

Thursday P.M.
Dear Father Schmon,
Your letter, as usual,
received a very hearty
welcome.

I was glad to hear
about your Xmas work.
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 we made arrangements for some very interesting undertaking. A new wing is being added to the building; ^{and} in it will be a children's ward, consisting of four beds. Our guild 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, pillowcases, table covers, and making laundry bags, flannel wrappers, bandages, etc. We are also going to make a trip to N.Y. to select chairs, pillows, mattresses, beds and china with teddy bears, and little figures painted on. Oh!

Art, please excuse
me for going so into
detail but 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 spree"
in the city of course.

Last Monday went to
a "Welsh Rarebit" party.
Sunday to a Concert

Wednesday a dinner
at Stetter's, to-night
a nice long snooze (?)
to-morrow night com-
pany here, Saturday
luncheon and theatre
in N.Y.; and more
company here in the
evening.

Next week I'm going
to serve two benefit
suppers, am going
to two card parties,
and one little informal

this is
the sixth
letter
with they
in (?)

dance.

The clock seems
to have jumped around
considerably since I
sat down here, and
I must get in my
nine hours so ---
I'll say "Good night,"
dear Pop.

Wife soon to the
bean pole,
Celeste.

P.S.

Do you know
what this is?

No?

Well

I'll

tell you.

It's supposed
to be three
presses. Sh!

C Sh!

