My dear Alice,

What compliments you do have paid you to your literary ability—just to think of people writing to the wonderful young author about you! I think with liking that you ought to write! I know the small- and large-hearted type of people who would appeal to you. Write under a moniker— if you think it will help—don’t! I think Zebra is good enough. Alice, I had no idea you were going to be so pleased with your Easter things and I am delighted that you did. I’ll see that Mrs. Atkin has a set of buttons like those, but I have forgotten her initials.
sure that you send them in the first letter that you send to Washington, I am glad that there was pleasure. I knew the letter would probably please her. Yes, I knew that she had been sick and then you sent me her maps and I wanted to show my appreciation.

I am not at all well. I can't seem to walk at all. I went down with the whole crowd yesterday, Etta, Leila, Mary, Mr. Shadle, Mrs. Brown, Marion, and Julius. Mrs. Brown got ahead with the kids, Mr. Shadle, Mrs. Brown got off and, but Marion had fainted. I sat on a bench for a few minutes until I woke up in my armchair and it was bitter freezing cold. Such a gale as was blowing was terrific. I go up and crept along Virginia Avenue to Atlantic where I got a car and rode to this Ave. I stopped in a drug store and got me some wine of cura & cello. I went home took some, then I lay in the bed and slept like a dead person for an hour and then was awoken by Marion pounding on my door who had become alarmed and had looked me up. Soon Mary & the kids came and we had dinner after dinner I undressed and put on my night gown and had little red milk with Brande und Annie. And then I went to sleep with Mary & the kids in my room. They got really pretty soon & went off to the back & back and I went down to hard sleeping.
hair? We heard them this afternoon. They are going to Ypsilanti to see Van Dusen. I'll answer your letter to-night about "Harriet's" stuff. I want to mail this when I go out. Be sure and tell me what the matter is with you! Lovingly,

Dad.

Wednesday 9 A.M.

Dearest dear,

I wish I'd stayed home! I am full of rheumatism. It has been so cold here! It is better this morning. Quite warm and comfy. I think it will be so tomorrow. We made some progress in the house. I am far the deed is done, though I am still working in medicine.

Your letter came this a.m., and I am sorry to hear that you are having winter of the year. Here the grass is green and the tulips are all out. Something is wrong with you. I can tell from the tone of your letters. Either you need
mony, or there is something else between you and
Leroy, or something. How
once up, is true not?

Leila is all right. She
is no worry to her and I
don't mind combing her
hair at all! It looks nice
too, when I said so this
morning, she said, "Yes, it
does better. It doesn't have
as much time to spread as
in the morning as you do,
because she has to fix the other
children and get ready for school
herself." I thought that was
pretty good! She talks and talks
and talks, she and Leila
when they are dressing in the
mornings and I wanted them
to hurry. This morning to get out
before breakfast and they still
6:35 and although they were
back and they kept quiet.
We went to bed at eight last
night, tuned the light out
at 8:30 so I told them we
were going to take one cent off of their
daily allowance for everything
they talked; then they giggled
and snickered—till I finally
put them out.

They went to the concert on the
street pier yesterday and heard
Orwalt & his band—yes, remem-
ber, the man with the long
April 22, 1903

Atlantic City
Thursday, a.m.

My dear Alice,

I have got those feisty kids off to the beach. Lettie woke me up this morning stretching out her arms, then at six o'clock—though we were in bed and asleep by nine last night. Those two children cut up from the time they woke up until I sent them to the beach.

I have just read your letter—and I am scared. I don't believe Miss B. deposited that money in your name as I did not give her the bank book. I came away some-
fully at the last and there were so many million things to do that I was completely upset. I hope to have ten dollars over and above the expenses which I will send to you if you think any trouble about the 6.25 and it will end two months of balance when I get home. If they let you have it at the bank which I doubt I'll make it all right with the bank. I'll send a card today and ask her what she did with the money. I feel pretty sure she did use all of it and good credit because I never thought to tell her to. If she has it with her at Red Bank she can send it to you from there. I'll write to her today about it. Dear awfully sorry you thought of writing, child.

for it, it never occurred to me that you really needed money or thought you would be want to get out of your way. Miss Dover and Uncle Beck drew their last dollar from the bank to help me out and I owe Miss Baldwin two hundred and forty-five dollars. I really believe Mr. Roach will pay when she can and then I'll pay those two off the very first thing. It is awful to live beyond one's income but I do it all right.

Leila has been just as nice as she can be or need to be, I should think it. She is jolly and eat! Merry! I am going over to Ridley's to eat breakfast with Mary in this charming and live. She has sk far breakfast food; there's mine, then she ate as much breakfast as everyone else bacon, two servings, liver, potatoes & corn bread. Yes, and
Dear Alice:

I am almost dead. I went to bed at one o'clock last night and was up at 5:45 this a.m. The Bencraft contingent came in at 9 a.m. and little \( \text{Barrett} \) should have just come out of school. You will see from the packages I send you why I was up so late last night.

I'll send thee a line tomorrow, but letters? well, we will see!

Leila came over to the house last night and I wish you both heard...
her tell about Atlantic City. She says she will be glad when she has been and come back. Aunt Alice tells her how to behave. Mother tells her, grandmother tells her, even Lance tells her. grandmother you must not eat like that, you must not stand like that at Atlantic City. If you get the envach or dent pitch aches, I'll send for you to come right home. It was awfully funny to hear her. I must write you about it.

With love, Nellie

Friday, 2,55 P.M.
My dear Alice,

Every night but this I have been in bed until after nine o'clock, but a young man, a student at Mr. Savage's school, took Miss rover out tonight and I put the kids to bed and read the dim (which you so kindly sent me) the North Americans directed a lot of post cards, the last I shall send from here; they are one cent apiece there just when I had written as far as this, Mary came and I stopped writing. I hardly slept any last night some old dog kept barking under my window all night.

The kids were so tired last night that I really worried, I have not written to the mother and you must not till I tell when I get them. I lost her new sandals by yesterday she
Dear Aunt Keller:

I have to write to you about the sick leave I'm taking. I've been feeling very ill, and my doctor recommended rest.

I'll be back on the job as soon as possible. Please keep an eye on the house while I'm away. I'll miss you and the family.

Yours sincerely,

Mary

Dear Mrs. Dunbar,

I hope you're doing well. I'll be back at work soon. It's been a bit stressful for me, but I'm trying to stay focused.

Please give my regards to the family. I'll see you all soon.

Yours truly,

John

would not keep her hub on her hand — and yesterday she put her hat somewhere in the room and when she went to get it was gone — then she bought the first day she came here, a pretty little pig's book. Yesterday she lost that — she is such a brat that she can be red as a lobster and last night her face looked so she could not go to sleep — after complained of the backache. They just played all day long — until they were exhaust. I felt better but my rheumatism hurts.

I'll get you some money as quick as I can — try and be patient, poor child.
and black; I have Noil's hair looking beautifully there is just a little bit in front that is woolly and I just did the bun on that and it is beautiful.

I don't turn it under. I don't have to, and don't like it turned under. Yesterday she lost her hair ribbon that makes these things she has lost. Red, pocket book, hair ribbon, but it didn't matter. We leave here today at 4:45 am due in Philadelphia St. Six at 6:01 and in Wilming-ton at 7:12 Wont be glad to sleep in my own little bed.

I have Rheumatism pretty bad. I think it is the weather we have had today. It is raining strongly now.

Sunday 25th March,

Dear Alice,

Trunk has gone the man came for it before breakfast and was it not lucky that Miss Dover and I had gotten early and packed it? The man had to wait there a few minutes but I have him twenty cents so he did not mind.

Well, the children are tired out from having such a good time. Yesterday I took them to the St.eeple Chase Pier, at least they went walking with Mary and as she walked home out end of the pier to the other end left her pretty torn and went to the St.eeple Chase Pier and were the first to be admitted for...
the afternoon performance that was at 2:30 and from that until 5:30 they never stopped. The two Puller children came in and they were the only colored children there, but that made no difference, they were all one and the whole town the incline plain. They came down a chimney-like affair that they had to climb step after step to get to the top. They went on theircoloring disk and were pitched off time after time until you would have thought their time doing would have been useless, but they climbed up again and again, then they went up the stairway. That jumpe up so down, I saw Leila try it ten times before she succeeded in coming down, one has to fall into the rhythm of it before one can go up or down. At night I took them on the new million dollar fire to see the fire works. They were tired enough to drop and so was I, but I had promised to take them so I kept my word. Leila was so tired she wanted to sleep by the time she stepped into bed. She said there was not a spot on her body that was not tired. I said, "What will your mother say to that?" She said, "I'm not going to tell her." We had meat balls for supper everybody, but those kids ate our Etta ate two and Leila ate three. She and Etta have groundat
April 22, 1908

My dear Alice:

Well, with one turn of the wheel I am sitting again at my desk at school. I am just bending a line to say we left Atlantic City, at 4:45 p.m., reached West Philadelphia just in time to miss the 6:13 train and had to wait the until 6:52. Mrs. Klove went on to Broad Street Station to run down and meet her mother for a few minutes and she came in the 7:40 train. On the train with us, was Annie Raudnitzky, Miss Fayerweather, Sylvia Leuty, Miss Lawrence, Besie Keene, and her brother. We Wimbish from Atlantic City. He must have had to come all the way up with her. He is not mine so bad looking as I had been led to believe he is. He is about quite a short man, very dark, but has good features and a pleasant countenance. I think they will marry at the close of school.

I have so much to tell you I don't know...
how to do it and only write "a line."

I deposited $10. in this morning at
nine o'clock - Bertrude had kept it
They kept your book to fix it up-

I want very much indeed an autograph
of Paul Laurence Dunbar's and Booker
T. Washington's, Mrs. Fields' daughter
who is married and lives in Philadelphia,
sent me a little sometime ago, asking
me for something of "Farewell" a little thought
with my signature, and as many more
lines I could get, as she is seeking her au-
tograph Calendars. I have Frederick
Douglass' autograph, which I am going
to get a letter to paste in the calendar
for me, with a little design and a qua-
tion of his, I want Booker T. Washington
to me in the same way - could you give
me these two, and would you give me
your own, with a little verse of your own
appropriate to Mrs. Fields? I will send
you one of the leaves at once if you will
accept to get this all attended to at once
so if you will please answer in your
reply to this letter.
I must tell you something in Maggie.

I knew we would be hungry when we got home from Atlantic City and before I left her, I ordered from Kitley a mid-piece of corned beef - I selected the cut I wanted and asked him to have it by Saturday, the 20th. I told Maggie to cook it and said to her particularly to boil some cabbage or other greens in the water that she cooked the beef in, so coming in last night at about eight o'clock, I asked of course, I had Attie get me a cup of tea and brown on the corned beef - I looked at it and said, 'I don't believe this is corned-beef. It is roast beef,' I cut into it and it was bright red, then I tasted it and it was salt as all the salt mines in the world. Maggie had roasted the piece of corned beef - and it was ruined - we could not eat it at all. Vegetables brought a dozen of raw eggs, to get a hen and they were in a little separate box; each egg in a separate compartment and Maggie asked them for breakfast what do you think of that.

When I got in the house, there on the dining-room table stood a great funnel of beautiful
annatins with a note from little and
Barrie saying how they had enjoyed the
house the etc. I'll tell you more about
that in the letter I'll write you tonight in
answer to you letter.

"Hannett" told me that Ethel
Hewitt told her that in the English Depart-
ment assisting Mrs. Lane lesbian, she had
the entire name and said she wrote that
to the Major, now I doubt that you ever
would be fool enough to expect anyone
to believe such a lie as this, of course Ethel
Hewitt did not believe it, though I am
a sneaking suspicion that she did believe
you wrote it to the Major.

Leila did send you a postcard early
in the week. Etta and I sent them to
Miss Lewis's mother and she never re-
ceived them. I think there were so many
mails from Atlantic City that they
went astray somewhere. Don't blame the
child—she sent cards to all her friends.
I saw to it that she did. Perhaps you got
her card later.

I have lots more to say but will defer it
until tonight. Lovingly, Mrs.
Monday, 7.15, P.M.
(april 26, 1908)

My dear Alice:

Your letter came this afternoon, at least it was here when I came in from school. I am awfully sorry you are so out of sorts and homesick; I noticed it for quite a little while in your letters and in a letter and also on a wrapper containing two you wrote 2 1/2 N. Ohio Avenue instead of 1 1/2 and if you had not written in case of Mrs. Emery I would not have received them.

Did I tell you in my letter this morning that a number of our postcards were not received? Mr. & Mrs. Weikos sent me a beautiful plant at Easter and in return I sent them two thank you cards from Atlantic City on post cards which they did not receive. Also I sent four cards to Miss Robes's mother which she did not receive and Lila sent you one which you did not receive.

In your letter received Saturday, my Sunday you said not to be extravagant in the hope of receiving a large sum of money from Mr. Roach's money, I have given up any idea of speculating on any amount. Mr. Roach may end. I know he has to raise chickens, sell them, pay for the expense of keeping them and his family, or wait till the sale of his property before he can possibly send me any money. I may be dead by that time or not.
went one or the other, I will send you a full account of the money I spent at Leila, I kept her account with Etta, they strictly but have not added it up yet. I spent exactly ten dollars while at Atlantic City besides board and room rent. A great deal was spent in post cards and stamps, and I put change into the children's pocket books every morning. They did not pitch money away either but every time they went in deficit it cost ten cents. They bought the game of liabola—have you read it? Etta bought two of them, broke them both. She took each one of the kids one and took her mother and grandmother a box of salt water taffy.

I am glad that you have Mrs. John. It must be delightful to meet such a woman on terms of intimacy. I believe you could write just as well if you would only think so. The trouble is, that you haven't faith in yourself—write—just try it for once.

Talking about summer! Why, Alice, the trees are too beautiful for any description! They are entirely covered, luxuriously covered with the greenest of green leaves. The grass is well grown and the apple, pear, and peach orchards are one sea of white and pink blossoms. Walter Anderson wrote to his mother last
Saturday and he speaks of the kind of weather they are having there, a little bit of warmth and sunshine and then a sprinkle of snow. He says they are being cramming now for examinations and the only rest he has is on Saturday nights when he goes to bed at eight o'clock and sleeps until eight the next morning. He said he had joined the choir of the Baptist church which is composed entirely of students and has been organized just to check. He says "if they can bring, I shall remain, if not I shall leave." I smiled at that thinking, perhaps they may express themselves in the same way about Walter being able to sing. Probably every boy has been better trained in music than Walter for all the training he has had so what he got at Howard, you remember that I wrote you that I had written myself a letter which I sent to Walter to copy and put in the figures necessary to show Mr. Bancroft that his money was being well used. I found it here when I returned. Mr. Rogers sent it back with another stating just what Walter owed the Academy and his landlord. He owed the Academy $10.75 and his landlord $15. His expenses this term have been $12 and he has earned by his work in the Academy $8.1, leaving only $3.1 for Mr. Bancroft to pay. Do you want me to have
that is doing well? Then he sends me half
of his room rent as you saw from Mr.
Field's letter to me! I have about concluded
that Walter is really very proud and hates
the idea of having to accept aid, but finds
that he can't possibly earn enough to make ends
meet and has to accept aid and it galls him
this combined with his naturally swollen
head and his very peculiar disposition and
his lack of good breeding, give us the basis of
an eccentric boy he is! His mother acknowledges
that and says it to me tonight over the telephone
that he will have to receive some pretty bad
kicks before he learns his lesson. I am wait-
ing to see what he does when his time is up
for this year. The same time there, here, in
nine dollars, he will either have to have that
or go to work up there. Then I want to see
what he will do this fall - if he returns
how he will get the "hooks with all."

I sent the letter which Mr. Rogers sent to
me directly to Mr. Bancroft with a request
for thirty the dollars and mortised enough to
do it and when it comes. if it does come,
I shall send Mr. Rogers the amount 3 10-20
and shall send Mr. Field his 15. I don't care
whether it offender his royal majesty or not;
I am not going to be bothered about it by
his taking his time to pay it and having them
write to me for it.

Electrode kept the keys for Dottee and she used
house when she wished to do so. She took a bath here and I really do not know how much time they spent here. Of course Mrs. Harris Augustus had no toilet or bath, the bedroom occupied by the young ladies smelled of cat-fen and Miss Shadd told Helen she hated Wilmington. It was the meanest place she had ever seen and she could not see how Helen could stand living here. I told Helen, 'If one lives down with dogs he gets up with fleas.' If you shut yourself up in a little negro house on Walnut Street you can't expect comfort. Miss Shemm entertained them twice, once at lunch, once at tea. Don't ask the girls because tell this but Alice went twice to call but did not in, Mr. Gumage went twice to call but did not get in, Norbode took dinner with them on Sunday and I guess they spent most of their time at 2 o'clock. They before she went away, she told me that Miss Shadd said she hated Red Bank.

I am sending you Mr. Roach's last letter to Attie please reread it because I am really going to ask Mr. Hutze about the writing in the violin. Tell me what you think of it.

I can't write any more although I have more to write.

Be a good girl—cheerful and let Janelewter go to the Hop tonight. Sincerely, Mcl.

3-16-11
My dear Alice,

That Benjamin, that we meet at Hampton, is the one that married Alice Ringo, and they say he is an awfully nice fellow so that she just hooked him in. It is said that she has had that terrible disease that comes from drinking, and she was ill all last fall and winter. It is said that she has been just as common as can be—and that Benjamin being a real nice fellow did not know about it. She really was not married until Easter though she has given out that she was married in January. I got it from a pretty reliable source. I'll tell you more about when you come home. I am so afraid of putting names in letters.

I saw Miss Carlyle at the high school this afternoon and she had spent her holiday in New York. She says that the cultured children are leaving Buckley's school rapidly refusing.
to be colonized, and it is a puzzle what they are going to do with them.

Caroline Willoughby saw considerable of Florence Voorhees. She gets eleven hundred dollars this year and gets an increase of one hundred yearly until she reaches a certain amount. Her husband earns a good salary; they have no children, and live in a flat at town, bowling each a day, a week and boarding themselves in each on Saturday and Sunday.

They took tea with Miss Willoughby and her sister.

I laughed over your getting tea for Mrs. Smith— I am sure it was all right when you did get it ready. I think that Miss Smith might be most discontented and dishonorable to take your notes by the wholesale and think you made a great progress like to allow her to take them from me. I hope you will treat her with the utmost contempt.

How delightful your little porch must be! Just as everything gets delightful after, it will be time to leave.

Yesterday, Monday it was hot as hell; we almost died, especially after
WILMINGTON, DEL...

coming from the cool breezes of Atlantic City. Today, it is quite delightful and if I had not been afraid of having to go out to Mr. Swinney's lecture, I really was quite good.

The Dr. Shepherd who was at Atlantic City was not my friend but Dr. Shepherd of Pittsburgh Pa. who has a fine practice up there. His wife is the sister of a Miss Smith who is principal of one of the Washington schools.

Poor little Lilu has gotten into all sorts of disgrace since she has been home—yesterday her mother was just behind her on the street all the way home and instead of having her hat on her head, she carried it in her hand all the way home and when they reached home Lilu got a whipping.

Yesterday, Miss Brooks said to me, "Lilu asked me today. ""You never ask me to do anything when you are getting up an entertainment and I did it! What can you do?" and Lilu said, "I can play a piano solo," and I told Miss Brooks, Lilu could not play at an evening entertainment the
had never played a solo at a school entertainment and she had been away and was out of practice any way and I could not think of having her play at night. Leila went home and told her brother that Miss Brooks asked her to play, and Leila by asked me about it and I told the facts of the case—then she said she was going after Leila for telling a lie—I begged her not to tell her I had already spoken to Leila about it and Leila had been already in trouble enough—but she didn't get after little Leila because Miss Baldwin saw her deceit. talking to Leila Jr. by Miss Fayerweather's door.

Then there was some other thing so I am down right sorry for the child she has not been over here to practice at all, I am going over just as soon as I finish this letter, I am thinking that thing at Atlantic City is not "Bumping the Bumps," it is a slide— I know about the one at Sandy Island; I will ask poor little Leila about her sliding down the hillful orange street. Don't let on that I have told you these things,

I am glad you finished that essay. The subject she mentioned sounds well to depth. I must stop and read ahead to come. Yet want more to tell tomorrow.
Waltie's balance at the Academy for this last term and his room rent for twelve weeks of $8.50. I got it this morning from Mr. Sheridan. I enclose the letter he sent,

I did not send Waltie the money but sent his room rent to the woman firm where he rents and the other to the principal.

I forgot whether I told you that he owed $8.50 this term towards his board and tuition and of course must have earned enough to pay for his books, laundry etc etc.

She is a mystery to me—let us see what she will do now. Then she will get home if he has to come here and so on.

I am about sleeping so good night will write lots of things tomorrow.

Lovingly,

[Signature]

Dear Mr. [Name],

[Handwritten note:_PARAM_ send Waltie to exams 3-16-14]
Anderson, Mary Brooks and William
Anderson—LillieAnn Anderson reads
for you. I believe—It is a question
between William & Mary and I shall
pronounce upon them three especially
if I think them good—I'll send
them to you. It would take so much
trouble to send the entire batch
back and forth that I'll correct
three—Miss Lenzie thinks them pretty
good. The reason they were not sent
to you was that they did not get
them done until just now.
They cut the 15 copies of the Odyssey
eff if you want them this year
will send in another order. Mr. I. ad
vised us to do that. I shall continue
letter music for this term. I shall stop
it when making the pictures and my
feebler direct means. I'll start the
again in the fall. Nothing unusual
at Atlantic City except the usual colds
the rheumatism which I got from the
cold, damp house, 0 sent 3-14, 1870.

My dear Alice,
I am just in from Mr.
Armstrong's Lecture in Dunbar.
I was quite at school for the
benefit of our J. M. B. A. but
we are far out so far but I
hope we have it out—But all
the trouble and labor are in vain.
We had an audience of little
children and the poor dears
were as sleepy they nearly died.
He talked one solid hour—
E. Lenzie sang "Lil Gal" and
Mabel Laws also pointed her
accompanist at the last moment
and she came round to get blue
accompany. Eetta did her best
and puncture over and over again.

Wednesday, April 29, 08
but she lost her place through nervousness and almost cried.
Miss Leslie off once or twice. Miss Leslie sang very sweetly. Did tell you that Busleigh is to sing here at Odd Fellow's Temple on May 9th and that Mr. Duke of Williams & Walkers is to sing and that your New York pianist is to play? Busleigh is to booked for Europe and has every concert where arranged for now.
Minnie was at school this morning came to have the children sing (this is Flitch's morning) and she didn't enjoy it so much! She is really a lover of music and knows much about composers. We have some beautiful music in preparation. Miss Flitch has bought two new portfolios this morning and the children read them all night. Minnie was so surprised, but she knew the composers and all about what they had written and what was considered their best.

etc. etc. The Busleigh one to sing a week with her before she said, I have the funniest thing to tell you. It's so late and I can't write all tonight, but will finish tomorrow's letter.

Now in answer to your today's letter, I can't really announce that first paragraph as I want to add will mean that for tomorrow. The first sentence reads: "I don't believe you love me any more." I'll be sure not to forget to answer that paragraph. I told you that Lila has been in all sorts of disgrace ever since she came home.

Now about the Senior's essay, I have preached and preached about them. They are all in and quite satisfactory except Michael's & Blanche's—these are not in but they vowed they would hand them in tomorrow. The reading of Commencement lies between Willard
Alice, dear,

I have so much to write I do not know where to begin and as it was twelve o’clock when I lay me down to sleep last night, I want to get to bed about nine tonight. I think the thing that upset me so before I went to Atlantic City was the late hour I kept. I went to bed at all hours and got up before daylight. I don’t mean to try that again because Marjorie was frightened to death when I went after Marjorie to see what she had better do, and thought I would die, and I had collapsed from loss of sleep, and nervous strain.

Well, first of all, I did not lend my horse for duty to Miss Arbeit & I should keep him in. I knew no more about it than you did until I came home. Nettrude said she told them they might use her room all they choose and I know they came over to take a bath and use the toilet so please take that accusation you made against me back!

I felt about the thing that Edith Fletcher told. Arriet & I should just about as you do. I was mortified to death! I told Nettrude I knew you well enough to know that you never said such a thing and I also know that even if you were swell-headed enough to say such a thing you had sense enough to know that such people would know better. I was so mad about it, almost had a fit.

I called up Mr. Foreman of Chesney tonight he will see Mr. Brown of Washington next Saturday, and will get his autograph for me. I think I wrote you that Miss Fletcher is to teach music for commencement. She asked me to make all arrangements with her and called
I am not sure if I have made a mistake or not. It seems to be a bit confusing.

Later, I decided to make some changes to the text. I think it is better this way.

If you have any suggestions, please let me know. I would appreciate your help.

Thank you.
him up to tell him when she would be back and that I would send the music etc he then I asked him if he would give me one of Brodie's autographs and he said he would get me one of a leaf of my calendar from the gentleman himself. I shall send him a letter on the morrow. I am awfully sorry about Dunbar's but I am afraid I cannot help it. The calendar is to be given to him the first of June.

Miss Smallwood received a letter today from Miss Butt of Hamptons the sewing teacher there in which she told her that Maj. Moore is engaged to the Booth girl. You know he I think! You remember Mr. Freeman who had charge of the Holly Tree Line? Well, this girl is his wife's sister. She is fair with good hair. We did not wait very long did we? I expect you have probably heard this news thing Miss Butt. She will hurry and write it. She was in one of my cooking classes.

Now the funny thing that I was to tell you is as follows. When I saw my yard when I returned from Atlantic City but I must digress here. About ten days before I left for Atlantic City the local farm asked me if I was willing to take down my fence, he wanted to take his down because I suppose they really haven't the money to fix it and I consented. We went all of the folks along there would take them down. I looked forward to the time when we would have a stretch of green grass before the two houses now to return to my story, when I saw my yard the morning after returning from Atlantic City I cried. Indeed there was a young hedge planted in a straight line between my yard and Lawson's and I was
but! We all were. After flying ourselves on the fact that Lawson's yard, and our own, was no one, how in our absence they had planted a dividing line. That was on Monday. The Wednesday morning, Mrs. Lawson, Hufnail to see to detract at her window—and she called him to tell her that she had received the portal card which I had mailed to her from Atlantic City. That morning, we were laughing and talking about that and other things when Mrs. Lawson made a remark about the hedge fence that I had planted there. "Why was it so weird and odd?" I said, "Mrs. Lawson did not have that fence planted there." She denied utterly that any one in that house had anything to do with the planting of that hedge. I did, really here was a mystery, I went to school and thought all about it. That was the morning. I had been in the office for a few minutes when she said, "What did you think of your surprise?" "Surprise?" I looked at her thoroughly puzzled. "I don't know what you mean." "The hedge," said she. "Her, Stevens had that little hedge set out in your absence. Alice, I had such bad manners that I mean said another word. What do you think of it?" Of course I told Mrs. Lawson as soon as I got home—and she said, "Now equally it might have made serious trouble between us, for we were both hurt at that dividing line.

Now we answer to that paragraph in your letter of Monday night—when you say I no longer love you. You did not really mean..."
and we're working with the YW. I must
be honest and say that when it comes
to the work of the church, I have
sometimes found it difficult to put my
heart into it. There are times when
I feel overwhelmed by the demands of
the day-to-day tasks. But I know that
these challenges are an opportunity
to grow and learn. I must remember
that the work of the church is not
just about the institution itself, but
about the people we serve. It is about
making a difference in the lives of
those around us. I must stay focused
on my mission and the purpose of
our work. I must also remember
that I am not alone in this journey. I
have a community of believers who
are working together to make a difference.
that or think of did you? I love you today
just as much as I have loved you since the
day I fell in love with you. I will acknowledge
that there have been things happened in the
course of our friendship that made me feel
that I am not such in your love. I shall not
write you what they each specific things seem
so much more serious than a week dies-but
if you really care to hear what these things
are, I will tell you when you return, and if
you were coming the day we thought you would
you would be home three weeks from this
Saturday. Now, I am not sure when you are
coming. I hope Brighton will give you the
ex and so that you can leave there when we
thought you would.
Did I send you an annual report? If you
did not get one I will send it or keep it till
your come, just whatever you say - send me
Mrs. Atkins initials and I'll have her on
of those buttons made. Are her initials C.M.
R.? The Elks had a street parade today
and they are having a ball tonight. Miss
Baldwin was coming down Arince Street that
time and who should he in the crowd following
the parade - up Arince back towards the
school house - tonight - ‘slinging’ with the
rest of the crowd but Pauline & Lawrence -
Miss Baldwin said she had heard at Pauline
who frightened to death started and ran. Not as
Lawrence, he calmly kept on in the line & passed
and afterward Pauline went back after him -
Had it been I, who saw the children - I should
have made them go home.
Mr. Johnson's & Reader's teacher in Latin, German & litter
to Miss. Bowd. today, expressing great disgust with Elizabeth's irregularity of attendance and giving her up, peremptorily refusing to talk with her further.

But I must not, 

Loosely

Yet.