My dear Alice,

What an awful thing to have that young man lose his life in that fire! Right in Jackson Hall, too; I should think it must have cast an awful gloom over everything. Of course I read it in all the papers— as you will see, Morning News, Times, & Ledger. I shall look anxiously for your letter tomorrow, hoping to learn particularly from you. In one place it stated that the young man came home from a dance and went to bed and was not missed until the roll call of the fraternity that afternoon. Then I said to myself, I believe he must have been at some of those infamous breakfasts at the Dutch Hutch and being inebriated and rather inexperienced use hisstein the other and was set there in his room in a drunken stupor. Then he went in the ledger that his chanced remains were found next the oven were the fire started and he had probably gone back to fetch for another student who had already gotten out, so I am at least as to the real cause of his fate. In matter what it was that caused it, it was an awful thing to happen at any time but to happen with all those girls right in the house—and the University, above with the fatal arrangements was terrible. I read of another one of the universities have such a terrible fire—but no loss of life, though. I don't
member that the financial loss was terrific, but that was nothing compared with the loss of that one life. I read too, in one of the news that one of the students had in the infirmary of acute diabetes. Do you know it is the first time I have heard of a person having acute diabetes.

I am really glad that you are staying in the house and eating and sleeping. You see Nature is having her innings now, all the time you were agonizing about the examinations and staying up every night until tomorrow you will wear yourself out, now Nature kicks in and you shall sleep and you shall sleep. That must be entirely good sleeping through, when one goes to sleep and forgets to wake up for dinner, it is time to stop. Perhaps studying so hard was giving you a softening of the brain; I never heard of Dr. Coloured people originate, all sorts of diseases - tuberculosis, smallpox, etc. Joking aside, I am glad that you have slept a little more than usual for you to do, and trust you will not let your nights be the torment any more.

It stormed here, terrifically last night and the morning - warned, hailed first, then rain. This morning it rained in Toronto and as I was busy one of my interrupting, I shampooed little David's hair and attended to it. I had finished about 12.30 and when she had combed it and dressed herself it was time for her to go for her music lesson. It was beginning to clear up then and although the rain did not shine for long full shen bun it did keep our behind the clouds.
a trifle so when Etta returned, I told her to go over and ask your mother if Leilu were
well wrapped up. If she might not come
in our room and have some music. I think
she ought to have been out before this. She is
perfectly well, just needs to get some strength
and I believe fresh air will give it to her. So
whom Etta went she said your mother asked
"Does Miss Reuse think it is all right?" Etta
said, "Yes." Then she asked your mother what
she thought about it and she said, "I don't
care what you do, it don't make any difference
to me if Leilu come. She was well wrapped up
had no rubbers and the rain was gone.
and by the way it really has gone away if the
sticks I mean her legs. In the leg have gone
down. She of course Etta is playing, but before
Etta played the two children played one of
their duties and Leilu played it well. I thought
she would not have strength enough but she
did. Then Etta showed off in her dance
style and Leilu enjoyed it. I had her home
in exactly an hour and I hope she won't feel
any the worse for it. If it is pleasant tomorrow
I shall send for her again. My! but she is tall!
I believe she is fully as tall as Etta, only she is
so slender and Etta is so thick that she can't
see that Leilu is as tall as Etta.
Later Mary Dunn came in. It is the first time
sine her illness. I tell you the truth I think she has had diphtherie all through her mother came in here tonight and she said all the efforts were gone from her throat. You know what that means.

I shall try and send you something else for your breakfast soon — Are sorry the fish house has all gone.

I had a letter from Martha today saying there is a bill before legislature which will revolutionize school affairs there if it passes. The Commissioner of Education will appoint a director and all the schools — the director will appoint seven assistants, two to be color. The office of superintendent, assistant, superintendent, and supervisors. Martha is saying that if a bill for pensions in the teachers will pass at the same time there's one before legislature she declares if it does she will get out of the schools. All those people who are used the number of required years, can do so.

And I am mistaken told me half of your letter written on Wed, received on Friday in my letter to you written in great tribulation on Friday night. After I had asked letter out to mail the letter to you. I picked up and missed the one sheet the first and not finding it feel that I must have folded it up with mail letter.

With love and warm wishes for your success in the new term.
My dear Alice:

No letter from you today. I suppose you must be a little letter getting the mail in the box or there has been a change in the collecting because all your letters have come after this week except one. I noticed the post mark and it was usually 4:30. Your letter received yesterday came to me in the 2:00 PM. mail. Do not think I am complaining or finding fault— I am just telling you— of course I was disappointed that that is natural. I had lots to do today— I have been thinking the entire week about that report I had to write for Mr. Zortman, and if I had a thought during the past week I got it down— but I had to do it today and so I finished that will copy it in the typewriter tomorrow. I'll send you a copy of it so you can tear me up— it will be too late because Mr. J. will have it by that time.

I had quite a sick chill this morning—something
Mr. J. will have it by that time.

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for a long time — and then get up and write
that paper — then I wrote to the Bancrofts and
to Walter — to the A. B. Principal at Exeter —
I wrote to them both nearly two weeks ago, but
have heard from neither one of them and I want
to send an account of Walter's expenditures the ex-
to the Bancrofts with my letter of thanks, but
not having heard from them I wrote to the
Bancrofts today, so I suppose tomorrow the
letters will come from Exeter.

Walter sent a letter to his mother, one to his sister,
one to Deacon and one to Burridge, all in one batch,
last week. They were the best letters he has ever
written — neat, pretty well written and only
a few words misspelled, "whether," he had
spelled "weather," and "Mand," he spelled
"Mande." He writes that Mullin has left an
account of ill health. He says his own health
is very much improved; he weighs one hundred
twenty-five pounds and grows stronger everyday.
He says that about one hundred boys have
been dropped since Christmas among them
one colored boy from Mobile, Ala., who he say
is both dumb and lazy. The young man's
name is Boyd and Walter says she has been
to almost every Southern college including
Howard University.

You know there have been great revivals
going on here all this month and on Friday
night Emma Libby, "get religion," paper girl
I have no idea that she really knows what
what that mean. She says she will be baptized, and baptized in a river and not in a pool; though she does not know what church will join yet.

Well, after weeks, Mr. Stevens telephoned here tonight to say he was coming over (did you send him a mental message and tell him what I said?) He came about 9:30 and left about 10:50. He says he has been taking account of stock. He was telling us that Dr. Elbert went on to New York to the big dinner that was given for Charlie Anderson. Booker Washington was there and notables from Washington and all over the country. It is the very bestest, biggest thing ever gotten up by colored people.

Mr. Stevens made my heart go down in my shoes by telling me that that little saved off Reddying, the undertaker, had bought the house where Myrtle lives—but when he told me that Mrs. Armstrong told him I did not believe one word of it. What it really is, Reddying's uncle, the letter carrier, has bought that house between the two alleys, opposite to us. I know that sometime ago. After all I am sorry for that baby.
not so bad as that other Redding buying the house where Bremers live. Dr. Stevens thinks Ella pushes Dr. Bremers to all these public things. We think maybe she believes Bremers has influence enough to get Ella somewhere. He also told us that Ella means to send Samuel to the Allan School at West Newton—oh! I don’t suppose at present but soon, then Blanche will have to send Jeannette & Elizabeth and the Boy there. It costs only about a thousand or so a year to do it.

I must stop. It is 11:30 and tomorrow a school day. I hope to send you a tiny little something (or your breakfast) on Thursday morning. I won’t be able to mail it until Tuesday, or it will reach you Wednesday.

With love, Your Friend—

[Signature]
Monday, February 8th 1908, 4:55 PM.

My dear Alice;
I do not believe that I'll ever have any easy day again! I am so tired I couldn't keep up until twelve last night and then awoke at a little after five this morning.

I had an extra hard day at school needing to things, some teachers disgruntled because of the teachers' group! Why, I had to put Anna Dean in her place hard today; I can't stop to write you all about it now, but I will some other time. Then I had to see individual teachers about an overflow of children, why Alice, every room has an overflow except the fourth third rooms.

I had Lawrence changed from Miss Sears' room to Miss Caldwell's. In fact I took all the third grade children she had and put them in Miss Caldwell's room - but I had to like to put Lawrence in Miss Caldwell's room before I knew that I intended to put all Miss Sears' third grade children in there.

Lawrence reads beautifully - but does not learn number at all and I thought Miss Caldwell a better one than Miss Sears to try and teach him.

Then we had the first grammar grade children come in from the other schools, six from Miss Robinson, four from Miss Jones.
Then there were some children for eighth and ninth grades from Miss Caldwell's School No. 18. I copied my paper on Child Study on the typewriter, but actually did not have time to get carbon paper to duplicate so can not send you a copy.

Then I had my juniors, the drill and teachers meeting report to make out. I did not get any opportunity to eat my lunch until after one o'clock and I had to talk to Mary Henry all the time. I was very sorry that I did not have time to write some of her problems.

Ower Mrs. Mule, I thought she would fall over in a faint in my office when I told her there will be ten more children in her. She had thirty-ty and ten more made forty-ty and she had to take two of Mrs. Payneyweather's left overs back that gave her forty-eight when she expected to have thirty-six. I really pitied her and if there was any earthly body of doing it, I would have sent another teacher in a few months and take part of her grade and part of Mrs. Payneyweather's and make another room.

There is no room.

I enjoyed you once long letter of Friday night. I should think you would figure out that I am sure I could not stand it.
You will have noticed from the Morning News that we also have had a cold-wake.

Someone said that Thursday morning it was four degrees below zero here. I don't know as I have my thermometer to get another.

What is the matter with your foot? How have you been cutting a corn? Etc., etc., that was bad about the man who had to have a piece cut out of his foot to prevent bad feeling! That is not a wise preventive, he'll have to be very, very careful. He paid a dear for his whistle and the boot! Pshaw! dance all night, cut off some toe next day! I'd rather not dance but poor fellow of course did not expect that.

You know your account of it, sounded as if you did have a real nice visit down at Mrs. Singletons and then, I really believe you got back to you own occasionally? I am glad you asked her about the leucorhea and that she could tell you the cause. It is so weakly even, you must be careful! You must give my love to her also. I answered about the time almost about Mr. Stubbs at once. The same day I received your letter. You see, a day elapses between your letter and my receiving a letter. Your letter, for instance, written on Friday night, I am answering now, Monday, I received it this morning, 3:20 post
marked at 2:30 PM. Feb. 1 — almost twenty-four days after you had written it. The account you see for getting a reply to your question soonest. However, before reading these words you will know that I answered about the Stobb and you will have the precept in.

Mrs. Mary Chiffey is "Mamie B. Chiffey" of the invitation; but it is not David Murray that you know she is to marry, but his grandfather, a man of seventy-five — decrepit with age. "Mamie" is not old — she is just thirty-two — she came to live with me when she was twelve years old and that is twenty years ago. She has been converted and will join Mt. Zion Moore's Church — she went before the church and conferred all her sins, the having all those children and no father for them and everything! But to think Alice at her dairy to have a wedding and have printed invitations and have them out six weeks before the date of the wedding and sending them to respectable people.

I am awfully worried about that laditude of yours — to try to rest — I hope you have the time and have taken several doses.

Emma is all right, she is back in school.

With love, Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
Dear Alice,

I am writing an "entry" because your letter written Sunday night did make me feel so bad. I seem to be always doing something wrong; I mean and try to do right but I always hurt your feelings without meaning to do so at all.

In the first place, I never for one moment felt that you were extravagant because you got me or the meals out. I was positively glad of it! I enjoyed your story of your dinner at Brighton's and in proof of that, this is my letter written last night and mailed on my way to school this morning. Possibly, you will get this letter in the same mail, but if you will notice there is quite a difference in the foot muffs. Again, I made a mistake for which I humbly, humbly beg your pardon. I thought I sent you your drafts and forgotten that you had your mumsery in October.

You ought to know me well enough to know I'd send you the money for one for rather than have you walk. I thought...
long ago that you should ride - I have
so much, and I don't mind sending you
what little I do send - I only am sorry that
I can't do more. If you only would not
misunderstand me, I was only thinking
of ways and means to suit that $50
in 7% of course I know how very easy it
is to think that a person has money if they
had a little. People think I have plenty
of money even, but Stu, you know how
what I say. I have none, I ought to
have some but I haven't.

Please Alice, don't go back to the old way
of having your breakfast no matter what
it costs, indeed, indeed, you misunderstand
me. Day day I'll send you a draft for
your tuition and as much more as I can
for your running expenses - that will include
the $3.25 I send every month and what
I send over and above that, you can re-
turn when you hear form the people.
Is that satisfactory?
I'll consider some of your letters
tonight, your poor unhappy child.
Yours,
Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1908.  7.35 P.M.

Dear Alice,

You never told me that Mrs. Fleetwood is dead and buried. Your sister told me today. I pitied your sister today. For some reason she came in the office on a windfall of some kind. I really have forgotten the reason of her coming and she told me that your mother is quite sick. I asked if she had an attack and she said, "Yes, only worse than usual." She told me she thought she would go out to the high school yesterday—a Miss McLeckie from Wisconsin, I think. Read from a modem novel in Suffrage. Everybody declared her fine but I was too busy to work out to go—well, the woman never finished reading until 5.30 and your sister said it was at 5 when she reached and then she found your mother stretched out on the dining-room coach with dinner in sight; Leila had had nothing to eat. Well, your sister flew around and got something together and did what she could for your mother. I asked your sister if your mother is careful of her diet. She says not at all—that is the trouble and she says your mother is so very irritable that she can't. Leila by can't get on with her work and don't dare to offer any suggestions when about her diet. I said, "Well, Mrs. Young, she will have to be careful or she will have to die."
next; she replied that she could do nothing with her, perhaps an outsider could, but she could not. Then she told me that this morning, she said to your mother that if she wished, she, Lettera, would not go to school early, but stay and do what there was to do, and go to school later — and your mother said, "Get out of my sight, you make me nervous." Then your sister broke down and her eyes all filled with tears and she said, "I did not eat one bit of breakfast this morning.

Fortunately I had made a nice soup out of the chicken broth in which I had cooked the chicken in the croquettes I made it last night; put barley in it and in the broth I put onions, buttered and just herbs; some currant

...- then I strained it all off — put the barley which I had cooked beforehand, some milk in the soup, into it, seasoned it well and I want you to know it was good — at that time I went for her and made her eat a cup of the soup and some crackers and she really seemed to enjoy it.

I have wondered of course I can't tell I am so wicked to think things — but do you suppose — your mother has noticed the intimacy between — well I won't write it but you know what I mean — and does not approve of it? And I may be all wrong — but I wondered — because it has always seemed to me that you
mother stood in awe of your sister. Don't let on that I wrote what she said but I think she was full and I was there and she believes perhaps that I am a friend and it came out.

I walked into one of the third grade rooms today when your sister was teaching them or attempting to, and I never saw a room in such a state of disorder - if Mr. I. should walk in or her sometime and find the same condition I am afraid for her. I was there for three of the friends and tried to see if I could when the trouble lies and I think I know now what it is - your sister is perfectly nice to the children too nice - but I think she lacks in scholarship actual want of knowledge and I think the children sense it. Now it with that lack of knowledge she had a strong personalty that could dominate them - they would not act

Do you know a boy named Joseph Johnson? I don't believe you do, he was third second grade last term and he is just the boy to be careless when he can. When I went in the room he was walking up and down the room - acting disgracefully and the entire room seemed angry. I told you a whisper went around:

"Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones" I said not me word, first went in and sat down, I was angry enough to take that Johnson boy and beat him but I wouldn't do it. I have been thinking of
over and I am going in all her classes to tomorrow, unexpectedly in each one and see if any more behave as the one did today... if not then I shall lay the law down to that particular grade and I will punish severely the person or persons who are so lawless.

I shall have a talk with her too, and see if she, herself, knows how awfully the children act, I'll help her in everything seem but with her mother finally and that was the very word she used in telling me about her and the children acting like him - I don't wonder she can't eat,

Now I did enjoy the letter addressed to every member of your family and what a good way that is to write them all! That a winter you are having! All the papers came and you must know I did enjoy reading all about everything, the "Jemind Ship" the fire, the accounts in your letter of the way they went the co-ed - but what fools! Why like co-ed's ought to get up as early as sentiment against the men as the men hate against them they should suffer from the want of female society.

I read your letter to Electride and Otter because I knew they would enjoy it as much as I did & when I come to the place where you said the girls who came to Jamestown dressed in the "Brooks Smallwood Style of dressing," I said
and quite honestly, "I don't know what style of dress you think it is," and suddenly spoke up
and said at once, "Why like Miss Stock &
Miss Smallwood, before she had the word,
out & knew of course what you meant.

Don't you know I went and left your nice
long letter of Sunday in my desk at school?
I had it answering some of the things you
wrote about money matters - and I intended,
of course, to bring it home and have it before
when I wrote tonight and now I can't do that
but will do it tomorrow night.

I had a letter from John Rogers yesterday;
he wrote six fine dollars. I have it now but
now - but I will be obliged to get it for
hims somehow. I also had a letter from Mr.
Rogers, East. Principal Phillips Exeter (did I tell
you?) yesterday morning. Walter was for his room
rent from Nov 7th to March 25th - 20 weeks
$25. Then he owes for his bond - chiefly for
his bond during the Christmas vacation 20.65

I sent the letter to Mr. Bancroft and hope to
get a check for $45.65 tomorrow, to send to
Walter. That will clear up all his expenses
until the Spring term. I think next Christmas
he might as well come home as it will not cost
much more than that to get to
Wilmington. I am trying already to get home.
As bellman at Rye Beach or Far Harbor. In this summer, he is a very few
how long I wrote and told him I thought
be able to pay all his expenses and for him
to earn all he could, but do not worry so
I had been able to raise what money he
needs — and he has not answered. I sent him
the second letter and he has not answered. I
have been wondering if it is because he has
no contact.

Alice, please don’t think hard of me if I am
without tact; you must know I mean all
right, and I do want you to ride along
wants to — I don’t think anyone ought to
walk up that hill when it is slippery or
when it is windy, I want you to get to the inn
of Brightons and I want you to have your
breakfast in your room. I sent you some
breakfast help today. I do hope they will
reach you.

I wish that West Indian Negro would get
some money from somewhere, I just don’t
believe he has any money —
All answers sent more things in yesterday
letter tomorrow night.

With love, Nick.
My dear Alice,

I received your little letter written on Monday night, this morning. O yee me! Now I have felt my foot in it—I did not write that Nickle, the young student who perished in the flames was intoxicated. I said, when I just read the account in our papers he thought he might have been intoxicated because the papers stated that he was asleep on the third floor and he had come in from one of the junior festivities. I had read in the Sun on about the different breakfast at the Dutch Kitchens while there were to be free steins etc etc—what more natural than that I should jump to the conclusion that perhaps he was intoxicated—of course I know that he was not—he has such a good face if the picture of him in the Sun of Saturday is at all like him. He had a most serious face and it seems too bad that he should have been taken away so early. The whole thing was sad and I thought it would end all the festivities but I see it did not.

Oh! dear, dear, that Bucky Mary Dunn said that tonight after Eutucde had gone and it is now 7:45 one hour since I have begun this letter and I just had to help her with her blossoms, I did not want to hit but I got rid of her soonest by doing it than I would have by not doing it. Thank goodness she has gone now.

I glean from your letter today that you did not see. Then your wrote back of Mrs. Atwood a

3rd 12 11
Nowawful that she suffered so!
Thank you dear, for the Penn and the News. I put down to think just as soon as I came in Penn school this afternoon. My knees are very stiff and I am taking aspirin and other rheumatism medicine.

If my package mailed yesteryday reached you by this time and reached you at all—It must have come today. I hope it did and that its contents pleased you. I did not know just how you would wear the croquettes but thought you were ingenious enough to find a way. I sent the five croquettes. I had one chicken and made nineteen croquettes from it. I sent them to Minnie and Minnie, in their anniversary dinner. I do not know whether or not but I sent them for this reason. He loaned me that money. Mrs. Love had two for her breakfast yesterday morning. I sent you six and she left him those I sent to Dr. Cooper. I had promised him some. He called me up when he reached home. I sent them in time. For his noon lunch or dinner whichever he eats and told him, I sent the other one to you. He did not seem at all. To know what I meant.

I have your Sunday's letter before me now and shall answer some things in that first point to say was it not a shame the boy who gets the mark one lost himself in Sunday. I mailed your letter Friday night. But until eleven o'clock! Was that not fine? I think if one can only cheat himself occasionally into keeping it a just fine, I manage to make it so.
Mr. Bancroft called me this morning and wanted to know how large a check I wanted for Walter Anderson—until I said $45.00.
He owes $25 for room rent and $20.00 for board. He will not owe a cent then for the winter term. He will save enough to pay his laundry bill and buy what books he needs. I sent Hayes' mother a note today and asked her to send him five dollars and I would give it to him later.

I went to see sister today when she was in Helen Hills room and the children were very nice and quiet. I had a talk with her about that awful slide in the third grade yesterday and gave her authority to send me a two of the worst ones home—then I went down there and laid the law down to those children— I did not have the chance to go down there that afternoon when she had them, but I will go and tell her and ask her the first thing in the morning.

There are some bad devils in that room—Stella Casey, Dorothy Evans and a few others. Dorothy became very ill and I thought it would make her better but it has not.

I intended to stop in and see you mother this afternoon but it was snowing so hard I wanted to get home as quickly as I could, as near the Amstardams want to try a hose or French 4th between 9:30 and 11:00. Any one is fun all about your ideas to your exams and your work being a moron.
or 8:30 and even 9:00 sometimes on Sunday morning and I feel so rested and well when I can do it, but I do not remember ever in my life sleeping until eleven o'clock but doubly knowing that you can do it.

I know you were sick and said so, when you made a payment on your insurance for we never think about it much unless we are sick— I must pay up mine in the New Accident I read and reread the notice about the payment of tuition and will have yours there long before the twenty-first. We get paid on it as the day for our next payment on Thursday, Feb. 18th. I will send you a draft on that day for your tuition and all I can spare over and about that because I know you need cash all the time. You say I hope your work is Higgins sisters that after his report comes in I won't have to have any more money from you, either of you or of Elizabeth's. This is my earnest. In the meantime let me quote the University rule "etc etc"— I hope so too—but you are entirely different reason if Higgins sends you enough to carry on I will feel happier and I will bank Elizabeth's 26.25 in your books—and my 47.00 in mine—for the summer or for emergencies if you need it. If you do not then you can have mine to start her in the fall.

It is snowing here as hard as it did last Tuesday, with fine flakes—coming right down fast, 'saying wood' as it were, and I expect to see another blizzard from I stirred my eyes in the morning—

She was delighted with her post card and so was I. This evening
Thursday, February 6th, 1918
6:30 PM

My dear Alice:

I know it was very wicked in me to enjoy your letter so much that I didn’t get up until tomorrow to write it. But I did because if I told you all the things I like to know, but just here and now—this is Thursday—I’ll mail this letter tomorrow, Friday, and that will receive it on Saturday, and January Saturday, and I want you without fail to tell me what is the matter with your toe! Do it a corn or what is it? It worried me—the next thing you will be having to have it operated on. It is a corn, but I think it’s dirt under the dew. Tell me about it, something! Those things can’t be fooled with.

First of all let me congratulate you on your marks—they are fine! I know from your realistic discipline that a time you must have had running after the Dean and all those professors. I think the Dean’s object lesson was an excellent one, but what a constant excitement you have! After all it is not exams it is marks! And by the way why do you not sleep? It must be the work that is doing it! I believe a bottle of that MacNir’s oil would brace you up. You said nothing about receiving the description for the tonic—though you must have received my letter in which I enclosed it. I mailed it on Monday so that you must have
Tuesday, you were so full of your trip about the campus and halls looking up and rating that you forgot to mention it.

How under the sun you ever managed to
just in an hour on your nest day’s leading and
two hours in the Seminary is a mystery to me
that is why you are too nervous to sleep. You’ll
break yourself down and have nervous
prostration if you do not look out. “The
Podkins will catch you if you don’t look out”
and they will be nervous prostration. Then
to think of you trotting up to 5 4” at night
of that; I wonder how alert that night
ought to have a lift like a top.

Well, now I must relate my troubles—
think MR. Zentner is trying to kill us, the
principals. I mean why Alice. I just cannot
tell you the amount of work that man gives
us to do! I had just finished up a great big
batch of it and felt a lightening up of the
load, when lo! and behold at principals’
conference today he piled up another great
big load. Two weeks from today we have to
take in three tremendous things and if you
can the time I want you to help me about me,
I asked you about that paper in Child Study
and then lift off so late that I had to finish
up and take it in but I won’t do that with
this one. We have to write what our ideal is of
a well managed school—we are not to tell what
White says of Parker or Bell or any one else - but what she thinks - I shall go right to work at it and I want you to dress it up in good English - cutting out and putting in what suits me - I suppose I have been in the work long enough to know what a well managed School I should be - but you have a trick with your pen in the first place a natural gift for writing and in the next you can read and write in the use of the English language so please Alice do you think it dreadful for me to ask you to dress my baby if I have strength enough to bring it into the world?

Another thing we have to do is to take a type written arithmetic syllabus and on the blank side opposite of each first year arithmetic we are to write in lead pencil what our first year children have been doing in arithmetic - then on through the entire school grade by grade - the third thing is to tell just how much time is spent per week in teaching each subject in each grade for instance:

1st yr. arithmetic 1 hr. per week -
2nd yr. 1 1/2 hrs. per week - 4 hrs. 10 min. per week - and so with reading, geography, languages and every subject taught in the school. Why, Alice, I feel as if I must resign and go out to cowling or something else - I was not alone, I assure you - every friend Palestine was glowing: All of that has to be...
in two weeks from today. Then there is a tremen-
dous amount of work to be done in school.
All grades have given up—Helen still has all
Mary. Henry 92nd 50. Florence Trinity 850.
Miss Scott, 7th 65. Miss Taylor, Miss
Cady, Miss Caldwell all have high grades
and they do not know the work—Didn’t Miss
Williams go in Miss Lush’s room yesterday
and find her teaching those little children
finding with 80, 46 and 70 numbers with
four figures for denominators? I was so sur-
prised I thought I’d die and yet, here is the end of
February, the new term begins on the third this
day and I am still working on my desk until I have
been distracted! Could
I see after those teachers and tell them just
what they must teach when I have talked to
talked, you have heard me, arrest teaching
functions with large denominators or anything
with large numbers! Tomorrow I begin to have
each teacher meetings it is our regular
meeting tomorrow. But after that, then I have
some interesting letters that I write today. For instance,
I had to write to Walter and to the Arb. But for
Walter hasn’t one bit of manners, no breeding.
I went to him for a statement of his financial
affairs and he has not written yet—Just to the
beginning time and he has not written—Mr. Rogers
the last wrote, but not to Walter, I sent him a
draft today—From Mr. Bancroft, Ireland.
this A.M. Mr. Bancroft sent his check and I sent a draft—it was for $45.05. I received the letter so I would know that he received it and I wrote to tell him so. I wrote him a pretty sharp letter because I think I am only too much for him to have not even answer my letters. I sent him also an envelope stamped and addressed to myself so he would just have nothing to do but send me the receipts for his board and tuition room rent. My how I did wish I could send up that draft.

I never stopped my momentum all day and could have done a hundred things some had I had the time—then the weather moderated like everything today, yesterday morning it was 4° above this allowed it was 68° and the snow was all soft and nice and just begging the boys to come out and make it into snow balls and snow ball the girls and you had better believe they did it. I had to stay at Miss Stayer's weather's window all the work and Miss Baldwin stand on the stairs out in Miss Asentey.

When school was dismissed at 2.30 I had to go and stand on the corner of Twelfth Street to see that the Grammar school girls got by—there were outside boys who had come by school for some fun I had to telephone to the Chief of Police before those boys moved off that corner, then I went in out to the principal's conference after dinner Etta asked me to help her with a problem now I used to know
algebra, but I am rusty—I taught it once in our school and prepared for teaching it for two years. I used to help Electra when she first commenced but I do not believe I have had any algebra since you came to Wilmington.

Well, I told Etta that I was rusty and then I waded in—but I got it, I meant to—but it took me a good deal longer than it would have taken Miss Byrd or Miss Baldwin but I just naturally had to do it.

Well, I hope your mother is not devilish this week—your sister said, when I asked for your mother today, said, "She is quite sick." I asked what she was sick and she said, your mother seemed to think the work is too much for her, and yet your sister does all she can, unless she remains home from school, she says. If she keeps girls she could not afford to board her and then too—she says—your mother could not get along with any girl. I told Electra how well your mother was—and she said nothing about anything else—and she and Etta both exclaimed, "Why she was out sweeping the porch this morning." I intended to go there again today but because the conference prevented.

Will keep you posted.

With love, Ned.
Saturday, February 11th 1866

I A.M.

My dear Alice:

How I enjoyed your letter this morning! Talking all about the cold up there in Idaho and the blizzard and my room at 30° and lying up in bed waiting for it to get warm and my walk up the hill—so nice and warm from the exposure! How I laughed over egg frozen so hard they would not chip even! I am so glad that you decided not to put the croquettes out—because they would have been of no use had you let them freeze! I was glad too that you made up your mind not to let them be carried out of the house in any one else’s stomach. I did not any “Eat them yourself” because when I sent them to you they were yours to do what you pleased with them but just the same I wanted you to eat them yourself. I have not heard whether Dr. Stevens has received his or not! Miss Brown declined she does not believe they ever reached the house—I sent them by all boy mind! They reached them all right. The same boy took the Dr. Cooper’s mailed ones! Sometime I may mail you some slices of roast beef or lunch—the homemade & not very much and it gives you
something for an occasional lunch or dinner if you do not want to go out. I thought once of sending you some home-made rolls because I seem to almost always say, "I ate crackers or neddas," but should have to have bread, I'll send more croquettes before the cold weather is gone. I'll think of something else occasionally. I think your eating looks fine. I don't believe that were many who did as well and none that did better. How about Gilbert and Bailey -- you have said nothing about them lately. How does Corp's good behavior continued or has he returned to his old way?

Well, I had another hard day today. I had two teachers' meetings -- one for all the teachers and one for the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th grade teachers. I had a type-written paper of four sheets of foolscap with the lines closely written -- and I talked a good deal beside just used the paper for a skeleton.

After I dismissed the first set of teachers I talked one hour more (having talked one hour to them altogether) to the other teachers. You see they have new grades, that is, classes they have never taught before and I just have to tell them all about their work. I'm talking to them. I inquired who
had had language work with you and I told Mary Henry when she said she had
and a good deal of work with you to take Florence Trusy in her language work,
Orlene to ask her - Miss Hill had had work with Miss Drakes who of course had had
and had work with you - so when I was
arranging it all - Ollie Hill spoke up
and said, "I wish she were here now" and then
first one and then the other said, "and I
wish so." - I said, "Well, she will be here
next year. Alice, our teachers use such
poor English themselves that they can't
teach it - why, they teach a poem or a
story, but how? Just have the children
get up and repeat the lines of the poem
or the words of the story - no like to it
just dry husks - don't you know what
mean? They have Mrs. Switmeier's language
Syllabus - but it is nothing to them but
words, and by the way - it is in book
form and out the shelves of the Wilmington
Library. Do that not fine? I wish you
would teach that Syllabus to everybody
in the school.
When I got in at 6:30 tonight I fell in
the lounge rooms so awfully tired, and the
end is not yet.
There is fair sledding here tonight and Etta is out for the first time this winter. She has had no one to go with her and I asked Emma to take her out and Emma was really glad of the chance herself.

I think if Emma will, I shall get Etta a pair of skates and let her go skating with Emma—I'll ask Spah to go with them—I can not go—and Etta does study so hard and is so nice—I do think she ought to have some fun. One of the girls, Alberta Weston, by the way, who did not pass in speaking of Etta said, 'Ah, Enza Etta Rouch would pass she is always studying.' I thought that a pretty good kind didn't you?

I am going out to mail this so you will get it Sunday, if that youth does not lose himself—and I am going to call on your mother.

I am so glad you seem to be feeling in better health to-night.

With lots of love—

Your friend,

Ned,
My dear Alice:

I am glad you enjoyed the croquet although I am afraid you are catering to what you consider a weakness in me in regard to my culinary ability—when you do praise them so much.

Let me tell you how I spent my Saturday. I commenced to read a novel last night after having written to you, "A Sleeping Memory" perhaps you have read it, if I noticed the date of publication, 1907. It is the most peculiar book I have read in long while, though I enjoyed it. I took it up to bed with me fully intending to finish it before going to sleep but shortly after twelve o'clock my light went out and had not filled the lamp, she had put some oil in it. I had not filled it; it was too cold for me to sit up and read as Gertrude had opened the windows before getting into bed, so I was compelled to turn over and go to sleep. It was after twelve and when I awoke beginning to break this morning, I shut my eyes tight and determined not to wake until again—and I did not.

The next time I opened my eyes it felt later. I raised up my head and looked and...
and listened— it was very bright although my blinds were shut, it was perfectly quiet and finally I got my eyes wide open and looked at the clock. It was 5:40. 

Wonderful for me! I jumped up from my time—had worn shoes, and pushed into Ettie's room, she too was still asleep—I shut her window and went down stairs to tell Maggie what to order from the butcher's—got my mail and the morning papers, opened the blinds, lighted the gas, stood, and hopped into bed—read my letters first of all, and enjoyed it muchly—then I read Marinis, then the Morning News.

By that time it was 10:30—I went in the back room and luxuriated in the bath—groomed myself well and before I could get the breakfast bell rung—that made no difference—I finished brilliantly, slipped on my under clothing, put a clean flannel skirt on and went down to breakfast. After breakfast I went back upstairs and shampooed my hair—I did it very nicely—took my time— it did not tangle the bit I did slept in the morning and was soft and nice—looked well when I got it up— I finished my book—my, it was a good story—and unlike the ordinary story 

I wish you had the time to read it. Well, by the time I had dressed it was 6 o'clock
and I wended over to "1008"—I went over there to spend a part of the evening with them—but the house was all shut up tight and there was no response to my efforts to gain admittance, so I returned home. When I spoke to them about it today, your mother says the bell is out of order until eleven o'clock and your sister says she was so sleepy when she had gotten the children to bed that she felt as if she was going crazy so she laid down in the bed and fell asleep and slept in her corsets and shoes and all her clothing until two o'clock. She said Dr. Stevens was there this morning and she asked him to give her something to keep her from being sleepy—I laughed and said I had heard of doctors being asked to cure all sorts of things but never had heard of them being asked to keep a person from feeling sleepy. She told her she said, to each she pleased her.

I imagined your mother was a little grumpy when I went in, you see, I have not been there for two weeks—I was at the door last night but of course I did not get in and they did not know that I was there until after I had been there a few moments to day.

Something was said about the work and I said,
about the work that is to be done in a house— and I said— "Ah! well, these children will all soon be able to do most everything about the house—" "Yes," spoke up your eject; "then your grandmother won't be fussing but keeping up the fires and bringing up coal and doing the rest of the work." Your mother never replied— then your sister spoke of how much the children do now; set the table, clean off the table, Lida washes the dishes, the other two girls put them away. Laurence brushes the crumbs etc. "Ah! do you know that Pauline and Ethel are in the sewing class? Don't you think that is cute? Ethel said they learned how to make a knot in their first lesson and from the blackboard they had a lesson on how to make the basting stitch."

I am going down Tuesday on purpose to see those two girls trying to learn how to sew.

Emma Gibson told Ethel about bedding last night, and they ran into a double decker bed and Emma injured her knee so she is laid by the fires and may be out of school for two weeks. She thought she intended to stay on tenth street hill where there were only a few children. I never should have allowed Ethel to go had I known Emma would go to the Eleventh Street hill where there were lots of big boys— double deckers etc., etc. I did not like it any way that Clifford Henry took Ethel down once. Enmundt
me that Etta would not go with him the second time— but she did not know why.

Clifford is fresh with little girls of Etta's age. I have noticed it and the mightiest tail so long at school to trim the room for the Christmas festivities. I had to pull Etta to my side because I saw Clifford trying to flirt with her. I had occasion to speak to him about his actions with other girls—small girls—women quite young girls. I told Maggie about it that has been sometime ago, and then to think Emma allowed him to take Etta on her own side, too. I asked Etta why she refused to go with him the second time and she said because there was not room on the bed for both of them—so she did not have room enough on the bed—then I knew that he must have gotten too close to her. Of course I knew I can't keep her in a glass case— and that she must learn to protect herself— and I told she ought to have gone down with him at all and why.

I settled myself down tonight to do some good work. I was going to write you letters first, then do some work on my paper— when I had written me half a page— the door bell rang. Minnie Stevens walked in— she had come to spend the evening. Well, she was in a nice mood, not too talky and patronizing and we had a
a fairly pleasant evening. She was telling me that Mrs. Armstead finds the Wilmington women not literate, not improving themselves and she wants to get up a reading club.

These new corners make me tirable. She had better keep her person clean—someone told me that she called one day and that her ears and neck were dirty and at that time when she called they had to throw open the windows and air the house, I had rather not be literary. Though I feel morally certain that we are as well informed as Madame Armstead and Clean in the bargain.

Mrs. Hackley, when she first started her a day or two wanted to organize an upper class among the women. She said the Western women were as much in advance of us here in Wilmington in those things.

I tried to persuade your sister to let Leila come to school a half day beginning with Monday—I am not sure she will. I think your mother will put a quietus on it, but really I think it would do the child good—she is shut in too much.

And fresh air and sunlight
Be a good girl and I may send you something this week. I ought something with broadsheet.
My dear Alice,

Did I tell you in my letter written at midnight—Saturday—that Dr. Stevens came for Minnie? I gave him a glass of fish house and he sipped and sipped and enjoyed it muchly. I am mail at home though you sister told Leila she might go to school tomorrow Monday, and he walked in there today and said she could not come until the first of the month. Leila needs air and sunshine, you; she looks exactly like a weed that has shot up in poor soil and has grown tall and thin, but not vigorous looking.

Why, Alice, she is actually almost as tall as you are! She really looks funny, she is so tall—and so much like a beard pole.

Perhaps I said yesterday in my letter that your mother seems naggy and grouchy with me—so pity so she said tell her that I said that. Of course I know how much she loves Leila, but she is irritable and can nag Leila (so it seemed to me) and does. I thought a change would be beneficial. Annoyer, the Aches say differently and so—she will stay home. I am sorry for her, that is all. She was over here today and
I happened not to have anything decent for dinner, so did not ask her to stay.
She and Etta were playing duets this afternoon and it sounded well. She played by
herself and seemed to have more mothe
than she had before she had typhoid fever.

You know I have been speculating about
her, quite a little, and have wondered
whether they may not be a change for
the better in their skin every way, physically
and mentally.

So you treated with the croquettes after
all. I wondered if you ate your by your-
self and gave Milly Atkins a taste-how
dish she could have had left for us.

Well, I shall send you some more—but
these are for you breakfasts—was going to
put some slices of roast beef in but Maggie
cooked it to death—so it is not fit to send.

What a day you put in Friday! I do not
see how you ever climbed that hill? I do
not think you ought to do it! I am not
surprised that you were tired and wanted
to go to bed after that very strenuous day.

So do you get you to read proof did he? Well,
I don't want him to get so much religion
that he will become too interested in you.

What do you think? Dr. Canton's father
lies dead in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Canton's
father is dead in Baltimore—don't that
seem strange? Neither one can go to the
funeral of the other father. The house is shut
of sight. I do not know who is looking out
for his patients but suppose it must be
Dr. Stevens.

Walter's pink and came back yesterday morn-
ing and a letter from the Asst. Principal.
but nothing from Walter—even though I
sent him a self addressed stamped envelope.
If he does not send me a letter and receipt
and acknowledge my letter, I
write to you to he can go to school and get
through the best way he can. He is lacking
in some way, how, I do not know do you?

We have Wednesday for a holiday, did
you think of it? I do exactly as leave go to
school, however, but I'll work on my paper.
I want to get it to you as soon as possible.

I am going to shorten this letter just be-
cause—I must do some little work on
it before I go to bed tonight.
Good night! Sleep more and don't be having too many of those girls run-
ning about to see them. Tell them I fail it,
With love,
Out.
near Alice,

I am so angry I do not know what to do and the worst thing about it is I cannot do anything.

I sent Clarence Miller to the Post-Office this morning with a few croquettes and had to have him have it weighed and the man told him he had better have it registered. I told him to have it stamped and because the man told him to have it registered he did. It will not reach you so soon and perhaps you will have to trudge down to the office after it.

I am just writing this explanation because I did not want you to think that I am such a fool.

To make up for it I will send you another little box tomorrow,

Lovingly,

Ned.
Monday, Feb. 10th, 1808
6:20 PM.

My dear Alice!

Do you know I was so outdone by Clarence Miller's stupidity that I have not gotten over it yet? I could only think about making you go to the Post Office than anything else. Then too, I found it might not reach you so promptly. I had to forget it, however, as I went back to the high school this afternoon to attend a meeting, geography and history again. We kept us only an hour this afternoon but the working was very treacherous this on Delaware Avenue. There was a spot where it was a perfect glare of ice and once I slipped but managed to keep my equilibrium but I missed which is a very awfully terrible way to walk and in consequence my old knees are stiff, and I have them stretched out straight under the dining room table to keep them from being so awfully stiff when I get up to walk.

I found your nice long letter awaiting me when I got in from school this afternoon, I was very much interested in it and all you told me about your studies and your thesis, I appreciated it very much that you took your time to write it all--it was bad enough to read all those books and find all those quotations and in addition to that to have to write all about it to me as if I have been
I do thank you very much indeed and I repent again — I suppose it.

At times I get so discouraged — I feel, oh, over and over again my limitations because I have not had a college education — if I had a college education I think I would know what I now know about education and educational methods — I’d be all right.

I wish I could do something else — I wish they pensioned Wilmington teachers.

I have no more business teaching than a cat. Things about our school discourage me, our teachers are so mean — many of them and our young teachers are ignorant. Some of them, I do think only certain class girls ought to teach and then they ought to have five years in a high school, four years in college and two years at a normal school — and an young man or young woman should be submitted to teach in a grammar or high school unless he had had training — and certainly no man or woman has a right to be principal of any school and especially one of a high school unless he has had a first graduate course in a German University. Do you see taking me by my own standard, I ought not to teach.

Think of Lou Laddwell, of Frances Scott by the way — she is out ever — has been for
Week and expects to be two weeks longer. Emma's rib is at home— but I honestly truly think it is to get the accident insurance— the man Morris was to call on her today and I bet— she will be back in school first as soon as she gets burning. I think her physician advised in this case, she should not have known enough to do it. Please do not mention this.

I understand that Elizabeth Ford is encircling again— this, of course, is not rose— she was very impudent to Miss House not long ago and Miss House with her permission went there home, this morning one of the teachers said to Miss House: "I know why you sent E. home, it was not for impudence— it was for— and she mentioned the reason. Of course Miss House denied it, because she knew nothing about any such thing— but she was not believed. I went to Helen Hill and asked her if it were true— and she told a very funny tale— so I guess it is the same old story again. The funny part of Helen Hill's story was when she said, "I don't see how anything could happen to her because she is never out at night and never alone in the house."

If it is so the child is to be pitied, is she not?
Leila has commenced taking her
music lessons again. She began today
this afternoon. It sounded quite natural.
I can't see the least little bit of
difference in her playing. If anything,
she plays better.
I am still angry though because Mr.
Stevens would just let her come to school
a half a day.
You must have had a terrible time
with your burns. Get a small bottle
of Wylers Iodine-Antiseptic and rub
your burned and comes with everynight
rub your feet with it if they ache.
If you have a pain anywhere it is
good to rub with.
Gertrude took a little package to the
office to mail to you, for me, tonight. I
hope you will get it in tomorrow's
mail. (I mean brights mail)

With best of love-

Fred.
Tuesday Evening, Feb. 11th, '98
7.06 P.M.

My dear Alice:

Your letter written on Sunday night and to think of getting out of bed to get warm. Dr. Cooper was up at school today and I was telling him what you said about it being 50° in your room and 20° in your bed. When he did laugh, and he said he was glad that you had found out how cold feels.

Our temperature is going up here and today when we came in from school a snow had set in and we could hardly walk it was so slushy. This morning it was frozen hard and I went to school without any rubbers and coming home I got my feet blue, though I tried very hard not to do so.

I really pitied you when I read of the extreme cold weather you are having. I can't see why they cannot get Studentsmith warm. I received your batch of Sun and the clippings, today and I read in one of the Suns how it is people in Studentsmith were annoyed during a lecture by the snow falling on them. It seems awfully funny to me! Next Winter have the Alumni House as cold if it must be dreadful!

By the way, thank fortune there is summer somewhere. To know that I enclose a letter
received from Mr. Roach today. They are plenty
peas & corn and all sorts of things. You see
there is no prospect of money at present.
It does seem to me that I am almost fully un
lucky - I surely have done a good job
by @te - am there, but the family owes me
enough money to get me out of all financial embarrassment and make
us both comfortable while you are at Ithaca.
What do you think of him? Do you think it
really just a case of hard luck? Do you think
him ideally? I am sending his letter destroy
it, I do most need it again.
Do you know Walter has not written to express
thanks for the draft, I mailed a letter to him on
July 6, and asked him to send receipt above
and rent stamped and addressed envelope for
so he would just have them signed (the bills)
and return them, I sure to pay if he does
not write I will let him have his run now.
I am enclosing a clipping and the program
of our Lincoln vs Douglas exercises today.
They were very good indeed and were gotten
of quietly and yet they lasted one hour.
Michael was up late in getting to school
and letter had to play till of the 900. He
really did well. She is picking up wonderfully
and I believe in a very short time will be
able to do exactly as well as Mabel does or
3-12

Serious Charge Made.

John R. Clark, 45 years old, colored, was yesterday arrested by Special Officer David Wardle, accused by George Anderson also colored, of No. 819 Wollaston street, of acting improperly toward his seven-year-old daughter. Friends of Clark interested themselves in his behalf, and he was liberated upon bail for his appearance this morning in City Court. The girl, against whom Clark is alleged to have committed the offense, is said to deny the charge.
Margaret Passles. She is now more of a musician than either of them. When Minnie was her last Saturday night she talked music with Lette, and I was really surprised that she knew so much the minute and series that Minnie talked about.

Leila, too, is doing very well.

I suppose you got results in today's Morning News this item—

“George Anderson Wyerna's father is where they school should have been old — and this girl is Wyerna Anderson. I am not at all positive about the man but believe it is Matthews Black's father. There was something in tonight's paper but I haven't one. But this dodo was one this afternoon and heard that an offense was committed but not by Clark. What the Morning News does not tell I'll write you in tomorrow's letter. Do not the army of fate for both those children to get in a scrape? Perhaps you know that I have never trusted Wyerna—she has always had an under look to me and I reprimanded Lette over a week ago about killing up against her in Mr. Harris' class.
Those two children have a better home and
better home influences than most any
children in this our school and yet, if
this story is true, both of them have gone
wrong.

I want to finish my paper today and
tonight and tomorrow— and send it to you in
Thursday so you can have it back to me
by next Tuesday—I am thinking you
can do something with me Saturday and
Sunday—I read it on Thursday, Feb. 20th.

Be a good little girl, get your lessons
and don’t go “busted.” I was actually frighted
by reading about those ships Davy sent
off.

With love,

Ned.
My dear Alice:

I know that I need you here to give me a desire to go out; I am getting so I don't care to go out at all, nothing attracts church, theatre, nothing. I supposed in the first place, the weather is cold, the walking is bad, either it is slippery or it is slushy, then I have so much to do—so much schoolwork to prepare. Mr. Reid telephoned him this morning before any of us were out of bed to ask them to sell some tickets for the entertainment at the YWCA tomorrow night and before we had breakfast he was here and wanted me to promise him that I would be out at a meeting tonight and attend the orchestra entertainment tomorrow night. I want to finish my paper tonight—it is almost an endless subject. Alice and I find it is pretty hard to evidence it. Take the subject of discipline, for instance, and without discipline we cannot have a well-managed school and by discipline we do not mean just rules there are so many things connected with discipline, even the way we teach our methods of teaching make discipline.
I am sending you today—or it will be tomorrow when I send it—a few thoughts that you are with your training in the use of the English language, dress up if you see and you are at perfect liberty to add and subtract as your fancy suggests. I am an writer and shall not be offended if you change entirely. I want you to see that I have an instruction of the and that the thing does not lack unity. I thought Saturday and Sunday would be two days when you might have a little leisure. You will receive it by Friday. I am also going to enclose a draft for $72.25, that will be $26.25 from Elizabeth Carter and $46.75 from me. That will be $50.00 for your tuition and the $17.00 for your books. I know that will leave you a little pinched for spending money, as you will only have $3.50 for breakfast, but I can't seem to do better. If you get short you will have to borrow from Mrs. Altman for a few weeks. I can get hold of it. I will send you more but you can imagine how things are with me. Times are awfully hard, did I tell you that Blanche said Mr. Stubb is only collecting one dollar a day; Mr. Stevens runs their business up. I stand still—and it looks business us. I want to be one that's not
doing a bit of work and can't collect what is owed to him. You see from Mr. Roach's letter that there is not the least prospect of getting anything from him. He is starting a new business with help as his capital and it will probably fail through like everything else. I do not write you all this because of what I am sending but, because I can't send now. I do hope you have no pressing bills besides Mrs. Atkins. I suppose she will wait until you hear from Higgins.

I have interest coming due on the 38th of the month. If you have no pressing bills, you know how it is when you due here. I would send you more. Walter Anderson has not written yet. What do you think of him?

Leila was here today and she begins to look well. I have not had my shoes on this day and did not dress until about four o'clock when I took a bath and dressed, so I have not been out at all.

Blanche was here today with Douglas. My, he is fine looking child!

With best of love,

Mid
Thursday, Feb. 13, 1908, 10:15 P.M.

My dear Alice,

I am just home from the Philadelphia Orchestra debut—my! how I did enjoy it! I enclose the program—I enjoyed it all immensely. Mozart's Symphony in C Minor was totally in its movement. In the third movement was a minuet and then it put me in mind of Louis the XV or some of the old French Monarchs. The subject was the best we have had this season. She was young and pretty and her gown was exquisite. She was tall and slender and her gown fit her perfectly and all those things helped with her singing.

I had a think getting all your drafts, checks, and letters and things together. I trust you didn't have to pay any more postage if you did let me. Oh! yes! I sent your stamps also.

I'll try and send you some more money for car fare and change. If I possibly can. I feel worried to leave you with the shortness I know that you depend on Elizabeth's money for pocket money, books and other things and you will have to take it for tuition. If you don't get your money from Klippin in a week— I'll try.

3-12-20
and raise you some more.

I think you had better change that paragraph in regard to what the principal ought to be in a well managed school.

I thought of it in the night—when I lay awake from two to five. I have done that two nights now. Tonight I shall get up later in order to try and ski over the time when I awake. I have it near morning—so if I awake I can get up if it is 5:30 by near six o'clock.

I must tell you something funny. I take my tights off this winter when I get to night and lay them on that step in the corner under the telephone—and you kids bring the little umbrellas, that I gave them with the price tag rolled in, (it is 25 cent when they one walking along the street with them of time) up to my office so for one shall steal them—this they do from my suggestion—well, I gave them to today and not knowing any better set them up in my tight end. Of course it was raining very hard outside, the water dripped off and my tight was soaking wet—& I stretched them out on the radiator and dried them some but I was in a hurry to get home and I wrapped myself all up in a throw blanket and put the lights out as it and then I walked along the street in the frozen way and I noticed people looking at me & quite they must have thought...
I had on stiffly starched slacks in the rain and flinch. They were not real dry tonight and I had to put on another pair. I knew I should have to sit in them the entire evening.

I must stop as I have to read the papers before I go to bed.

With love as ever yours,

Moll
My dear Alice,

I am just in from the high school where I was called this afternoon. Your letter awaited me. Your paragraph about the time you had with rheumatism.

I'll send you the three things that I take a day. Take the green pills take three, one before each meal. Do that for a day or two then take stimulants three days, then the other three days. Take salicylates in the morning three times a week—rub well with the lotion—petro-derm—it is what Dr. Stevens used to give to rub with. You must be careful.

Rheumatism is such a dreadful thing. One is never sure if one has stiff joints or if one gets well, but rheumatism—oh, perhaps you know now how I have suffered. I am feeling it in my knees a good deal lately. If I get my feet the least bit damp I feel it.

One day not long ago, I went to school in the morning and it was frozen up tight and when I came home in the afternoon it had melted and was all wet and clumpy and that
I'm rubber up and got my feet quite damp and have felt the rheumatism ever since. Then as you say, it is up there, it is very chilly there—thinking all the time and I get the tops of my shoes wet and the bottom of my sleeves. I come right in and set once the radiator but just the same I am affected by it. I think it would be the thing of fate for you to have inflammatory rheumatism. You could not study and you could not do any work—when I had the rheumatism I was sick all one—every day was sick if you get it and my mother does not help you. You may as well throw up the job and come home. I earnestly hope nothing of the kind will happen. I am afraid you have been impudent, left off your tight shoes it moderated a little or something of that kind. You must be careful. Alice, you just cannot afford to be ill. The idea of Mrs. Trochis being flannel, instead of Prayer in your knees.

I had a queer thing happen to me today—so I told you I had to go to the high school and I got into a car at Ninth St., and rode down to Seventeenth and Market St. So I was not sure that I could get any, but I did want to try and get you a few violins and mail them to you this afternoon so you could have them. Sunday, I got out of the car and had just stepped up to Haydn's window to see what
They had and as I looked through the end of the window I saw Gertrude & Etta right at the corner of Seventh St. coming towards Haydon. Of course I did not want them to know and I walked on home with them. Gertrude knew the entire story just as well as could be I was too provoked.

Your sister came in to the office to tell me an experience of hers today. She said she went to a letter on Sunday and sent them to the office to mail it. She sent you some stamps, the paid, and enclosed a postcard card someone had sent to the house to you. Yesterday the letter was returned to her minus the envelope and the letter, stamps and postcard were enclosed in another envelope and on the inside was written returned to you in perfect condition. Received at post office minus envelope. Now she says they told her if her address had not been inside it would have been sent to the Dead Letter Office. While she was talking to me Mrs. Harris came into the office with a girl to be disciplined and the conversation ended—but I am going over there after dinner to finish it. Do you think that is the strangest thing? I should complain to the postmistress and shall tell her so. Something is radically wrong about it. Unless Delhi fell down.
and got it wet and was afraid to tell it
and yet, if that had happened I should
think the inside would also have been wet.
It was strange the stamps did not fall out
or the postal card.

You will see from the Morning News what
an accident the Fire Orchestra got into. It
was fortunate that none of them were killed.
Do take care of yourself and do not change
your clothing the minute it moderates
instead and keep yourself warm.

You tell Levper the next time he acts
as he did last Wednesday to go to grass and
eat Mullerin. He is the worst crack out of
Mullenwom. Shaw is the worst one and he is
in Mullenwom.

With love — Dad.
Saturday Night
February 15, 1908.
8 & 1/2 P.M.

My dear Alice:

I received the letter mailed by Claire and also this one today, unless you meant that she mailed this one. I am so sorry to know that you had to remain in bed all day Thursday and I do hope you will be better. I kept up by going to clock Friday evening. I did not receive your letter that morning until I came in from the high school. Enough rheumatism medicine to last you nine days, three of each kind for five days more and if it is not a stubborn deliriated case, it ought to be well by that time—if it is not let me know.

Have you read Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Walled In." It has been running in one of the magazines but Mrs. Garwood gave it to Emma Gibson as a Christmas present and she let Miss Baldwin have it and I started to read it last evening about nine o'clock. I went out to mail your letter and the box of medicine and they went around to see you folks and I got back about nine o'clock. My it was a horrid night! Freezing! one could not see three feet in front of them and the pavements wet and nasty and the snow coming out of the ground. 
that, if you happened to step on the edge of a brick instead of the centre it went suddenly down with you and you felt as if you were about to step on the quills of a rhinoceros, or car, either, whichever you choose. As I started to say I commenced the book after I came in and I never stopped reading it until I finished at one thirty, this morning. I slept until 8 1/2, of course, I had to get up and attend to things several times but I slept well until that time. You can read the book next summer, it is worth reading. I know that you do not care for the author especially but I always have.

Of course you have read all about the collision of the train that was carrying the Philadelphian Orchestra with a freight train. While serious, it could have been much more serious, I think the editorial in today's paper, Feb. 16, is a great compliment to Polig and his men.

While I was at your house last night it was raining in torrents, and it rained that way today. It was not like an ordinary rain storm but like a cloud burst. I washed the pavement until they were as bright red as if they had been done up at the laundry. They were clean and were so highly polished.
I told Etta while I was at you house that she might go in and call on Emma. Since she got injured while casting with Etta, I have felt that she should go and offer her sympathy—she has been true twice and she plays for Emma—but when she went in last night Emma was all dressed, ready to go to Bethel Church. I'll en close the program of the evening. Now I suppose you know that Emma has been out of school for an entire week with yams and yards of bandage around her knees and last night was terrible, I managed to run home between the showers—but after that it rained in torrents, and that is not an exaggeration. Etta said that Taylor came in for her and then she left. I told Etta if Emma had any company for her to come right out, but Taylor didn't come until Etta was about to leave anyway. Caroline Williams went with them. I think I wrote you that I rather thought that Dr. Stevens wanted her to get aid from the Ind. Accident Insurance Co. The agent has not been there to see her yet—if he has not been there today, I really do not see how she can afford to stay another week—and wait. Do you?

3/12/35

The same thing a few moments ago and it was Dr. Stevens. He wanted to know if...
would do something for him - I said "Yes, if I can." He told me I could - he did not say I would celebrate on the 4th and he will celebrate on Tuesday next and he wants me to make some hot fish salad enough for 24. Mrs. Smith is here and I suppose that will be Mr. & Mrs. Albert. Mrs. Smith, Mr. Stevens, Minnie & Mrs. Butler. He did not say so but I inferred it as I knew Mrs. Smith is in the city. I have a nice little tin box and I shall put some of this paper in the bottom of it and try sending you some salad. I think as it will be perfectly fresh and highly seasoned it will keep well right out of doors where it will be as cold as possible - if you have any snow buy it in snow but of course just long enough to be cold when you eat it. There will only be a taste for you - and I want you to eat it I may get off Tuesday afternoon and if I do I will get it in Wednesday mail but I am not sure when the lobsters will get here. I would send you enough for a spread - but I just can't now - if we have another cold snap I may send you some more croquettes & almonds. I then you can have as much as you will eat. I'll have a letter at Wells Monday - but he may not
be able to get them. Monday is a bad day, but anybody has any, so will you. I never did hand any by mail in my life, but it will come all right.

We gathered a lot around at your house last night. In the first place we talked quite a bit about the letter your sister mailed you and it was returned to her minus the envelope, but the stamps and postal card remained intact. It just once it could not have been any of the colored men who opened it out of curiosity. The circumstances of them all clerks, they are all carriers and have absolutely nothing to do with sorting the mail, it could not have been a dishonest person because if it had been they would have taken the stamps. So we are at sea about it. Your sister declared that if anybody but Lila had mailed it she would always think they had opened it, but I would think a person mean enough to take the envelope off would be mean enough to destroy the contents.

Well, then we talked about Mrs. Amsterdam—she wants to improve the literary taste of the women of the city. Just she wanted to start a Choral Society—now it is a reading club. She is surprised that I don’t do it. I told you folks, I stay home and do the myself, and keep my clothes clean so people do not have to open the windows after I leave their home. Your mother said Ethel walked all around.
one day and said, (with her nose stuck up and peering all around) "Grandmother, what is that that smells so?" Of course we called it mumps.

When I first went in the house, Laurence, Pauline, and Ethel were marching all around the dining room table cutting up high jinks. Your hill does not swing and I pounded and pounded on the front door but no one answered—until your sister who was upstairs heard and came down to the door. When I went out in the dining room your sister showed the kids all to bed. She intended to go up at once but we talked so much she forgot and when she did think and went up. Ethel had put them all to bed and Ethel had led her a dance—and when Leila wanted to insist that she behave herself, Mrs. Ethel informed Leila that she was not her mother and she did not have to obey her. Your sister and Leila were so exhausted that she thought to be sure she was going to Keel over and she hurried and got her into bed and said to her, "Don't you dare to Keel over!" That Ethel is a Brink.

Hoping that you will take precautions for self and not break down—and that you are better now. Affectionately yours. Ned.
Sunday, Feb. 16, 1908
1:30 P.M.

My dear Alice,

Your letter reached me this morning much to my delight; I am so sorry that you are still suffering from rheumatism, but hope the medicine reached you all right. I am glad to know you are eating you ought to stop eating raw apples and all such fruits you should not—but come to think of it, I have some diet lists and endorse me I really would try to diet get that urine acid out of your blood as soon as possible, I know my dear child, what you mean by that samethe seeming miles across, I remember when coming up Fifth St. to Eleventh I never knew that was any rise from Thirteenth to Eleventh until I started for rheumatism I used to feel many and many times that I could not get to Eleventh Street and when I did get there I was exhausted. I try hard that ex

write weakness of which you complain and even after the pain left me I remained weak for a very long time. You can not be too careful of your clothing rheumatism must be kept in mind and I believe in the dieting. You assume your own ought to be able to get out of it you must cut out all starch.
drinks.

I got up and went to church today. I think if the church must be going down there must only about eighteen people in the church. Mrs. Jefferson seems to be nothing at all - I tried to listen to be instructed, but I vow to you, I could not keep my mind on what he was saying because he was not saying anything. I wish he would receive a call to a better church. I would like a clean pastor, morally and a clean pastor's wife physically. These Jefferson children are the dirtiest children we have in school. Marie is especially repulsive both on account of her want of bathing and her manner such that her unhandy sneaking way.

Well, I read your letter to your home folks, it was delightful and instructive, but I must tell you a joke about it which of course you must keep to yourself. Etta and I went to church and a service was announced for three o'clock this afternoon and no S. S. So I told Etta we would stop in and tell the children that there was no S. S. and so we did. Your sister had gone up to Matthews' church taking all the children, so Leila with her, from what your mother told me she had sent Leila out to call on Mrs. Irwin who were out. Mrs.
Carroll who was also out, and she saw Mr. Carroll and the Hinsons. By the way, I think they treat Leila too much. I like and I wonder why she came in. Your mother said: "Are you tired? Do you want a glass of milk?"

Leila was not tired and did not want any milk, she was not hungry, but that was not what I started to tell you. After Leila had denied being tired or hungry Leila then went into the parlor to catch her mother, of course that was a good thing because she needed plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and while she was out the young mother handed me your letter to read. Read it, enjoyed it, and chatted awhile with your mother, and then got up to go—and while saying the last few things Leila came in, and we chatted awhile, when she reached over in the bookcase and got the same letter that I had just read and handed it to me—I looked at your mother she looked down her nose—"I took the letter and brought it home—and really enjoyed reading it—and I read all about the visit to the Agricultural College to Miss Dover and Ella. Miss Dover was much interested, Ella was also. It was a very clever letter, instructive and interesting.
wrote me about your having made the visit you wrote "a short course girl had been wanting me to fix some time" you want to imagine how I read that, of course I went back and read it correctly — but at the first reading I read it this way, a short course girl. It struck me so funny — you had pronounced it all right and spelled it all right, it was just my shiftless way of reading it. But was it not funny?

I suppose the stamps I sent came with the check and check although you did not say so. Did I put enough postage on the letter?

I should think I am must be different sensitive and has temperament large; I should also think a man with the qualities he has must be delightful after the fresh forward men one knows. I thought of him to get you that book and rather thinks hid up being unique makes it well — rather nice. I had an admiral once who you used to send me the daintiest little booklets and among those little notes written on tissue paper, folded up and hidden among the flowers, I liked those notes thought I made cards for the man — I hope you will get rid of that Rheumatic.
My dear Alice,

You sent me a delightful letter today and I enjoyed so much that I took it to piece and read it to your mother and sister. I had a beautiful little silk dress given to me just big enough and small enough for a child. It is the cream color trimmed with tails pink (half pink) the yoke is pink and the little edging, no bindings anywhere. It is not so loud as that kind is lined and heavy enough to wear now.

I had some little summer things that will do for Lawrence when the weather gets hot and a nice time for Leila. I have been very lucky about having things given to ask—I can give all these girls some things dresses enough to last them for sometime unless they out grow them and then Leila can fall to Ethel and Pauline. This morning I sent Mrs. Anderson Walker another big clothes basket full of things, shoes, pants, waist, drawers, shirts, and all sorts of things. I gave her money enough to buy them at the child's store. If I tell you that Mrs. Walker without my request found...
Some one sent me a ten dollar bill to use as I choose for charitable purposes.

For Mrs. Anderson is pregnant again—except the little new ones in her cheeks, and can not sleep nights for thinking about it. I told her that she doing the unborn child an injustice and asked her if there is not something she can do prevent conception something of course that is legitimate. Of course you know I believe it is minded to use any means to destroy the germ as early as possible after it is once placed in the womb. But I have heard that the womb can be tipped but she say no, she has been to physicians but they tell her that there is nothing that can be done. She say her sister-in-law had her womb tipped after her first child was born and how she is an invalid and always sick—and the physicians tell her that she will ill until she has the womb placed in proper position again.

Mrs. Anderson cried, I made u take anyone so much in my life. Just think that will make her twelfth child and there will be ten at home and Walter at school. Of course you know one is dead?

Grandpa Stuff is quite ill also. I have been wondering if it is to miss the war or not.
at church yesterday morning and went walking with Dr. Thompson yesterday, and at 8:45 she called me up to ask about Jennette & Elizabeth who were here at the house and at four she was so very ill that they had to phone for Dr. Duff, who was dining with Dr. & Mrs. Albert as they had guests from Philadelphia—Mr. Robert Adler, Mr. Carl Poliner & Mr. Reeling.

Minnie phoned to me about Blanche & said she was no better this morning. After school Gertrude went there and found her up stairs in the third floor lying in nothing but the mattress. Gertrude said it looked that way to her—then she had on her flannel gown and a site out and she told Gertrude she was too ill to have anything done to her and to have her groan changed. (Don't speak of this because Gertrude would be very angry and of course Blanche) I wonder, did you? She complained, Gertrude said, of terrible pains in the abdomen.

I wrote you yesterday that I expected to make lots of sales but the "Beckland plans of mice" and men gang all aglow, etc. This morning I had a hell out of the phone from Philadelphia—it was Mr. It all of the Terminal Market he said! I received your
letter and will send up the lobster if you wish, but I did not think any one from
would want to pay forty-eight cents per
pound for lobster. Of course I did not so
I told him they were not for me and I
would consult the parties and see, so I
called up Minnie and told her and she
said she would have Mrs. Stevens call me
up when he came home to lunch and she
did and to make a long story short, he de-
cided to have turkey salad—yes I have a
great big turkey not cooking this minute—
so you see it will be turkey salad, I shall
take the legs and wings and make croquette
so I'll send you a croquette or two and
some salad. I wish I could send you some
of the soup, I'll make of the broth, the turkey
broth, I can't unless I send a box and the
expressage is so high. It would be so nice
to take Mrs. Richards some.
I'll send off the croquette and salad on Wed-
mnesday and you can look for them and see.
I feel very sorry for poor little Miss Hoffman
and Mrs. Richards too. I know I terribly would
feel it, you were at the Infirmary and laid up
with a broken wrist.
You mention a whole lot of new people
today, the first time I have ever heard of Mrs.
Wallon or Mrs. Undity until today. But the
the latter young woman must be bright and the other she too, for that matter with all her degrees.

I should think you could not help with your student like qualifications and all your associations if there, coming back anything else but a scholar. You are always a student, you have a natural gift, you have money and a love of literature and I should think you could not be satisfied with anything but what is highly intellectual.

Imagine what every Saturday afternoon in Miss St. John's library will mean to you! What all the research work you have done and are doing will mean to you. I am not as all afraid but that you will accomplish the task! That lane is for you, I can see, too, how awfully awfully hard this, but then think of what a great thing it will be to have accomplished when it is done! Don't you worry and toss sleep over it. Just remember that lane is at the helm and that he'll steer into the deep waters of success and clear of the rocks & shoals of failure.

You are bound to succeed! Who is afraid? I am not afraid! Alice will succeed—did you happen to read about that young writer Blessing in Sunday's Times? Here's
using his pen to some purpose else not?

I think myself that it is a great pity
that should just be strangers at the head
of the English Dept and I don't blame them
very much for being so. I think
I am glad if you think my paper is
good— I was not at all satisfied with
it, especially not with the conclusion.
there was so much that one could write
about a well-managed school that
one hardly knew what to touch upon.
I thank you, very much, for what you
have done.

Believe me,

Sincerely and Lovingly,

Mary Jennings
Ost.
Tuesday, Feb 18, 1808, 6 o'clock PM.

Alice, dear,

I am just going to write a line. I am so tired, I had to go to Mr. T.'s meeting, did not get home until five or after and then cut up my meat for salad and croquettes, etc. I very much and worked like a little magician to have it all ready to give. So did Magpie. Auntie went to night school. They have just one more night. Assisted by the two girls who did lots of little things I made salad and croquettes and am sending you some salad and croquettes. Both the rest made of turkey but I do not see much difference except that the salad has more white meat and is richer. I am quite anxious to know how it arrives. You ought to receive it by Thursday and by Saturday, I'll know how it reached you. I thank you so much for the commission and the typhewritten. I know that whatever you do to a person is right.

I received a letter from Walter today.
am astonished at what he tells me—I'll mail it to you on Friday—he says he'll be obliged to remain there two more years—I do not see why at all—but perhaps you will. I do not see where he will get the money.

Did I tell you that his mother is pregnant again. Blanche is better.

Miss Stilbs was at school today she says she had neuralgia of the stomach in abdomen and he said he think the left off some of her clothing.

Walter did not send any receipt, I am sending you in some paper all the Stuhlman I have. Miss Stilbs will get mine when she goes up to Philadelphia again.

You were so good to typewrite my last letter. You have so much to do. Many thanks. I hope Mr. T. will think it the fourth as good as you do. Your eyes perhaps are blinded by your interest in me. I'll do better next time I write. I am so tired. Lovingly, Ned.