

(13th letter.)

Thursday Evening.
October twenty-fifth.

My very, very dearest,

Another day has gone by and I have not heard from you. The last letter that I received was written just as you reached Liverpool - over three weeks ago. I wouldn't think so much about it, if the other girls weren't hearing regularly once a week. I do not know whether to be worried or angry. It wouldn't help matters much to be the former, and if I wanted to be the latter, I wouldn't know - at whom to be angry; you, the Steamship Company, or the [Ansar]; for maybe you have written several times, and the letters are being held someplace. Anyway, if one doesn't come soon, I have mental pictures of another mound being added to some Newark Cemetery. [Ne suis-je pae une michant fille?] [Am I not a mean girl?]

To go on with the news of the week. Tuesday

afternoon Georgiana came up to hear me in history. Again she told me that I had prepared my lesson very well. We have finish the reign of Louis Philippe and now begins that, of King Louis Philippe II. I was very much interested to read in one of my books on travel - entitled "Paris", about the Palais du Luxembourg. Officially called Palais du [Sinate][Senat], and occupied by that body. During the Revolution it was turned into a prison, where among the trials that took place, was that of Fieschi, who attempted the life of Louis Philippe in 1835. The books mean so much more, when you know the historical facts.

Tuesday evening I spent with Lieut. Wood's mother.

Wednesday evening I was used as a convenience. Helen M^{ac}Caskie telephoned me at six o'clock, and told me that she had planned to have a couple of men friends

there that night, also her cousin Marie from New York; but that Marie had just sent word that something unforeseen had [occured][occurred] which would prevent her from coming over, and Helen wanted to know if I wouldn't please take her place. She said that there wasn't anyone else whom she felt as though she could ask, the last minute like that it was different with me, on account of ^{my} being engaged. Well, I went and had a pleasant evening. One of ^{the} men was a Theodore Andrews from East Orange, the other, Lawrence [Hobney] of Roseville. He was a 1906 graduate of Princeton – a member of Terrace Club, and quite a tennis champion. We had a nice little talk about the dear old place.

Friday Morning

And still no mail! The next thing I am going to do, is shoot the postman, or fly to France. Which would you prefer

having me do?

I had a lovely time yesterday afternoon. Went down to Marguerite's. Hazel [Mannus] and Isabelle Folsom were there, too, and they surely did cheer me up. Last night Doris came down - the reason for this being finished to-day.

This afternoon I am going down to see your mother.

Received another letter from Gus this morning. It is the second this week. To all appearances he is a better correspondent than his brother.

Darling love, angel [mine], and as many other nice names as you ~~you~~ can think of, bye - bye for this time.

Every bit of love in the whole world, kisses, hug and lots more

Lessie.

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Saturday Morning

October twenty seventh.

Beloved Mine,

At last!!! your letter came a little while ago - just in time to prevent the aforementioned murder of the postman, or the flight to France.

You certainly have had to undergo many hardships since you left me, and while I cried when I read about them, I realized that each one of those knocks, made you a stronger man.

Darling, this can't last forever. Maybe sooner than we expect, you and I will be in our little home, living to make each other happy. I can picture it, as I sit here. Shall I tell you what I see? - A sweet, cozy, little house, with a pretty garden surrounding it. It is morning, and my hubbie and I are at breakfast. No! not at opposite sides of the table, but real close to each other, like this - . We finished our [repast,] and now it is time for him to go to business. I take him to the door, where I stand with my arms around his neck, kissing him. How hard it is to

part with him, even for those few hours – Suddenly I realize that it maybe a little late, and that is a habit of which he must be broken; so with one last and fond farewell, he departs. While walking down the street, he turns back every few minutes, and we throw each other kisses (we care not what the neighbors may say. Perhaps they do not know what it is, to love.) ≡ It is now late afternoon - time for my darling to return. Having prepared dinner, I go to the front of the house to watch for him. He comes up the street, and I wave from the window - then rush to the door, where he takes me in his arms. Oh! what perfect happiness. ≡ It is now evening- We have finished dinner (I hope my Artie hasn't indigestion.) I pull his big easy chair up to the table, help him into his smoking jacket, and bring his cigars, and papers or books. (whichever he desires.) Then I sit on his lap, or on a chair nearby – oh! yes you may believe that it will be very near - and we read -----

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Finally my vision fades - but what a calm and peaceful mood it leaves in me. Artie dear, do you ever have dreams like that?

I surely will send you some tobacco, and Dad has already brought home some cigars to put into your Xmas box, - which I am going to send in a few days. Everything in it will be either to eat, smoke or to replenish your "housewife." I say everything in it - it won't be one box, for I am going to divide the things into two or three packages; then if you should not receive one, you surely would another.

Peggy was down to see me last night. She told me that your club brother- "Babe" Bingham is going to be married two weeks from to-day, to that girl whom he had at the house party last year. Jake Barret Scoop, John [LaHer] and several other Cloister Inn boys are going to the wedding. Now I

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am going to tell you a big, big secret, that no one in outside of the [Lannleys] and yours truly, knows. Peggy and Scoop are engaged to be married. She told me quite some time ago, and I've been crazy to tell you. They were engaged when we went to the hospital to see Peggy. They are going to announce it next month, so don't tell George Rob. or anyone whom they might know over there, until I send you word of the public announcement. Isn't it splendid? Oh! I am so happy for them. I do not imagine they will be married until after the war, but still you never know.

Had a nice time with your mother yesterday. I hung your pictures and put up the string of pennants spelling – Princeton. Your rooms looks very, very nice. How happy it made me to think that I was doing it for you. Your mother and father are well.