

Elgin, Illinois

August 5/82.

Mr Ollie S Berkeley.

Blackburn, Mo.

Dear friend Ollie:

Is that the right way to begin? I thought about it a long time before I could decide whether to say "Dear Ollie", or "Dear friend".

You see I said both. I thank you for letting me call you that. We won't pretend to be prim Miss Ashley and dignified Mr Berkeley any more we are just going to be good friends, and I'm Addie and you're Ollie, and neither of us belong to the "old folks co."

I am glad you answered promptly. You see, you set a good example.

I'm afraid I would be too indulgent if you were so kind to me. But I shouldn't be the least bit afraid of you, even if you are larger than I am. I was frightened at a cow this morning. I am not usually, but she made a lunge at a little dog trotting by my side. She was tied to a stake, though, and couldn't reach me. Four years ago I went to school at a place similar to some of which doubtless you have read. One of the principals was badly hurt in a fracas. Another was tossed over the coalbin

Another was assaulted on his way home, he living in the country. Another broke his arm by being thrown out of a window. But the last one we had before I came away, never called names, never threatened to do things, and never boasted of his strength. He was a cripple. Tall, slender, with dark hair, light beard, and piercing blue eyes. One day, he foresaw trouble with one of the boys, and he directed him to bring in some boards which were just outside the door for kindling. And there with the whole school watching, broke the heavy boards up as easily as I could have

knove a thin piece of pine.  
Nobody doubted his strength  
after that. But he never  
had occasion to use it, for  
the larger boys saw they had  
found their match, and left.  
He never needed to whip  
anyone. One glance from  
those piercing eyes was e-  
nough. Moral. (Well, what is  
it?)

Thank you so much  
for telling me about your  
mother. Now you must love  
her. You must always be  
good, and kind, and gentle  
to her, your mother. Try to  
live so that she may have  
reason other than mother-love

for being proud to say of you  
"He is my son." I am glad  
you are trying so to live, and  
my prayer for your life shall  
be, that it may be as noble,  
and true as a noble, true  
heart can make it. I don't  
think you are altogether  
right about there being so  
few true-hearted girls in the  
world. I am not very well  
acquainted with the girls in gen-  
eral, but I give it as my  
candid opinion that there are  
as many true-hearted girls  
as true-hearted men. I say  
men, because I think boys be-  
tween twelve and twenty are  
less apt to think they have a

hard time at home than are girls of the same age. But when they get beyond that age, they are about equally divided. There is one thing, though, I have never been able to decide. That is, whether the boy who calls his father "the guy" or "the boss", and his mother - his mother, Ollie - "the old woman", loves his parents more than the girl who is settled down in the easy chair reading a novel while her tired father is hunting his slippers, and her mother is trying to sew and rock the baby at the same time. A mother had pinched and denied herself all her life to give her daughter a good ed-

vacation. She sewed from  
early dawn till late at night,  
stopping only to eat a morsel  
at meal-time, in order that her  
daughter might have as  
handsome a graduation dress  
as the rest of the girls at the  
fashionable boarding school  
to which she had insisted on  
going. When the last day  
came, the daughter was as  
proud, as gay, as happy, as  
was her wealthy room-mate.  
Her mother had promised not  
to disgrace her handsome daugh-  
ter by appearing, but the  
mother-love proved too strong  
for her, and alone, she crept  
into a corner in the very  
front, but to one side of the  
stage. "Do look at that horrid

old woman with the faded  
black bonnet and old shawl?  
I wonder how the usher came  
to put such a fright up here!  
The ushers had not seen her, so  
she was left in peace. But she  
went home heart-broken at the  
careless laugh which had ac-  
~~companied~~ answered the rude  
speech, and her daughters evi-  
dent desire to seem not to  
know her. That night, the  
daughter wrote to me "You  
can imagine how mortified I  
was! I had thought of telling  
Dessie, and asking her what she  
would do about letting mother  
come. For of course she wanted  
to see me, though I dare say

she didn't understand anything. I wouldn't say it to anyone else, but she is so ignorant. Uncle George has invited me to spend the summer with him, and though I suppose I'll have to spend a day or two at home to have new measures taken, and buy material for some dresses, no one need know where I've been. And Uncle George says if mother is willing he wants me to live with them, because cousin Anna gets so lonely. Won't that be grand? Mother won't make any fuss about it, because I've told her often, &

nough I never could stand it to live in that little old house where she does." Oh, how I hated the girl after that! But in two weeks the mother died, and Jennie wept over the cold, dead face, and lavished on the form of clay ~~all~~ the kisses and caresses the mother had longed for in life. It was no use to love her then. She broke her mother's heart, but she could not bring her back to life. But I could tell you of boys just as heartless, just as cruel.

I thank you for your opinion of me. I shall always try to deserve it. Yes, I think we are destined to be firm friends. I truly hope so.

I don't know what to say in regard to your future. I am no sybil, to be aware of the natural talents of a man whom I have never seen. I should not object to your going to West Point. I have an acquaintance who graduated from there last year, Frem. Toney. But if your mother will not consent to having her boy wrecked on some desert island or drowned, which is not at all strange, I object most strenuously myself to that, why, the next question is, for what have you the most talent? Probably your teacher advised you to study law because he saw you had talent in that di-

action. But I should not advise you to choose any profession unless you had talent for it, because you want to be a first class lawyer, physician, or whatever your profession may be. As the wise man said, "There's always room at the top", but it is a hard struggle to reach it. But he is no man who refuses to put his hand to the plow because it is hard to push through the furrow. But you see I can give you no advice. I can tell you nothing you do not already know. I wish you success in whatever you undertake.

I hope you will not go to Va. next year, because it is so far away. But I want you to go wherever it will be most advantageous to you, even if it is so far away.

If I can possibly arrange to go back on the Chicago and Delton, I certainly will, with the hope of seeing you. If I do, I will write and let you know when. I hope I may.

There is a hand-organ just outside my window, and it certainly sounds sweet in this evening air. I never before heard one that I liked.

It must be built on a new  
and improved plan, I think.  
I enjoyed a musical treat  
last night. Mr Whelsea, a  
fine singer, sang for us  
several songs. His "O Fair Dove,  
O Fond Dove" brought the  
tears to my eyes. I have  
heard it sung before, but never  
as he sang it. He sang  
some comic songs, too. The  
old "O, Dear Golden Slippers"  
and others. I wish you could  
have been there.

Please remember me  
to Mr Fisdale when you  
see him again.

The next time you  
feel so blue, and want to  
throw yourself down on your  
bed and think, all day your-

self, just imagine that I  
am there, and saying "Now,  
Ollie, you mustn't feel blue,  
because you make me sad,  
too." I would talk to you  
just as sympathizingly as  
I knew how, if I were there.  
I'd try my very best to  
cheer you up. Go sit by  
the window and watch

the little rivers running  
in every direction, and im-  
agine that that one just  
coming around the corner  
is hurrying so fast because  
it wants to reach you  
with a message from me.  
That drenched little bird  
on yonder limb got wet be-  
cause it flew through the  
rain to bring you a mes-

sage from the one you love  
best. And yonder rainbow  
is perhaps seen by your  
mother as well as yourself.  
Some day, Ollie, some one  
will come who will love  
you "better than anyone  
else". And you will be  
all to each other. Do you  
not feel fairly intoxicated,  
sometimes, with the sweetness  
of that thought? That some  
day, somebody will belong  
to you, and you alone, and  
will love you "better than  
anyone else"?

I must go. Goodbye.  
Write to me before the 23<sup>rd</sup>.  
Ever your true friend,  
Addie M. J.