Wednesday P.M.

Mon cher – Artus,

I am up at Eliot School waiting for my big sister to dismiss two bad boys, then we are going downtown shopping. It is only three five and I fear I have quite a little wait before me.

Your letter welcomed me yesterday, upon my return from “tennis.” You don’t know how surprised I was to hear that you and Fred are not going to room together next year. What has happened?

You are so funny to speak of my missive endings the way you do. I guess “the same” meant

-the usual admirer of
your great wit. No! I hope
my mentality will never
become stationary. I do
not care so much about
physical development, but
I surely do about the former.
My greatest pass time now
is studying French, or
rather phrases in that
language and I find it
interesting. I did not take
it up at all at school, so
it makes it rather hard.
This, however, will be fine
exercise for my brain and
prevent it from becoming
stand-still-ified.

I am going to carry this
in a book downtown so
it won't get wrinkled and
during my next few spare
minutes shall continue

I say that because I am
going to be so busy the rest of
the week, that this will have
to be written piecemeal.

Friday A.M. (at home)

Glory be! what have I put
in this pen of mine? Upon
leaving school Wednesday
filled it with ink I found
in a store closet, (or rather
something I thought was ink)
but now I think it must
have been violet cologne, or
some of the Passaic River.
(Nice comparison. Eh? What?)

I was over in the city yesterday.
Finished my shopping earlier
than I had expected to, so
went to the theatre (Palace), and
saw some good sketches.

This afternoon I am going
to play tennis again. Four of