

Sept 16, 1901

Providence, Sep 15, 1901

My Dear Deane

I am having an unspeakable day - not much and ill - that my vest-buttons are a burden and those of my little chamee weigh a ton! Knowest thou the feeling? Weather, no doubt, has something to do with it, also widow-hood (my wife is in Chicago) - and now, from all the tragedy in Buffalo, I have, indeed, there been quite upset over the loss, I hope on Harrow's Lab, our Teddy, will be up to his awful snout, and I believe he will, But think - how he must suffer! I dare not let myself go on this infamy - but I talk of one of the unpreserved myself, I believe in radical measures to protect our Executive - and less promises than shaking.

Oh, think you might have given her a nice-salute in La-gazette - your drawing - I mean,

We are scheduled to begin next Wednesday, I do not see how we can under the circumstances,

A Miss Stearns returned me in the sheet the other day and talked straight Deane!

There's even Bailey



Bailey, William Whitman. 1901. "Bailey, William Whitman Sep. 15, 1901."
Walter Deane correspondence

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