

Burnet Street School

January 6th, 1919

212.

My belovedest angel,

Here I am back at the mines again
Mother is so much better, that I shall
be able to teach several days a week now. I
wasn't called until nine-fifteen this morn-
ing and didn't reach here until ten o'clock
so my day has been rather facile. Just now
I have a seventh year class in here for history.
I put twelve questions on the board and told
them to answer eight, so I guess it will
keep them busy for a while; at least long
enough for me to have a little chat with my
Artie boy.

Word has just been sent thru the building
that Theodore Roosevelt died at his Long
Island home to-day. Mr. Hanson – the principal

is almost in tears, for he was a great admirer of Teddy. He says the schools will be closed Wednesday – the day of the funeral. Well, it's perfectly right to show respect to such a great man, but I'm so tired of holidays, I don't know what to do. Here I've been home from school almost two months, and just as I return - - another holiday. I must say I like to keep busy so that the time will pass quickly. Yes, I want it to pass so quickly that before I know ^{it} my darling boy will be home Ooh! how w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l that sounds.

Dearest, I think I forgot to tell you that I received a pretty Xmas card from Rube and a nice letter from Madame Berteaux a few days ago. The Berteaux's are in Paris. She has been very ill, but is all tight now. They were quite worried

because they had no news of you, but I answered immediately, and put their minds at rest. Several letters that I have written them have been returned also the little spoon I sent to Helene. I guess now I shall have to keep it until they come to America, which I hope they will do, soon after peace is signed.

Frank Carpenter phoned me last evening. All the Senate boys have come thru the ole war safe and sound and he is tickled to pieces. You should have heard him talk about the big reunions you are going to have. It was great!

It's time for my classes to change now, so au revoir.

All my love, dearest one.

Your own

Lessie.