

104 Irving Street  
Cambridge Mass.  
Sept. 16. 1905.

My own dear Father,

I really have not got any thing to tell you in this letter, but I dont like to let a mail go out, without writing at least a few lines to you. Pat Collins the Mayor of Boston died yesterday morning I have just told Mother in my letter to her, quite a little about him, as you will no doubt hear it from her I will not repeat it. He was a very popular man — quite honest & "no man's man" or in

other words was not owned  
by Rockefeller - Morgan  
or Field - etc. He will be  
much missed by the Democrats.

Not long ago I wrote to you  
about our friend Teddy R  
& his pet "Loomis" - well  
Teddy couldnt keep him - the  
papers started to discover  
more swindles he had perp  
retated & the people howled  
louded still - so Teddy R  
had to recall his great chum  
& sack him. I really cant  
help laughing over it, because  
the bluff Teddy made was  
really very clever - but it  
was no go - the yankee  
people are too "fly" to  
be "had." What price the Jap's  
killed many Americans in Japan

and are raising the "dickens" generally. The Americans have long since ceased to worship the "Little Brown Angels of the East". In the Harvard University graduation classes of last year there were 2 Chinese & 4 Japs. The Chows beat the Chr. Japs out of sight. I am still to be convinced about the Angelic qualities of the Little Brown Man. I am afraid the Revolution in Russia is not coming unfortunately. This war has only crushed the little spirit they had clean out of them. Mr. Witte has arranged a loan of 90 millions from Americans - chiefly Jews. I was very sorry to see it because it will only be used to keep down the people of Russia.

I had a couple of fellows from the office out here last night & we held a great reading of Australian Poems. I had to stop about every few lines in some of the verses to translate them. We had some great fun. I wanted to read them "When your pants begin to go" but I could'nt find it. If I remain in Boston long enough I will be able to talk Italian. I suppose you already know that the Italian race comes from two Countries — America & Italy. Occasionally you find a few Italians in other parts of the world but, only a few. If you take a walk up Green Street or Renere Street — you will hear hundreds of these swarthy skinned people jabbering ~~on~~ away in

their own tongues. They are a dirty race & I don't seem to have a very great love for them.

Genun tells me that you will see more Italians in America than you will in Italy — he has been to that country twice.

I questioned him about grave yards & tombs. But he didn't come across Mazzini's or Garibaldi's — he said he thinks he heard the name once — but that was all.

I wrote to Mr. Conway some days ago but I have not got a reply yet. It is quite possible that he went away into the Country for the summer & has not got back yet.

The Boston Architectural Club opens next month — I hope to put in a lot of my evenings up there — attending their lectures

4 classes in design.

That time table you sent me of the Vancouver boats has run out. It only went up to Sept, so if you could possibly get me another - without much trouble I would be pleased indeed to get one - because I know that Mother likes me to write by both mails. Now I think I will bring this epistle to a close, hope to have more interesting news for you next time I write. With tons of love

Believe me  
Your own  
Cov.

P.S. Did I tell you in my last letter that Geo Clark has returned from Europe?  
C.C.

note.

c4/60  
Am writing you this on  
a separate slip of paper so  
that you can destroy it directly  
after reading. That irritation I  
have between my legs is just  
as bad as ever & I have  
scratched a hole in a pair  
of pants. I have now got some  
patent kind of Vaseline which  
is supposed to be excellent  
for this irritation. I will  
report progress on this  
matter to you in my next  
letter. This is partly the  
reason I wanted to read  
Lawson's poem - "When  
your pants begin to go."

Con