At School, Friday, November, 1st.

My dear Child,

I suppose my letter written after midnight and early on Thursday morning will be in your hands in a very few minutes now, as it is twelve o'clock and you will be coming in to your lunch or after your lunch. You will read the thrilling experience I had and it was thrilling, I can assure you, I am just recovering from the effects of it. All day yesterday I was ill enough to be in bed. I had an attack of the grip any way and added to the scare of the thieves coming in the house and the excitement following, almost proved my undoing. I am like a balloon, however, if you just inflate me with a little gas I come right up again and am ready for another flight. I feel very good and good enough for anything. It is a most beautiful day, Indian summer I think, the air is balmy and warm and I feel well no signs of rheumatism and could take a long walk and never feel it.

I should think you would live at a keyed up rate all the time as there seems to be something "doing" constantly between you, Hellinger and Cooper.

That was an awfully good joke on her Tuesday night. Do you think she knew that you had found out that she walked home alone? I think I would have been nasty enough to let a hint drop to that effect. What an awfully peculiar man he must be! I can't say that I like people that you cannot lay your finger on, if you know what I mean by that, if he walked over me at one time and the next time seemed to be all smiles and agreeableness I would become very tired and would ignore him entirely. Do you think Miss Hellinger allowed him to see her hand too soon? Poor fool! I really am interested to know whether she had to take that lonely walk by herself. Have you any idea that he would have offered to accompanied you home if the Freshman had not been there?
I really enjoyed your description of the episode very much indeed. You have mentioned that Miss Dillman once but I did not know that you liked her so very much.

I am sorry to hear about the rheumatism. Do you want me to send you some Strontium? Mrs. Stewart, our wash woman has had it so very bad that I gave her some and it has brought her right up. I suppose that she is not used to it and therefore felt its effect more quickly. Poor Mr. Jackson, the carpenter, is very very ill, has an old woman there to nurse him while his wife is away teaching school somewhere, though how she ever got a school is a mystery to me. How is the constipated habit? Is your condition in that respect as good as the last time you reported? I think that a clogged up state of the intestines is what causes rheumatism. I am truly glad to know that you are in such fine physical condition as your weight and measurements, chest expansion etc. etc. seem to show. I should it might be quite easy to keep the weight down to 137 1/2 by the exercise you take in the gym.

Well, you will see that the Home Coming, Halloween event is over. I never went out of the house, yes, I did, early in the morning I rushed over to your house to tell the folks of my experience with the robbers. You ought to have the folks standing around with open mouths listening to my story. The children were everywhere with eyes as large as saucers. Just think, Alice, Emma Gibson went in Mrs. Hardy's that same night, that very time and saw the light up in bedroom but of course thought it was someone in the house.

Yesterday morning, early, Miss Dover took Etta and the Stubbs children out on the Brandywine for a walk and then came directly home. Your sister invited Etta to go out with her and the little kids to see the parade in the afternoon but I would not let Etta go on principle, the militia, the firemen, the governor and his staff and other organizations passed our house. I di
look at them as they passed but Gertrude would not even do that. Sparrow came in
and he and Etta played checkers and casing all the afternoon. We did not go to
look at the parade either. They treated the colored letter carriers very bad
also. The firemen objected to having them in line at all and postmaster Conrad
said they were to be in line and the committee put them at the end of the line
the colored men then, sent a petition to Conrad, asking to be excused from the
parade and Mr. Conrad excused them but made them take the place of the white
carriers in the office and assot mail all the afternoon. Now was that not me
mean? Your mother came in the evening and called on us and later, she came to
ask Etta to go out to see the Mummers but I would not allow her to go. I
felt grateful to your mother for asking her but I thought she had had a good
time all day long and she might study her lessons at night. As it is, she had
to remain in at noon for her grammar lesson. I thought it was very silly in
Miss Brooks to keep her, however, as she gave a definition of the "direct
object" that Miss Baldwin gave her but Miss Brooks wanted the following defi-
nition, "Nouns and Pronouns may be the complements of verbs and verbals, and
modify them by representing the person or thing receiving or directly affect-
ed by the action expressed by them." When thus used they are called DIRECT OBJ
ECTS. Now I think that is foolishness.

After I had written your letter the night of the visitation at my house
I tried to sit up all night but nature resisted and about two thirty I suc-
cumbed and went to bed.

You had better get to your breakfast on time hereafter, would you not
feel dreadful if Mrs. Vordie spoke to you as she did to Miss Torney?

I am just as delighted as I can be that Cooper thought your paper good
and said so and that the others said so especially that old Miss Haffinger.

She is not at all jealous of your work is she? Just wants Cooper for her
self. It does seem as if the time goes on leaden wings with you away. I a l
3-5-3
that I could be up in Ithaca with you and be keeping house for you for one entire year! For me that would be perfect happiness but I have a little bit of an idea that you are really happier with me in Wilmington than you would be with me in Ithaca. Of course I know that you would be awfully glad to see me if I appeared on the scene at any moment, I flatter myself that you would be glad but I think you do lots of flirting that you would not be quite so free to do if Ned were there. Though you did do that last summer and I wasn't there. Is not that so?

I must stop and get this letter ready to mail so good bye.

Your own loving,

[Signature]
November 2nd, 1907

Russian Soldier:

There were a few things I ought to have written yesterday, but people kept filling in the office and children coming in things until I really did not know what I was doing, and I closed up the letter. I wanted to tell you about the social doings here. Of course, our family do not in social affairs as a rule except perhaps to do the looking for other folks.

Halloween, the great parade passed Albert's house. It came up Market to Tenth from Tenth to Sixth, then to Eleventh out Eleventh to Delaware Avenue. Do you see how the Ellerts had a splendid view of it from their residence. The house was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting and was set up by a professional decorator. At least, they looked so. I was told that they and friends occupied the little front balcony. Mrs. Lawren was one of the monitors I have not heard who the other was. At night they had a masquerade party, etc.

Stevens' costume was that of an automobile girl, Minnie's a mare. I think the usual people were there—Miss Smallwood went in fancy dress, so did Miss Provost, Miss Taylor, Miss Armstrong, and the others. Miss Armstrong was kind enough to ask Miss Williams to go; and she was told she might bring her and I am glad to be able to tell you that Miss Williams had the good sense to refuse such an invitation.

The same night the Alumni Association had a
and Pauline came in from Market—that mother had sent them ahead of her and they brought in a
basket of great big nice looking white potatoes & sweet
potatoes and a few other things. Your mother gave me
a pair of pens that had been put up to be eaten at
once, and I took them home and we had them
right. Then he's heart newly trimmed, & we made
me think perhaps he had died. I have not seen my
fire in the big stove yet, so I don't believe they have
any coal for that stove. I have not had a chance to
heart talk with either your mother or sister lately.
It seems as if there is almost always some one
around.

Your sister told me the day your mother came over to
call, Thursday, that there were so many people here
she left. Elizabeth Baxter was here for her German
lesson, Dr. Stevens was here, feeling my pulse and
asking me to broil some oysters for him for the
Bridge Whist-Meat. I did it last night when I came
in from the entertainment. He thanked the house
at 12:15 A.M. I kept them warm for him. My, they
looked nice—nice hot biscuit, soda biscuit. Just
trust the system, hot plates, everything just as it should
be.

Well, well—what a time you had on Halloween. I
am going to keep up that work in philosophy that
you have so creditably begun. You can't afford to be
frivolous, can you? I certainly congratulate you on that
paper. I know you will not let your flag half
in the dust. I sent that report of President's dinner
3-4-0.
to Dr. Furtwängler he was very much pleased and is going to use the address in illustration of one of his "Tuesday Night" talks. I also sent him those questions in philosophy. Send me anything you can along that line - he likes the attention and the information.

Mr. Morrow has a bone one end is walking on two crutches. He will have to have a limb amputated although he does not know that.

I took the liberty to speak to Dr. Stevens about that lump growing larger and I am sending you something that will help it from growing any larger if it does not reduce it. I have a joke to tell you all about it in my next. I want Etta to mail this on her way to her music lesson.

I forgot to say that there fifty nine tickets taken at the door last night. Halloween parties filled things for us. The entire Anderson family was there, grandmother's two of them, cousin's wife, May Lilian.

With best of love yours Ned,

P.S.: send you some envelopes soon
At Home, Sunday
November 3, 1907.

My dear Child,

Although I know well, that it is no fault of yours, I am unfortunately disappointed because I got no letter from you this morning. I am so blue that I can hardly write. I knew that you would receive my letter telling you about the thieves plundering my house, on Friday after lunch, and I felt reasonably certain that you would answer that letter on Friday night, mail it on Saturday morning, and I would receive it on Sunday morning. But letter went to the office, but no letter from you.

It rained in torrents here all day yesterday and I remained until six o'clock when I ran around between the drops to see how all the folks were at 1105. There was a nice cozy fire in the big stone room it looked homey and comfortable. The folding doors were closed and although the doctor's desk and chair were there they looked well. He has half a dozen diplomas his first one from Shaw 1905. Then there was one from the Philadelphia Polyclinic and one from the Hospital for the Study of Obstetrics.
the Delaware certificate and he told your mother he had others. He told her he is afraid of no examination and I believe that.

I knew just as soon as I saw the fire in the big stove that he had paid his room rent and that your sister had bought coal. I found out that it is so when I stopped in there from church this morning. Your mother told me that she paid his ten dollars and that Leila had bought coal. I think now she will get on her feet. Your sister took Leila, Leila, Lawrence to church with her this morning. Ethel stayed home to help her grandmother. I suspect Ethel walked downtown from church with me and stuffed and got Ethel and took her back to Sunday School. Pretty soon the others came in from church and and they all went up to Sunday School. My! they did look nice! You know this is Edward's birthday and he really thinks he is one year bigger today than he was yesterday. Your sister says that Bishop Coleman had charge of the services today. He had only communion and from Mrs. Larson read the. Is it not faithful? She is here now and he says he is his aunt. Helen thinks of taking
the nurse got for a report. I don’t know whether the girl would consent to be taken or not. Your sister told me that the Bishop said when he prayed this morning he asked the Lord to have some children at the service this morning and he said, “I see her at my right, as we’re to pray,” your sister said everybody in church turned and looked at her. She did not say or but’ I feel quite sure that her face looked like fire. She told me that Mabel Brooks and Fannie Smallwood were in church this morning and both of them had their cheeks paintette. Mabel’s were terrible. Your sister said. She had on a black veil and it brought it out.

Well, well, the new dentist hangs out his sign tomorrow morning at Mrs. Jackson’s. He will have a room or office in the room that corresponds to your mother’s room. Dr. Newman is going to board and lodge at Mrs. Jackson’s. Emma Tobias knows him and Miss Lawrence knows him. It is said he is full of life and very jolly. A good dancer. Miss Lawrence told your folks that she danced with him a gold and at a party in Philadelphia two or three weeks ago. Your sister also
told me that a "gentleman" told her he thought she, Mrs. Young, was only taking him in because he is "shushed" in his. That made me so angry I told her she should have told said "gentleman" to kiss her foot. She did not say, but I supposed right away it must be Mrs. Stevens as she emphasised gentleman as much. She says, and I think there is and will be an undertone of jealousy because she has him. The, she said, if she had some person to do the work she would have bound him to just to spite the talkers. This is lady and it is to be supposed that he is a gentleman and your mother's genius certainly ought to be a silence to gratify. Look at Mrs. Tumall in Caroline Williams, no one would think of criticising that. Unless some unforeseen event or events transpire to change the current of the stream, I know it is going to change the financial conditions existing at 1008. I can't help, but do so, Lawrence needs a pair of shoes this minute. He is very hard on his shoes. I had a little talk with you and mother this morning and I told her to have them half soled in Saturday and when she came to make his birthday call a while ago I took off his shoes and had him stand on a piece of paper and drew the shoe
of the foot on the paper, I shall send that to Philadelphia and order him a good strong pair of boy shoes that will half sole boots three times. It is of no use to buy paper shoes for him.

Gertrude says that Elizabeth Stauf's was in Sunday School this morning and she says she did not look real nice. She says she did not begin to look as nice as your sister's children! Do you know those kids do look immaculate always. They look so cute in school with little white aprons and nice little white collars around their necks, put a piece of embroidery perhaps. Their hair I think looks better every day, Ethel's hair are almost as long asemens and your sister keeps combed so nice. She said this morning that she cut their toe nails and manicured their finger nails, cleaned their ears and was pleased out when they were all ready for church.

I guess you would have a pretty giddy time flirting with all the new men if you were free. Dr. Stevens will be no where an old married back number like him when there are new men
and springer men, I guess Emma Libbey will have a picnic as she catches everything that comes along. Lettuce is disgusted with her. She visits Dr. Stevens regularly—of course for medical treatment. Don't let on when you write home that I tell you all the little things.

I must stop as I know she can mail it for me to you.

You have my love, true and faithful. It is, no matter who comes or who goes. I am your loving, true—

Net.
the afternoon.

And I must be having my afternoon nap.

I'll just cut to the chase. I find nothing, and it's obvious that we have to find something. You'll find it if you keep on studying. And if you don't find it, then we have to find it. We've got to find something.
I was talking to your mother about Elta one day last week and she says Elta never comes in there at noon without saying "good afternoon," or goes out without saying, "I think I'll have lunch." She says sometimes she happens to be out in the yard or upstairs but Elta finds her and says, "Thank you," and "God bless you." To Elta, I think that is remarkable.

When I came by 1005 this morning your mother was out giving sweeping and she said they slept in there last night with both doors open—this is, the dead latch up. She was as frightened as if thunders had been there.

I must stop because a woman is waiting to see me.
At Home, Monday 6 P.M.
November, 4th 1907.

My dear,

Well, when I stopped at 1003 this afternoon and read Lawrence's birthday letter I knew that my Sunday and Monday's letter must be at 206 E. Seventh St. I did not stay one minute longer than was necessary to be polite, then I flew.

At the corner I met your sister. She and Lawrence had been downtown. I think she wanted to buy him a postcard album. I think they will frame all your letters. They are so very proud of them.

How I did enjoy your letters because they were both here and so it was strange the Sunday's letter was received here first. Now I know that it's not clear.

They both bore the Ithaca postmark—Sat. Nov. 2d, one at 4:30 P.M. and the other at 7:30 P.M. The latter was back marked here at Nov. 3, 12 M. the former Nov. 4, 9, 30 A.M. Do you not think that is awfully funny?

Well, I smiled at the little play between you and Miss Heffinger—but I can't help thinking that she is little and small, in spite of the fact that you say she is a bright woman. I do want you to be one of the smartest ones there, but if you have to work your best because of Miss Heffinger, I'd just as soon you did not do so well. I want you to notice to be much bigger than that fool. Watch out for her—however and don't let her get even with you.

3-4-11
you can possibly help it. She wanted me to think that she and Cooper had a long conflagra, did she not? One of those drawings was Lawrence's, there on a piece of No. 2, drawing paper. I thought he had his name on it.

I am, as I told you in a letter today, frightened to bits about those thieves. Their daring is what frightens me. My blood runs cold every time I think of it. I shall have the house protected in every way I can, but how, what good does that do? You never would have thought that they would come in the house and ransack the entire upper floor with Atta and me in the house. I read in today's paper where a young Italian woman was murdered. Her husband also, with a little child in the room. The woman had a revolver in the pocket of her apron; but it did her no good. I think perhaps I wrote you that Mr. Stevens told me that I must get a revolver and learn to use it; but what good would it do? No more good than the revolver in the pocket of the Italian girl.

You must not get to sitting up until sometime tomorrow of a night, still I am glad that you get such a delightful nap on Friday afternoon. You ought to rest more than you do.

I really do not know how long a term that negro, who ruined Ethel Stewart is. I meant to find out, however, and will let you know. It is almost a fabulous thing. I really think men who get a child that age in trouble ought to be sentenced to prison for life. They would hesitate then—at any rate they would stop and think;
I tell Etta every day of her life about liberties from new and boy. She was here again yesterday and I think she is not as fresh, but he is boyish, much more boyish than Etta is girlish. Etta is a woman to all intents and purposes. I noticed them yesterday while appearing to reading and writing. She was sitting in that large rocker near the door and by the window—she was sitting at the other window. He had been sitting there a long time reading with apparent relish and a delight. Of course, she was also reading a youth's companion. After they had sat that way for a long time, he got up, took his chair and sat it near her and put his arm on the arm of her chair and wanted her to look at all the pictures with him. I really think it was poor boyishness in him. Leila came in and I had her get a look at the pictures too, then Mary Dunne came and he got up to get her a chair and she dropped into the chair that he been occupying.

I suppose I'd better send you your share of Elizabeth's money and my seventeen dollars. Then you can pay off your book bill and your board and have a little change left. I suppose it is an expense to write to me so often but I have tried to send you stamps whenever I had them. I send you fire on Thursday or Friday I do not know which day now. I intended to send you some today but did not get the opportunity to send to the post office. I shall send for some tomorrow. Pay day.
She is not a young woman and Helen invited her just to get those lessons, but she intends to treat her royally! She says the work that she intends to learn and then teach it in our school is beautiful.

Mr. Newman has arrived, bag and baggage—trunks etc. They are at Mrs. Jackson's. I had quite a long talk with Miss Stiles this morning and she says that he is a fine looking man. Zell will make and dress well.

By the way, Helen told me this morning that Ella made the folks pay 25¢ each at the Halloween party. Maranon —

Your loving friend,

Nady
I shall write to the Guardian and order it sent to you for six months.

What a time you have had in your room on Saturday! Sort of house cleaning was it not?

I should think a difference in price might influence your decision about going to the Alumnae House and yet, I should think you must have a more comfortable room and more privacy at Mrs. Atkins' by the way. What became of that Mrs. Bacon where you were to live at first? Have you ever heard any more of her? She must have to support her boy some way as that was the way she had of making money. I do hope dear, you are not worrying about money matters. You will have Elizabeth's money of course and the $17 I owe you and the seventeen I shall send you for your board and clothes if I can spare it at any time. I'll send you more.

I put $3.10 in the bank today toward the $67. We cleared that at the entertainment. We are going to have the woman again on Friday evening, November 22, and I shall work hard and try to make two dollars clean. Look for her and ten for us.

I enjoyed that part of your letter very much when you told that you counted up to see if this was Miss Dove's Sunday off. It was, she went up three successive days and it brought her to be away yesterday, Sunday, Nov. 3. Have you seen pictures of a Sunday together aside of me? I love you, Grady. I do not want you to get used to being
away from me. I liked also the true ring of the lines when you wrote me that you do not flatter. I believe you Alice—when you say, "I am very careful to be as true to you in word, thought, and deed as woman can be!"

I don't care enough about any of them, or all of them, just to get to do the single thing that you wouldn't approve of or that I wouldn't have you do. You say in another place, I tell you Alice, that made me feel good. I love you, I love you, oh! how I love you and I love no one else think of me, me else. I do all I possibly can for you folks— and all because I love you.

I do think the Singletons probably feel it that you did not ask to come there and that you are bowing down to white folks. I am certainly glad that you are and that are admired and appreciated. Even dear in the good work. Remember me to Wallis! Have you any idea where Miss Queen is staying? Where does Wallis eat and lodge at a Fraternity House?

Do you know that three weeks from next Thursday will be Thanksgiving and seven weeks from Wednesday will be Christmas Day? When do your holidays begin? Do and tell me, I want you to leave the Christmas season so you can—and I want to meet you in Philadelphia. Helen expects me of the white teacher she met at the University last summer for her guest. Helen invited her so that she could take lessons from her some kind of leathery work. The woman is a teacher in the State Normal School at Trenton, N.J. Miss Baldwin says she was quite superior to any one else they met last summer. We are going to help Helen entertain her. I am going to have something of a surprise for one. I think, of course, will do something. Minnie also, I think now, I shall have my folks for Christmas dinner. The woman don't get here until the day after Christmas.
At Home, Nov. 3, 1907.

Tuesday.

Dearest Child:

Well, well, well such a time as there has been in Wilmington on the "Wet" or "Dry" question. Last night the "Dry" people had the most tremendous meeting that had ever been held in Wilmington. They had at mass meeting at one of the Presbyterian churches from 8:15 - 10:30, then they marched in a body from there to the Opera House after pinning no hand badges on me there. They had a band of music and the procession was eight blocks long. When they got into the Opera House every seat was at once taken and every aisle was packed. Mr. Stubbins was there and said it was the most awfully inspiring sight he ever witnessed. They stayed in that Opera House until 1:30 this morning. Your mother went to church but got very "tired" and went home after that but I think she regretted that this letter and the letter about that Opera House Meeting. Trouble was expected at the polling places today but so far we have heard nothing of any trouble. Dr. Stevens came in here after 2 o'clock this letter and he is going down town to see the office hours to get the returns. He thinks we ought to know by ten o'clock and he will phone up to us.

All the school children, everybody, big and little, are crying "Wet" or "Dry" as the case may be.

The big woman people had a meeting at the Opera House on Sunday night and Thoebie Stubbins addressed it and received one thousand dollars for her speech.
I'll be able, before sending off this letter to tell you the result. I ran over to your house after dinner, one thing I thought it best not to have Leila on the street alone and then I wanted to see your sister anyway. The things I write you you are supposed not to know unless they mention them. Yesterday I met your sisters in the drug store and I was coming from some house where I had been reading your letter to Laurence, his birthday letter. We met right by the drug store and stopped to chat while Laurence ran on home. She said, "I have been downtown to try and sell a ring but I could not get nothing for it. I went to Kerns and they would take it for old gold. I went to Levitz, the pawnbroker they offered me something on it but not enough for me to leave it." I said, "Let me see it, perhaps I can sell it for you." I looked at it and saw it was a ring with five or six opals set in what is called Nearly Ceylon gold. She let me have it and I asked her what she would take for it and she said, "Three dollars." So I took it with me and by ten o'clock this morning I had sold it for five dollars. I sold it to Florenceusty and she will pay me two and one half dollars over pay day and two and a half the following pay day. I had four dollars and ten cents that came from the entertainment and I had given it to you sister instead of banking it, so when Florence
pay me I'll bank that. It is the first money to put in bank toward your sixty-seven. The Alumni Assn. will give a dance for the same purpose. we are going to have a number of things. Be sure and see if your can't get me the song that the Cornell boys made with a hit with. I want to have it. It must be in one of their song books or perhaps Callis can find it for you. We can ask the boys themselves about it. I'll find out the price of their college song books. I'll send you the money. Pay day to buy one. But, of course, I would like one with that special song in it.

Nov 6. When I had written the sentence about Callis last night the door bell rang and when I went to the door it was your sister. She spent the evening with me. She read the papers which I am mailing you today, and then we chatted about Dr. Newman and the school children. We were discussing Ethel Stewarts case, poor child, and Dr. Stevens had been calling on us just before your sister came in, and he told her that she is Mrs. Anderson's Physician, the woman with whom Ethel lives, and she told me that the woman told him, that Ethel told her that he only used her once. He had been in the habit of coming to her house to give some woman singing lessons and he had been trying to persuade Mrs. Anderson to give Ethel lessons, but I recall to allow him to give Ethel lessons, but she said, 'No,' but on one occasion, sirs when he was there teaching the other woman and Ethel was in the room he had tried Ethel's voice and taught her to run the scale extra. Well, according to Ethel's account he came there one day when she was alone and he asked for his pupils and Ethel said
the woman was out. Then he asked for Mrs. Anderson, and Ethel said, Mrs. Anderson was in at Mrs. Sterling's, then he came in, with the result that Ethel is pregnant. He is in prison until his trial comes off. I did not know that when I wrote you about it before. His case will come up at the next term of court. I do hope they will give him the severest sentence that the court allows. I wish it were imprisonment for life. Someone told me to say that he attempted a liberty with Jennie Wardfield, but that she told her mother.

I declare Alice, I enjoy your letters so much; I cannot tell you how much. You write something I never, in all my life, enjoyed anyone's letters so much! You are a gifted woman, and I love you for that! I love you for your ability. I am delighted that you can hold yourself with self-control. For old does she appear to be? Do you think Miss Sheffield rides with her? I rather thought that from your last letter. Both of you were very bright, however.

To think you could create her portrait with your pen, and she could see it in your portrayal, I think that was pretty clever. You two will end my being friends. I wish I could have seen your entire paper. I enjoyed that one paragraph so much. You are genius, my child! Read your letters several times, and enjoy them as much as for that perfectly delightful long letter, which you sent me, written on Monday night, and received this morning. I shall try and answer it tonight, I will get as I shall be afraid to write to you seven weeks from today will be Christmas Day. About four tomorrow will be Fuckday, and I will send you my half of Elizabeth's check and my seventeen dollars. I shall also send you some goodies I bought my dad change enough to
to keep myself in stamps and send you the few I have sent you. After this I'll try to send you something each pay day and perhaps you will get it in time for your Saturday or Sunday breakfast. How delighted I was that you had time to get yourself a little breakfast. How I wish I had been there to have a cup of your coffee. The next time you are down town get yourself a can opener as I may send you something in an air tight can. This is easier to pack than glass jars. Then too if you did not happen to want to use it the day it reached there it would keep.

I'll send envelopes too, when I get hold of some money. Let me know when there is something you want and need. I have told you from the first I don't want you to suffer for anything. Not only that, I want you to have what you really want.

With fondest love,

Yours devoted, Ned.

The reason your letter came late on Monday was because I had to mail it so late on Sunday, I got him to mail your letter. I usually send it to the office as soon as I get out of school.
Dear little sweet Child:

I am so glad when everybody gets out of here at night. It is quiet then, but until that time it is one immense hubbub. Leila is here practicing, and I have told you more than once, I think, how very encouraged I have been ever since you went away and after she, I am still worse since the thieves went through the house. I think you would laugh if you could see what I do every night. After dinner I go upstairs light the electric light at the head of the stairs and then go uonders and hear the every crack and corner, behind the doors, in the closet, down on my knees and look under the bed. It is a good thing that this is not last year because I have not gone down on my knees at all. So far this year I can get down and up in a very dry manner.

But as I was saying above, Leila is practicing. Mary Ann is getting her lessons and I will not be proteted with her, but writing helps her and she stood well last month.

Did I write you that Etta got 4 in Latin and 4 in Algebra this month? she got 4 in English but I had a sneaking idea that it ought to have been 5 because Elizabeth told me one day that Etta's lessons were better than any of else's in the class. I think Elizabeth does not know exactly how to mark and you gave Etta 4 in Latin.

Elizabeth gave the same. She got 8 in Algebra and 4 in history & 8 in cooking and sewing. 7 in drawing. I noticed that her drawing of Priscilla was hung up today. That is remarkable for her as her drawings, she gleefully told me one day, usually go in the scrap basket.

I have not asked Annie perfect, I forgot to ask her for it perhaps she has not received it yet. I shall ask her tomorrow.

I met your Stephen on the stuff Sunday. The state compelled him to return and teach her for two years. He is at Middletown and Celestine Perry taught in him until he could get things straightened out. But the place he was on tops stands just think!
... was getting fifty dollars a month and his room rent and board. At Middletown he gets thirty dollars a month and pays twelve dollars a month for his board. The wanted De Vasto to assist him but Mrs. Spalding said, "No," in a very ugly way. He said if she would go to some summer school he would then give her a position.

The night school numbers ninety now all under the age of twenty-one. There are a number of day school pupils who attend at night in order to make up, because they are backward. In almost every case such children are from the country, and are older for their grade and by attending night school they get individual attention that they are enabled to make a grade or two in advance. You know just as Maggie did. In that way the school is filling up rapidly.

When I got in from school this afternoon I found at my plate a letter written by Walter Anderson to his mother. It is not worth sending, I judge, but I will copy one or two things which I think will interest you. He writes, "Since I wrote you, I have had only one examination. It was on 'Manilla Days.' I made A—, the highest mark made in the class of over two hundred." I judge his mother writes him about writing—so he writes, "You can't imagine how much I have to do here; lessons keep up a student perpetually on the go, and the examinations are hard." Then he goes on to write of the great event of the year to them—their annual football game with Andover, N.H. "The tickets for the game are 85c and $1.00, and every boy in the school, every man and woman, boy and girl, is expected must see this game." Then she goes on to speak of the yell, describes how they are given, etc. He writes, "All this week and next week many meetings are held in the Chapel, at which no teacher is allowed. There the boys of the school meet and learn the cheers and songs. When all the students get warmed up to the songs no one within two miles can sleep. These meetings are a sort of general rough house in which everyone takes a hand. Some of the boys even carry benches and throw them at each other. The faculty say nothing about this for they know they can't stop it."
believe they don't want to stop it as these two weeks are the most exciting of all the weeks here. Again, they begin to send the boys away immediately after the Andover game, so perhaps they want them to have at least one good cut-up before they go into the clear out. They have always here of telling a man to go home. They leave a little note under your door with these words, "Please don't let the run see you in the cell. You are below the average."

If you don't go, in a few days they stick another note under your door, "For Heaven's sake clean out." If you don't, this time they send one of the police force (it is not really consists of these men, a chief, a captain and a private) to help you along. I think this is a very pretty trick. We saw he will have our examination in geometry this Thursday but has no idea how he will do. I think he is already less conceited than he was. He is an eccentric boy, well his father is an eccentric man. It is reported that he made all sorts of money in the election yesterday. Emma Allen was in here tonight and when she said she heard he made two thousand dollars. I think if that were divided by twenty and then by ten it would represent possibly what the gift cost of it. It is reported however, that Colonel Nelson sold themselves like dogs to the liquor men.

Suppose you were dissatisfied when you took up my letter on Monday and found we had not received your letter on Sunday morning. I wrote you when they were stamped here so it hardly seems as if it were the fault of our local office. I do not blame you for being provoked, however, after tanking all the way down there in the rain to mail the letter. This is the second time only that I have been disappointed. I am sorry my letter was late in reaching on Monday, but wrote your letter today's letter how it happened. Mrs. Baldwin did not get every one of the papers at once. She did not get one or two of them. By the way, I might as well ask you in every letter I write what has become of the paper. The teaching of a "Teacher of English" the last time I heard of it was back in Lamkin's hands and you were hunting a stamp when there was no stamp to give him in order that
he might ticket it for the second trip. What a disappointment it must have been to you to prepare a fine German lesson and then find your teacher away! You must tell me where you are so we can at least try to help you with you.

Well, how I laughed over your description of Rundtrick. I do not know I had seen an advertisement of those maps and Miss Oliver promised me she would go there one Saturday when she was to be out in that part of the city and then she forgot it. I was going to use them in the history class. I shall send at once for their catalogue. I read your description of [illegible] of Burhms' brick to Miss Williams. She thinks she would like to use the maps. I intended to stop at 1008 and read most of the letter to the folks there, but it has rained, cats, dogs, puppies and kittens here today, thunderlightened also, so I had to ride to school and home and of course could not stop there.

I congratulate you most heartily on your work in English, and I was intensely interested in the reading of the account of the pettiness of the men at Cornell. Well, I have not been so very many years ago when women's liberties enough to go to men's college, were written and run out of various men. It just shows the littleness of the being worshipped by ourselves. I used to notice those young bods last summer smoking all through the halls of Killian Smith. No matter if you did get the "stamp" and the "Yea, Yea! from the men of the class it shows that you had more blains than they had and I thought the last stayed or almost one boy! You pretty clever. Because we don't know of the individual people so did anything to you about it.

Alice, if anything in this world could comfort me in your absence it is your bright letters. I enjoy them, not because as I used to enjoy your coming home at night, but in a similar way. I felt ashamed to take so much of your time. I know that you do study very hard and that the time you take out of your twenty-four hours must be taken for your studies. Home was not such a place and I think I ought to
say, "Alice only write once a week." Am I selfish because I do not come straight out and say it?

Don't you want me to send you your bathing suit? I should not think you would want to wear anything else. Just tell me where it is, and I will get and send it to you. Do they have a swimming teacher in the gym?

I have lots to tell you— but must get this off. It will be in Saturday's letter.

Your own, Ned,

3-4-19