Lab 6 E. Tench Street  
Wilmington, Del.  
September  
October 1, 1907

Heart of Sweetheart:  

Your Sunday night letter awaited me when I came in from school today. You are the thing of letter writers! How I did devour every word you wrote! You tell all the little details, all the things I love to hear. Do not think that I ever shall think any little act of yours that concerns you important? I just love to know everything you do. I am so glad that you are with folks and so glad that you are under that wonderful many of books, who has just published that book. I know you have sent off for a copy of it now. Is it over the fire? We'll find your address, but he don't want to get too intimate through you, will you know how to keep him in his place?

How will Margaret Lindtwood do? I asked her. Will I am going to try very hard to keep if he can. I know how much you are going to get out of this man's work, but I don't believe you do know how hard this little girl!

I intended to tell you in yesterday's letter that I've commenced to write to her with letters as a yesterday. Your brother asked me to let her know that she did not seem inclined to go - she is too sick.

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but she made up her mind yesterday that she would. Her last period in the morning is Mrs. Reavis's room. Instead of her going up stairs, I have her come right into the office, and Viola comes to the office to meet her and they go out together, promptly at twelve. They make long strides down the hill but walk back leisurely and get back in ample time. I asked Betty today if she ate much, she said, "Two large rolls, two cups of cocoa and a bun, it frightened me. You see it is fine for her a growing child to have the walk and change, the hot lunch and the children's companionship." I stopped at 1005 as I came from school this afternoon and asked her if she had been to the back parlor and the first thing she said was, "Won't you come out and have some dinner?" You sister heard her and she came in from the dining room and invited me out to dinner but I thanked them and said my folks were all waiting for me. I told her if Betty was going to eat like that I'd have to pay board for her. Of course your sister said, "No indeed! She was glad to have Betty and to do something for me. I believe she is and of course she shall not offer to pay her, but I'll write to Gimble tonight or tomorrow and have them send me a day of sugar and a barrel of flour and I'll send them sugar and flour and on Saturday I'll send over a basket of apples.

Yesterday Miss M. b. J. was at school and I called her upstairs to see how beautifully Elizabeth Center
I said to her, "Don't you want to take your checkers board and go over and teach Leila how to play checkers?" I said, "If she has gone to bed and back right away but if not, stay and play with her." She wanted to know how long she should stay, and I told her until I came for her, so I went over at eight the home usually go. Leila had been in bed all day and the doctor said she was to stay there over Sunday and rest. Your mother gave her a grain of calomel and soda (and I sent her four ounces of salapatica this morning). Well, Etta and Leila played games on the bed until they both became tired. Then Etta said she made up a story about the pansies that hung on the wall. Leila was in your mother's bed, she took her in there when she was taken sick at four o'clock in the morning. Etta lump the flattering notion to her soul that she can originate stories, she has had to write several for Elizabeth and she believes now, she can write. She left after she had just Leila to sleep with her tale of the pansies. I stood until my final hour. You sister was out somewhere when I went in the house and your mother was out in the kitchen making bread. She had about finished when I went in and said, "Alice always made all the bread during the school term."

I knew she had been thinking of you from her remark and by the way she sent us over nice and hot for breakfast, eight great big nice and
rols, my, they were delicious. We enjoyed them. We each ate two of them and left some...I did not give Maggie them. She was plenty of shortening in them and they were appreciated. Yes, your sister walked over with her every night. You understand, don't you Alice? I just went over there at first because I knew I was disconsolate and saw that they were that first night when they were seated at the two windows and the children were playing upstairs in the dark and then hung around until after eight o'clock because their mother was too weak to put them to bed, made me pity them so that I went again and again—your mother walked home with me once or twice then your sister began to and I presume perhaps she pitied me as I had her, it just seems to me if I do for them I am doing for you. I read in one of the papers yesterday while a lieutenant had been sent to a distant place for duty and he felt the coming separations so much that he shot her and then took his own life. I appreciated the act because I think at first I was a little "off" in my mind and your sister asked me if I thought there was any danger of her losing him, I did not tell her, nor have I told you. I think that is why I am so nervous and can’t sleep well, I’ll break up my German because I read German at all hours of the night.

I received your letter this morning and divined it just as eagerly as if I had not had one yet. If you know any little stories about dandies, just me in mind of lovely in the books translated.
humbled her classic drawing. I told he to
be sure and tell Mr. Twitney about it.
I have yet to see a class the least disorderly
or the least disrespectful in their manner toward
her. She is wearing glasses and looks very
nice indeed in them. All she needs now is
something done to her hair. If it were not
for that she would be real good looking.
She has a strength of character far beyond
anything I have ever dreamed of and I
believe she is going to make something of
a woman. She told me that she received a
letter from you yesterday and that she had
sent you an answer this morning. I am getting
all these books stamped labeled and she can
have them tomorrow to use. The Classical Myths
& Bullenick came, I was afraid they might cut
them out, but everything is here.
I had a talk with Helen today about Yuri
and she has promised me she will send him
to Cornell. He will go to Sybile. He is doing well
in school. That grade is a delight to this
lover. The boys love their Latin and get it.
George has had sixteen boils and met
Mr. Panton on the street this afternoon and
he said he had had eight. The things that
he and George got poisoned by Menegoutis
and that is the cause of the boils.
I did not get any Morning News today but
am sending you the Cross as you can read of
that wonderful game between Detroit and the
Athletics, also of Miss Jeanes will.

I'll send you some of the colored papers
tomorrow. I'll read them before I go to bed to
night.

I think that is rather a nice way they
have of changing you around thirty at
that standing hot list. It keeps it from
being "dignified" and gives everybody the chance
to know everybody else.

Leila practices regularly and seems to be getting
on fairly. Elta said to me on Monday, "Just
herself, she reads those things right off, I
had her do it in the beginning. I wish Mrs.
Stevens had made me do it." Now what do you
think of that?

I am so glad to know that the same things
are true of those people that are true of us. You
know I have often said, "It is not a case of color
but of human nature.

I seem to have something to write you every
day. I just want you to know all that happens.

I am sending you some paper like this, let me
see if it is worth the price or not.
With lots and lots of love—

Your own Nidikins.
At School,
October 3, 1907.

Dear Only Sweetheart,

You are the very bestest little child I have. God bless you, sweet heart! Your letters have been coming in like an avalanche of love! The one which you wrote on Sunday night was postmarked at Athens, Sep. 30, 11:30 A.M., and arrived in Wilmington, Oct. 1, 11:30 A.M., and of course I received it when I arrived at home. Your letter received this morning was postmarked at Athens, Oct. 1, 11:30 A.M., and arrived in Wilmington, Oct. 2, and 1:30 A.M., and was delivered at 2:00 in the early morning. I am as happy as happy can be when a little comes, and if I go all round on the drums afterwards.

As soon as I had eaten my dinner yesterday I went right up to my room and sat down to write to you. I was about six o'clock, and as I came in from after dinner I heard her down there practicing away like a good soldier until seven o'clock. I scribbled all of the time. She was still playing away at seven o'clock, when I asked her to stop. I was interrupted twice, first by the night school woman, in my class last winter, who had pneumonia. She wanted to know when we would begin night school. Then Miss Weather came in. I had received a nasty little note clipping concerning her family, and she had come to get it. They blamed the entire thing on her, Held her name there in full Elizabeth Weather. There was no way out of it, I had to write her a letter. In regard to her finances had worried me much, but she said she would raise all she could.
After I got a chance, I finished writing you a letter and then went over to 1008. I found little help in scratching a letter to you. Big sister was reading the Morning News and my mother was reading that book on Runham. She has been reading it religiously lately. I read all of your letter to them that I could and they enjoyed it very much indeed. We laughed over parts of it and I started and we chatted until 9:40. When I started to have your sister said she would walk around with me. She did, but said only generalities. Lecturer was in humorous mood indeed.

You spoke of the difference between tight and short shorts. Certainly, wear tights, but I thought if it is freezing cold up there you may need both and if you do, write to say so and I will send them.

I sent your daily program and your little dictating about Prof. Cooper to Mr. Ginty to stay in order that he may see what a great man you have for your teacher and adviser. Do you think Lankins is a little green one? I believe he is! Wouldn't you and the devil a cat and dog life if you were tied up? He'd be worse than Dunbar. I don't care how much a fool he is or ignorant or, simply keep a bad head. Have I told you about my Anglo-Saxon. Of course, I am proud of you but if you had written any other combination of letters I would
have been just as proud because they would mean as much to me as they do! I am glad that you like Mr. Monroe because you will learn more from him because of your liking. You will learn so much history, geography, and Anglo-Saxon & Latin and English when you return if you really try, that we will be awfully afraid of you. I hope you know I would not wonder if you get a chance though you work there to teach in some white high school. You will get plenty of chances to go to Baltimore, Washington anyway.

She is full of the care they take of their students physical welfare and I am so glad because I know that you will be well looked out for. I shall be anxious to know what the doctor thinks of you.

I wish you would write me about your teacher's methods in German and what book or books you use. I want to borrow Elizabeth's books. Do you learn Russian about her here do you?

Three people do not mind working to they. Remember that Mrs. Schmitt receipt well. Remember the very last Saturday afternoon she came.

Did I tell you that Mr. Stevens came home on Sunday morning? He telephoned about 9:20 p.m. and Helene went to the phone. He said he might come over. I was nearly ready for
bed and so on, I have neither seen him nor heard from him since. I think the reason he did not send up a post card was because he did not know whether you were here in Boston.

You must not worry about money for the things you are obliged to have. When you need money I will send it and do not allow yourself to get too low in funds. Remember Mr. Walter Anderson wrote that you were compelled to buy a book every day then. We will manage things after you return all right if I do not die before that brother handsome for you. Don't worry, get all you can out of this year. Take care of yourself and eat at Buckingham whenever you find it necessary.

Ethel is doing finely in her work. She wrote a good story this morning modeled on 'A Heart at the Bridge.' She was the only one who had it. I am at my desk in the office writing and she is in Miss Cravens' room writing another story. "The Day of Famine." She says she has played with Kicklitch the dog. She was a little girl once. Leila is doing well at school. I am fine all of us.

Furniture horses and she a heart filled with love. With love, Dickens.
206 E. Tenth Street,
Wilmington, Delaware.
October 2nd 1907.

It is strange that you did not get my letter the papers on Tuesday. I mailed letter and papers on Monday evening. Instead of putting the letter in the box, however, I put it in the drug store and have been worried ever since your note reached me yesterday afternoon saying my letter was not received. I mailed one in there Tuesday evening also and Post to. So make sure yesterday I carried letter and papers to the post office myself. Have not missed sending your letter one day since you left me. On Tuesday, Etta mailed a post card and I let two post card also. I sent a big bundle of papers yesterday.

I was delighted to hear about the coat you sent to Leila. I think I wrote you that Etta has been going home with Leila to get her lunches but today Miss Dover kept Etta in for that everlasting salad and she kept until 12:20 so of course Etta could not go down for lunch and get back to school in time. Your mother sent me word that she had Etta's lunch all ready on the table for her. She also sent me word to stop there on my way home from school as the coat had come. Leila said she had tried it on but she was afraid it is too short. I said, "Oh, we will fix that all right." I gave Ethel that little gray cloth coat of Ette's that she brought from Switzerland. It is heavy and warm and for Ethel it is a long coat. It fits her very well too and she is delighted with it. Your mother said, Ethel kept saying, "I wonder while this coat came from and kept it until
The snare, Leila, take notice, and Leila said, "Oh, I know now where that coat came from," your mother said, "Very well, that will do now if you know where it came from," so if Ethel got hold of it she would tell everyone else and write that that was Etta's luncheon at the brought over from our dad, so they kept their own counsel.

This morning, sent your mother a basket of potatoes and a dozen eggs. They won't let me pay for Leila's Etta's luncheon and I know how hard times are with them and must be with them so I felt as if I must do something.

I had a letter from Walter Anderson yesterday. He's people were beginning to get worried about him because they had not heard I had a letter. Mrs. Anderson told me on Monday coming to inquire whether I had heard from him. I told her I had not and she said not worry because I felt quite sure she was all right.

In his letter he said he had dated it several days ago, but he knew he was to have a test the following day, so he put the letter aside to study for that test. He had the examination last Friday and did not make a single mistake. I asked him when I wrote, which was before you left, to write me he compared with the other boys in his class. He says he has the reputation of being a "skunk" in his school and is not at all afraid of those two redheaded Yankees as his work is up to theirs. He says Booker Washington, Jr., is twenty-one years of age and is in the Junior Class at Tallahassee that the young man has been drunk.
more than once since his arrival there. He says, of course, he has not been taught but Walter says he will have to leave any how as he said he has not had a decent recreation since he has been at the school. There are about a hundred students at this time, and two hundred will probably be dropped before Christmas. Miss Brown told me that one hundred and fifty were dropped last year at this time. So Wedthor Walter's statement is true. He says a white boy came to his room to study geometry with him and his friend or roommate, rather and the statue of three, Thomas. Anderson, Walter's above and the white boy worked until after nine o'clock and the white boy worked until after eleven o'clock and the white boy worked until after three o'clock. We also said, by application, he had had a postponement of the paying of his tuition until that before the Christmas holidays and he hopes to earn a scholarship by that time. He crops as generous, colored, by the name of Black, won a two hundred eighty dollar scholarship three last years and is a little spirit too.

He seems to know from what the boy tells him that the school is very rich in scholarships and he just feels confident enough in himself to believe he can manage. I hope he will.

He is a hard student and I believe as well prepared as any boy there, finds what he writes so I am not sure why he should not.
I told my friend Alice and she said there was no reason for her to come for him. Keira told me that Mrs. Armstrong will not be here until Monday. Of course she grandpa told her to tell me all those things.

I saw Miss Bant for a few moments before school and she had a letter from George. She was the patient in the clinic and he makes the call. He told her that everyone had treated him very pleasantly, but one woman and she is a Virginian, she refused to eat at the table with George and the Motion told her she would have to go without food until they only intended to provide one table!

By Mrs. Blandon, Maggie and I came and we all picked some eating cabbage that Maggie had not cooked enough. We had it for dinner yesterday and fell aches on us all night and I was taken this morning. I put terrible pains and trotting to the doctor, I waited has just about half the day on the couch in my office. She has not taken anything but her cold. Maggie is so ailed that she has to sit beside me. I am worse off than any of us.

Elizabeth does finely! I do not believe you could have put any substitute in her place who would have done one half as well. Our teachers do not seem to want to give her credit for it. They want to say it is because the teach.

The teachers are lovely in any old reason. They like my people are contemptible, you have been gone nine days today and you will be gone seventy-eight more of you know. Send the holiday before Christmastime. Was and I think?
DEAR SIR:

Your nice, long, delightful letter came this morning. I had telephoned to George to come for me, for it was raining cats and dogs. As usual, he was late, and I sat there and enjoyed your letter. You know, Alice, that I enjoyed it.

Do I have to tell you ever so often, if he is a mixing one with tempers. I think of his writing you paper in Prof. Knowles of Yale, and say, 'If meeting this, I and proud of your advice of your mother for your news, and never from a letter. I want it to see if it is a go.

It and then I'll buy up the entire edition and send one to every principal in Wilmington and every teacher in the city. I want it done soon, too. I am not afraid of it being expelled for slapping "Launcels." You might flay with him—but never, never, never, shape him. I expect he will be calling at your house next. Where could you receive gentleman's callers if you wished it? Was Mrs. Atkins a drawing-room? Is your room enough like a parlor to receive gentleman's callers? I suppose there must be some sort of etiquette about those things, don't they? I thought it was so kind of them to bring you in that raspberry wine, and show that they like you. I knew everyone would and
I do not care how much they like you or how well they treat you! They cannot treat you too well to act and not show you too much attention. I only object to your becoming interested beyond a certain point. I really do not believe you will. This year is going to mean everything, when added to what you already have. Did I tell you the opportunity means for you next to register for Prof. Woodbridge's course of lectures? Does he or does he not want you to take philosophy? Please do not call him a professor. He is not well bred. No ladies to loaf gentlemen and I always brought men up to be a lady.

Your folks are fairly well. spin much. I have quite a cold. I had half a bottle of boot lace oil and malt which I took last night. She has a little hacking cough again as she often has. I missed Leila this morning. She was in practice and then looked for her in the assembly room and when I did not see her then I went to her mother to ask for her and her mother said, "Leila had a severe chill at four o'clock this morning." I got her permission to telephone to Mr. Stevens, which I did and asked him to stop in and see her when he started out. When I sent Betta down for her lunch and told her to inquire of Leila. Your mother sent me word that the Dr. said Leila was nothing more than a severe fibrinous attack and her mother was treating her all right. I thought your sister looked a little pale this morning. But she is because she had been up with Leila. The doctor arrived yesterday and is fine. It is a good fortune below, the dressed and so
for stylish clothing. We all love Miss Walden's admixed activities. As you know, Alice sweets, she will make it a habit to look out for dates, kids, and all sorts of juicy sad is best left unfinished, for practicing. We must always work. She always came at six, and I had to go early at every night. I have spent much of my time by myself. We will not drink tea in the days by 9:30 and I decided to bed and the house was all closed up and dark, I sat in the dining room reading, German by myself until after ten o'clock. I read some German every day, I really am becoming wonderfully. I can look right down a page and take it in as well as I can a page in English. Elizabeth is doing finely, she read a poem this afternoon and I read it well and translated it. She is getting the German script very well indeed. She wants to take more time and when I told her this afternoon that she might come down to the house tomorrow Sunday she was perfectly delighted.

Miss Fitches came here and acted like the very mischief today. She was insulting to the teachers and to me also. She takes and pretends she is working when she is not and wants to take it out of the teachers, I was so angry with her I trembled.
I forgot to write you yesterday that on Sunday evening Dr. Stevens telephoned over that he had arrived in the city that morning and might be over, but we waited, at least Gertrude did until ten o'clock and he did not come. On Thursday evening, I met him as I was going over to see some people, he was on the way to my house then but I would not turn back. He did and then came over about 9:30. He told us all about his fine time in Pittsburgh.

I had the primary teachers together this afternoon about Miss Mitchel's fussiness and told them everyone to go out to the high school on Monday and see what she wants them to do.

Little girl, I wish I could spend Saturday and Sunday with you. I wish you could come home Thanksgiving! How long a holiday will you have and will the fare be reduced for you to know Cornell plays Penn, in Phila.

I wish you had not taken the train and walk into your room at 214 Stewart Avenue—before Christmas. I don't want you to. Alice, my own,

Let all you can find tinkers but don't get hurt yourself.

Yours as always, lovingly,

[Signature]
Dear sweet Mabel,

I do not believe I'll ever settle down and be calm and able to do things as they should be done until you return. I am very very nervous. Last night I got in from my house about 9:30. I found Mr. Stevens there talking to L. H. He did not stay very long as they were going to play "Bridge Whist" at 2 Esters.

After dinner yesterday afternoon I had some writing to do. I have found out that it is best to write your letters in the afternoon after school and mail them when I am on my way home. There is a large mail box at the corner of Tenth & Market Streets for papers and packages and so I go down to Tenth & Market Sts. and mail your letter and the papers there. But when I sat down after dinner I wrote to Nettie and Walter Anderson and one to G. H. I saw sugar advertised for $7.29 per pound and it is six here so I ordered a twenty-five pound bag for myself and one for you. For spits, I wrote quite a long letter to Walter and when I had finished I went over to 1008. About six o'clock, Etta got out a pile of books and sat down to the table to get over her lessons for Monday. She looked so blue and old and discouraged my heart a caring as I looked at her. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," said I to myself. She had eight lessons to get over for Monday. I think
Miss Slover makes things very hard in her room and Etta is not brilliant and she is sensitive and there is absolutely no pleasure in school life for her. Miss Slover was complaining to me one day this week about Etta, she kept her in at night and Etta got no lunch that noon and I did not like it at all. I asked Miss Slover why Etta was kept in and she did not like that, so proceeded to tell me that Etta belonged in the dull part of the class though she had had three hours a day in Latin during the summer. So etc., I replied very quietly and determinedly that if Etta could not learn Latin I would take her out of school and send her to Drexel and let her take a full course there.

She would get English, mathematics and all industrial work and as she had not the ability to get the Latin she had better get what she could. I mean it, too, I will not have the child publicly miserable about that Latin.

Dreaming this week as we were walking up to school, Gertrude, Etta and I, I happened to speak of the fact that I felt sleepy because I had slept very little the night before and Etta said, "I kept waking up last night and every time I woke up I said over my Latin.

You know Alice, that struck me as pretty hard on a thirteen year old child.

So when Etta started in to get her lessons on Friday night, I said Monday morning with that awfully old and discouraged manner,
From the German, I mean the German novel, you perhaps remember the second wife. How they thought they hated each other and how—well, you know the story. I think now, I have thought all along, that Darwin was the last stone that drew near to truth, but I am afraid that you should end and find yourselves in love with each other! It could mean nothing but sorrow and misery for you both! That way madness lies! But, I do want you to get all the help you can. You are in the way of success in your work. I laughed heartily over your note. Walk over to Dodds's Smith accompanied by Prof. Morse and his asking if you or Cooper read well and your reply, 'Fairly well,' so Darwin could hear it.

Well, Dr. Armstrong is here and has passed the rest of his examination. He is now at Mr. Jenkins's told you mother that he is to have Mrs. J's second story back room, the one that corresponds to your mother, but last night you said that Dr. Elbert had been trying to have them take Aixson's flat around there in the new flat in the corner of Eleventh and Walnut, "Brandjevine." I think it is called. Aixson's family has moved to New York. He is still here and will go later. It is his flat that Dr. Elbert wants him to take. Two other men (colored) took the examination and they both intended, if they passed to open up in French for Dr. We know that one of them did pass but have not heard from the other. As it stands, now, Armstrong and one other dentist will go.
w French Street at once. One of them I believe is at Bantin's.

Dr. Stevens told me last night that he and Dr. Bantin went into Bond St. starting Restaurant after the ball game the other day and the waiter who came up to wait on them, was Peckin Rose. Poor fellow! He could get no idea to buy so he thought he would find the习性. I hope it won't turn out that way with the dentist. Really, though, can't see how they can ever make a living.

Dr. Amstendt is looking very seedy and down at the hub. His eyes are full of matter, as if he had the thing they say Agnes had. He could not put his hands into my mouth. Mrs. A. is to be here Monday. I dread her coming. We have enough gossip and mischief-makers without me more.

I want you to know dear, that every thought of my life is for you. every think of my heart is yours and yours alone, I just can not ever let anyone else have you.

You must - come next.

I had the paper come. Did it come in good shape?

And about your typewriter, can your get repaired in Ethna? I'll send more paper sometime.

Is it not nice?

Alter and Kutsche and love.
At Home.
Sunday, Oct. 6, 1907
1:30 P.M.

Dear [Name],

I am so disappointed that I am sick.

No letter from you this morning. I got up early so that I'd be sure that Etta would get off in time to get the mail. Nothing for me that I wanted. Only a check for one dollar for some boy I sent there on Friday, but as hard as times are, I would have liked you better than that dollar. I feel that you sent it, but that for some reason it must have been delayed.

Well, as usual I went around to your house at eight o'clock last night. Your mother was sitting at one of the windows looking out in the street. The children were all in bed. I had sent Etta over early in the evening to take some fruit and didn't read to her. She took some "Old Tales," I have not heard Leila say whether she enjoyed Etta reading them. Well, it was awfully cold and dreary in the house. It was cold. The gas was turned down low and there was no fire. I came from the dining-room where I was nice and warm and cheerful and you mother had on a shawl over a wrap of some kind. I could not see what it was, the lamp was too dim.

So cold is better. I took her a half bottle of cod liver oil and malt and she has been taking that and I hope it helps her. I told her there ought to be a little fire in the stove for she would take more.  

3-1-13
She said the rooms were damp because they had washed them up during the day. She said they had both gone just as much as they could all day. That little little illness had put her back in her work and it had made it harder on Saturday. I had been there nearly an hour when your sister came in. She had been on an errand somewhere. She said she was so blue and I told her, so was I and I felt it was because the money market was so stringent. I said, "I'll warrant you if you had two pay days come together next week you would not be so blue."

I felt quite sure that I was bluer than usual because I need money so bad. Mrs. Anderson had sent me a letter she received in the morning, from Walter. The entire letter was money, money. He had spent fifteen dollars. He said for books. His gynnmusium suit and shoes would cost $6.44.75 and his room rent would be due Oct. 8. He sent a laundry list. It seems that two of the dozen boys are agents for a laundry at Boston. A place somewhere between Exeter & Boston. The prices are reasonable and they include mending unless it is excessive. The boys deposit $10 for a laundry bag and the mailbag calls every Sunday morning for the laundry. Walter said he has a job, he does not like it, but if he can make out of it what the boy
who had it last, and who graduated last year, he would make ten dollars a month. It is taking care of the custodians in the third of the hall. He has it to do twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday. Every boy has to pay Walter five cents and should he fail to pay it, Walter is under obligation to inform the matron. He can do the entire thing in four hours, two on Wednesday and two on Saturday. It will amount to ten dollars a month and that ten dollars will pay all his little things, room rent, oil for his lamp, laundry, the several books that he will need monthly, etc., etc., but the trouble now is he can’t make his collection until the first of November and he needs the money now. I haven’t any money, but I suppose I’ll have to get it. I have a check for five dollars sent to me by Bishop Holmann in answer to my appeal for Walter, but I intended to bank it toward what we owe. I thought if I could buy the seventy-five dollars which you loaned me for Walter, I’d bank that and not have to pay it out of my own pocket. I suppose all just have to take that five dollars and help the one and send them to Walter. I don’t mind at all giving every cent I learn but I don’t want to have the money I shall be obliged to
ask Mr. Reach for some. I told my sister last night that if he would only send me a hundred dollars, "I could pay my little bills and help you some." But now what will I have to do, I'll have to send Walter some money to pay his room rent and get his suit. I haven't but will have to get it. I sent for Mrs. Anderson and found she had no money at all, not even enough to pay for the salting of Walter's books and the winter flannels.

Well, I went to the Unitarian Church and it was full. How I did enjoy the singing! I can hardly find words to write to you but everything has happened to hinder me. First, Jennette Stubb called up and said it is her birthday and wanted Etta to come around and go out to walk with her. Then I sat down again to write and Etta came in from Sunday School and before I could tell her what Jennette said, the door bell rang and Spahv stood there, I asked chaplain and tried to write and was succeeding pretty well when the door bell rang and walked Mr. Anderson, who talked and talked but there was no money forthcoming, so I just told him I would send some. She said and asked and Spahv announced dinner. It was Maggie Sunday off, she planned to go there, but not a bit of it, she came out in
in the dining-room and sat until dinner was eaten and went back in the library with Etta. I forgot to say, just as I intruded announced dinner the bell rang again and there was Elizabeth Carter. came to read some German; I went out and swallowed my dinner and went in to Elizabeth and sat worked on German for over an hour. Then, Salkus left and she left. Etta called up Jeanette and learned that they had not gone, so she put on her things and away she went now the house peaceful. Mrs. Dorn just went out and there is no one here but I intrude and me. I am hurrying so that you may get this letter Monday. Sometimes you must tell me where my letters are postmarked but and I will know when they have to go the top. I bought the dress but have not had one minute to look at it. I'll send it off the first thing in the morning. The fuggles are first thing in the morning. The fuggles are the names of the different pitches connected with the rational rage so you can be thinking about them. To be sure you get this.

I'm going to walk to the post office with it, Etta and I will on our way home this morning from the Unitarian Church when we
met Lila going up the hill Emmet back street to King. She looked awfully fecked and I was so surprised to see her because I thought she was to remain in bed over Sunday. She said she was going for a walk and that Mother said if she went to bed in the street she must not blame her. I supposed the child wanted to get out. The day was magnificent; not cold nor hot and beautiful sunshine. I did not blame her for wanting to be out.

I'll go around that later on.

Wish she! how I do wish you were here. Alice! I wish I had never let you go away at all.

Extend all love and I can't send any because it is all there in these wound up in you.

Sincerely, Ned.
At School, 12:40 p.m.
Monday, October 7, 1907.

TUCKER, love.

Your letter which I ought to have received on Sunday morning came this morning.

The fault must have been in the Wilmington office. It was postmarked at Ithaca, October 7, 10:30 a.m.; and here, Oct. 5, 12 P.M. So it was here in the post office by midnight Saturday, and they were simply shiftless in handling out all my mail on Sunday. I think I'll write the U.S. Government.

After I had written to John Ayres last night and Walter Anderson and to Marion I had about John Ayres, I went over to 1005 today. They were up the third floor and were excited at the the windows, for of course they did not know so awfully bad and down-hearted as they did the first night. I found them there after you left. Lucky it is for me that we are all still going to settle down to circumstances - we feel just as sorrowful just as badly, but we have got to we have got to hold our nerves in check. I am not going to shooting at all. I can't seem to be calm. Well, what do you think? I suppose you write and came to the first half of 1005 French Street.
stands a large box, a box about as heavy as the one you took away with you. She expressed a wish to look through it and your mother did not know where it is. I remembered that set of books that you subscribed for that Bentley has sent them in spite of your letter. I told your mother that as soon as she got his address from you to have the express man come and ship them back to Bentley on the publisher's and say you had left the city.

Last night your sister just to think of writing a letter to Alice! I asked her name? I suppose me because I thought I knew that they had not received a letter from you but I shall.

"Did you get a letter from Alice?" You see I had heard enough to know that if she signed "Alice" to his letter instead of her own name you would have to speak of it in a letter or how would she know? She said, "Someone told me (in a very kind of fashion) that he had had a letter from you and told her that you had written them a letter at Yosemite, I must go further remarks to hear about the matter but I did some thinking: What is it? "Non-existant?"

Your mother told me Friday night that Mr. Stevens had said to her that he thought you might have sent him a post-card. I meant to have told you that he said it before this.
If you do not think it out of the way send him a post card. I think there is a good friend. I enjoy hearing him talk through the phone. His voice is so rich and beautiful.

I wonder that he has never married don't you? Our Teachers Beneficial Association has a meeting at 4 p.m. this afternoon so that will cause me to hasten a little. It is after three and the rural school is dismissed. How are you working? I think your brains are much better than Walter Anderson's. You must not strain yourselves by studying too hard, and you must have to eat those books whenever I'll send you a book about if my salary very month. I am glad you can economize in laundry and that Mrs. Shaw will be responsible in her charges. I just wrote Walter Anderson a long dissertation on his laundry. I fear she will not keep herself sweet, as I told him not to wear a night
that longer than a week, to put a clean collar on every day and clean socks if his feet perspire and put powder (which I gave him in his shoes). I sent him 25 dollars this morning as bad as I need it. Do you think Mr. Roach will ever send me what he owes me? I need it right now. More than I'll ever need it again. The notice came on Saturday from the bank about the note. It is due the 10th Thursday so I will attend to it that morning.

Etta is in hot water all the time with Miss Dovers; twice today has there been a rumpero; Etta pulled the curtain down in Miss Dovers entry and did not put it up. Etta told me she tried to put it up and it would not go up; they don't know where they are pulled down too much. Then Etta went in after his book for the next period one second after the other children and Miss Dovers came to me about that. It was not Etta's fault at all.

I wish I could send her off to school. I will, if Miss Dovers don't give her some sense. I must stop as it is 8:25.

Tell Mr. Cleaver to come tomorrow. How are you? My love. Your Nels.
Saturday and Sunday letters came together and this is what I was doing when they came and what I did do before I read them. Before I tell you that I will tell you when the letters were postmarked in Athens and here.

Saturday's was postmarked in Athens, Oct. 6, 8 PM, here, Oct. 7, 9 PM; Sunday's letter was postmarked, Oct. 7, 11:30 AM, and here October 8, 9 AM. As you wrote the first letter on Saturday night, I suspect you gave it to some man to mask and he carried it around in his pocket until Sunday night.

I wrote a letter sometime ago to Mrs. Nieldy about that very important subject "cost for children". This morning she called me up to say that I had gotten dressed and downstairs. I ran down to the phone and she said, the ladies connected with the Crossroads Hospital were to have a rummage sale at the gym Hall and it would not open until ten o'clock but she would meet me there at 8:30 and I might have my choice. When I had finished breakfast, it was a few minutes past eight and I put on my things ready for a
When the door bell rang and the postman handed me a letters, you two among them, I said to myself, I'll sit down here and read them and then get there by 8.30 but I noticed that the sky had suddenly become overcast with a leaden hue, and great black clouds were coming up from the southwest. I put my letters into a big envelope and flew. It was dropping rain when I started, I fairly flew up the hill, the rain falling faster every minute and by the time I got to Zuni Hall, it was coming down in torrents. I found a side door open and ran in there. I telephoned for George to come there from and fortunately they were late getting away from home and I got him. I felt sure I would get to school all right. I waited and waited but Mrs. Neils did not come. I called her up at her home but she had left there. I waited for her until quarter before nine but my feet and shins were wet and the hall side cold and as large had come. I thought I'd better leave. I went right down in the kitchen at school, took off my outside coat and hung it by the hot stove to dry, I hung my feet in the stove and toasted them until they were dry. There were lots of girls.
that doing the same thing that I was.
When I finished school Mrs. Over told me that
Mrs. Fields called me up to say she had missed
her car. Was it not too bad? I shall go there
this afternoon and see her, but I am quite
sure the children's coats will all be gone, but
never mind! I'll send up to tumblis & let on
Saturday. Mary is going up and she has
promised to ask what she can do for me.
Now, as you must think, Dr. Stevens ought to have
known about the trouble with your eyes. Still,
you can send us to college, but can educate
us, but you can not give us intelligence. It seems
to me that was culpable not to know at once, just
as that little woman physicians did what your
troubles, I am promised with him for sending
up to Cubbelly. You can probably use these
same friends and wonder if they have an oc-
ulist at the infirmary. You see if it was the hard-
work or just a rapid eyes at ethereal burnt
new that caused that lump to come up again.
I do not believe, Dr. Stevens' treatment did that
one bit of good! Do you?
Well, you just will have to have someone
attended to, you are compelled to use them too
much to neglect them. I feel awfully sorry
for little children, but I know we are thing.

5-7-19
I am so glad that my spirits are better. I should think it would be just think of some every minute and I do not sleep at all. I read this morning from 2:20 a.m. until 8:00 and then woke up at 6:20. I try stupidly hard to get myself together but I can't seem to do it. I enjoyed thinking of myself as being with you in spirit. I enjoyed your letters so much and read them while I twisted my feet in the oven. You write such interesting letters and I am as eager for each one as if I had not received one the day before.

Well, it is natural that those colored folks should think that you are 'stuck up' but your appearing so public with Callis ought to disprove the statement that you are 'pansy.' I should not mind that one bit. Well, Madame Armstrong appeared on the scene yesterday. Monday, and although my mother had told me on Sunday night that she intended to lock her front door, pull down the blind curtains and keep her out when she went to the front door to see if the children were coming from school, there stood Madame Armstrong and she got into the house and told my mother that they had rented Mr. Bagg's house, first, for an office and two
rums around to Mrs. Fanny Hamilton's for their living rooms. Now, what do you think of that? I went as usual for an hour, last night to your house and your mother and the children were all in bed—
Your sister was in the dining room with Webster's Unabridged and numerous other books scattered around her.
I'll be delighted to read German with you Christmas week, but I am afraid you will know so much more than I will.
I am weak in the grammar. I'll have to brush that up. You should have seen me writing the German script last night! I was delighted with your close work.
Take care of yourself—dear—sweetest—
I wish I could see in that rocking chair in your room.
Your own—lovesome,
Discipline, N.D.

3-1-20