

LETTERS TO PATTY

(Oh, Patty, do you remember that torn and too tightly bandaged dew-claw that eventually killed our fuzzy-wuzzy darling?)

"What were your cousins called? Where do you say they lived?" I could hardly get out the words.

"Oh! but you mustn't get so excited, you know. The O'Beirnes. I expect you know and love his poetry, don't you? He's my uncle."

Oh, Patty, Patty! I have been hearing about "the little O's" all the morning. Micky still has his girl's cheeks, though he is thirty-three. He is in Egypt, writing poetry and trying to heal a lung. Does he ever remember scrunching up a spider in those square, wide-apart teeth of his, do you suppose? Wishy-Washy-Pale-Tea has three little girls. I wish I knew if they wear brown leather knee-caps, as their mother did, and I do hope they haven't got fat legs, and servantified boots with loose buttons and big fancy scallops. Master Desmond was never "took" after all. He and Pat are doing well in the Indian Civil, and that ridiculous "Baby O" who had to jump or have the blue-bottle in her curls, is just engaged to the curate, if you please.

I can't write any more. It was all so real and interesting; and now so dull, so stupid! Have