December 31, 1898.

My dear Deane: -

I hoped that I would get time this vacation to write a letter in the way that you like to have them. But it is now the last day of the week and I shall have to put you off with a type written letter.

I received your package a day or two before Christmas and was delighted on opening it to find another volume of Burroughs's delightful books. All of them have been charming, and I am anticipating much pleasure from the perusal of Pepacton.

We are beginning to feel as though we were not strangers in strange land, and the place is becoming a little more like home, as the memories of Madison begin to fade. Whenever we look back, however, we have much to regret in the leaving of that beautiful, and above all, clean town. Perhaps the hardest thing to get used to in the city is the inevitable dirt. I suppose after while we shall cease to try to keep clean, and accept the grime philisophically .

I am sorry to hear that Mrs. Deane is ill. There is a good deal of grip out this way, but so far, we have escaped it. Lyle is in bed with one of his bilious attacks, as the result of too much candy and nuts and general dissipation through the holiday week. Mrs. Barnes is quite well . Did I write you that her sister and three children are living with us now!

I shall be much interested in seeing a copy of the new journal, for which I think you have selected a beautiful name. I am very glad that you did not call it the "New England something," for lang names in references are a nuisance. "Rhodora" is appropriate, pleasing, and brief; three admirable qualities. I am sure Dr. Robinson will put a great deal of energy and skill into its editing, and I know

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that Rand will make the financtal side go, if anybody can. However, it is likely to prove an expensive luxury for a few yeras unless there are enough of you to divide up the deficit.

Mrs. Barnes joins me in cordial greetings and best wishes for a Happy New Year, to both to you and Mrs. Deane. Give my kindest greetings to Robinson, Rand, Churchill, and Kennedy when you see them.

Ever faithfully yours,

Mr. Walter Deane,

Cambridge, Mass.



Barnes, Charles Reid. 1898. "Barnes, Charles Reid Dec. 31, 1898." *Charles Reid Barnes letters to Walter Deane* –.

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