Thursday Morning,
January 16th, 1909.

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 last hustling to get down there by 10:15 (A substitue 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 a
used to seeing him float by every delivery, that I never dreamed it should be a letter from you, but it was—not just one either, but nine, and three postcards. Maybe I wasn’t happy. Oh, garçon! I didn’t get a chance to look at them at moon, 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.

That night was our party with Uncle Dick in New York.
We went to Rectors, and had a very nice time indeed. What do you suppose he bought each of his 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 theirs on 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 five dollars a piece, but they're only six inches tall.

But to go back to the best subject.
of all—It was quarter of
one this morning when I
returned. I just about tore
my clothes off, hopped into
teddies, and then read my letters
"Gracious me! what a love 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 nurse's advice and be careful.

A call just came to go to Eliot School, so I'll have to say bye bye. Ever yours,

Jessie.
Friday Morning

Honey dear,

I'm 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 another solution 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 Georgia since New Year's Day. The poor
things is so rushed that she hardly has time to breathe. That night she telephoned and told me to come 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 Harkdegen stopped last night. She was feeling dreadfully blue — but I think I'll keep all that until my
Sunday's letter. It is late now, and I must hustle onto school.

Love you, my own.

Your,

Jessie. XXX

Everything nice coffee in three.

What say?
From
113 Delaware Ave.
Newark, N.J. - U.S.A.

1st Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
1st Battalion
Fifth Field Artillery
American Ex. Forcist
1st Division

Via New York.