Thursday P.M.

Dear Father Chinmon,

Your letter, as usual, received a very hearty welcome.

I was glad to hear about your Christmas. It was not unlike ours. Don't you think one finds more pleasure in doing for others than thinking of self?
I do. This afternoon was my hospital day, and I've made arrangements for some very interesting undertakings. A new wing is being added to the building, in it will be a children's ward, consisting of four beds. Our quilt is going to furnish it complete, and take full charge of it.
There will be a great deal to do. For instance, hemming curtains, sheets, pillow-cases, table covers, and making laundry bags, flannel wraps, bandages, etc. We are also going to make a trip to N.Y. to select chairs, pillows, mattresses, bed and china with teddy bears, and little figures painted on.
Art, please excuse me for going so into detail but I honestly I'm all excitement about it. I can hardly wait to begin the great work.

I've been having some fun lately and good times. Nothing compared to our trip in the city of course. Last Monday we went to a Welsh Rabbit party Tuesday to a Concert.
Wednesday a dinner at Stetthe, to-night a nice long snooze. Tomorrow night Company here, Saturday lunchem and theake in N. Y. and more company here in the evening.

Next week I'm going to see at two benefit suppers, am going to two card partie, and one little informal
The clock seems to have jumped around considerably and I sat down here and I must get in my nine hours so I'll say Good night, dear Pop.

Write soon to the

Dear Folk, Elete.
P.S.
Do you know what this is? No?
Well I'll tell you. It's supposed to be three.

Presse. R.