In School 12:30.

Tuesday.

Dearest Heart,- Just ten minutes more before work begins again, and some of these minutes must be yours. I cannot keep my thoughts from wandering to you under any and all circumstances. I think Paul so much while sometimes I fancy I can plainly see "Paul" written in my face. I did not hear Sallie's until eleven o'clock Sunday night. It was storming like fury, and after all the folks had gone we settled down to a real old-fashioned talk about — Paul. I

course. Sallie was actually surprised. She didn't really think I loved you so.

Last night the Cubans gave a magnificent memorial to Mr. Chas. A. Dana at Chickering Hall. Heard Burke Cochran, Elihu Root and Ethan Allen, also some Tammy Cubans. We hissed Cleveland and Wurzler, cheered Sumner Cosmos and were happy generally, and went home full of our conviction that after all, Tracy was the man.

Say Paul, I took — well, here come my friends trooping in, so I must stop. More anon.

Wednesday. June Two.

Think, dearest, twenty-four hours getting back to you. I am very busy most of the time, and then I am tired, stupid and sleepy.

As I started to say yesterday, I took my first German lesson Monday. It was ridiculous. There is a class of us who are to meet Mondays. Well the class are two lessons ahead of me, and my frantic endeavors to understand and answer back are edifying to say the least. Still Mynheer Professor beamed upon me and said "Jah. yah,

dot vos gute." And I was delighted.

Well dear, I know its hard to give up the Journals your articles. But you won't regret it in after years. Can you not make just as much doing reputable work on another paper? You know if you mine your reputation with such work good journals wont take any thing from you.

Now one wishes the time was nearer than I do. May it come soon, very soon. Don't forget the letter to mama. I must stop now then pass the ball.

With heart, love, soul - all, Yours Lovingly Wife Zo Ke.