

Friday - July 9-

Dear Miss Salter -

Your nice letter came in the morning mail and pleased me so very much both because of the many nice things said in it and because it tells me your trip was safe and pleasant.

I must begin by answering your two questions. I have succeeded in getting death papers finished and off - which gave me quite a pleasant sense of something finished - and now I am entirely relaxed and resting absolutely. I arrived here yesterday noon.

To refer to the part you I feel very strongly that I do not wish

to forget anything that has happened -
and certainly nothing which can
remind me that I have been,
even in the smallest way, instrumental
in making the year pleasant for
you.

Rich is really a capable and
intellectual person. His soul inclines
to a somewhat higher pitch than
the average, consequently he has
been able to profit by your example.
I like him.

I am, in my own sober judgment,
strongly inclined to believe that
life divides its fineness about
equally between men and women,
but that we see it more often

in women because men are more reserved in their higher impulses.

I have further believed for many years that the man or woman most highly developed begins to have some of the better qualities of the opposite sex, and that when anyone reaches the highest incarnation the good of each will be blended into the good of both so that masculine and feminine qualities will cease to exist.

On the train I read the letters of Abelard and Heloise, found at the last moment lurking unappreciated in a second hand store - they are very fine. We have talked so much of the rewards of labor and

of verdure that I thought you might like
the following sentence from one of her
letters. "Prosperity seldom chooses the
side of the virtuous, and fortune is so
blind that in a crowd in which there
is perhaps but one wise and brave man
it is ^{not} to be expected that she should
single him out."

The world is very beautiful
and man's day but short to see
and feel and think in time with all
its music, but only the unwise and
the foolish waste a moment of
so precious an opportunity as is given to
us all.

Math, send, best regards

As ever

Robert