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Minneapolis

Jan 31 / 85

My dear Andy,

Your card came this morning. It brought me a great deal of pain. From your notes in the Review I presumed you had had one of those comfortable breaks or dislocations, that give some appearance in the anastomosis of invalids without serious pain. But you must have had a terrible fall. What pain you must have been through. I have been selfishly bound up lately in my own prospects or rather lack of prospects.

My last letter must have explained to you that I did not want

to borrow money but wished  
only to know whether you could  
join me in an undertaking  
in which we should both  
put in a few hundred dollars  
capital. I overestimated the  
amount greatly. Indeed if  
we could <sup>find</sup> scholars secured  
then would <sup>be</sup> of almost none.

You will not be able to  
live upon the earnings of  
your pen now for a while  
anyway. Perhaps teaching  
would be easier.

I have at last obtained a  
Toto's <sup>is</sup>. Two boys who  
want to be fitted for the Litera  
ry course at Byrnet fall  
in to come under my tuition  
Monday. They will pay <sup>me</sup>  
an hour probably 3 days in  
to work two hours a piece

They recite separately in Latin  
but together in algebra. This is a  
start but that is all. From it  
if I succeed I think I shall  
obtain other work and if  
my judgement is worth any-  
thing <sup>as</sup> a preparatory school  
in time. But it is a matter  
of time solely now. I think  
I can support myself now  
though living is high here. I cost  
me now \$12 a week though I  
room with father.

How much I could see you  
my boy. If you write with  
your broken arm I must be  
out of pain now. I had a  
note from Miss Sharpe don't  
know whether you know from  
her or not. She worked herself  
sick in three weeks teaching  
and is just recovering. Will

probably than Vermont, the  
new man teach evidently.

C.B. goes into stock raising  
the whole family going to Illinois  
and the house to be sold to the  
college. Billy is studying theolo-  
gy still, I have not heard from  
him for nearly a month and then  
he writes only a few lines arguing  
from design I got him when he had  
to break the argument applicability  
of the argument from design to natu-  
rally deny the absolute chance  
which he claims exists in each  
case of the kind of disease because they  
will in fact!! I have not heard  
from him since. I have  
been reading Caesar lately  
I find it very easy.

and wonderfully interesting  
I do not think there is a similar  
style for such a subject in his  
treat. So perfectly simple it is  
going seemingly only the facts  
and instincts with Caesar's  
genius. I was wonderfully im-  
pressed with the man. Though  
I am far I know little of Napoleon  
I could not help comparing him  
continually with him. He is  
vastly superior. But I will not  
enter into any comparison un-  
til I know more of Napoleon.  
I will not bore you further.  
I do not earnestly hope you  
are out of all suffering now  
and that your arm will be  
soon in its normal state

If my scheme should succeed  
it would bring me a deal  
of happiness. I would  
write in such work for  
four or five years and put  
by a reasonable amount of  
money sell out ~~for a~~ ~~large~~  
~~the~~ ~~sum~~ go to Germany  
and there - I am willing  
to leave the future to the Fates  
I should like to dictate so  
far. I later wish to be  
remembered to you.

Yours most affly

Dr. H. Mead.

329 Mead St  
Don't dream to Berlin any  
more.

Winnipeg  
Feb 8, 1880

My dear Henry,

Your paper  
came a week ago and I read  
it aloud for Slater's benefit.  
Though I think he had a slight  
tendency to drawiness, I en-  
joyed it immensely. The stan-  
dard of culture must be high  
in the schools if they stand such  
productions in an ordinary  
work. Indeed with pleasure  
the high position you evident-  
ly, as society man I imme-  
diately determined to put in  
a subscription for the paper.

But on reading the price list  
I was forced to give up the pro-  
ject. But if you have copies  
that you don't care for I will  
fulfill equal to paying postage  
if you will take the trouble  
to mail the papers. So you  
indulge in all the fierce  
repturous pleasures of the  
Ballroom. How tame my  
life seems beside the brilliant  
career you are whirling through.

I tried to strike an acquaint-  
ance with a musical young  
lady, but she has succeeded  
better than I. By the way,  
she is acquainted with a man  
somebody Alexander I think,  
who was a Miss Cook who is  
from the Island and now lives  
in a few doors. Do you know

anything of her? You never  
told me anything of the flirtation  
which you determined to  
commence with the noted  
bill of Hopokuku. Did you  
envelop her?

I am discouraged Ann  
my. I seem so far off from  
anything worth living for.  
and I do not see that I gain  
strength at all by which I can  
reach anything better. My life  
is spasmodical and without  
purpose. I am justified and pal-  
lid in now by this motor man  
by that. I may be a moderately  
useful member of society. But  
built by bread and society built  
up with walls and grooves  
and is adapted to the ordinary  
notions that govern men.

Then is <sup>little</sup> ~~un~~force of motives acts  
It is all ~~apt~~ <sup>apt</sup> to a system  
very ~~cast~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> perhaps a pessimistic  
Pessimistic (using the term objectively).  
All the forces of Christianity of  
Commerce which is the modern  
life principle of humanity as  
such <sup>an</sup> tending in some direction  
and <sup>mean</sup> ~~act~~ <sup>knowing</sup> now as they  
did not in the middle ages  
that they are but playthings in  
the hands of these powers and that  
they do not direct but are used.  
We all of us do something against  
or rather without our wills to get  
this. But I do not do something  
else. My life looks dreary  
and fruitless before me, as if it

was going to run out like an  
Australian river. Have you  
anything noble in your life  
in your prospects? Does your  
pulse quicken as you look into  
what you have your life  
will be 60 years hence? Is there  
anything before you which looks  
to you worth anything? I am  
wreng of it. I would like to

Lie down like a tired child  
and wrap away this life of care.  
Even Christianity looks dreary to  
me now. I have nothing to offer  
any woman that would give me  
an opportunity to reinvigorate my  
life. This is a sapper digging the  
hole should be heaved down and

cast into the fire.

I am succeeding in getting scholars. Two young fellows who wish to fit for the Literary course at O. an under my tuition, and a young fellow, about 15, who has been unfitted from ill health from attending the Public schools and who wishes to fit for the University here; I am charging. The remuneration will amount to something like \$800 a year as my prices are down. I hear of another boy who is in need of a private tutor. The work is opening up as well and better than I expected it would, and my expectations for a school are <sup>not</sup> narrow. They have to finish <sup>their</sup> academics when girls learn, that duty done is a rainbow in

the soul and little else kept from a real Frenchman; which aggregates perhaps 100 to 200 pupils. Now of course more girls than boys in such a young community will take education beyond the high school and more boys than girls will go East to fit for college. Though a large part of them would undoubtedly stay here if the advantages offered were good. But it remains <sup>but</sup> the opportunity in this direction ~~has~~ not begun to be opened. Of course this an institution which will create its own demand largely but it is sure to come. If you feel inclined to take hold of any thing of the kind my boys you will not find another such chance between here and Keptown



We could fairly monopolize the  
work of that kind in this neigh-  
borhood. There is a <sup>academy</sup> drinking and  
<sup>my</sup> emery on the east side which is  
not fit to his I judge and yet  
that has some eighty scholars  
If I make a success of teaching  
Dean Law may have crowded  
with work I am confident.

If we could get together in  
some such scheme it would be  
more good than almost anything  
else. I have been spending my  
time lately faithfully studying up  
Conditions of Indent Discourse  
Sequence of Senses and their  
order thereof together with alge-  
bra and arithmetic.

3  
In regard to the article I do not  
think I should agree with Mr  
Scott nor you in your seem-  
ing admission that the verdict  
of modern science is in favor  
of a complete evolution of the  
highest form of animal life upon  
the globe from the lowest. If I  
am not mistaken there are great  
and systematic gaps which  
the best scientists to today say  
we have absolutely no evidence  
for thinking bridged over by evo-  
lution. I am almost sure I read  
a statement within a year or so  
to that effect from an English as-  
sociation of scientists. But  
I am profoundly ignorant upon

the subject. Of course you  
walked all over him upon  
the chief theme of your paper.  
Though I doubt if you made  
it plain enough for the uninitiated  
intellect. I think an ordinary  
man would rebel against your  
statement of the antagonism  
between the evolution and  
the argument from design.

I think the insufficiency of the  
argument <sup>from design</sup> can be stated briefly as  
follows. It is in two parts first  
Presumption. We know that we  
produce adaptations and hence  
have a presumption that those found  
in nature are the result of the guid-  
ance of an intellect. This analogy  
would gain in strength as the  
known before our adaptations  
and those of nature was more we

treats. Still by itself it is only  
presumption and falls before the  
first positive argument. Beauty  
Cumulative. It is argued that  
since the forces of nature do not  
produce what we may term  
human adaptations (i.e. a suc-  
cession of double ones from  
a die or bot, or human <sup>invention</sup> ~~invention~~  
etc), unless under the guidance  
of intellect therefore we have the  
same improbability that they  
produce the adaptations found  
in nature without the guidance  
of some intellect. I think all ar-  
guments from design can be re-  
duced to this. E.g. from die.

The forces of nature never pro-  
duce <sup>since</sup> the succession of double  
ones. This is an adaptation of  
of very slight intricacy.

compare with the intricacies of the  
 human ~~eye~~ infinite and yet <sup>latter?</sup>  
 we are to believe that the ~~latter~~  
 is the result of laws which can  
 produce the former. or The  
 first stone implements found, is  
 used. Then an of the rude work  
 manship; form like the <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~  
 found, made by the <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~  
 of off stones when <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~  
 and yet the marks of adaptation  
 are great enough to convince  
 scientists, that they are the re-  
 sult of human contrivance.  
 But these same scientists would  
 have us believe that the human  
 digestion with its adaptation of  
 juices to needs and inability to

digest the stomach etc; on the  
 results of these same laws un-  
 guided by intelligence. I think  
 these cover all arguments from  
 design. Do they not? The weak-  
 ness of this argument is evident  
 The whole argument rests upon  
 the infrequency of the happen-  
 ing of these human adaptations  
 The only reason that we know of  
 that the laws of nature will not  
 produce the succession of double  
 no is because <sup>that</sup> they have not done  
 so; and so on. And yet upon this  
 infrequency in producing  
 these human adaptations is  
 based an argument which is  
 to prove that the adaptation actu-

ally found in nature are produced  
in the same way <sup>as</sup> those <sup>which</sup> the  
forces of nature will not pro-  
duce. Stating the fallacy mildly  
it is this. Nature, arranged either  
by its own constitution or <sup>or</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>its</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>constitution</sup>  
power to produce certain adap-  
tations, does not produce other  
adaptations, except under certain  
guidance. ergo the adaptations  
she does produce must be  
produced under similar guide-  
ance. I consider the argument  
from design unobjectionable. Notice  
a statement of it, said to be taken  
from J. S. Mill viz. from the law  
of concordance.

Since all the parts of the  
eye agree only in nothing ~~than~~  
it is true that in assisting in  
producing vision. ~~the~~ <sup>vision</sup>

must be the cause of the  
eye, of course the emanation  
of vision hence. and so leading  
back to the intellect. This law  
of concordance is an induction  
from the observations of nature  
and can have no immediate  
application to final causes  
which he assumes in his state-  
ment. Adaptation, <sup>to produce vision</sup> cannot be  
considered a phenomena  
save as it exists in a mind gov-  
erning the forces of nature but this  
law applies only to the immediate  
phenomena of nature. It and  
similar laws in the case of the  
chief for instance, never prove  
that intellect does produce  
the adaptation <sup>for</sup> better stated, the  
phenomena that are adapted  
but rather that nature does not

produce them and the remainder  
of the argument though direct  
and conclusive is not upon the  
same principle. Hope you  
have not been bored by this. Above  
all things I hope your <sup>arm</sup> arm is  
well. You will now enjoy  
all the tender commiseration which  
will flow in upon you and make  
life a path through a valley of flowers.

I hope to hear from you soon  
Henry because I do not get much  
pleasure or comfort from letters  
from other quarters.

With eternal affection

Frost & Mead,

379 Marshall Avenue  
Minneapolis.

This is neatly printed

Minneapolis  
Feb 22/1880

My dear Henry

My work has taken all of my <sup>time</sup> ~~days~~ and all of the energy I could give to it, for I regret to state that my powers cannot be concentrated as I want them to be. I spend much time where I should spend little. My thoughts wander as persistently as if I had never given them discipline, <sup>or</sup> concentration which, to tell the truth, I never have. I very much regret that I was, <sup>not</sup> in my earlier course

~~could not then have~~ under  
come such powerful discipline  
as is required in a German  
Gymnasium, where a man  
is compelled to train his  
powers. Istation below the  
age of 18 or 20 an evil to boy  
I am sure. How few of the  
men we meet in college had  
a conception of thorough  
scholarship! My college  
course I look upon as worse  
than a failure in the one thing  
it should permanently have  
given me - the power to use  
my mind when and how  
and as long and as persistently  
as I could wish. This, <sup>with</sup> a feat  
of saving money by cutting  
down my expenses by reducing  
my board came over me

and I have lived upon milk  
crackers and eggs, taken no ex-  
ercise and worked to midnight  
every day. You probably remem-  
ber that I had some trouble with  
my kidneys during my Junior  
and Senior years, this followed  
me through the spring and  
part of the summer but  
during the Fall seemed to  
be all gone. During this  
work it has come on again  
as might be repeated. I  
am confident something  
serious is the matter  
with these kidneys, and I  
should not be surprised if I  
had an attack of Bright's  
disease or Diabetes at any  
time. I shall take good  
exercise and good food

Is not this tragic?

but I should not be at all as  
topical if I did not live through  
the year. I wish I might see  
you my dear boy.

My work continues as it  
was. Three boys keep me  
pretty busy now though they  
will not long and I am confident  
that soon all the work I can  
handle will be at my dis-  
posal. My mind has been  
singularly barren of every  
thing except Latin grammar  
arithmetic and Algebra etc.  
I hope your am is in good  
or atleast better condition now  
Yours most affly

319 West Ave. Minneapolis



Winnipeg  
March 31 1885

My dear Henry,

Your letter was like water to the thirsty land. It is true as you say that there is no sympathy for me except in you. My mother complains because I do not write what my life is. It would be pain to her if I did and I see no reason for doing it. They have a "Mighty Salvation" which we have not my boy.

It is the true philosophy of life. As you say all pleasure must end in vanity and vanity is wearying to the soul because it is from the exterior and by its experience it. Christianity because it provides a rational immortality, and provides

a motif which can never fail  
which raises every man to become  
a King and Priest unto God;  
makes every man a man of  
action <sup>and</sup> gives the most intoxicating  
pleasure health, <sup>and</sup> removes the  
dregs from the cup and despair  
from life. Oh my, that we  
could accept it, and find peace  
Prayer that the world cannot give  
or take away. "My peace I give  
unto you. That as the world giveth  
giveth Scepter" What a limitless  
calm these words contain the  
calm of the man in the present  
action! One cannot taste the  
whole value of life, one cannot be-  
gin to fathom the depths of its  
joys outside of Christianity, or a  
secular ~~scripture~~ <sup>scripture</sup>. And we seem  
to see it growing dimmer and dim-  
mer, men incur a day by day  
as we pierce farther into a desert  
unaided only by oases whose  
waters are those of marsh  
and beyond which lies the unknown

2  
tates Sahara ended only by a dreary  
grave of sand. I cannot infuse  
a color of beauty or joy into my  
future life, all is as dead as a level  
stretch of sand, <sup>with</sup> some dreary ruins  
of what I had hoped for. "Dun ruined  
choirs where late the Sweetbirds  
sang." But I sometimes shudder  
to think of the possibilities of my  
suffering. I attended the theater  
the other night and heard Madame  
Riston as Marie Antoinette.  
The play was poor, Riston  
is too old to produce the illusion.  
But the play awoke me to the  
possibilities of human suffering,  
I had appreciated it. But it had  
slipped from my mind. It almost  
terrorized me. There is much  
a fearful or at least powerful  
meaning to the life of a man with  
such possibilities. And I am  
utterly below it. I am hiding a

talent. A fearful reckoning must  
come. I do not know its character.  
It may be the horrible conscien-  
ness of playing with great minds  
as if they were bubbles as sink  
away from I might have been  
into outer darkness. You remember  
the terrible dream of De Quincey  
I must come to a man whose  
moral nature is being neglected  
as mine is. I know the transcen-  
dent beauty of Tolstoy's the glorious  
heroism of this action the great  
unmeasured unfathomable calm  
of the peace that passeth all  
understanding should be mine  
but I am farther from them every  
day. And every day they become  
more visionary. But there is the  
terrible visionariness which  
we know is false and mine at some  
time seems so when we shall not  
as in a glass darkly <sup>but</sup> not face  
to face a great reality. You will  
I think do you not Henry. My soul  
goes out to you in a great love

that asks for sympathy in grief  
almost too great to bear. When all  
we go into what are we leaving?  
What might we be? Billy has  
ceased to write me. I have a great deal  
of affection and admiration for  
Billy. I do not know why he  
has stopped writing. But I feel  
alone in the world except for you  
Henry. And yet what a splendid  
position I occupy. My mother  
lives in me. Her happiness is  
bound up in me. Some times wonder  
if it is not my duty to profess Christi-  
anity just for the infinite satisfac-  
tion it would give her. It would  
do no harm and I am perfectly  
happy she would be. My sister  
is not so bound up in me. She  
has her husband and two children  
a son and a daughter. It would  
be a very great pleasure to her  
but she has satisfaction outside

But I cannot do it. I must keep  
my <sup>mother</sup> suffering night and day almost  
for this one thing. If I saw great in-  
terests I was serving. If there was  
a noble life before me I could endure it  
calmly but I have nothing to give  
me calm. Everything is blank and  
drear ahead. De Quincy's dream  
is gathering around me. It is a  
fight in which I am <sup>sure</sup> irresistible.  
But what life might be! This  
afternoon I attended a recital given  
by an orchestra here. The director  
Dr. Tannhauser was given for ten  
minutes I was in ecstasy. He was  
worth a week of agony to enjoy that  
ten minutes. How that music com-  
municated itself with my ideals. It made  
me pant to fight with evil. It brought  
past my imagination all the unbelieve-  
ble glory and joy of love with a beautiful  
creation of happiness and every  
phase of life stretched out in every in-  
creasing lines of joy and action.

But life was unrepresentably dreary when  
it was past.

I must go to bed. Why can't we be near  
each other? It is wrong to separate  
what is really joined together.  
March 31.

You say nothing about your  
willingness or unwillingness to enter  
upon the enterprise of the school.  
I am more and more impres-  
sioned with its feasibility. If I could  
secure 20 pupils at a reasonable  
tuition say \$10.00 a year would  
you feel inclined to embark  
upon this adventure? Such a school  
would grow for it has practically  
nothing to compete with with and  
a large field to occupy and de-  
mands to supply. Boys and more  
boys will be going to college from  
the city and the country around,  
every year. And all at almost the de-  
sirability of their fitting near home.  
I see no objection to it no likelihood  
of failure if only we can conduct

such a school. And the experi-  
 ment is certainly worth the trial.  
 Consider the Subject Henry.  
 I do not believe there is such an-  
 other chance in America for  
 combining Pleasure with Profit as  
 Sam Willis would say. I came  
 within an ace of obtaining the  
 car of the day of the most prominent  
 man of the city and northwest  
 the other day. But by some mis-  
 chance another person was se-  
 cured by me I was known of. It would  
 have been a most desirable thing for  
 the work. What is your work at  
 present. Book keeping? I should think  
 it would be very tedious. It is more me-  
 chanical work is it not?

Now we have no great atmospheric  
 effects here no fine scenery. Our sun  
 sets as naked as face as at Oberlin  
 The air is too clear and dry  
 I think. We had a fine Aurora  
 Borealis a few nights ago. It shined  
 across the sky in most delicate  
 tints, red and ferial.

There always seems to me then a pecu-  
 liar impression of warmth about  
 the northern lights that is not to be  
 expected. Perhaps it comes from the con-  
 tract perhaps from the throbs that  
 seem to lend ~~the appearance~~ ~~extending~~  
 appearance of life. I have read no-  
 thing lately except a few of Shakespeare  
 sonnets and found some magnifi-  
 cent lines. In the 102

"Not that the Summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful Hyems did Lush  
 the night"  
 114

"Is flattery my being  
 And my great mind most kindly drunk it up.  
 Mine eyes will know what with his quills' quining  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup"  
 117

"That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which transport me furthest from your sight"  
 65  
 O how shall Summers' honey breath hold out

a quiet the wreckful reign of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays.  
But I could fill pages in this way with  
lines you are familiar with. This anew  
gives to me that I could never have  
past over such lines and not have  
appreciated them. There is such a  
marvellous strength in simplest lines  
those from the 117 for instance bring up  
the ~~whole~~ broad frisk sea with a  
queenly ship with a power that  
the most minute description could  
not produce. The whole race of  
Poets is degenerate beside such a  
master. And yet I presume that  
the chief and the dearest of all of  
little powerful passages if I could  
only get me the key to them. I trust  
that with my study of Greek I  
shall do something to bring my-  
self into close connection with the  
poetry. I am beginning a monu-  
mental consideration of the Rhythm and  
Metric a subject but little dwelt  
upon with us. Schmidt's Rhythm

6  
and metric is a very good thing  
I think. It is a very small portion  
of the latest and best German  
work upon the subject. I should  
really like to appreciate the  
poetry of the Greek plays. This  
is impossible to do so without ap-  
preciating the measure. There  
is a couple of readings put in  
to <sup>or more</sup> ~~or more~~ into but by the point.  
I am surprised that I got as  
much as I did. But all the poetry  
I own got from Homer came  
in translation not in the Greek  
of course then an other reason  
such an lack of familiarity  
with the vocabulary but nevertheless  
if not the great reader was the fault  
in to appreciate the measure.  
Why should we not have  
a 6<sup>th</sup> since in the appreciation  
of temperature. My impression  
of heat and the new feeling of

resistance an as distinct in  
my consciousness as those of  
tact and smell or hearing and  
seeing. I am inclined to think  
that all may be differentiations  
of one sense, to wit ~~of touch~~ <sup>of touch</sup> ac-  
cording to the evolutionist hypothe-  
sis. But this of course objectively.  
In the results an distinct in  
consciousness. (though maybe  
~~may~~ <sup>may</sup> not a unit of sensation to which  
all sensations may be analysed?) But  
simply considered, in relation to the  
other senses the meninges of the  
same nerves carrying the fibres  
should not render the ~~senses~~ <sup>senses</sup> per-  
ceptions the results of the same  
sense. Molecular motion in heat  
produces an entirely different  
result from the resistance of matter  
though through the same nerves.

The nerves of the eye are so arranged  
that they can be affected by the  
waves of ether but it is the same  
nerve matter as that of the nerves  
of touch. The nerves of touch

perform two offices that of the  
perception of resistance and  
molecular motion (in heat) and  
So must be classed as a  
copying the cause of two different  
senses. It just occurs to me that  
this might also require another  
sense for the perception of electric-  
ity. But I have not analysed my  
sensations upon that subject.  
In our internal sense ~~Space~~ <sup>Space</sup>  
does not hold the same place  
as Space in our external.  
We perceive externally by  
the senses all that is sensational  
Not so of our internal <sup>sense</sup> ~~there we~~  
perceive our state as well as the  
time in which they exist. My  
thought has <sup>been</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> hovering around  
the lack of analogy ~~roughly~~  
for a long time. I have made  
several unsuccessful attempts  
to analyse the elements of knowledge

out of consciousness without success.  
Kant refuses to consciousness  
an very obscure and harsh in  
try to me. But he allocos for  
no intuition or immediate  
perception that I can find except  
sensation all the time the  
form of ~~thought~~ sensation and  
the internal form of the internal  
sensitivity is true. Yet the dis-  
tinction is to my mind iridect  
and insurmountable. It is not  
sensation it is perception which  
characterizes consciousness.

But I am very busy and never  
requent in my thought upon the  
subject. But you must be in-  
repressibly bored by this time.

My health is better. I have under-  
the best or one of the best physicians  
in Newmopolis and I may be al-  
right. He found no indications  
of kidney trouble ~~at~~ my mind.  
But it is a matter which troubles  
me I am confident that there  
is a difficulty not by it met

Still this is unreasonable and I  
shall try to throw it aside.  
I feel very well now for how  
long I don't know.

I want to see you. How  
so much that my thoughts  
are near at the Islands than  
here. Before long we must  
meet in some way.

Yours most affectionately  
Frothmead  
579 Market Ave.

Do you San Steamer often  
than once a month I thought  
they went every two weeks. Prop  
me here as often as possible