
Morning
"

Dearest Mother —

Guess you've returned from B'ham after a mild excursion to the Magic City. Hope you had a big time, as I know you did.

Got my exam paper back today and I made "94" — the highest grade of the five boys in our house and two of them are ex-law-classes of 25 or 30 years. Some few made a round "100" but I never claimed to be the perfect type of student.

The question on which I gave him a shot of Browning was: "What is the soul of pleading". My entrance into metaphysics may have helped my grade — but I doubt it.

I had a fine time at the Hallers this week-end. They were so nice to me and have invited me back. The hunting & horse-back riding were the very best in the world.

How in the world do you all keep up with all the vicious gossip? The old town should blush at its new outbreaks of scandalitis. Can't feel very sorry for Estelle & Lucille when I recall their sordid attitude & the air of perfect plutocracy they affected.

I hear that Elizabeth Holmes is working in the F. & M. I suggest they

Call Jimmy Howard, "Zeigfield" Howard. He'll have a couple of scores of Advers and Touch systems if he persists. When will Elizabeth get off the job and really find herself? — What? I'm afraid she's seen too many movies.

Just received your letter — relating the final chapter of "The Decline & Fall of the Roman-Germanic Empire". As I understand it, the Byzantine splendor is no more — it reads like Gibbon's, if he had written "Main Street", instead of religious history a couple of centuries ago. I suppose that "the spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl has sung her watch-song in the towers of Atrium".

But his misfortune is only temporary — from now on, he will write more insurance than Alger & Henry did novels, and possibly write a song or two — maybe one called "Blessed Insurance". That, the, is the Athenian premium on persav-ity and the price (?) of perulant practices & punie promises.

I often wondered at how he spent with such profligacy, and got away with it. I see now.

Suppose Dad will donate the

Amount due for rent to the relief
fund. I know Emma and her congregation
of poor sisters had \$1,000,000,000,000
worth of good old-fashioned Scotchman
Calisthenics and scenic-rainbow sen-
timent out of the situation & O.K.
Theirs, tho — and they have a right
to celebrate it as they choose.

Never having lived Sicily, I sup-
pose my judgement is tainted ^{with} preju-
dice. But, deeper than that, I've al-
ways despised cheap, as any other, de-
temptation. Haven't you?

And, poor Jess — what a blow
to her — and, socialistically, Emma
had just told her that she could have
anything they possessed. Kintathell!

Well, it's almost dinner time —
have written a book.

Love to all & lots to the Dad
and his roommates, and — a little
bit, commiserate to size, for you.

Your affectionate son,

W^W

P.S. Where is my typewriter!!!