Shelton, Oklahoma
Aug 11, 1912.

Dear Rose:

It was kind of you to write when you heard from Mabel of my Father's death. Though I cannot here realize his absence as keenly as Mother andinnie do, there is so much to keep them constant-ly reminded of him, yet the summer has been lonely, we have seemed farther away than ever, and I have welcomed eagerly the companionship of letters.

Father had lived a long true life — he would have been 80 this month — but had kept as active and interested in everything until the very last.
day that we were quite unpre-
faced for his going. It grieves
me still to think that my
baby could not know him if
only for a little while, for
he was very fond of little
children. Yet there was so
much I mean to him in
the swift, painless coming of
what, in one way or another,
must come to all, that we must
be thankful for the peace and
quietness of it all. He had
spent most of the morning reading,
just before noon as Mother
and Susie were preparing dinner
he said he would go to Die done
for a while as he often did. He
lay down on the couch in the
sunny bay window of the dining
room and seemed to fall asleep.
In a few minutes they heard
a slight sound and laid him, but all was over, so quickly and quietly that until the Doctor came in a few minutes they could not believe that he had really gone.

I tried hard to get away for a time in the early spring thinking that it might do no good to be together for a time, but the storms and hardships of our furious winter lasted so late that it was impossible for me to get away in time for any satisfactory visit at all. So I again postponed it, hoping that I might be able to attend my sister's wedding in June and help to make the separation a little easier for Mother to endure.

And then in April came tidings of a new trouble, an entire and apparently hopeless
nervous break down on the part of the Mr. Harris whom Lucie was to marry. He had worked very hard through the winter planning to close his connection with the firm in which he was engaged, so as to be free to enter into the small cattle ranch project which he and Lucie had taken so much pleasure in planning together. They were to spend a couple of months out on the Pacific coast after the wedding, returning to stay in Pinea with Miller through the winter and going out to the new home in the spring. Everything seemed planned for so happy a life as two people could ever expect together. And now this seems very slight. Hope that he
will ever recover sufficiently to warrant their carrying out any of their plans. It seems almost
madly cruel, yet sometimes I feel that if we could all be contented to live more simply
and slowly with more attention to the present and less concentration upon the often imaginary
needs of the distant future, there would be fewer nervous troubles and more real hap-
iness. The thought of this very real and lasting sorrow has made some of our own disappointments
seem slight—consequences after all. On the whole, this has been the most favor-
able season we have seen
here. We have had some hot
weather but— at no time have
deeply-rooted, well-cultivated
crops really suffered for moisture, although I have had to do a good deal of irrigating to keep the garden going. It wouldn't do, however, for everything to be a success for us. A cold wet spell in May just after we had planted our big peanut patch under apparently ideal conditions caused them all to rot in the ground. A neighbor told me we planted them when the moon was in the wrong "sign," if you know just what that mysterious statement means. So that had to be put into cow peas for which the "sign" seems to have been favorable and they have flourished accordingly and we had to content ourselves...
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With a small plot of peanuts planted with purchased seed. Then I very unwisely took the middle of June, when very mowing was needed for buck-hilling, on a sick spell which lasted a couple 3 weeks and caused Mr. Henderson to lose so much time from the field that we have more weeds than we like to see. And the grasshoppers have been a real pest this summer, somewhat as in the old days of Kansas. They destroyed all our late planted corn and even though the turkeys took revenge upon the grasshoppers and we eat and sell the turkeys, I fear we shall scarcely come out even. Still the turkeys are doing
well - 132 young ones -
its Nafir corn and early
from corn are good. maize
fair and - cane promises
an exceptionally heavy crop.
Millet is ready for cutting and
the busy harvesting time will
begin this week with little
interruption from the time we
begin on the millet - hay through
the cane - the cane crop - the
from corn - pulling and gathering
maize and Nafir corn.
At least we hope for all this.
There is corn always a
provided we only to do
our cutting for us.
Our garden has been more
than usually satisfactory. We
have had a good profusion
of having over twenty different
products not counting distinct
varieties as for example string
beans and Mexican beans. With
the cow and eggs and chickens, "garden stuff" and maize to grind for bread or breakfast. John and I begin to feel quite independent as far as food is concerned. I dried a good many peas this year, drying them in the pot just when the pots began to be well filled. We think they are good and I am hoping the weevils will not get them.

Eleanor is growing as tall this summer that I can't help realizing that she isn't going to be a baby very much longer. She is such a tiny little body and wants to help about everything we do. A month or two ago, I was looking about some for the smallest luncheon to see if they had had sufficient supper. Of course she had to see about it.
Presently we came into the "home" and while waiting for "Father" to come to supper we looked at pictures. We came to the enclosed boy whom you have doubtless seen before and Baby said very decidedly without a word of suggestion, "Cope full" which amused me much as I had never heard her use the expression before.

I appreciated the magazine which you rent and enjoyed particularly the Dickens articles which made me want to read some of his books over again—also to read some which I have never read. Last night came the little magazine from your "Father." I feel grateful to be as remembered, glad for to know that some.
are working unselfishly to put
into practice their ideas for human
progress. For it is true a little
and this a little" that the old
world does go forward.

Recently I read Thoreau's
"Walden". I was just getting on
the illness and spirit of which was
bought out by a very foolish and
really needless fit of remorse.
I was in a mood to sympa-
thisize with his view of life.

I realize of course, that sim-
plicity for some would
mean more of the world's
goods (as when the clothes-
pins run out on work day),
for others far less than I
they must struggle along with.

But on the whole I was
blessed, channeled and helped by
the spirit of the book and
by the beauty of its closing
words. "Thus I more day to..."
down. Our sun is just a morning star."

I am wondering whether you did take the long trip this summer as you planned and whether you will come to at work again in Newark. If so I trust the work will be less complicated than it must have been last year under the unsettled conditions you described. I again think of you all and hope the summer has been pleasant and profitable.

It is nearly a year now since I have heard from Matel with the exception of a line or two with a greeting of the children at Christmas time but I have an idea that her little folks
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can keep me pretty busy and I haven't any idea how one gets along alone as so many do, with a household. Our nearest neighbors had four when the oldest was 5 and the second one not 3, and yet Mrs. M— works in the field with a team and pulled from corn all last fall, and the children all wear starched embroidery puffs in their sunbonnets. I shouldn't know how to do it, as perhaps the higher education in which I suppose we trained, really does unfit me for domestic life. But those were happier days than we knew then and I am glad we had them and that you were there.
If I could see you I
would supposer you in
Nellie or your Father and
Mother would seem much
changed but it is quite im-
possible for me to think
how much those roguish
Little boys whose picture I
have with the big black
dog must have grown up.
Last time you said all
would be sitting in Taft.
I sit in Taft again this
time or T. R. or your
own New Jersey than,
I wonder.

Your letters are most-
welcome as you would
be yourself I shall be
needing an assistant at-
amending questions come
their Eddy. With love

Caroline F. Hinderers