Friday-nine o'clock A.M.

My dearest,

I am so dreadfully disappointed because your letter did not come this morning; but I suppose something turned up Wednesday evening & detain it a little; so it will be delivered later on in the day. Here's hoping!!!

Well, the "fatal" day is here at last. (I believe this is the day you are to be told about your commissions. Is it not?) I am hoping and praying that you will meet with the greatest kind of success; but, dear, if you don't, do not be discouraged. Receiving a commission isn't the pivot of life, you know. Also, it won't be
because you are unworthy, but because you have been shamefully overlooked, and I shall love you just the same — with my whole heart and soul. That reminds me of something you said in your letter the other day — "Dessie, if ever I should feel degraded or lose confidence in myself, I shall think of the lines when you say "I love you," but I shall know that I am worth something to somebody," which recalls a phrase of Sterne's —

"So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others. I would almost say we are indispensable. Yet no man is useless while he has a friend. Don't you think that is very good? I am a very lazy girl these
day, and I deserve a good scolding. With the exception of Tuesday and Fridays — when I receive your letters — I sleep every morning until eleven thirty or twelve o'clock; then have luncheon and breakfast together, read for a couple of hours, and then do the society act. It seems as though Ann and I have either been out or had company every afternoon, and evening since our return from the shore. And I am so glad to do all these things to keep the time pass quickly before August fourteenth. Four more days! Going down!!! But, Arlie, I read in last night's paper that your vacation is to be shortened. The second camp is to open the twenty
fourth—three days earlier than originally planned for. Is it true? Please say "do!"

Seven P.M.

Naughty boy!!! You are neglecting me. Don't you know, Archie, that if you are lonely, I am lonely, too?

It is a great hardship to exist on but two letters a week, and when one of those is eliminated—why! it is a—a—Calamity!! but I must not scold, for I know it will come tomorrow.

I have spent a very delightful afternoon. Went up to Maud's at one thirty and had a nice little visit until three; then I went
over to Georgiana's and stayed with her until five thirty. I enjoyed my conversation with her so very much. It is too bad she is going away so soon after your return. I suppose she has told you about her plans for the rest of the summer.

Mother writes that she is having the best kind of a time. They are "on the go" constantly. Mac's sister's friend is so very attentive. Wouldn't it be funny if Mother and Dad had some engagements to announce? If he had his way, they certainly will have.
This evening I am going up to Peggy’s, and we are going to have a party all by our lonesomeness. Won’t you join us? Yes? “Chawoned I’m shud” as the Englishman would say.

Please let me know when you are coming home.

Farewell, naughty boy!!!!

Very sincerely,

Eleanor Celeste Reynolds.

Laughter!!!

Rye. bye, my sweetheart,

Jessie.
Mr. Arthur Schmon,
3rd Battery,
Field Artillery,
Fort Meigs,
Va.

R.O.T.C.