

with me — we will have so much  
fun talking and playing around.

I have not been doing so  
very much since you last heard  
from me.

I wish I could afford to  
go to New York with you but  
my Mother is flat broke and I  
do not have a job — so —  
You see — I am crazy to  
study Interior Decoration in New  
York but do not suppose I ever  
will.

Quiet and introspective Calm comes with the  
afternoon. Toward evening the mind grows satisfied  
and still. The flare and flicker of youth are gone, and  
the soul is like the flame of the lamp where the air is  
at rest. Age discards the scupperflaws, the immaterial, the  
straw and the chaff, and hoards the golden grain.  
The highway is known, and the paths no longer  
mishled. Clouds are not mistaken for mountains.  
The old man has long been at the fair. He is  
acquainted with the jugglers at the booths. His  
curiosity has been satisfied. He no longer cares  
for the exceptional, the monstrous, the marvellous  
and the deformed. He looks through and beyond  
the gilding, the glitter and the gloss, not  
only of things, but of conduct, of manners,  
theories, religion and philosophy. He sees  
clearer. The light no longer shrines in his  
eyes.