

Dear Uncle Ottie and Aunt Lora,
I'll address a tribal
note on to you. It is almost un-
safe to pick up a pen, lest I
should write clear on into next
week; it is perfectly tantalizing
to write under such circumstances.
But *tempus fugit* as she has a
way of doing. And in a few days,
probably this week, we follow
her example, and are off at last
for the Continent, later than we
had expected. We had a hard time
deciding where we should go; it
is enough to nearly drive one
wild to study a map of the

"neighborhood" over here; it seems that the whole world is at your door, and one wants everything in sight. But they tell us we have decided upon a rich little trip; how is this: Across to Holland first, Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam and Utrecht, then down to Cologne, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Nürnberg, Munich, Innsbruck, through the Tyrolean Alps (alas, we cannot scale an Alp at this time of year) to Venice, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Milan, through Switzerland lengthwise, Lucerne, Bale, then on to Paris and home to London via Rouen & Dieppe. It will take about four or five weeks unless we stop at Heidelberg or Munich to work a while. We gave up pushing on to Berlin. I am sorry chiefly on account of missing Cousin Earl whom we had counted on looking up there. I was going to write to his mother, but have forgotten her address, so would you be so kind as to tell her for me some time? We are disappointed, for Arthur and I had counted on a pleasant time with him in the land of strangers. I hope his time is as happy as ours. It will be with regret that we leave old London behind next spring, and yet it will seem

so good to get back to Uncle Sam's
soil and ways, and to the people
who are really our own. You
know they say time is measured
by events, not days. In that way
it really seems like about two
years since we left home. It now
seems quite probable that I shall
remain for perhaps six weeks
later than Arthur to finish up
some library work at the British
Museum and Oxford. He will re-
turn the latter part of March.

It is certainly a great
privilege to have access to such
libraries as these; it is a strange
inspiration. The Oxford library

was re-established in about 1544
(destroyed for political reasons
before that), and several of the
colleges date back to the twelve
hundreds. It is a wonderful
little city of towers and bells
and hoary old walls. How could
it be otherwise with its 24 colleges
of such venerable ages. Part of
the cathedral, where we went
to church, dates back to 729, and
there are some delightful little
Saxon towers there of unknown
date. A part of the old city
wall is preserved, as it was
built, in a college garden:

We lived in a student's quarters in a musty old house with a Gothic cellar of the 13th century under it - a beautiful little network of arches it was, while just across the street was the old church where Wykoff stirred up trouble here as Suther did in Germany, and where Cranmer, Ridley & Latimer were tried & condemned to be burned outside the city gates. We came home from church there one evening & found we had been sitting by the pillar to which they were chained in trial.

Down at the next corner, in clear view from our windows, was Carfax, the Saxon tower remaining of the old church where Shakespeare stood sponsor to Sir Somebody; & also the scene of the old mediæval Town & Gown riots, &c. &c. unending. No wonder we never cared much for history, out on the high and dry plains; one cannot help devouring it when we have the places & works before us. The part of it that again and again seems to us a shame is that we cannot be sharing a lot of them with the many home folks.

So you are having winter
in earnest? And meat strikes too.
We have done enough shivering
in England for two American
winters, but had the first snow
to cover the ground this morning.
Boo, we shall freeze in the Alps
one day and melt in Italy the

next! Heartiest good wishes for 1910

to all. The miles are long, but it
is only a little way to you in
thoughts. And nothing improves
Europe so much as letters from

the homeland as we have enjoyed.

Love to all.

Yours as ever

3 South Hill Park,

Nellie L. Harris.

Hampstead,

London, N. W.

Jan. 23.

Our address for all winter remains the same: