

In veil - Nice way to look at paintings!
I thought the artist would feel flattered!
I wonder if you know the book I am
mailing to you. I should like to be the in-
troducer of a beautiful character, William
T. Arnold, a grandson of Dr. Arnold.
His life is written by his sister Mrs.
Humphrey Ward & a colleague of his in
the Manchester Guardian, of which paper
he was the soul for a good many years.
Would that such journalists grew on more
bushes!

Oct 14
1912 Monday

Dear George - I have had you before
me quite particularly of late, for what
long awaited process do you imagine I
have been accomplishing? - just getting
your 1903 photographs into a book! All
those lovely glimpses of England & Scot-
land have lain long and since I
made such a huge descent on them &
appropriated so many dozens! Well, they
have been frequently enjoyed at any
rate. Now they are neatly bestowed in

a small & handy album will be soon available. They are choice. You must have given a great deal of time & attention in selecting the points of view & the right light - With a triumphant result -

I wonder where you have been & what you have been doing this summer. I know where you have not been! How really I do think before the fair season ends & the winter closes you might favour me with a day - for lunch you shall have as little as you please! If you were here today for instance, you might give me the benefit of your professional opinion: as to what on earth has happened to my circulation - or whatever other department is concerned - that has produced an outbreak on my face. One cheek is covered with a great stain like a nail-burn - & feels like it. Almond & egg also between itching & burning it is not comfortable to feel; & far from agreeable to look upon, besides - I am giving it hot packs several times a day by Dr. Conner's order. It is such a death. And it is nerve or brain or my head - This has been for 3 or 4 weeks - To have an itching head is indeed a valley of humiliation! I went to a picture show yesterday, to please Papa & Mother, with my face hid up in a crim-

Tuesday

Interrupted yesterday, & just as I take the pen today, the morning paper brings Roosevelt news. A splendid episode for his electioneering business. To have had the opportunity presented to him of standing up before an audience with a bullet now planted in his back — glorious! He — even he — can never have dreamed of anything so delightfully pictorial. He ought to mention the man. — Strange contrast to the picture when Arthur & Sara were at Dublin last week & went to the Town Hall

to greet Pres. Taft. He chatted with his audience in friendly wise, saying he was tired of politics. When he left the platform it was with "Good bye" & nothing more formal. He remarked that he should have spoken to them from his automobile, but the weather prevented. Taft is a man for private life. It seems an unlikely tale that drew him out of it.

This evening I am going to read Sinclair's Australian Letters to Miss Perkins. He is interested in that Commonwealth. But it is surely the least attractive portion of his lightseeing. Democracy is just raw material for human nature with experimental cooking in progress.

I wish I might join you for birthday greetings! May it be beautiful indoors & out!

Love to yourself & all.
Lucia



Kennedy, Louisa C. 1912. "Kennedy, Louisa C. 14 Oct 1912." *George Golding Kennedy correspondence*

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