Tuesday Evening
September 26th, 1916

Sweetheart dearest,

When I reached home yesterday afternoon mother said, "The Board of Education telephoned a little while ago, and left word for you to go to South Market Street School tomorrow." So I got up bright and early this morning and rode down there at eight-thirty. The class that I was to have was not organized. The school is so overcrowded that they took fifteen children from three different classes to form the new one, and it was half past two before everything was settled, and I could begin my work. All that time I sat in an empty room, with my hands folded. School was out at twelve for the day, on account of Primary Election, which is now held in the schools, so you see I had a very easy day. It was almost like getting three dollars for nothing.

I entertained Elsie Durand — my friend from
Rainy day - at luncheon this noon, so I had to rush right home. Would you like to hear the menu? It was a simple mid-week one, but everything was very good.

- Tomato bisque.
- Olives and celery.
- Creamed chicken patties with green peas and potato chips.
- Salad (made of lettuce, onion, cheese, peppers, and cherry tomatoes).
- Ice cream with French pastry.
- Coffee.

This afternoon I took Elsie downtown to the movies, and put her on the train at five-thirty.

What think, dear? Hilda & Dick are home again. He is very ill in bed with Spanish influenza; there is a great epidemic of that here now. As soon as he is well, they are going to Oklahoma, where he is to be stationed at some camp. Hilda doesn't like the idea of being so far from home, but Glory! She ought to be as glad to have him with her, that she'd be willing to go anywhere on earth. I know that I would be, but some girls are never satisfied. Isn't that so, hon?

Your little sisie surely is going to be the society
girl next month. On the fifth I am going to a silk stocking shower (strictly feminine!) and card party at Olga Venetka's in honor of Hazel Manners. I'm going to a tea at Hazel's on the eleventh, and on the nineteenth to another shower for Hazel (tea glove) Her wedding takes place on the thirtieth, as of course I shall attend that. Goodness knows how many more invitations will turn up between now and then. With my studying, school work, and various social engagements my mind will pretty well occupied, and I am very, very glad, for I don't have much chance to think. (? ??)

Well, honey boy, I'm going to say good night now. I love you, love you, love you with my whole heart and soul.

Many kisses & hug.

Your own, very own.

Jessie.
Wednesday Evening,
September 25th, 1918.

Dearest,

I’ve been substituting at South Market Street School again today. They telephoned for me at eight-thirty this morning, and I rushed right off, reaching there at 9:15. I had a nice day and upon hearing this afternoon the clerk said, “Mr. Herron—he is the principal, dear—is so well pleased with your work, that he would like you to keep the class until the regular teacher is appointed. It may only be a couple of days more, and it may be a couple of weeks, but you will stay with us—won’t you, Miss Reynolds?” I told them that I would. I like the grade very much, for the work is most interesting.

I went up to Mother’s home from school. Your check for one hundred dollars came yesterday, and they are going to put it in the bank for you. When I decide upon a chest, Father I will draw the amount out that I shall...
need. They are both well & sent you lots of love.

I have a long day before me tomorrow. I must be at the school at quarter of nine, so that means leave here at eight. So I am off for Dceanland now.

Goodnight, dear one.

Pink hugs, kisses & all of me.
From
113 Delavan Ave.
Newark N.J. U.S.A.

2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Sherman,
Hay's 1st Battalion,
Fifth Field Artillery,
American Ex. Forces,

France.

Via New York