Note: This letter has a lot of water damage, so there are lots of missing sections, indicated with ellipses below. In a different pen in the upper left corner, has been written the phrase “Fourth London letter.”

25 October, 1920, Monday

Dear Boy Blue,

 In the same mail came your long letter of September 8th – of which more anon – a letter from Edna and one from Bernice, and I read them in the order I have mentioned here.

 Before I speak of anything else I must tell you that my heart is nearly bursting for joy over Edna. I enclose part of her letter – it says more than I can. Is it not almost a miracle? I had not yet written to her, so this letter is the first direct communication in nearly a year. I have already answered her and mailed my letter special delivery. I shall telephone to her sister’s tomorrow and maybe see her in the evening. Nothing has made me so happy in a long, long time as her recovery. And isn’t it fine that she will be able to return to the stage and maybe yet have her career. Edna got nearer to me than any other . . . . [several lines illegible due to damage from water].

. . . curled up in my lap more than once or lain in my arms at night. I love her very dearly. The intimacy of living together and going through things brought us very near. In my letter I told her that as long as I had a home it was hers too and I’ve asked her to come whenever she wants to. Except for the first few weeks after her departure, when I was ill and worn out and felt more hurt than resentful, I have never been able to feel otherwise than tender and loving towards her. In some ways she seemed more like my child than my sister and I could forgive . . . and start in anew. Now that she is . . . you and I . . . forget all . . . her past. Fortunately in her line of work a . . . is more easily lived down than in others. My heart is full to overflowing with happiness.

 In contrast to all this was a letter from my . . . protégé Bernice. She is only 19 and . . . she goes here there and all over . . . at all hours. She has . . . [many lines illegible]. [The inside pages all have water damage to the right side, cutting off every line]. . . a week – think of it Pal, as much as . . . and is spending every cent on . . . full of nothing but the plays, operas, and dinners . . . to – by men of course. She pays . . . no one . . . is glad of it. Pal, back of her is a great tragedy . . .. nothing, but it makes me fear for her when I see . . . pace. She thinks that she has a fine heredity whereas . . . blood in her veins. That is why I have stuck to her when . . . has turned against her; I’ve tried to help her but now . . . away from me. She has left the church and her . . Y.W.C.A. . . . were really doing her good and has taken to this crazy . . . bunch. She’s so young I hate to see her go to the dogs . . . to have nothing to appeal to. I’m the only person she loves . . .and she reels off her doings quite frankly, but I don’t see . . . do for her. Everyone drops her after a year or so, for she is so . . . selfish that it is impossible to stand her. I’ve stuck by her . . . years because that’s my idea of friendship, but I’ve surely been . . . .

 I have an odd assortment of women friends and the funny thing is that nearly all of them want to live with me, while I couldn’t for a moment consider living with them. Not long ago one of them wanted me to move to a suburb and share a house with her. Today one of them said she’d like to go on a long field trip with me. They all make a wrong guess about me – I wouldn’t be nice to live with at all.

 Now at last I turn to my dear Pal and his letter which was . . . welcome. I wonder why it was so long in coming (Sept. 11 to Oct. 25). It is now . . . (word beginning with f, either four or five) months since I last heard from you and I’ve been so worried fearing . . . your health and safety. I also thought that perhaps you disapproved of something I had said or done and were using a man’s worst . . . silence. I’ve watched the mails every day in vain for so long . . . could hardly believe my eyes when I saw your handwriting . . . . Incidentally, I appreciate your having dropped the Doctor . . . envelope.

 Pal I feel concerned about your trip into the desert . . . always hairbreadth escapes and unexpected dangers. Then . . . you dabble with international affairs there are always . . . leading to treachery. Do let me know as soon as possible . . . safe return from the desert. You know how you are . . .”

This is last page of this letter, and the last letter in the raggedy envelope that held all the letters Marjorie had from the ones she sent to Barnum Brown in 1920.