

Monday P.M.

Artie dear,

I wish I were like
you, and could put
my thoughts into beautiful
expressions. On account
of my poor ability to
say things, you will
never know – how much
I enjoy being with you
during your vacation,
and how dreadfully I
miss you now.

Art 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 Grippe.” If it was caused by going to so many dances, here’s hoping that all my future maladies will have a parallel causes.

I was awfully surprised to hear about the Sapho refusing to join clubs. What was the outcome of it?

Yes! I knew that we hadn't seen the regular scenery at the Triangle Show. Your friend "Bugs" (you called him that I believe) told me Friday night at the dance.

Have you heard of Mark Twain's latest book "The Mysterious Strangers"? 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

I should say "last"

get it at the Library to-day,
but they haven't it yet. I
do not imagine it is any-
thing like his other books,
but I surely am anxious to
read it. I brought another
book home that would no
doubt interest you. It is
called "Day by Day with the
Russian Army" by Berman
Pares, 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 think so?] Don't you decide to go though.

I can hardly wait till Thursday. Guess why?

affectionately,
Lessie

(over)

P.S.

Just saw the enclosed
in the Evening News.

L.

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11-PM

1917

Mr. Arthur Schmon,
311 Hamilton Hall,
Princeton,
N.J.