Artie dear,
I wish I were like you, and could put my thoughts into beautiful expression. On account of my poor ability to say things, you will never know how much I enjoyed being with you during your vacation, and how dreadfully I miss you now.
Artie, I am well again, and Oh! how dandy it
feels — but you naughty boy for calling yourself a villain, and assuming the blame for my attack of La Gripppe. If it was caused by going to so many dances, here's hoping that all my future maladies still have parallel causes.

I was awfully surprised to hear about the Sapho. refusing to join club. What about the outcome of it?
Yes! I knew that we hadn't seen the regular scenery at the Triangle Show. 
Your friend "Bug" (you called him that I believe) told me Friday night at the dance.

Have you heard of Mark Twain's latest book, "The Mysterious Stranger"?
It was printed after his death. I have seen many accounts in the papers and magazines about it, and I've heard several people discussing it. I tried to
get it at the library today, but they haven't it yet. I do not imagine it is anything like his other books, but I am anxious to read it. I bought another book which I think you will doubtless enjoy. It is called "Day by Day with the Russian Army" by Bernard Parc, an Englishman. The author left for Russia when Germany declared war on it, and became official correspondent with the Russian Army. He did
a great deal of Red Cross work there, and he had
permission to interrogate prisoners at the front! He
tells his experience in this book, and I imagine it
will be mighty interesting.

Don't you wish you were to go? Don't you decide to
go, though.

I can hardly wait till Thursday. Guess
why?

Affectionately

[Signature]
P.S.

Just saw the enclosed in the Evening News.

S.
Mr. Arthur Schuman
311 Hamilton Hall
Princeton, N.J.