Dear Mouse,

I am just in from a long day's sightseeing of pictures at Versailles (ie Paris). We got up early this morning with Albert Laverne, an artist whom I met at Venice, and saw a whole lot of both good and bad pictures. This second visit to Paris has been both tiresome and interesting. Interesting because I have met a lot of the hum of the fellow artists who have been up and down here. Last evening I went over to the Latin quarter, where they see Lise to Blumenstein's studio, where a number of girls gathered. Stevens and his brother, J. Walter Taylor (who has done pictures in the torpedo en Sculpey, Etc). Pubes, Butler - the "Pigs in Pig" man and a number of others.

Of course the enemy Rare was out of methods and of influence of woman abroad if you are too interactive. Some of it won for most extremely richly it made me feel more than ever that my own country offers sufficient material and equal good almost where we are able to work. The fellow all seems to think that I ought to stay over here and work, if I wish to develop into a possible... that every kind of them but where I have hopes of working, it can in our country, village in America.

Writing this word America more and more, feel the same more and more, the longing for home, and although it may not be so gay and pleasant as of other years, yet there is comfort in other place.
No one who is sympathetic and imaginative can bear aside troubles; even a strange country does not seem to lessen the burden that our awareness about oneself and its inlets .

But holding all that in mind, I am anxious to come home, let anything happen that will, and then try to continue my work. Somewhere.

I have been turning, the Pikes Peak country over in my mind, I can think of no other place where I can be green and unhurried in my work. Have not decided upon any time, I want to talk that over with you later. We leave here tomorrow morning for the North Coast of France, where the cars will be sent back to Paris for shipment - the Paris

train; continuing by boat across the Channel to England and London. I shall be glad to get to England and hear a language that I can thoroughly understand, and more than glad to get to America: it's getting a bit tiresome now and the renewal of the Continent has worn off a bit.

I am looking forward to the houses, before I sail, and the waves. Sway the door. Have secured a stateroom on the Mauretania - Cunard Line - sailing from Liverpool on Dec. 19th, afternoon at 1 o'clock. Due New York by the 19th or 20th. I shall caution you again about not saying anything about this date. This is not due to any girl's recent troubles - it has to do with some thing other entirely. With much love

[Signature]