Saturday Morning,
March 12th, 1916.

My own dearest,

Two of your letters—one written in Nice on February second, the other on the way to Paris on February fourth—arrived yesterday afternoon.

So you have been going to dances with nurses, by M.C.A. workers, and French girls! Aren’t you ashamed of...
yourself, you little cut-up,
after promising that you wouldn't
hold anyone in your arms until
you returned to your desire? Oh!
These men are conundrums. But
I suppose it is right to enjoy
ourselves while we're young.
As Omar says—
"Ah, make the most of what we
yet may spend.
Before we toss into the Dust
descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust
to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer."
And—sans end!

And you tried your best French on Madame Gilbert! For her sake, I hope you did not talk about ink, for she would certainly have had a pathetic yearning for her mackintosh and goloshes. Do you recall your first lesson in French, given on the Staten Island ferry, that one beautiful day in August, 1917? Ha! Ha! I shall never forget your great efforts in trying to master the pronunciation of that word.

You were a very clever boy to remember my birthday when you were
having such a glorious time. My curiosity is greatly aroused. What can that gift be? I have been imagining all kinds of things, and I tell you truly, that I can hardly wait until it arrives. Thank you, dear, ever, ever so much.

Artie, the postman just brought two cards from you. Did you really wish to hear me that I was there? Well, I certainly wish that I had been, but somehow I think you were kidding me.

I finished at Washington Street School yesterday—at least I finished for the present. The principal—Mr.
Hanbright has made a proposition to me, which I am considering. You know every teacher is entitled to one visiting day a term, when she is supposed to go to another school to observe. Mr. Hanbight wants me there for a month, to start with 8th A and go right down to the Kindergarten; taking each teacher's place on her visiting day. Everyone says it is a great thodor, but I don't know whether he asked me because he thought me capable, or because he likes me. It was funny, but he was in my...
room every few minutes yesterday. If he had kept on school for the topic of conversation I wouldn't have thought anything of it, but he talked about the theater, music, weather, and all sorts of things like that. As I was leaving he called me into the office and asked for my telephone number, for as he said, he wanted to call me up in the near future and talk over this proposition with me. After he had written it down he asked, "Where do you live, Miss Reynolds?"
told him and he said, "I live on Roseville Avenue this side of Park Avenue." I nearly exploded, as if I care where he lives. To give the devil his due, he is a very bright fellow. He isn't over twenty five or six, and it certainly is a large school for so young a man to be in charge of. She laughed at George when I told her about him. She said, "I'll have to find out if he is married, for there'll be no such doing as this going on. I have Arthur's interests at
Stake. "Don't be alarmed, George dear. J'ai aussi," was my reply.

This is a beautiful day to me—Ethel, Gertrude (Ethel's married friend from Jersey City) and I—are going on a party with Uncle Dick. He has tickets for "The Little Journey," which is playing at the Globe, and we will go to the Knickerbocker to Astor for tea, then to the Café de Paris for dinner. I am going to dress up in my new blue satin gown, my 37 50 that came from Amy Redley's sister's sale coat. Uncle Dick is wonderful to come around with his Packard & break into this
dreadfully monotonous existence of mine. But I'm hoping that
soon a man will break my Artie into part, and then this
wilderness will be Paradise.

To-morrow I shall run up to see
Mother Schram, and I'll tell you
all the news Monday.

Until then, dearest, bye-bye.
Always lovingly,

Lethe.

Sunday A.M.

Sweetheart

I forgot to mail this yesterday,
I just had to open it this morning and give you a big hug and kiss.
From
113 Delavan Ave.,
Newark, N.J. - U.S.A.

Mar 3 1919

1st Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
1st Battalion
1st Division

Hq’s 1st Battalion
5th Field Artillery
American Exp. Forces

1st Division
Army of Occupation

Germany

Via New York