

Thursday Morning,
January 16th, 1919.
26th

Dearest,

Yesterday morning I received a call to go to Central Avenue School. It was quarter of ten when it came, and I had to do some tall hustling to get down there by 10.15 (a substitute is allowed until 10.15 to reach a school, and after that she is docked) just as I was leaving the house the postman came along. I nodded good morning, and started to rush right by him, but he said, "Whoa there! I have something for you." I'm becoming so

used to seeing him float by every delivery, that I never dreamed it would be a letter from you, but it was — not just one either, but nine, and three post cards. Maybe I wasn't happy. Oh, garcon! I didn't get a chance to look at them at noon, for there were so many teachers around, and somehow or other I like to be all by myselfies when I read my sweethearts' letters. Amy Bradley and Mrs. Rowley were here when I got home, so that meant another postponement of the great joy.

Last night was our party with Uncle Dick in New York.

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We went to Rectors, and had
a very nice time indeed. What
do you suppose he bought each
of us girls? — a beautiful Kewpie
doll. I selected one dressed in
rose to go in our rose boudoir
(someday), and of course until
then, I shall keep it in the
sacred chiffonier. All the girls
have them now their dressing
tables or bureaus now, but I
haven't seen one as pretty as ours.
Considering the price he paid
for them, I suppose they ought
to be lovely. They were six dollars
a piece, and they're only six inches
tall.

But to go back to the best subject

of all — It was quarter of
one this morning when we
returned. I just took off
my clothes off, hopped into
beddies, and then read my letters.
"Gracious me! what a lobe feast
I had. I can't help repeating what
I have so often said — "you're the
most adorable sweetheart in
the whole big wide world."

Darling, I am dreadfully
worried about you. In your
last letter you mentioned
having a cold and fever. Please
be careful, dear. When you feel
the least bit ill stay in bed,
for it's walking around when
you're running a temperature.

that brings on pneumonia.
During the epidemic nearly
all the deaths came from
just that thing, so take
your little wife's advice ^{and}
be careful.

A call just came to go to
Clift School, so I'll have to say
bye-bye.

Ever yours,
Jessie.

Friday Morning

Honey dear,

Back to Eliot School again. Please don't think that I'm never going to answer your dear sweet letters, for I surely am, ^{and soon}, too. I am going down to see mother Schmon tomorrow, just so that I can spend Sunday afternoon writing to you. This school teaching business keeps one pretty busy. By the way, I haven't seen Georgie since New Years day. The poor

thing is so ²rushed, that
she hardly has time to
breathe. Last night she
telephoned and told me to be
sure to tell you how busy she
is. She realizes that she
has neglected you dreadfully
lately, but as soon as her
examinations are over she'll
make up for lost time, so
you have something to look
forward to anyway.

Hilda Hardegen stopped
last night. She was feeling
dreadfully blue — but I will
keep all that until my

Sunday's letter. It is late
now, and I must hustle
onto school.

I love you, my own.

Your,
Fessie.

XXX

Every thing
nice comes in threes.
What say?

L.

- From -
113 Delavan Ave.,
Newark, N.J. - U.S.A.



1st Lieut Arthur A. Schmow,
Hdg's 1st Battalion

Fifth Field Artillery,
American Ct. Forces

1st Division

Six New York
Via