

would ever care to come
down to T. Bussell again
on an expedition. We could
so easily put you up for
the night, and I need not
let you know how glad we
should be to have you.
I should be a poor substitute,
but I should not be wanting
in welcome. So after I leave
thought of that first early
memory of my visit to
Cambridge, of the bicycle
ride, of Mrs. Deane's sweet
kindness & graciousness to
a little girl, & how happy I
was, & how much I felt
myself at home.

With many affectionate regards
Margaret Emerson Bailey

May 3rd 1920

Ans'd
May 7

111 East 56th
56th Street

Dear Mr. Deane,

I am sending you
this little article for so
many reasons; partly because
a good many months back
you asked me to let you
of what I was doing, partly
because you know T. Bussell
so well that I hope it will
bring back the memory of
the old happy trips, and
a little because I think
you will understand that
though quite different, this
kind of sketch brings me
very close to my father
& makes me realize how
rich an inheritance he

not weekly, but kind of article, but serious
water each month in the Bostonian & weekly
critical reviews for the New York Post. And I
look forward to the long summer.
Who has had a very hard winter. I came
down with influenza in the fall & was
anxious because I was living alone & could
not procure any nurse or get into a hospital.
Then both she & Mabel had it, and her
nurse died of it very happily. Mabel too
it left her bad shyness seriously & she is just
back on her feet. So that all the while she
has had a hard time of it. But you know
her wonderful pluck & endurance.
I come home now & see you and Mr. Rand

had to be gentle in his
love for things out of doors.
There was another one in
the same country life, the
April number on my garden
as it now is, but I chose this
because of the birds. In June
I shall have another on
our adventure with raising
robins in the fireless cooker.
see amusing, but very
exhausting experience. And may
I add by the way, that the
pictures used in this article
were the unprompt choice
of country life. I was not
putting on legs about one
little stream, & rather
prefer its informality to
the presumptuous expense.
But you know how it
really looks.

As you will have guessed
I am up to my ears in writing,



Bailey, Margaret Emerson. 1920. "Bailey, Margaret Emerson May 3, 1920."
Walter Deane correspondence

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