Saturday Morn.
January 25th '19.

Darling,

I had intended sleeping until noon today, but when at nine o'clock Mother called me and said that the postman had just left seven letters from Artie, I jumped out of bed like a jack-in-the-box, slipped on a banana, curled myself up in the big rocker in the living room, and read those wonderful messages. I have just finished them and being much too excited to go back to beddies, will remain curled up
and chat with you.

I am so glad that you are nicely situated at last. I was a little worried when I read about your being in the house of that dreadful woman. Poor dear! what you have had to put up with! Your new home must be very beautiful. You were a dear boy to hope that you could give your wife such a place of wed, but sweetheart, I wouldn't have that kind of a dwelling half as much as a cozy little nest where we could fill and cos all the time. These so called mansions may be all right for icebergs, but
they don't appeal to this 

young 

furnace. Compromise yours? 

You dear, I am crazy 

about the little souvenirs that 
you sent me from Colenso. 

Thank you so much. You ask a 

very thoughtful letter indeed. 

Yes, I suppose the Regular 

Army divisions will be the last 
to come home. Goodness, this 

separation seems absolutely end-

less. I see that they are going 
to ask for volunteers to go to 

Russia. For heaven's sake, Arthur, 
don't you get into that. I know 
you had the fever at one time, 

but it's just about worrying me 
silly now. And yet I know you 

continue...
foolish to think of that. You love me too dearly to want to prolong this agony any longer than necessary.

We had a very nice time at the dance last night. Uncle Dick called for us (Ethel, Aida, Dick and me) at eight o'clock, and we reached the Plaza at nine-thirty. About two hundred people were there, and most of them being members of the Yacht Club, you can imagine it was a most congenial crowd. As I told you before, the new men almost all married. I danced twice with Uncle Dick, twice with...
Mr. Armstrong, and the rest with Mr. Parker and Dick Hartdegen. Dick is certainly a peach. I shall never forget his kindness to me last night. He knew how lonesome it was for me without you, and he stayed by me all the time, cheering me up as much as he could. Once when he put his arms around Hilda and kissed her, I told him he made me homesick and gracious me! the next minute his arms were around my neck, and his face was close to mine. At supper he sat next to me and every
few minutes he took hold of my hand and whispered, "Yes, Drink, dear, Art will be home soon." Oh! I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciated it, Artie dearest. We had lovely things to eat. Uncle Dick treated a big crowd. There were Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Bryce (and of course we were) in our party. We had cherry-stone clams, chicken à la King, broiled lobster, crab-meat salad, ice cream, French pastry, etc. That part of the evening was the most enjoyable to me. We left there at 8:15.
and arrived at 11:30 five o'clock. Inasmuch as I have only had three and a half hours sleep I feel quite peppy. I truly believe that I'm becoming a real live sport.

Well, sweetheart dear, I have some dusting to do. Sister just informed me that she can write her name on everything in the house. You doesn't That sound just like her? I must run upstairs and dress, for you will remember that I am in the same un
conventional attitude that I was
when I got out of bed, I'll have breakfast, and remove the real estate from the furniture.

Bye. bye, my dearest.

I love you...buckets !!!!!!!

All your own,

Jessie.

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From
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1st Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
Hq's. 1st Battalion,
Fifth Field Artillery,
American Ex. Forges,
Germany.

1st Division.
Via New York.