Saturday Evening
March 16th, 1918
No. 79

Darling,

I've just been thinking of how uninteresting my letters are. My days are all so much alike, that you must grow dreadfully tired of hearing about the same old thing - surgical dressing, work, trips to the movies, shopping tours, and visits with Maude, Doris, Peggy, and my other girl friends. I'm an unpatient sweetheart.
And for some more of the mildly exciting stuff. I got up early this morning almost as early as if I were in the army and read over my chapter in Hazen before breakfast. Right after, I cleaned Mother's, Dad's and my rooms, and then went down town to shop. I bought material for a new dress, which I am going to have Mamie Schweiger make. She has been doing quite a lot of sewing for Mother lately, but we are very well pleased.
with her work. I am enclosing a sample of the material I bought. It is to be trimmed with old rose satin to match the dots and will look like the model that I drew on the other page. Do you think that it will be pretty dear?

At three o'clock Georgiana came. We chatted for a while, and then she asked my history. What do you think? I knew it better than she did. Isn’t she proud of me? I told her that I was
tired of having such short lessons, so my work for next Friday will be
double that of the past weeks. Georgia was going to have dinner with the
Mandevilles, so she left at five thirty.

This evening Dad and I went downtown to the “Fox Terminal Theatre” to see
that wonderful new picture—“Lost Weft.” It was
most interesting.

And now I am going to beddie.
Goodnight, dear.
Sunday the 27th.

Myra, I have had an extremely busy, rather an exciting day. At eleven thirty this morning Martha called to say she was crying and we had to understand her. I knew immediately that something was wrong. "What is the matter, honey?" And she told me that they had just received a telegram from Washington, saying...
that Harold had been just wounded. I put myself in her place, and I too began to say. I thought not to let her feel too much, said a few words of encouragement, and promised to go down to get after dinner. Well, Mark, Dick & I had planned to go to St. Mark's Church for the afternoon services. Then I was going to bring them back here for tea. I called them up and said that I couldn't make.
to go, explained why, but told them to come here just the same, that I would be home by five thirty, anyway. As you can imagine, I found Martha in an awful state. Fortunately I had gotten control of myself before I went down, and I was able to reason with her. While I was there, they sent a cable to the Bamberger office in Paris, asking their to find out particulars.
They telephoned Washington to make a criticism of Marshall's government position. They couldn't get him on the wire, but left word to have him call them up as soon as he returned. The anxiety is perfectly terrible. They do not know whether he has been severely or slightly wounded at the riot until they find out, will be agony. Poor girl! I feel so sorry for her.

Well, when I returned at quarter of six, the girls...
were here. Mrs. Drowden, and Miss Ketcham came this evening and guess where else!!

Brother Gus. We were just home for the day, and evening, and I surely did appreciate his spending the latter with me. They were all full of fun and made me feel a little more cheerful. The girls left about ten, and Gus at ten thirty.

For that I am alone, I hope the blues again. Harold's being wounded has made it so
Please, darling, be careful. As I have said many times before, self-protection is most important.

Good night, love.

Will write again tomorrow as usual.

All my love to all myself

Your very own,

Selby.

Hugs and Miss.