Keag. Maine
Thursday P.M.

Lo honey boye

Afraid I was rather "stupid" last night — wasn't I dear? — I tried hard, honestly to shake off the feeling but couldn't. Please forgive as it couldn't be helped. I won't make you — as well as myself — "miserable" again by eating too much "Sake" —

Wish you were going to be here again to-night —

The boys — Harold & Carlisle are sprouting potatoes in the cellar to-day — and there's the worst smell all over this place — I pity the boys — I've run down several times trying to cheer them up — and the last time they said they had found a "nest of mice" — of course I began to "tip-toe" around & they chased me up the stairs with potatoes.

quite a bit of "excitement" here this Afternoon — The "Followers" of "Some body" (Aunt Grace Knows) trying to preach to the people who don't go to "Church", their only Audience were Children. They had a "Band" of four pieces, Drums & 3 Gamets. — Some Music !! ?? — Lasted about 3/4 of an hour. —

Aunt Gade is supposed to come to morrow night — Aunt Grace says I am to go on Living staying with her, if I want too I and she knows I do !!

Hope you arrived O.K last night or this A.M. — Aunt Grace thought we did real well !!! I too early I told her for you to go home — and she said, "Don't you know the Poor boy needs some rest ??

Thelma Gradie & Blanche Coombs came home today — Looking fine — Forgive my scrawl. Supperting Yours. Fae

Come when you can — "cause you know sure"

Hows this?

COSTON POST, THURS

The Cheerful Cherub

I've told my last
polite white lie.
My pleasant smile
is numb.
When next I'm asked
to "tea" I'll say,
"No, thanks,
I'd hate
to come."
R. McCann



I got a dandy
letter to-day —
"Bussnal"

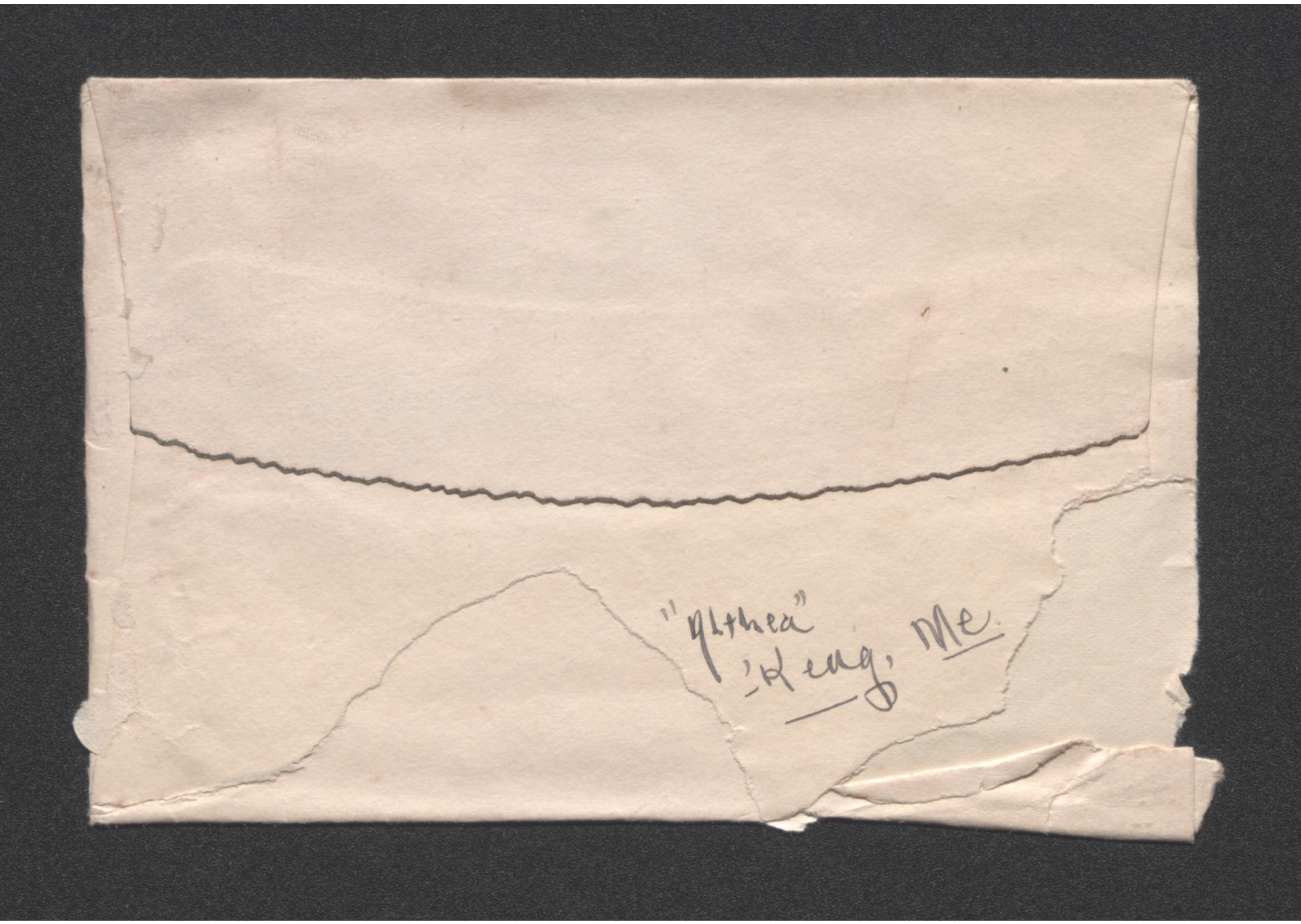
F.

Massachusetts.

From Mattawamkeag, Me.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine.


"Althea"
Long, Me.

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

"Saturday night"

Dearest:

When you get this it will be Monday night, and I won't have had you Sunday---(is that good English?) and I am hoping that you will be thinking of coming down to see me!!!!. See?????'Cause a Sunday without you is----there's no comparison of course--but you know or I know how much I would like breakfast without "coffee"----only it's so much worse, 'Cause it's entirely different!!!!.

I've been doing something all day long to-day, and yet it doesn't seem as if I had accomplished much!!!

Last night Harold and I went over to the "BlueBird" and got a box of ice-cream, and then went up to Aunt Grace and Sade's and we feasted and talked 'til 10.30, t'was after nine o'clock before I go out of the office, gee, it's been so late every day this week--

I got a nice letter from you dear this morning, but none yesterday, still I should have been looked for one that morning as you were down to see me, but still I do just the same!!! Funny isn't it?

It's now seven o'clock, and I am writing this rather crazy--waiting on somebody and then a word written and you know how I mean? Forgive?

Looking for my sweetheart to-night! Yours,

Dal.

Suggest this to "Margaret"

BOSTON POST, SAT

All Sorts

By Newton Newkirk

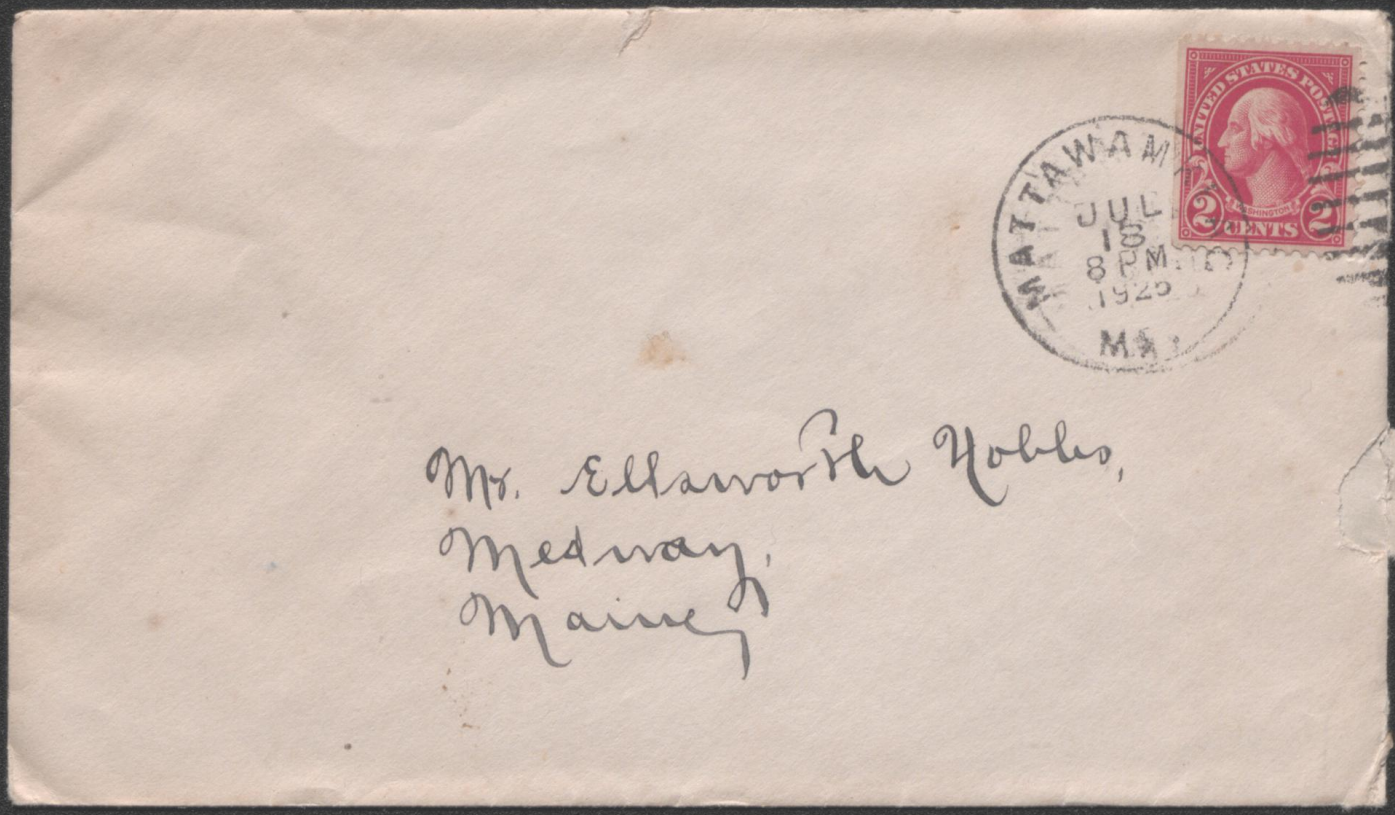
MAN'S GREAT WANT

Say, Newt, don't you think, since the ladies
Have been provided with a permanent wave,
It's up to you to give us men
That long-felt want—a permanent shave?
H. C. S.
Marion.

The Cheerful Cherub

Though I'm constantly railing at bores
It dawned on me only today
That nothing I think of myself
Seems too unimportant to say!




UNITED STATES POSTAGE
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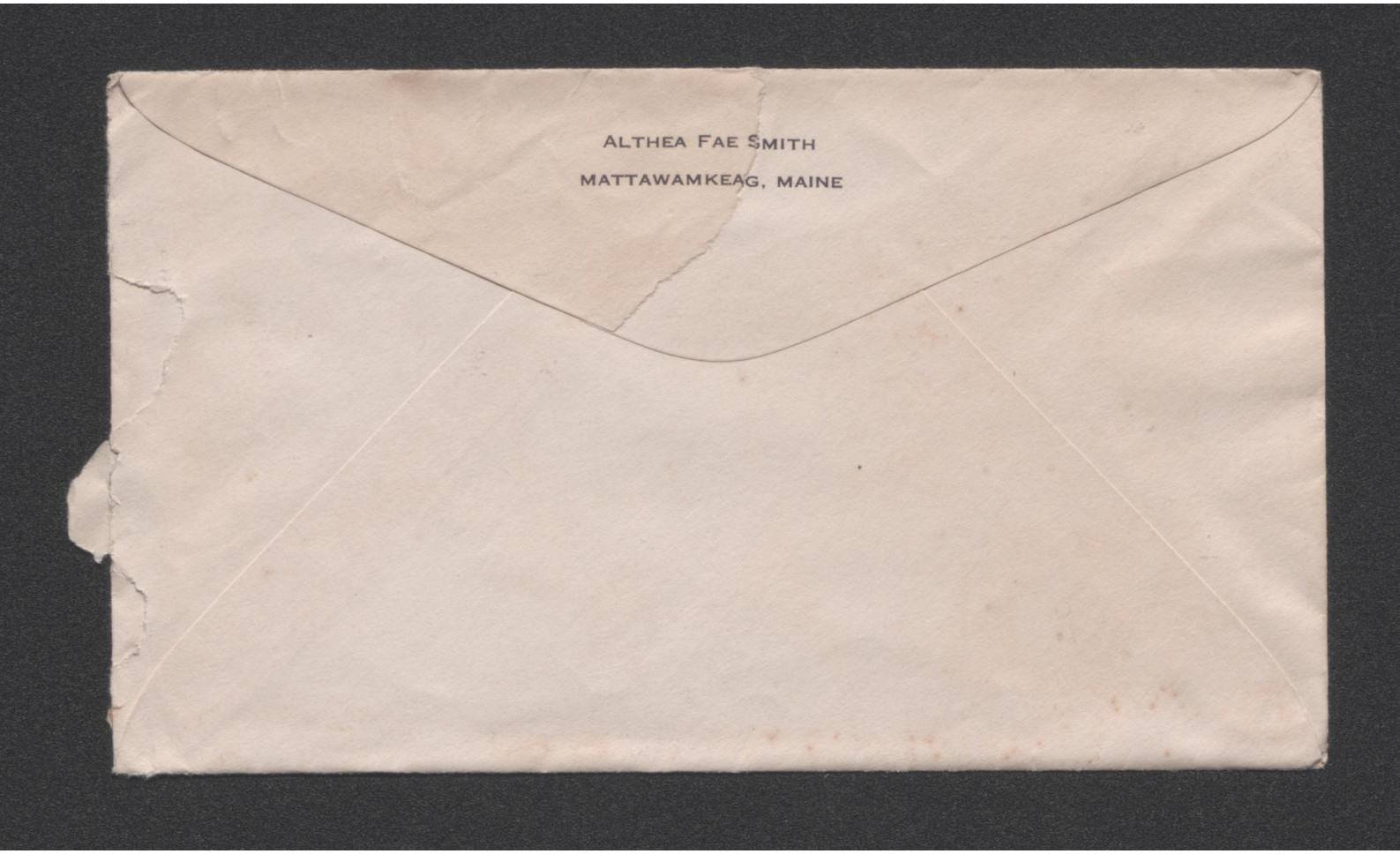
8 PM
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine,


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Keagan Maine,
"Monday Afternoon"

Ellsworth dearest,

How's my sweetheart this nice warm day? — Bet you're wished it was "cooler" — haven't you?

— I've not noticed the "heat", have been busy in the office, working on my books, and taking account of stock. Probably I shall notice the heat more this evening in here, usually it's that way.

— My, dear, I wished so much that you could have been with me yesterday — I had a pretty good thing as it was just lovely down to "Gold Stream" but "you and I" together could have enjoyed it so much more — They're building up quite a "summer resort" down there, and I guess that there was about 1500 people down there yesterday. Quite a crowd in "bathing" — none of us went in — Elsie coaxed hard but mama had told her she shouldn't go in, so I wouldn't let her, you can bet, that it did not make her very "good-natured", but she

was half sick all last week with a "gold" —

They have a big motor boat down there ~~that~~ that goes out for 30 minutes for 25¢, and we all enjoyed that. Then two fellows let Elsie & I have their "Canoe" and we went out in that, didn't stay out as long as I would liked too — if I had only had "you" — Elsie wanted to "War Hoop" you know that gry of hers, and I didn't want her too — so you can imagine the rest. (?) Still on the whole we were quite "peaceable" —; We ate our "Lunch" down there as soon as we arrived — I was starved — We went down the way "we" did, the night we went to the dance (remember?) and then when we came back we went out to "Howland" and came home on the "Tar" roads. They're very good now!! Got home about 8.30. Then we went to "bed" — Aunt Sade & So lay awake Talking til most 11 o'clocke I had to tell her all about Our "gastrinstrip" — Supper now

5.45. Love, your Fan

ALL SORTS

By Newton Newkirk

MISTAKEN

"It's only a summertime flirtation,
It never, never will last,"
Said the gossips on the veranda,
As he and she went past.

'Twas only a summer flirtation,
But they wedded in the fall—
And the gossips on the veranda
Knew nothing about it at all.

Waverley. FANNY RICHARDSON.

* * * *

WHAT THE SPHINX SAYS



"'I forgot' is no excuse—it is up to you to make your memory remember.' ?!?!

The Cheerful Cherub

If I laugh at myself
And the fool things
I do
It won't bother me
much
To see others
laugh too.
B. T. CANN



POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

"GIVE ME FLOWERS"

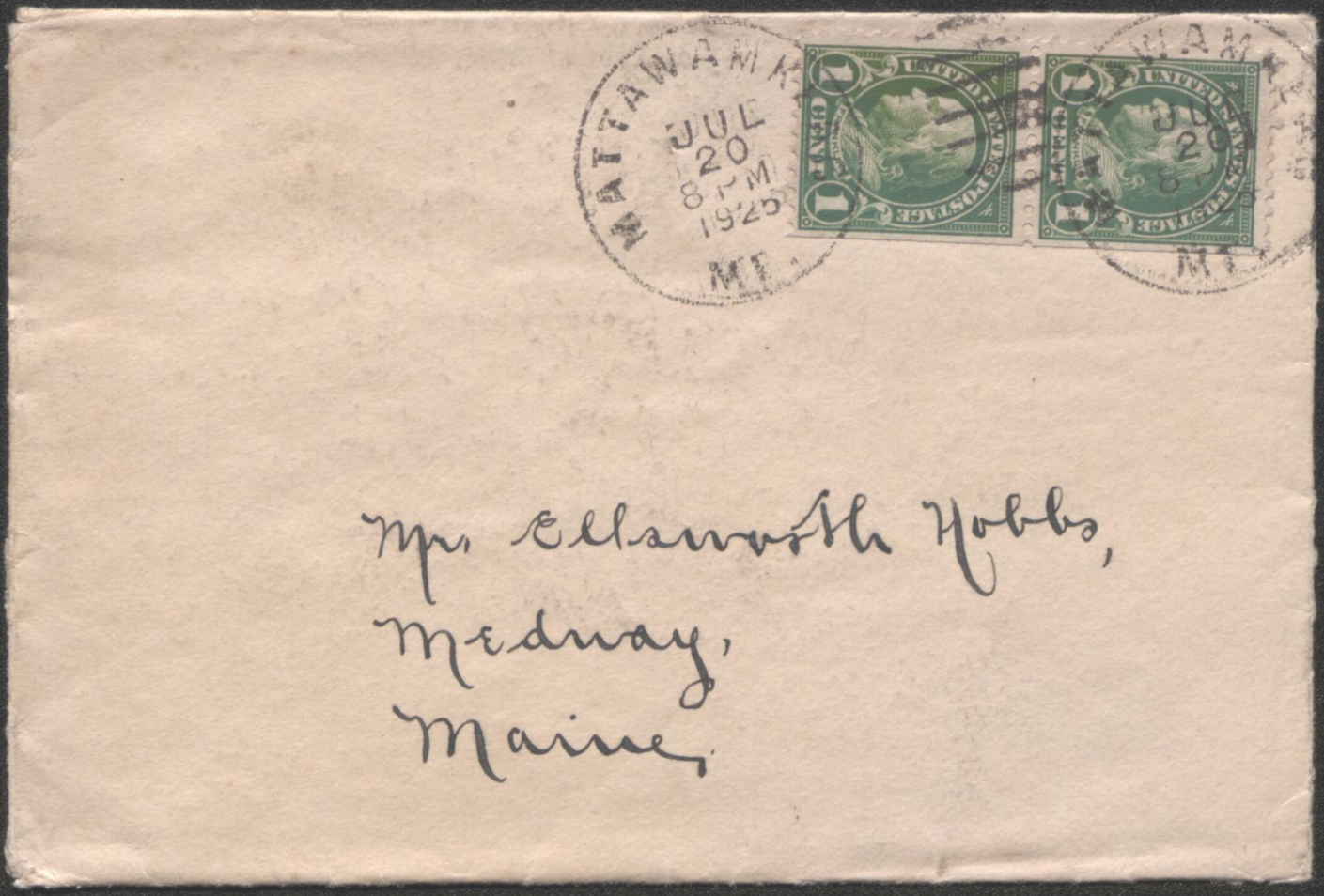
Author Not Known

Gate true

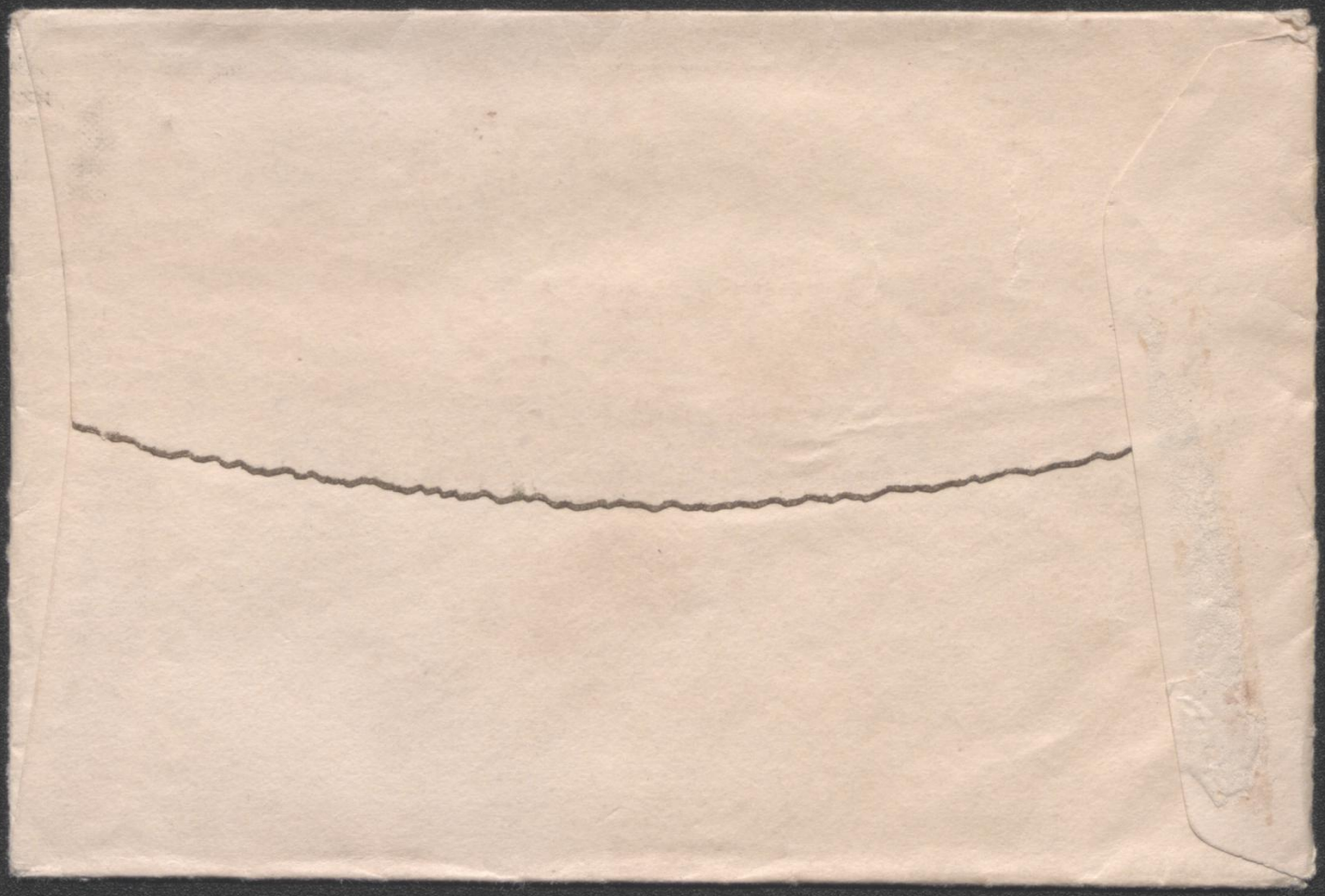
I would rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on earth must end.

I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true
Than tears shed round my casket
When this world I've bid adieu.

Bring me all the flowers today,
Whether pink, or white, or red.
I'd rather have one blossom now
Than a truckload when I'm dead.



Mrs Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

"Thursday Evening"

Dearest:

I don't like to think that I won't have you to-night when I get thru work--darn it!!!!The last three nights have got me in a 'bad habit' you see--I want you more every night now!!!!

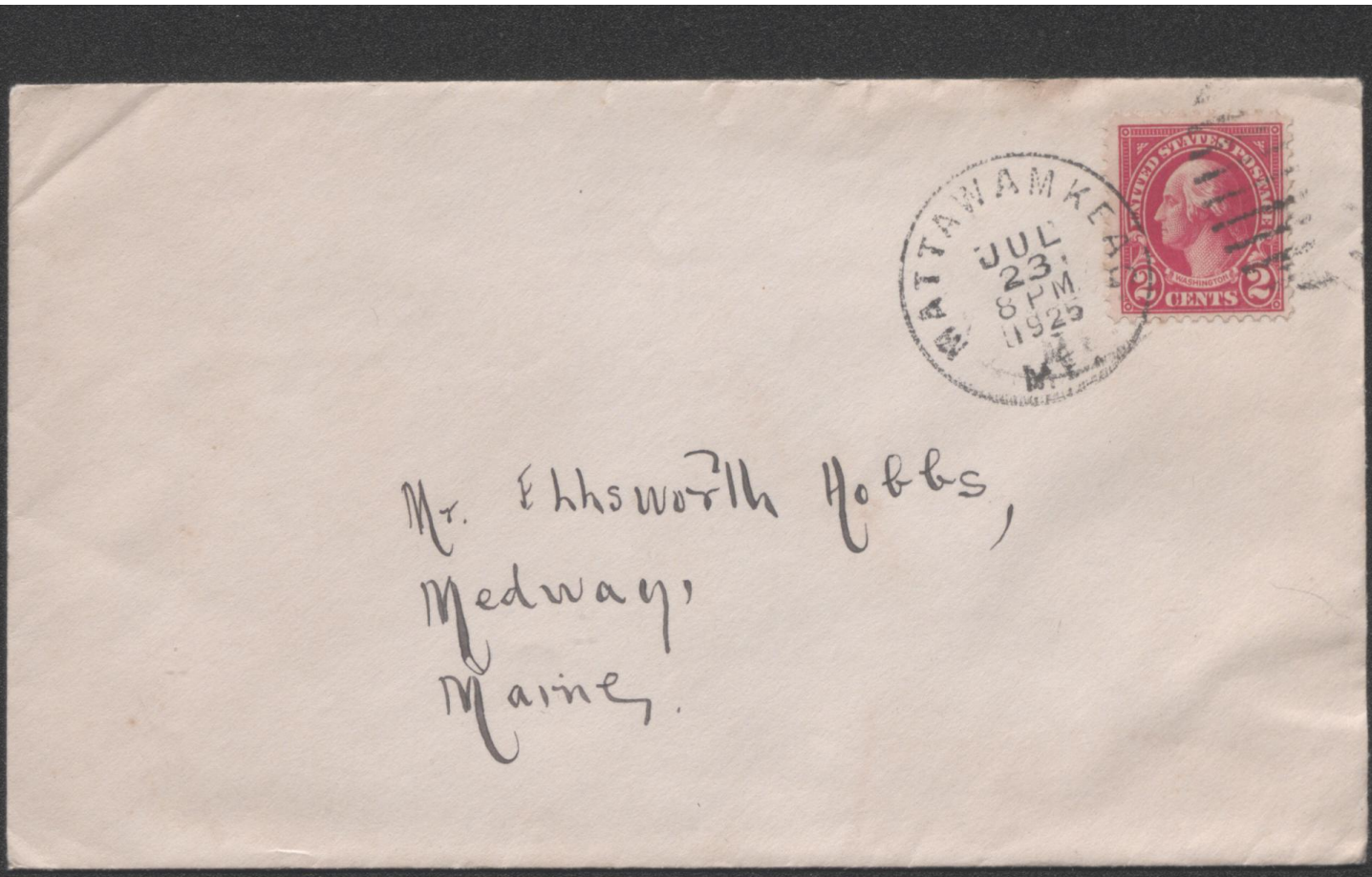
Would you believe it I wrote Doris a letter this P.M. and I said that I didn't know if you had written to her or not, but that I did know that you were appreciating your Hinds Honey & Almond Cream!!! And that you thought that she was the right knid of a girl to have and etc., How's that?

George told me that Doris had a new job since Hinds sold out----she's going to be secretary totheman that was asst. Treasurer---worth millions---and etc., Gee, I am surely glad for Doris---she told me about it when she was home, but she told me not to say anything about it, as she wasn't sure about it then!!!

We havennt decided yet where we will go to-morrow night, probably stay here to the Movies. But I would kind of like to go for a ride so Harold and Margaret could go and we could have more fun--what do you think----still you and I would enjoy ourselves anyway--no matter how--Yes??No?? Yes!!

Geuss that I better get busy and put up my mail

Yours, Jack.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.

ALTHEA FAE SMITH

MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

" Friday Afternoon"

Ellsworth dear:

It's now 4.40, have been expecting to see you for the last half hour---Harold and I just came back from asking "Margaret" to go somewhere with us to-night!!!. I hope that we can get started before 8 o'clock but maybe we can't--I rather hate to leave if there is much to do!!!

I had another nice bouquet of pond lilies given to me to-day, and these are prettier than the others!

Went home last night about 8.45--Aunt Grace and Sade we 'eating'--of course I didn't join them--only enjoyed a cup of tea and molasses cookie, and then I got interrested in a story and read til 11 o'clock! AND I intended to go to bed early last night!!!

Stayed over to Aunt Grace to dinner too!!! We had beet and endive greens, some peachy lettuce salad that Aunt Sade made and it all tasted very good!!

Have been quite busy to-day per usual--it's been a nice day, hasn't it?

'Spose that I won't have you Saturday night---but if I don't---come as early as you can Sunday and we'll try and make up for it--See!!!

Lovingly yours, Dae.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine.

ALTHEA FA[illegible] S[illegible]

MATTAWAM[illegible]

Keag, Maine
Monday P.M.

Sweetheart,

It's raining — I wonder if my boy will be coming down? I saw your mother and she said, "Why don't he stay up there and get some "rest" — so I promised if you came down to-night I would be very sure and see that you went home early. ??? But I am thinking myself that you will probably be so tired you'll stay up to Medway — I hope you do too — as you need the rest so much.

Aunt Grace thanks you so much for the "cat-tails" as soon as you should have seen how she decorated the table with them. She stood the "cat-tails" up all around the table — The table looked like "Mars" in the "bull-rushes" — but twas quite artistic & pretty!!

Would love to see you tonight
'fore I send the letter which
I've written to Audrey &
Edd asking them if they
could go to the Lake next
Week with us — I thought
about Tuesday — if you
can get the week offs
I hope your mother can be
persuaded to go with us,
but if she can't perhaps
Aunt Sade or Grace would
go — tho' I've not mentioned
it to them as yet. We'll
wait and see if your mother
won't go —

Hope you have been feeling
good to day — Didn't you
hate to get up this morning

I did!!!

The ground up home went
raspberrying this afternoon
but the rain drove them
home —

We decided to go to the Lake
Wed night — instead of the
dance? ~~tho~~ Will that please
you "Beeswax"! Hope so — Love, yours
Fae

Walt Mason's
Rippling Rhymes

(Copyright, 1925, by George Matthew Adams)

NEEDLES

The grand old town of Needles has sizzling summer days; the coppers and the beadles perspiring go their ways. The brazen sky evinces no promise of a change; and clerks and merchant princes are fried, as on a range.

The mercury is rising while yet the morn is new, to altitudes surprising, say ninety-one or two. When dinner horns are screeching the fact that morning's o'er, the mercury is reaching a hundred and a score.

The days are hot at Needles, and changelessly they come, alike as those old tweedles, the tweedles dee and dum. In other towns men languish and suffer in the heat, until they, in their anguish, peruse the weather sheet; they mark the Needles reading, and cheerily they drool, "Why are our bosoms bleeding? This town is really cool! In Needles heat is pelting the voters to their knees, the sidewalks there are melting, and charred are all the trees."

Oh, Needles, grand old Needles, I would not in you dwell, though blithe promoter wheedles and argues passing well. For me the cooler places along the ocean shores, where men don't cook their faces if they go out of doors.

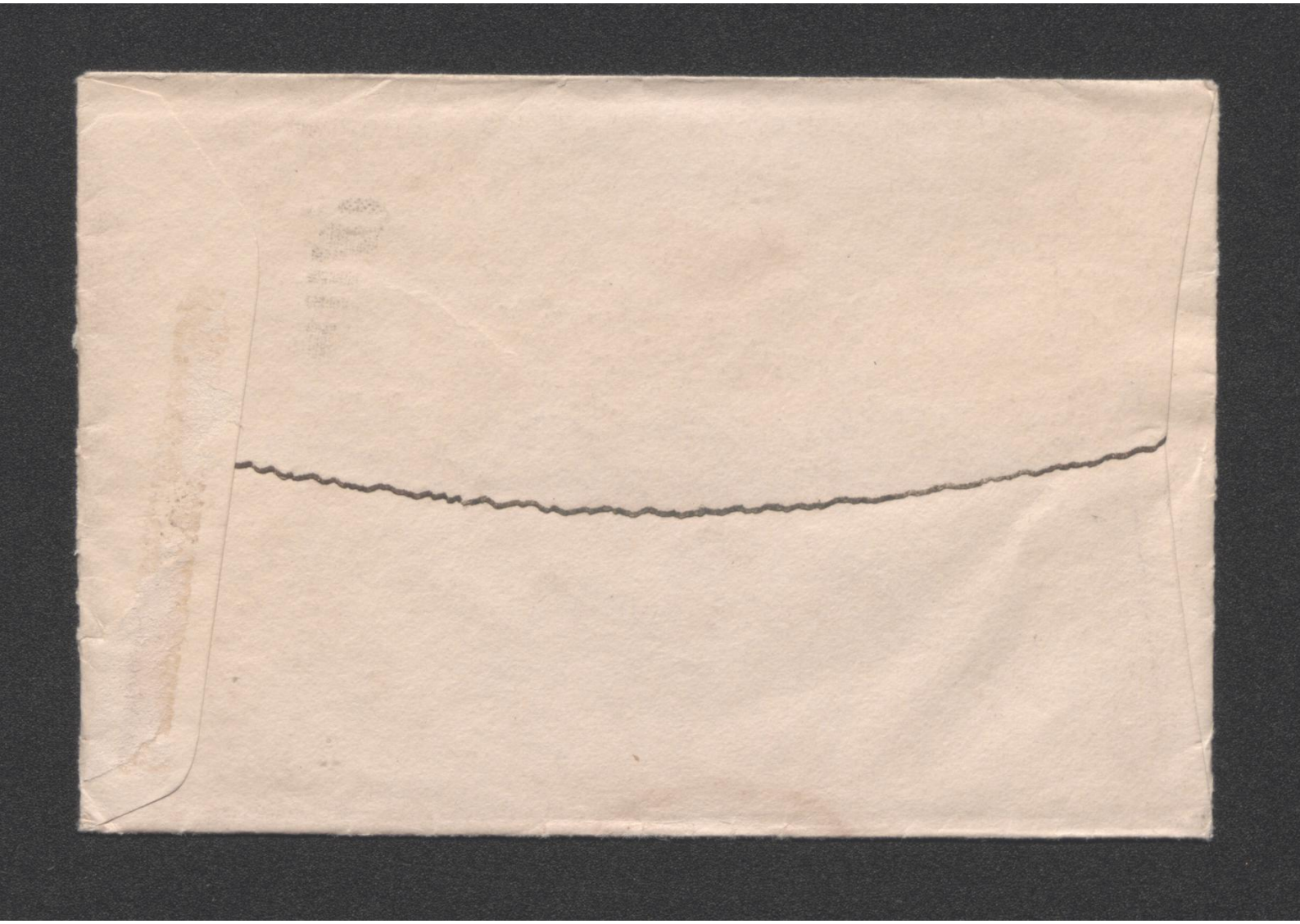
Yet you've a noble mission—to make men satisfied with their abject condition, when only partly fried. Their lives are dark and checkered, they think they're hot until they see the Needles record, and then they have a chill.—WALT MASON.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway,

Maine



MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

July 28, 1925.

Lo dear-est:

Here 'tis Tuesday night--seven o'clock---not very long ago that we left you at Medway--would like very much to have brought you home with us!!! Do you know that we came very near getting smashed up? Right there by that corner where that big white house is right after we left you? I blew my horn when I went to turn the corner, but the other car was coming so fast from Matta. way or direction so fast that even when he put his brakes on quite aways away from us he couldn't stop, but he just barely got by on the left hand side of us---I geuss that he thought he had more room if he went on the right side of us first---but when he saw that I was going to stick to the right side he thought just in time to get by on th left, I thought sure that the car was going right into the middle of us!!! The people in his car must have got an awful thrill as he slewed them so---we didn't get the 'slewing' but we thought we were in for it!! One time that the 'good Lord' was with us anyway!!! I don't know who it was, Elsie said that she had seen the man driving--t'was an Essex Touring car--I think, I didnât stop the car to 'chew it over'didn't think it necessary as I didn't consider it my fault,--but I geuss that the other car stoped!

Hope that you will go to bed early to-night and make up some sleep---enough for lost sleep and store some for the 'Lake trip" to-morrow night!!

Lovingly yours, Hastihy
Jack

Walt Mason's
Rippling Rhymes

(Copyright, 1925, by George Matthew Adams)

SPITZBERGEN

Spitzbergen by some men is chosen as home, sweet home, because the good old happy town is frozen, and never, never thaws.

Grown weary of the heat that blisters in latitudes like these, they take their wives, their aunts and sisters, where all may sit and freeze.

Grown tired of swatting flies and skeeters, how sweet Spitzbergen seems, where man's sole job is filling heaters with cordwood, logs and beams.

To sit and watch the snowflakes falling, read ice-cold magazines, and hear the nightly caterwauling of bears and wolverenes!

No sickly garden sass to water, no plants to spray at dawn, no reason why a man should totter, a-mowing of the lawn.

No glasses blurred, no wilted collars, no sunburn anywhere, no paying out hard earned dollars to icemen for their ware!

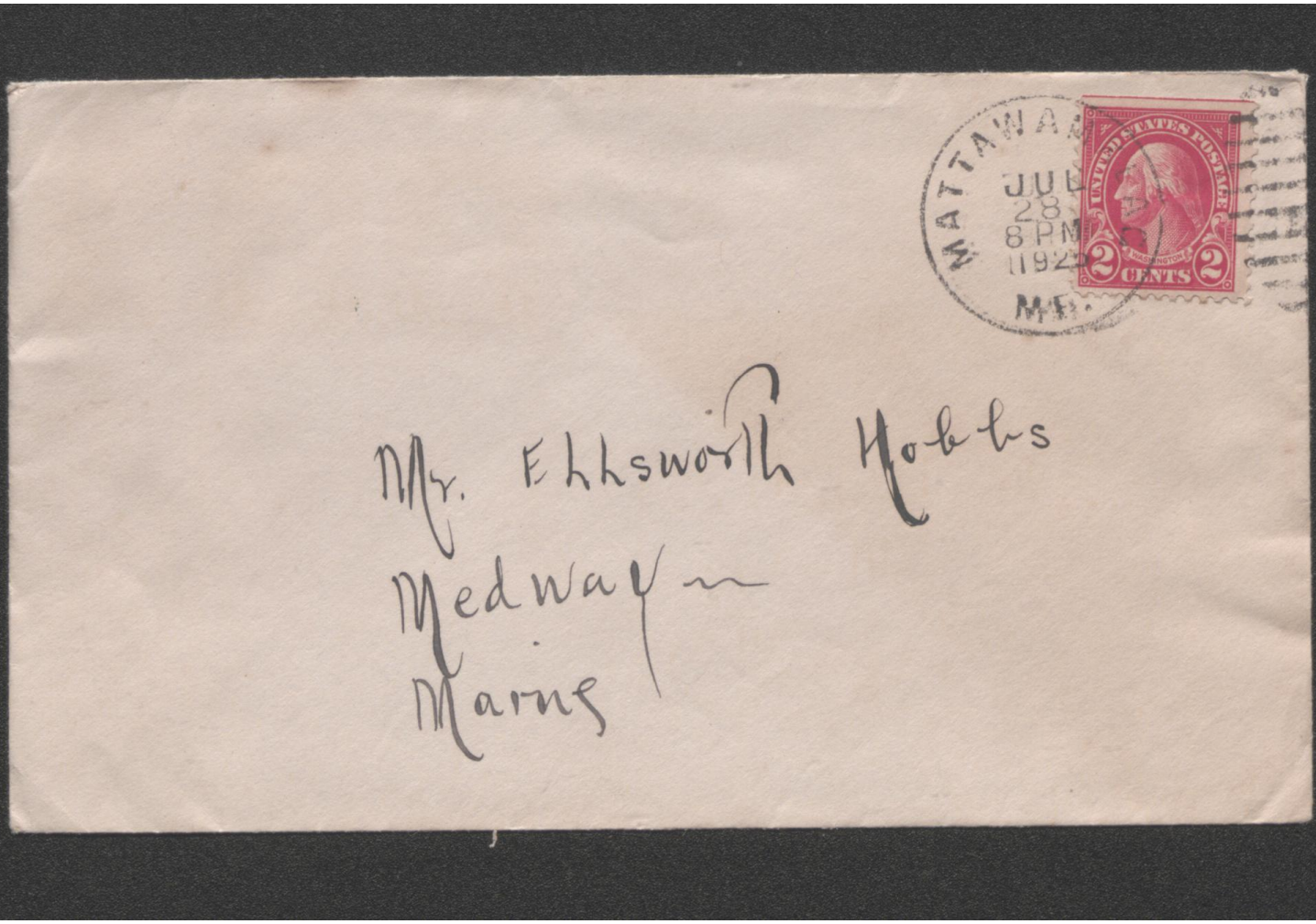
From out the arctic there is sweeping a wind, refreshing, strong; the nights are always fine for sleeping, and they are six months long.

What wonder that men's thoughts are turning with longing to that town, where all the furnaces are burning to keep the icebergs down?

But courage, friends, let us remember that summer soon will go; the cooling breeze of mild September will through our whiskers blow.

The balmy autumn will deliver some weather up-to-date, Spitzbergen's lure will seem a flivver, and we won't emigrate.

—WALT MASON



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs
Medway
Maine

ALTHEA FAE SMITH

MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Cancomgomoc Dam
Aug 10. 1923

Friend Ellsworth —

Got your letter last night and am sending the suit today.

No rain up here but wind blowing like N — last few days.

Andy left couple of days after you went out. That day you went out he packed his suitcase and cut a club to go in the handle so he could carry it on his shoulder, put it down in the road outside the camp and called me up about second lunch time asking if a cook was on the way down. When I told him he would not be relieved for a couple of days John Boyce said his face fell a yard, however he kept his suitcase and club handy the door so he wouldn't lose any time getting away when his relief came, and he did not. I suppose the poor old fellow is busted by this time — He had nearly $500. but it wouldn't last him any longer than $50.

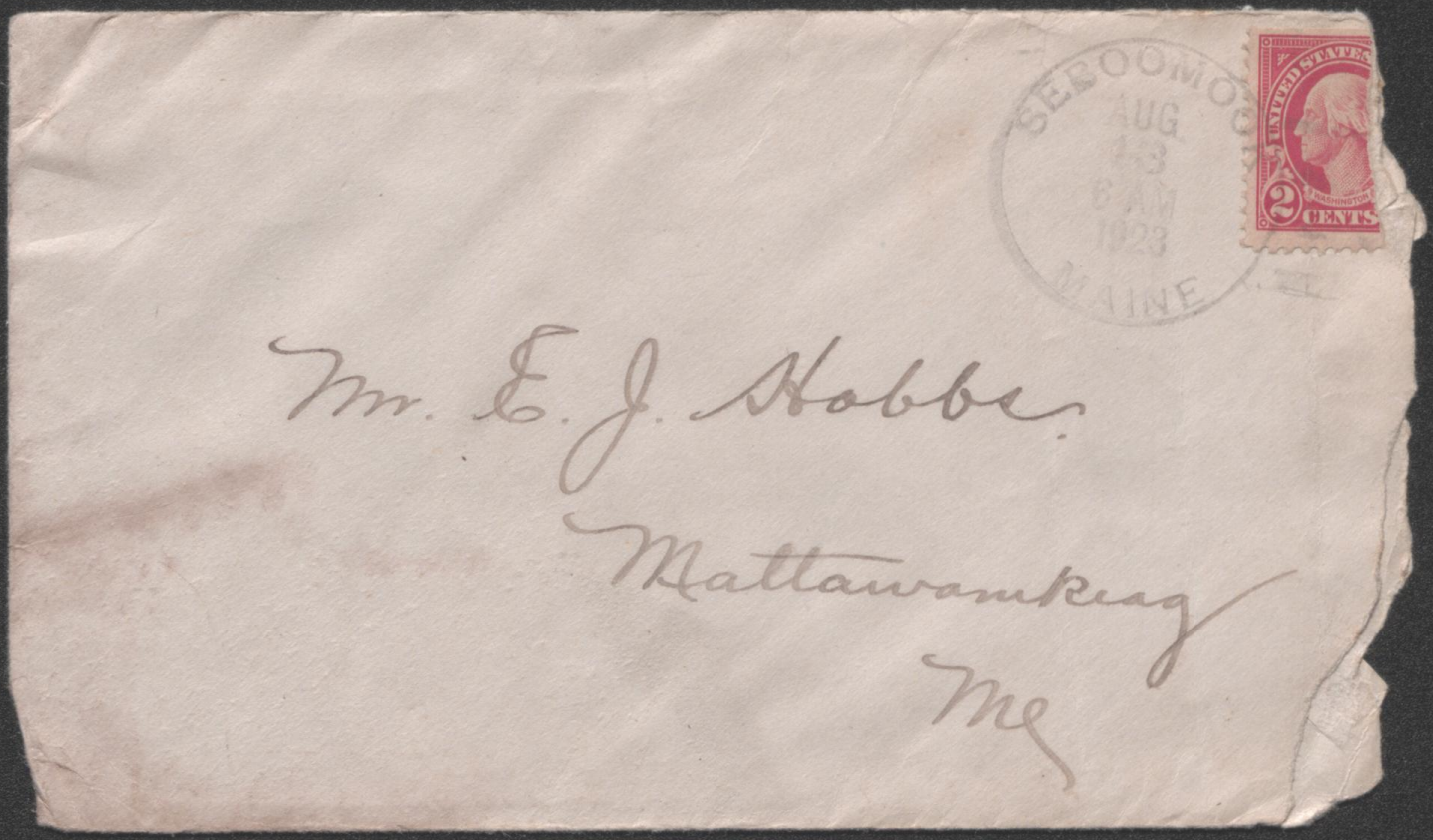
We'll have cucumbers here in a week now — some of them are 2 & 3 inches long and ½ to 1" thick

We had a bunch of sports (2 men and 3 ladies) camp here night before last & Malcolm did the honors for the crowd- Hauled their canoes over the Horse-race, helped pitch their tents got them springs to sleep on, etc., and we are having a great time now kidding him about an old one that we gave the name of "Leather-face". Malc. claims her name is "Hattie" but he has no proof.

Guess I've got to cut this out or I'll be delaying the boat

Sincerely

Mac



Mr. E. J. Hobbs

Mattawamkeag

Me



'Keag. Maine
Tuesday.

'Lo honey boy,

It's very nearly 5 o'clock Doris has been in talking to me for almost an hour, & Hayseed went this morning so she's planning on getting some "sleep" now! Doris got a telegram ~~that~~ saying "Her boss was on a "fishing trip" so she won't have to go to work for another week and she'll be here 'til Saturday anyway.

I'm wondering how you made it straightening out your reports, papers and etc. after we left last night? Hope that you found everything O.K. As I said, we got here at just 6 o'clock - Harold & Papa were home eating supper and I had just time enough to eat mine before the train came in. Wish that we could have stayed with you longer but, if we had, I'm afraid you would have lost some of your supper, [if you didn't - but I think "Mrs. Pat" has a "Kind Heart" in hope so anyway] and besides you would not have got much "work" done either.

Doris + Hayseed were going to take me right up over "Webb Hill" with them but I just said, "I Souldn't go" — Aunt Grace was very pleased that you remembered her with the "Flowers". ["Little things" like that she appreciates like you and I do!!!] Oh yes, — How was the "Chicken's Leg" —?

—

Isn't this some Hot day? Papa + Garfield are some warm over there in the field working. They have my sympathy — I got a "taste" of it "washing dishes" !!!

Aunt Lade wrote me a card in Bangor yesterday while she was waiting for the Boston Train and she wrote, "Hot as Blazes" — 'twas a very, very Hot day to be riding on the "cars".

—

Aunt Grace and I were all by "our lonesome" last night, — I read one Story after I got home — 9 O'clock — and it was 10 O'clock when we retired — maybe a little later — but that was pretty good — don't you think?

—

I would like very much to have had you dear last night — but think it much better that you stick on the Job until your Boss returns — Love XX

Yours,
Fae.

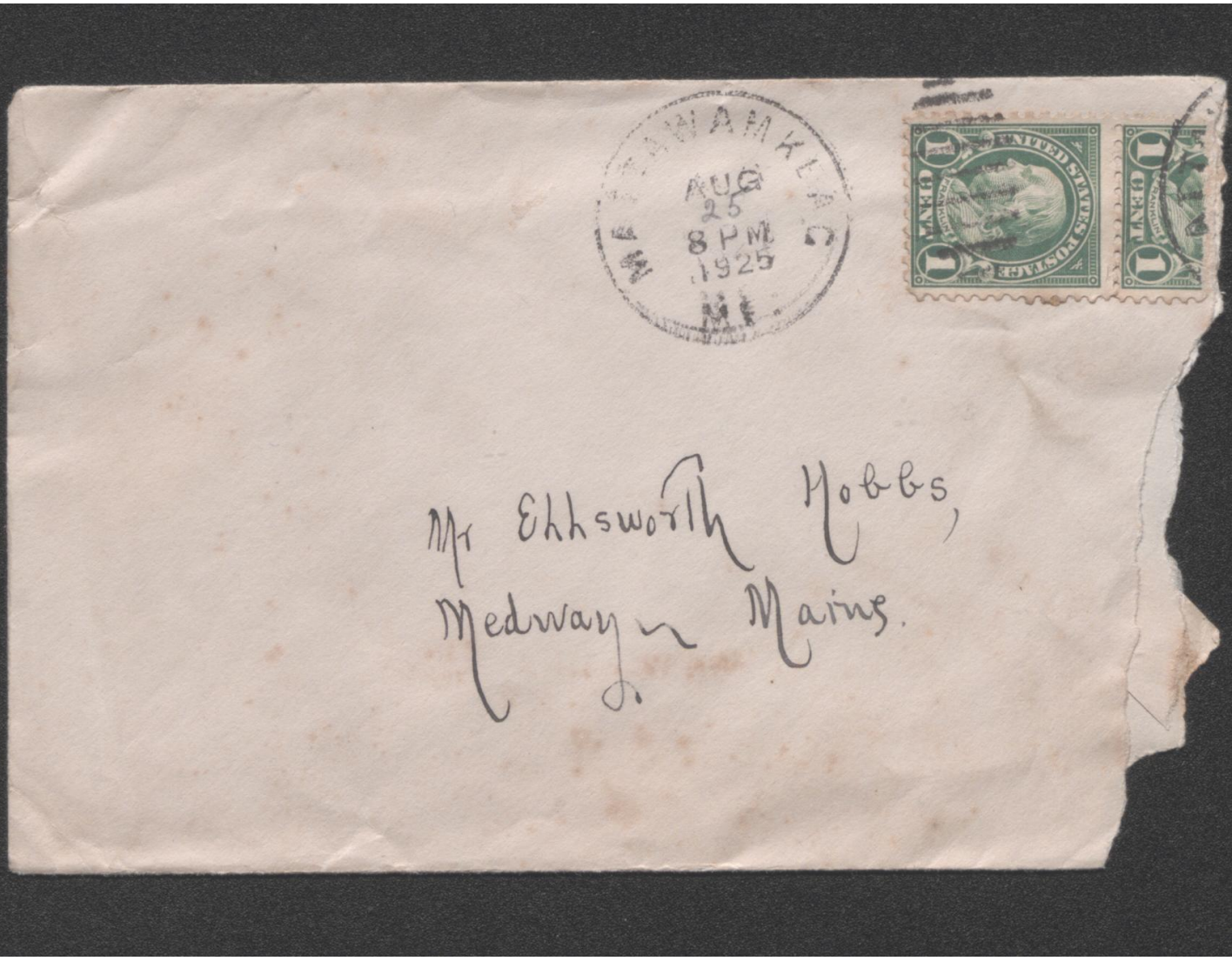
Later
8.45 P.M.

Two letters from
"My boy" to day

Pretty nice, I
thinke

Emma & Tylie are
waiting to have
an ice cream
with me

Hastily
Love
Fae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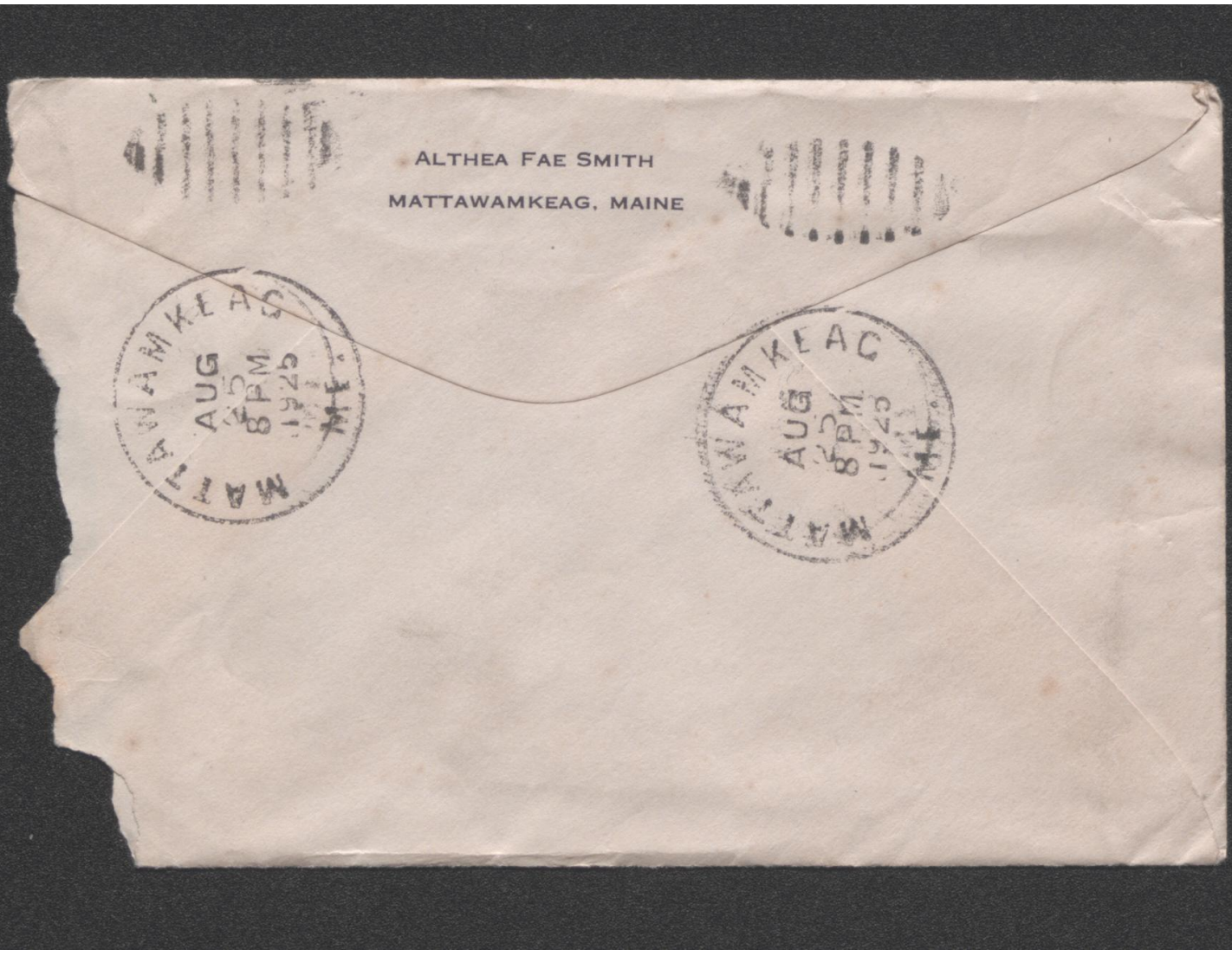
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
ONE CENT
Mr Ehlsworth Hobbs,
Medway in Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE
MATTAWAMKEAG ME
AUG 8PM 1925
MATTAWAMKEAG ME
AUG 8PM 1925

Keag. Maine

Thursday Eve.

Lo dear e

Gouldn't find my letter in the mail tonight u so I am feeling disappointing u you know the feeling? (Perhaps?) Haven't had anything at all today!!! (Tears in ⁘) It's hateful tho' isn't it. Beeswat? And this is only Thursday and I don't 'spose Mr. Dan will come before Monday u?

Elsie came home this morning she said she wouldn't have come back so soon only she was afraid some of us would go to

at the Lake this week-end. Wish "we" could go up again this year, don't you. And stay a Month!!!

Last night did I tell you that Audrey was down here? Fairlie went up after she might have left. I run over home a few minutes with Elsie, when I came from the office. They were "scrapping" and Fairlie got Audrey mad and she "bit" him, and then wanted someone to walk out to the "Back Settlement" with her?!?!! I left them a magazine they are all "over it" by now.

I saw Lottie again to-night & also "Doris". Both are coming down to-morrow afternoon. Hope I won't be busy.

Pretty near the end of the month and Reports again. Do you have to make out Monthly reports? Hope Not!!

Hope every thing continues to go O.K. Be good to "My boy" & Might now. Sweet Dreams.

Love, Yours Fae.

"Bangor Fair" and she would-
n't be here to go too!!

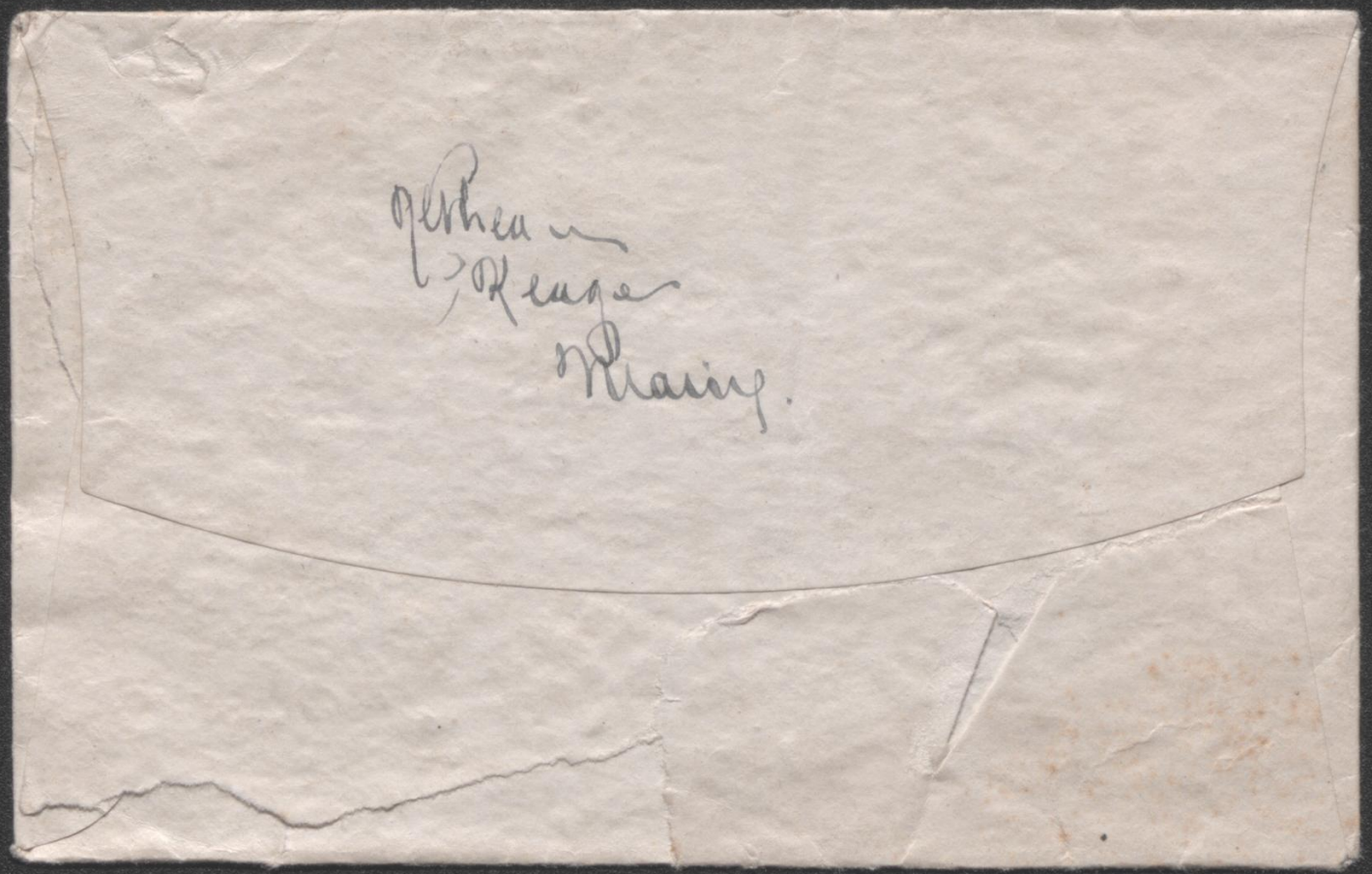
A Crowd did go up to the
"Houlton Fair" yesterday
and reported "good horse
racing"

There's a Dance at Chipford
Hill Pavilion tonight and
also a "Wrestling Match"
big time I'll bet they
say the Floor is not much
good up there. Guess I
don't want to go up there,
I want a pretty good floor
anyway when I try to
dance! Eh?

Murray Wyman & his wife
the Hunter's Burrs
and etc are sporting



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway in Maine



[6066]

United States Post Office

'Keag, Maine.

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

Friday Night, 192

Respectfully

'Lo dearest boy:

It's now 8.15--- Just refused to go to Lee to the dance to-night with Doris, George, Ruth, and Asa She asked Harold to go with me, but I'm too tired to think of going---I've only made two apple pies, duffies, raspberry turnover, white cake and the Brownies to-day!!! I Am saving some "Brownies" for you, they're quite good.

Della expects Ruth toemorrow, her school begins Tues. (maybe Ruth and Harold can go somewhere with us Sunday?

Postmaster.

c5—7192

[6066]

United States Post Office

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

, 192

Respectfully

Am going to finish putting up the mail and then ME for BED!! -

I don't think that Dor liked it very well 'cause I wouldn't go with her to-night, but my poor "corns" need a "soaking", and I've so much to do to-morrow, "Beans" to start baking in the morning early and etc---You know.

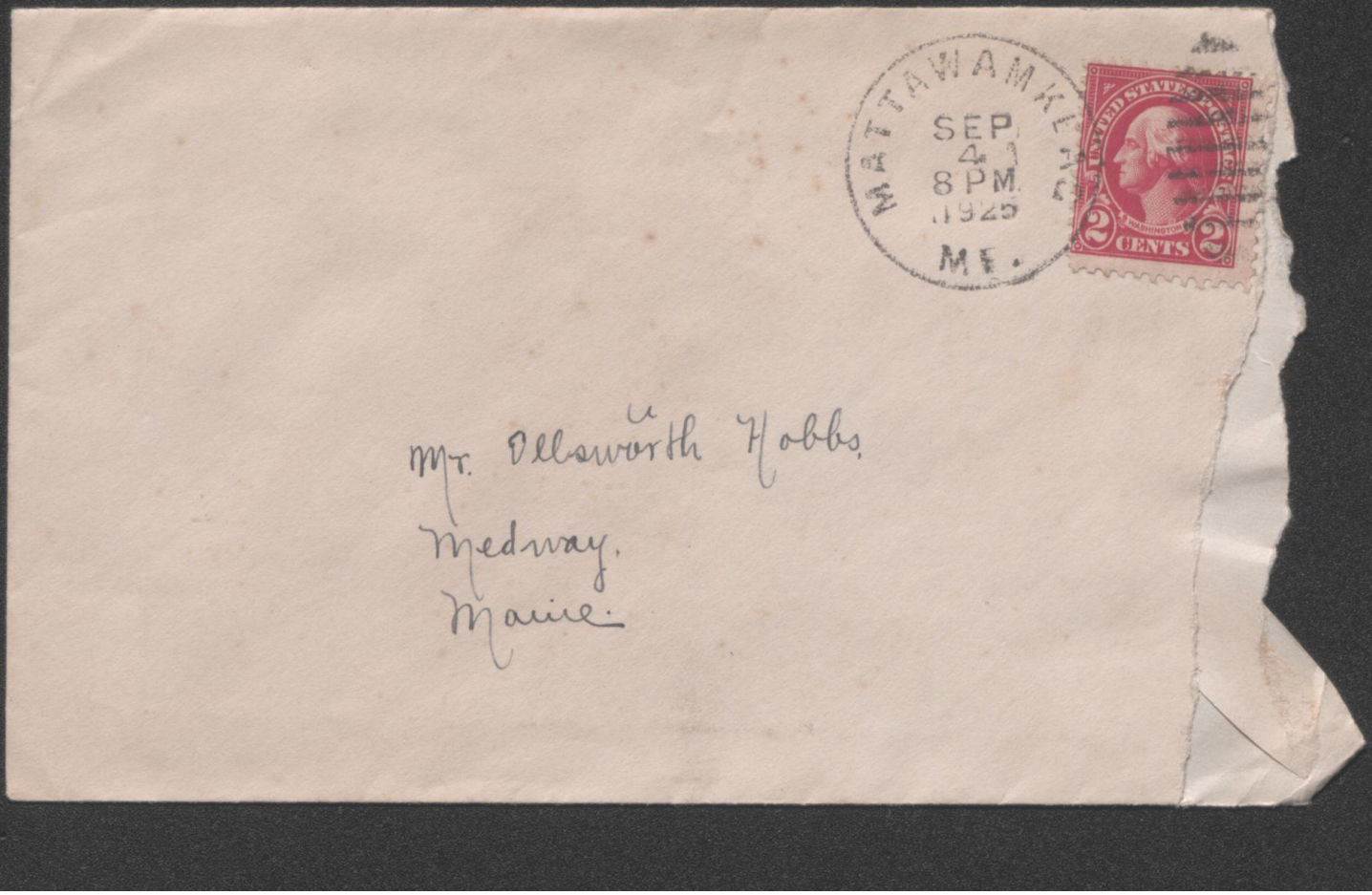
Hope that your 'cold' is better and that everything went O.K. Thurs. night going back.

Kisses, Yours,--

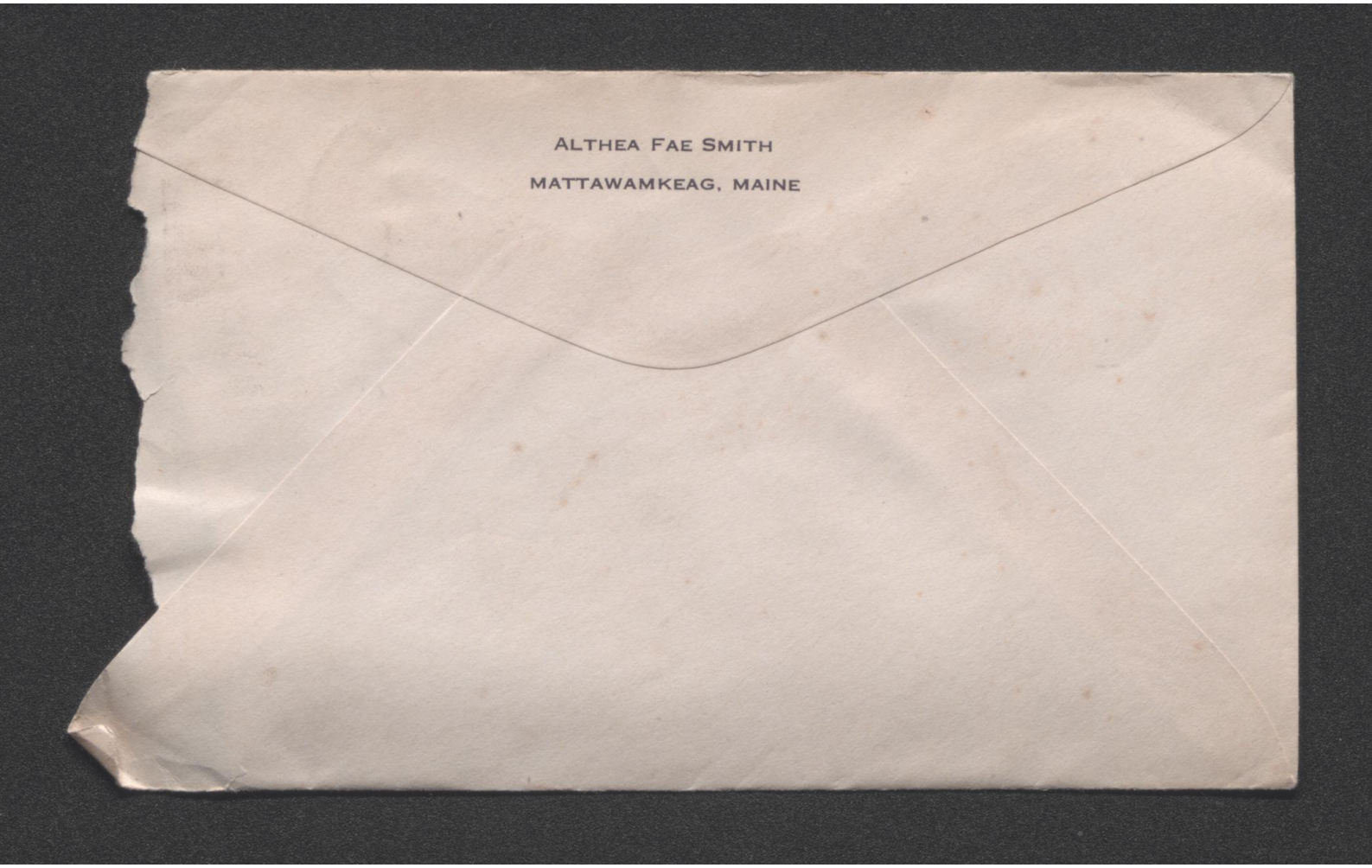
Fae

c5—7192

Postmaster.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

'Keag. Maine
Thursday P.M.

Lo dearest

How do you like my stationery? Harold and I have been over ramaging around in the "Old store houses", and I found this box of paper all tied up with a very pretty "pink ribbon" — [Harold said that was what took my eye] He was looking for a desk to take down to school with him — He's still over there hunting now, I had to come back — afraid some one

Got your nice letter that you wrote me Monday night this morning — The "mail Service" seems to be slower up there than it was !!!

—

Bad rainy day — so I postponed my Sunday School Picnic til tomorrow — if it's a good day —

—

Gears I got a "Cob Web" in my eye over in the old store house it feels that way — Ney Winting looks affected ~~it~~ by it too, doesn't it? To-day is one of my days I simply can't write — (I should have used the typewriter, Eh?)

—

Donnie isn't feeling so well to day — the Doctor thought he ate too much yesterday, Janse his not up out of the Moore's chair yet — I had to read his "Uncle Wigghey" Book to him this noon — He's feeling better this

P.M. —

—

Wish "you" were down — here to night. I'd promise to forget "Sunday" & not be as tire some as I am afraid I was last night. Forgive dear Bye now —

Sat. Night
Yourknow
Yours
Fan

XXXXX
8 O'Clock

might want to do some
"business" in the Post Office

How's "my boy" feeling today?
Hope you arrived safely last
night without any mishaps;
and also in time for a
little "sleep". Somehow I
hated to get up this
morning — !!! You'll be
tired and sleepy to-night, and
I hope that you'll go "early
to bed" — I know I I shall!
Jackie is expecting Audrey tonight
and he's going to take Elsie
and Audrey out tonight.

A. J. Smith
Mattawamkeag,
Maine



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway Maine



[6066]

United States Post Office

Mattawamkeag, Maine.
(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

"Tuesday Night", 192

Respectfully

Dearest:

Just a line to'you' to-night dear----hoping that I am going to see you before very long. Mama and Elsie both want to go to the dance, and there's no one to stay with Donald, so I don't know just how'you and I' are going to make it--tho' you'll know how we ddid make it when you get this. I'd like to go and hear the 'music' and stay awhile, tho' darn it I don't feel just like dancing the way I would like to, and it makes me so cross!!!

---Just saw you and you're the 'bestest Sweetheart'

o5—7192 Nous. Fay *Postmaster.*

Good! Yes!

TON POST, MONDA

The Cheerful Cherub

One day I took stock
of my faults —(?)
Such dozens and dozens
I had (?)
I could never be good,
But I easily could
Be perfectly,
dazzlingly
bad.
R. McCann



Right O'

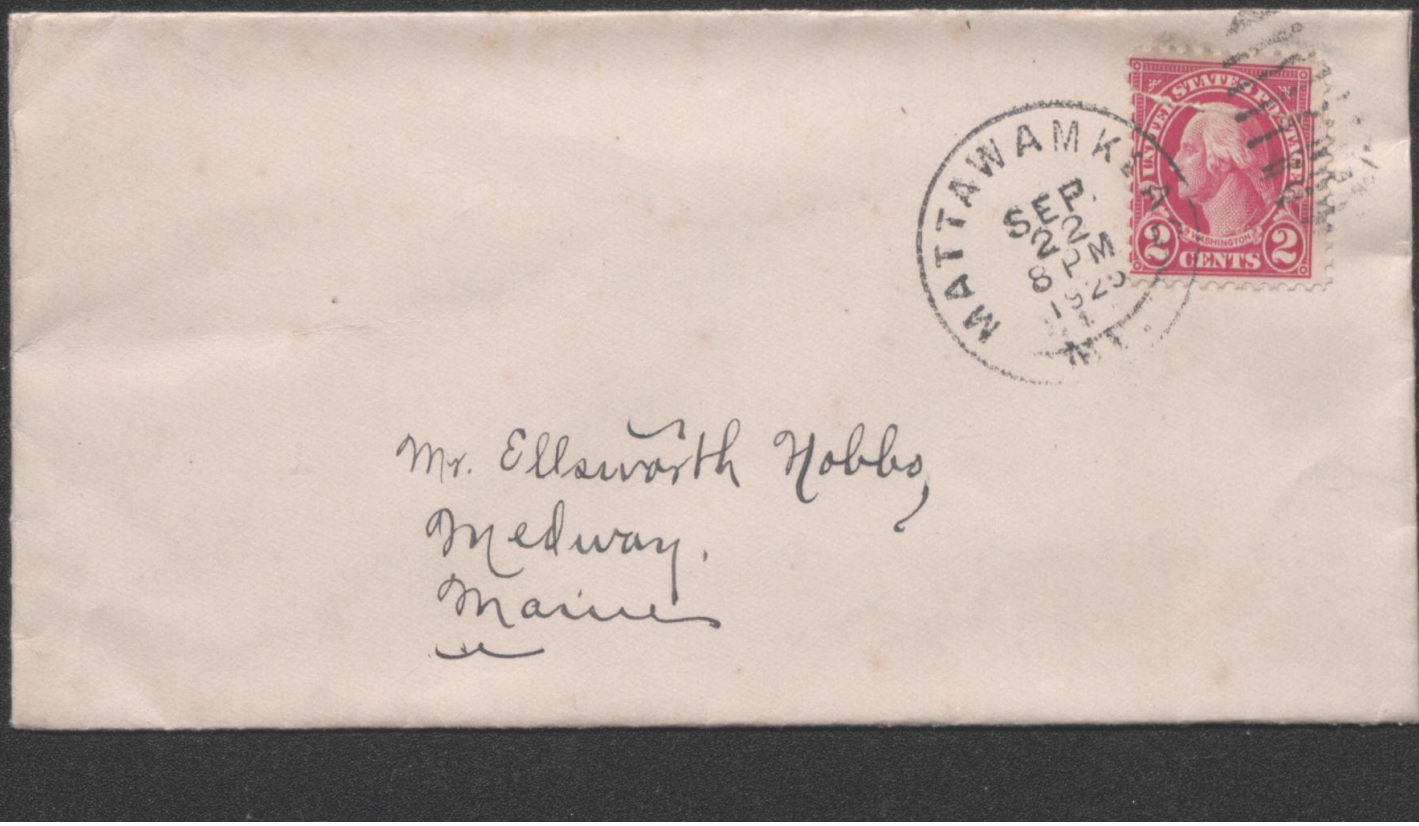
ON POST, TUESDA

The Cheerful Cherub

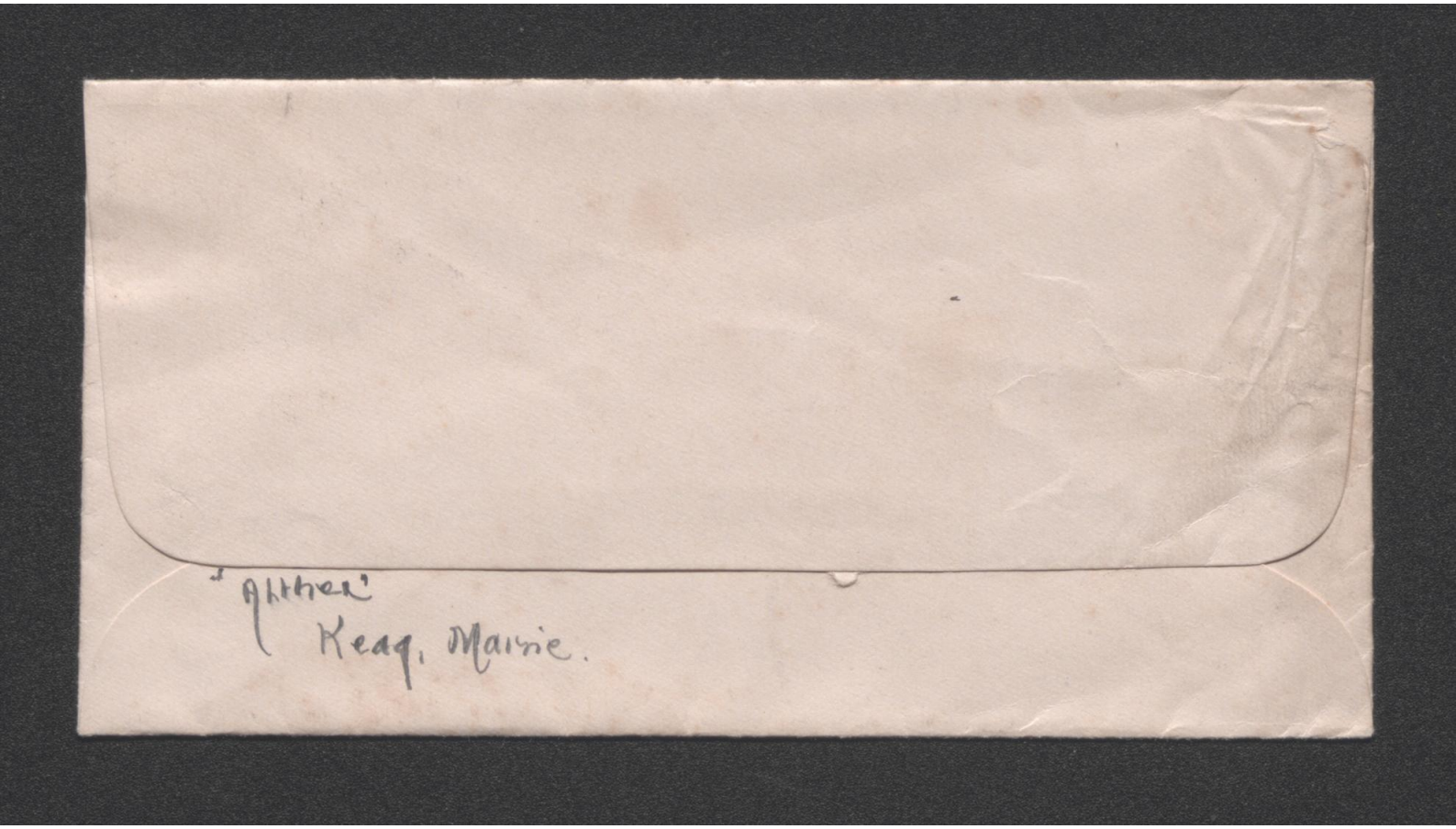
Sometimes in light and
idle chatter
A careless unkind
word I say —
And yet it seems a
serious matter
If people speak of me
that way.

R. M. CANN





Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


Althen
Keaq. Mairie.

Wish you had Sunday"

[6066]

United States Post Office

'Keag, Maine.

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

"Saturday Night", 192

Respectfully

Dear boy:

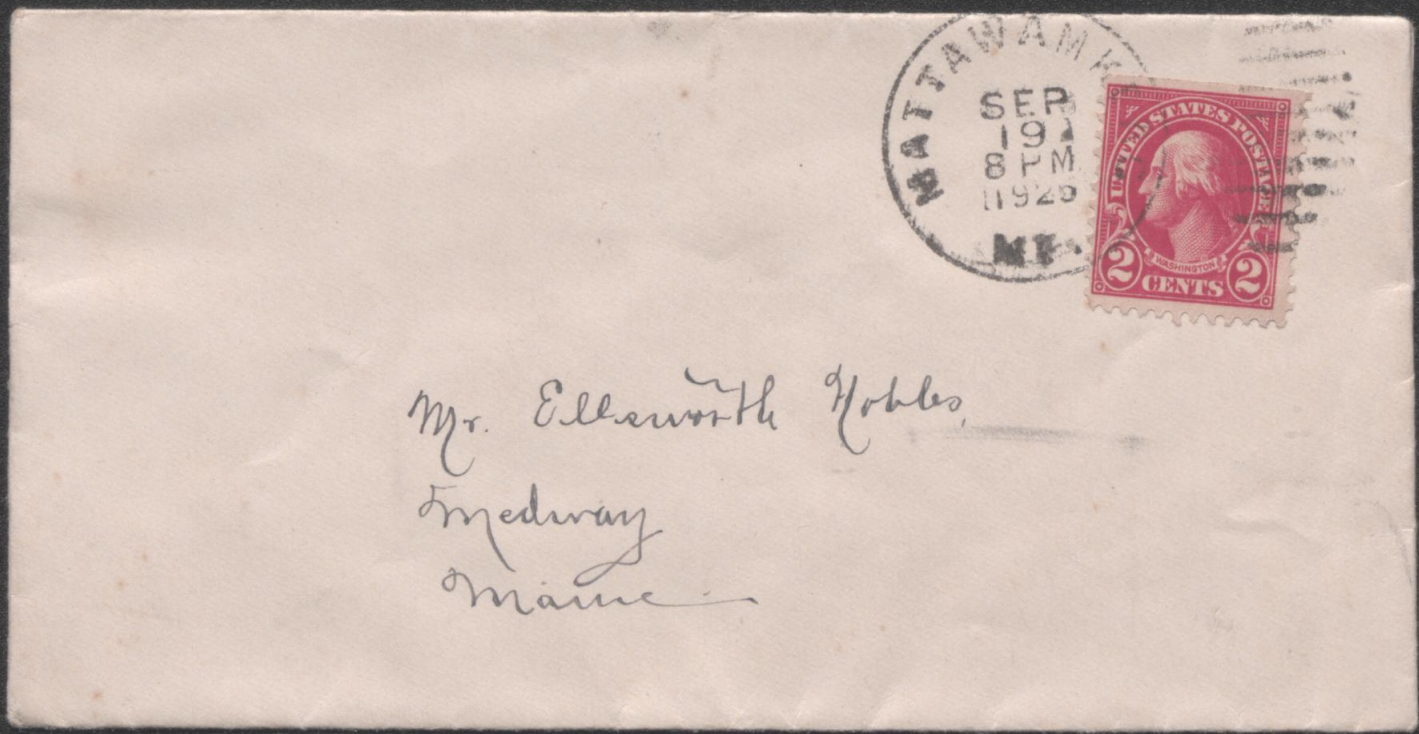
It's now 8.05 and as you have ~~ne~~ yet arrived I'll type a line, (even a line I know seems nice to receive sometimes) I haven't had a letter for two days either!!! We're been quite busy this week tho' haven't we ? You looked tired to-night too when you came in with the mail---'spose that I had better send you home early?

Had a dandy time last night even if we did make you hurry, but I had to hustle too!!!

Here you come !!! You don't know how glad I am and how nice it seems.

65—7192

Postmaster.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway

Maine



You won't have to call me up to-morrow unless you want to as I don't know of anything that's going to happen Sat. Night.

MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

" Friday Night"

Dearest:

It's now 7.35, have been very, very busy tonight and to-day!!!

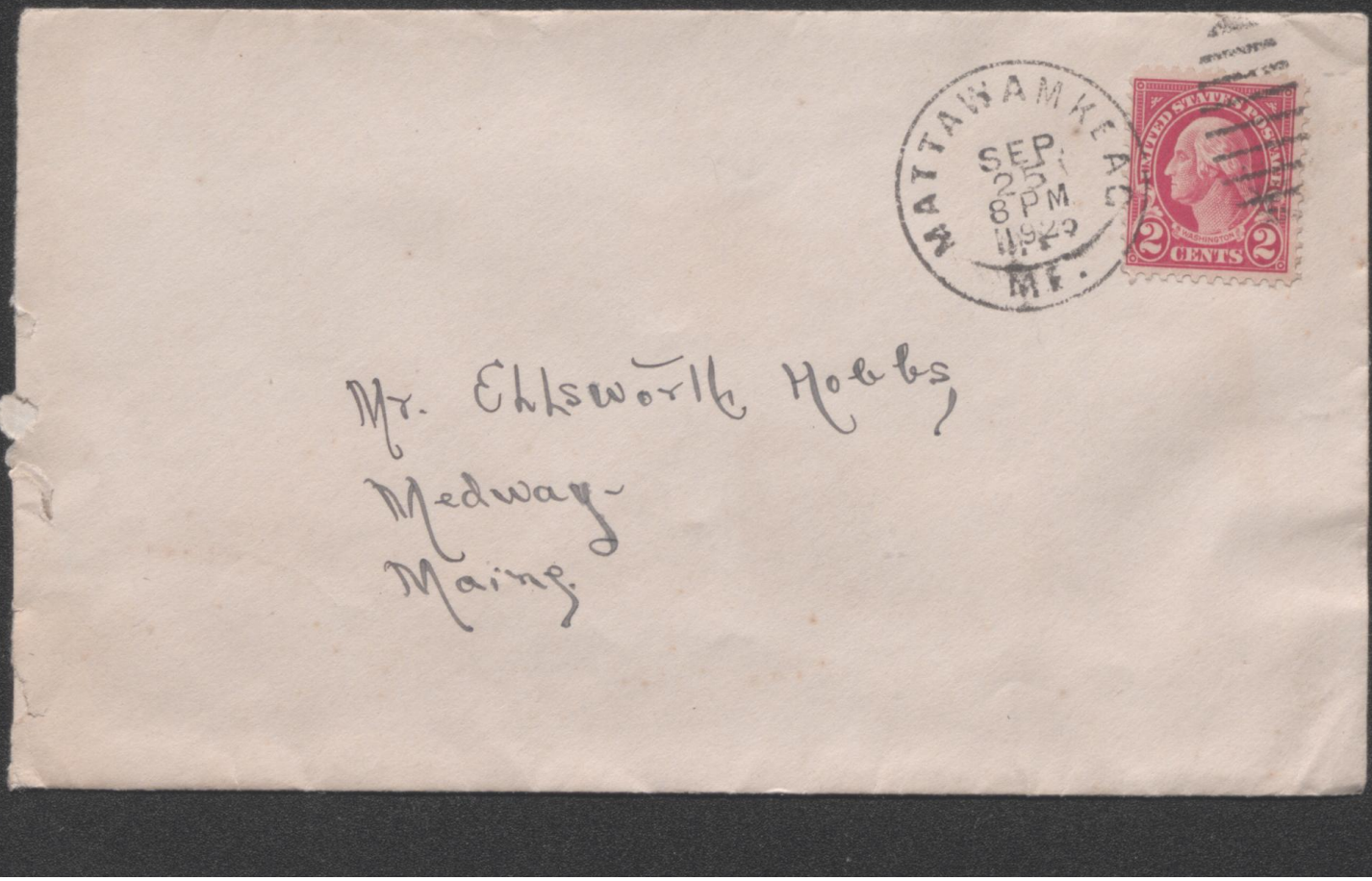
How did you make it getting back last night? Was so glad that you came down, the only hard part is that you never can stay long enough!!

I got two pages of a very interresting letter this morning--I got the last two pages of it--- from my 'Sweetheart', but he forgot to put in the beginning,---please look in your tablet or under the bed, and see if you can't find the rest of it!!!! That was a funny serial story,---few stories that you get the 'end' before you get the beginning!!! I would rather that you neglect reading my spasm and only eat the 'candy' than to send me only a half a letter!!!! See!!! In your next letter try and send me the first installment as it surely wasn't in your last letter or hidden in the envelope anywhere!!!

Mama and Elsie went to Howland to the dance to-night, so I'm going home and sew a few minutes on a dress that I'm trying to make (don't be surprised if I never wear it tho')

Must hurry and put my mail up now it's past 8 o'clock now (8.25)

Lovingly yours, "Althea Dale"



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine.

ALTHEA FAE SMITH

MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Sept. 28th
Monday Night.

Honey boy:

Now's every little thing to-night dear? — Hope my boy's "poor back" is feeling better, I know that you must have been so very, very tired last night when you got to Medway — sorry that you had to ride so much farther and "alone" too — I know just how 'tis — See!!! Even tho I've never tried it — I always think about "you"!

Garlisle came near burning up in his bed last night. — He has a "habit" of putting his electric light bulb in his bed to warm his bed, and last night he went to sleep with it on, and I geuss that there must have been a short circuit, as the bed clothes caught on fire and he woke up just in the nick of time, and pulled the clothes off from the bed and put the fire out!!!! It didn't have time to get to the matress, but it burned a big hole in two quilts and the sheet!!! I geuss that he was pretty scared!! He says he won't try that trick again!!! You want to tease him about it to-morrow night!! It's a good thing that he woke up when he did, and that the smoke didn't suffocate him!!!

I've been so busy to-night, and all day long for that matter!!

It's been a lovely day--hasn't it? Altogether too nice to stay in doors!!!

It's 7.35 now, am going to try and get my mail up by 8 o'clock and get to bed early to-night!!!.Hope that you'll get lots of sleep too!

Sorry that you didn't get a little note to-day Sweetheart, t'was -n't because I didn't think of it tho'---See!!! I had it on my mind all the time, but I was so busy!!!

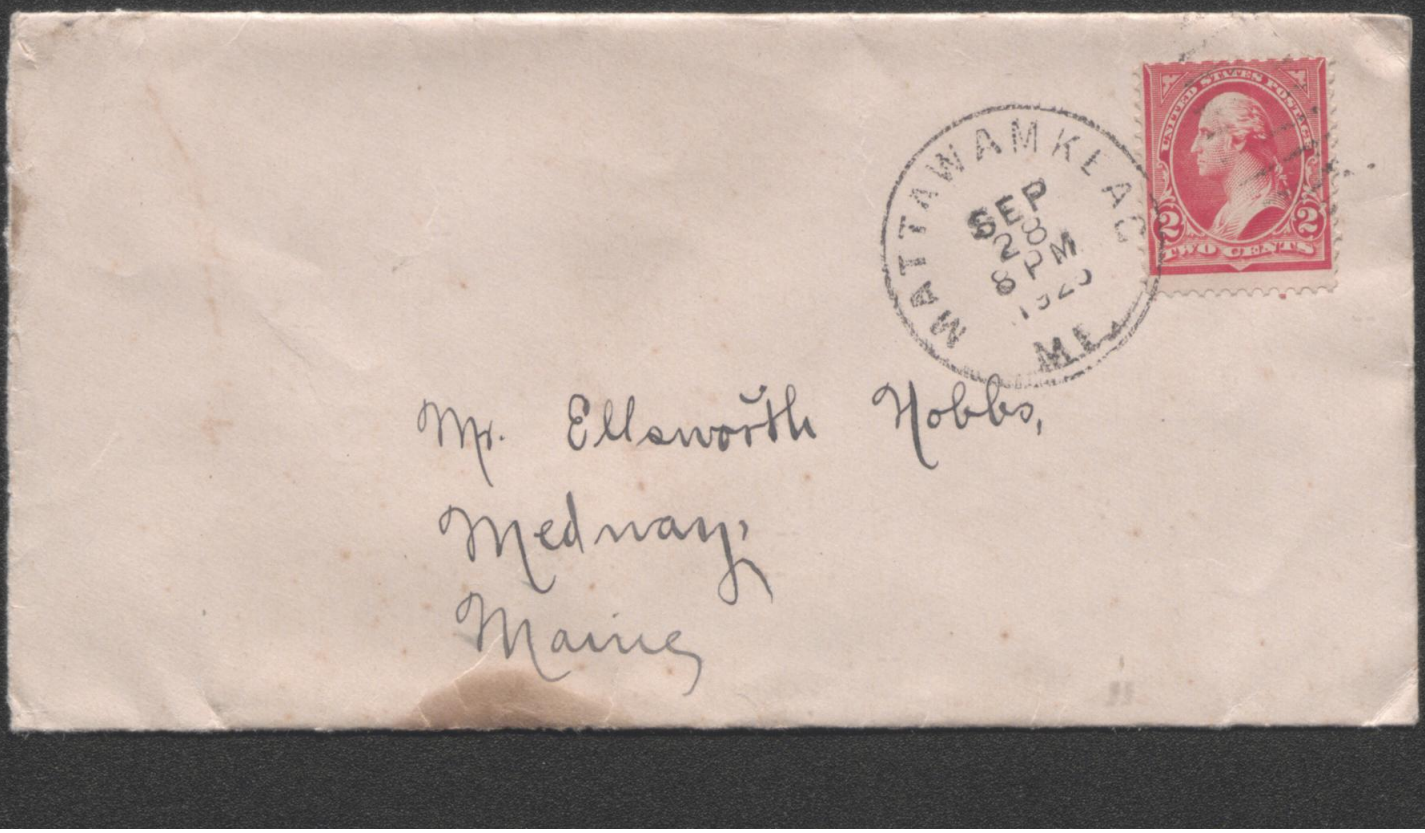
I got my nice letter from you this morning---and I wanted it too

Had a letter from Aunt Grace to-night, and she send s her best regards to you, and hopes that you come down to 'keag once in a while, per usual!!! She says write soon and tell me all the news!!! Gee, I owe her a letter and Aunt Sade, Ruth, Agnes, Margaret, and Mamie!! And then some!!!

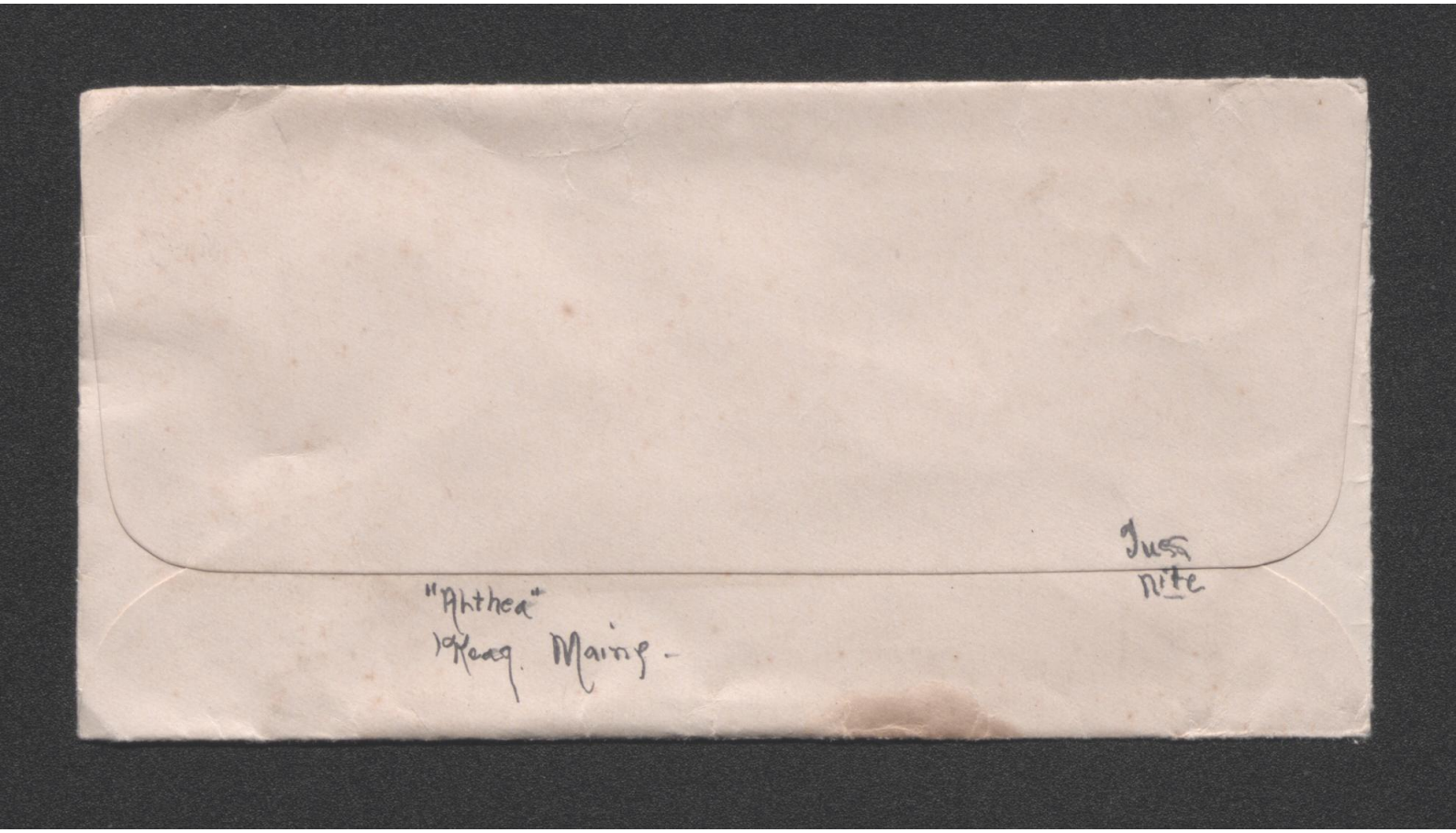
Bye now---nightie nite-----

Love, kisses and then some,

Yours,
Jack



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


"Althea"
Kenn. Maine -
Just
nite

'Keag, Maine.
" Wednesday Night"
8.20 P.M.

Darlin':

Have been so busy to-night that I couldn't tell anyone rather I was comin' or goin'-----

Went up-stairs to the Eastern Star Supper, but had to hurry and eat and come down and shift the mail, which was waiting,----also an office full of 'anxious' people---al to be waited on at once!!!!! I've been all the rest of the evening trying to 'clear' them out!!!!!!! Almost decided that it was impossible!!!!!

Am not going up stairs to Lodge---want to supper with Tylie and she's going to the Movies with Milton, if he came up----and Donald wants to go to the 'Movies'---and as I have four free tickets and there's no one else to go with him, I'm going, I've already given him a ticket and sent him up to the hall,
and it's a good thing that I did, as it's 8.30 now!!! I know that the show won't be any good----if it's too bad I won't stay!!

I've worked hard to-day, but succeeded in getting most of my money orders copied onto the Monthly report sheet!

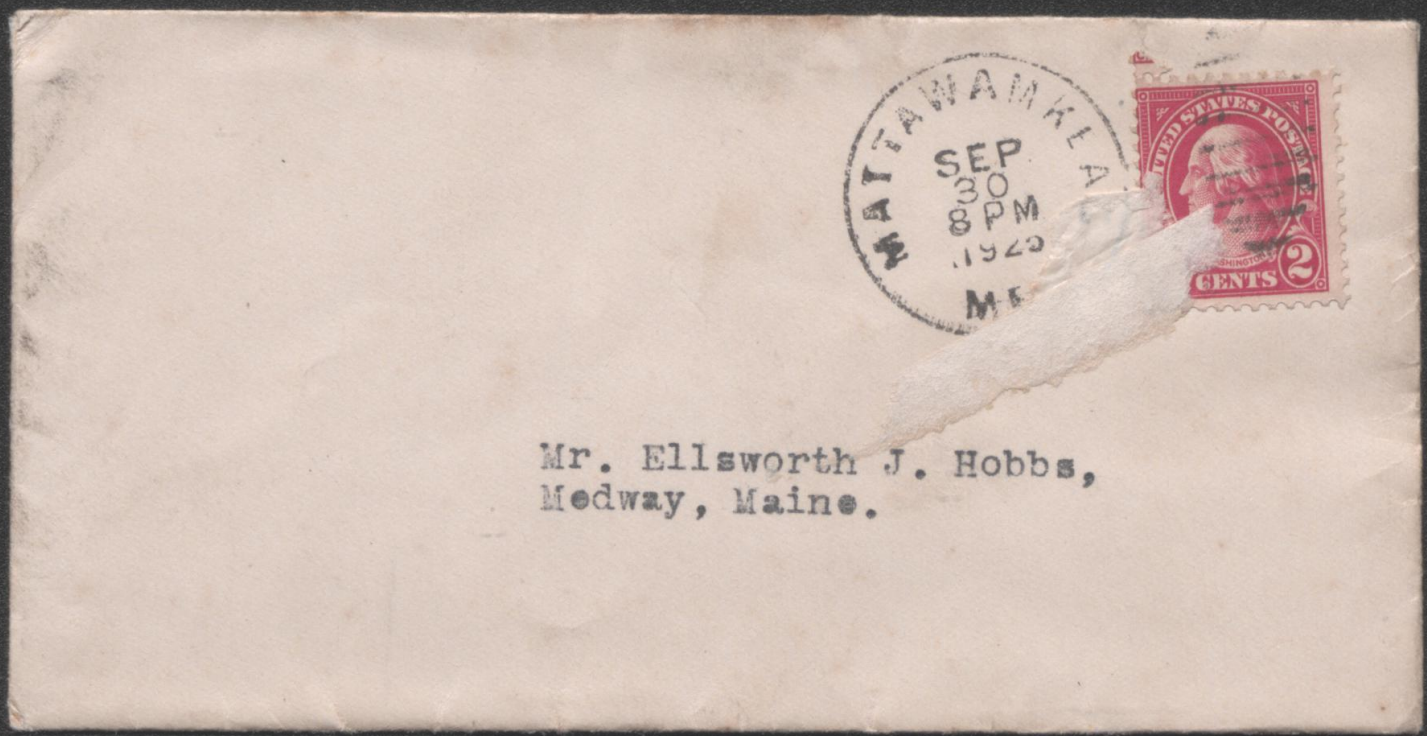
Have to finish my mail---think that I'll get up to the hall about 9 o'clock!

Hope that you arrived O.K. this morning!!! Hope also that you get lots of sleep to help <u>make up</u> to-night !!

Forgive the haste in which I have typed this--

All my love,--kisses, Yours,

Pal,



Mr. Ellsworth J. Hobbs,
Medway, Maine.



Excuse the
Scribbling -
Know it's "awful"

'Keag. Maine
Wednesday P.M.

'Lo Honey boy;

How's the "Cold"? Did you about freeze last night? [It surely was very, very cold!] It's been good today - we have a fire in the furnace.

Didn't you hate to get up this morning? - 'I was 3 min. of seven when I "hopped out" - you see, I stayed as long as I dared!

I've felt real good to day & have been lazy for usual doing nothing. It's been raining & Papa has been in the store most all day. Carlisle went hunting. (as he didn't have to work either.)

It's now 5.20 & almost supper time — Not very hungary. I ate a few "salted peanuts" and they filled me up. &

We'll hope if it keeps on raining it may get done by "Sunday". I am trying hard not to plan too much on "Sunday" "You Know."

Believe me, Ellsworth, I know you're the very best sweetheart that there ever was. & I know the million "reasons" "why" too!!! And I've always wished for some one like "you" & and you never fail to understand. You know dear, that I would love to have you every night — but that I don't expect you to come every night — or even think you ought

to & I appreciate the many nights you do come & and ride back "all alone" & later than "mid-night." And the many little things that must be done - if you come down here - won't get done.

I didn't have any letter this N.M. and I missed it. See!!!

Later:
It's now 15 min. of 8 & quieter here than usual to-night and I'm glad. Maybe I'll get to bed by 8.30 our going to try hard anyway.

Well dear. Wish I had a million kisses & hugs & everything & hope you & Jo feeling better. Yours, Joe.



? 8 & L
5
181

Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.

Nathan F Smith
Mattawamkeag
Maine

'Keag, Maine.

"Thursday Night"

'Lo dearest:

Here's the blessed typewriter again--forgive--please!! We had 'Baked Beans' to-night so it seems like Saturday night, and Saturday night always means 'somebody else', wish it was!!!!

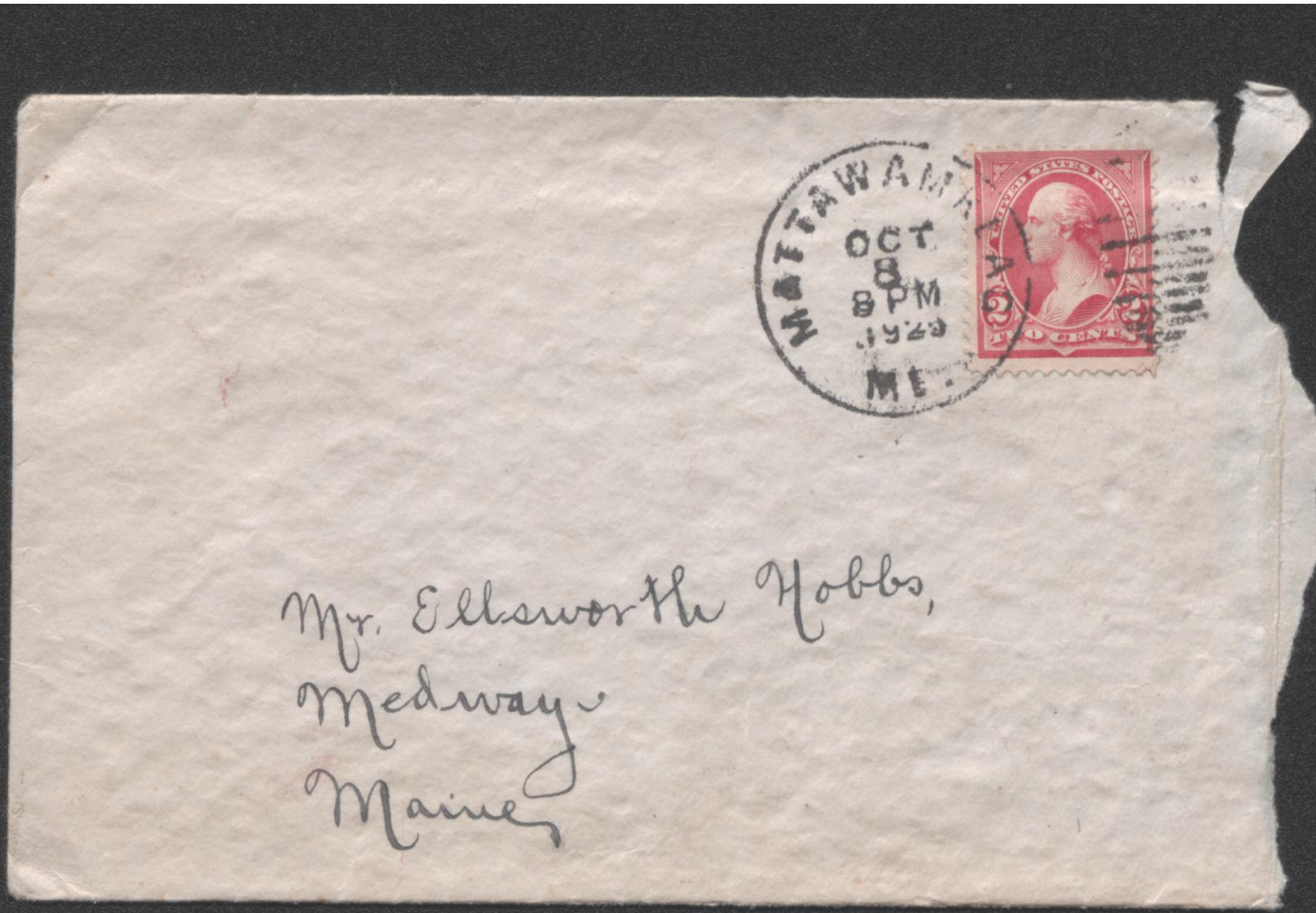
Really got to bed last night at 9.30 and felt a lots more like getting up this morning--it surely makes a difference in the time one goes to bed!!!

Not very much excitement in 'Keag to-night--I got a letter from Harold and he says that their first House party will be given in the'Country Club' the 17th, which comes on Saturday night, and he wants me to come down and have the folks come after me on Sunday---I'd love to, but 'afraid that it's impossible!!!! (If Papa wasn't so busy and every good day didn't count so much.)

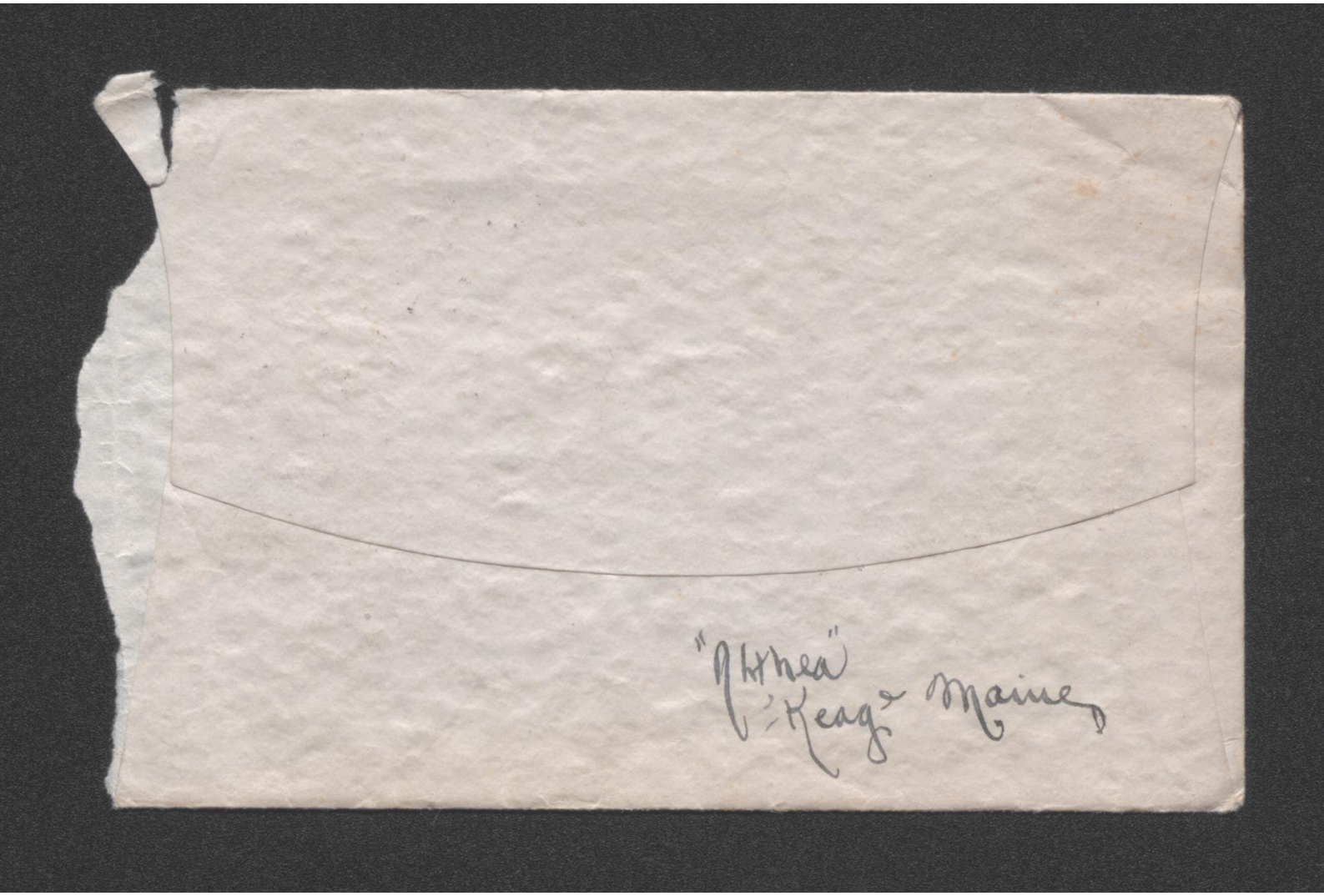
Carlisle went to Danforth to-night, it's 'Opening night' in the 'new gym' given by the American Legion. Would like to be up there, wouldn't you? Carlisle went with Bernard, Phil and Clayton--they left about 5.15.

Elsie is planning on either East M--or Howland to-morrow night, and then Sat night she wants us to take her to Lincoln!! (Rather we go or not will be up to you and the night.)

Business is 'picking up' so geuss I'll have to close. Didn't have any little note from my boy this morning either--going back on Althea Fae? Lotta Love & Kisses & Yours Fae



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


"Althea"
Keag Maine

P.S. I got the letters that you wrote me Monday night and Wed. A. M. this morning--I was thinking that I ought to get a letter.

'Keag, Maine.

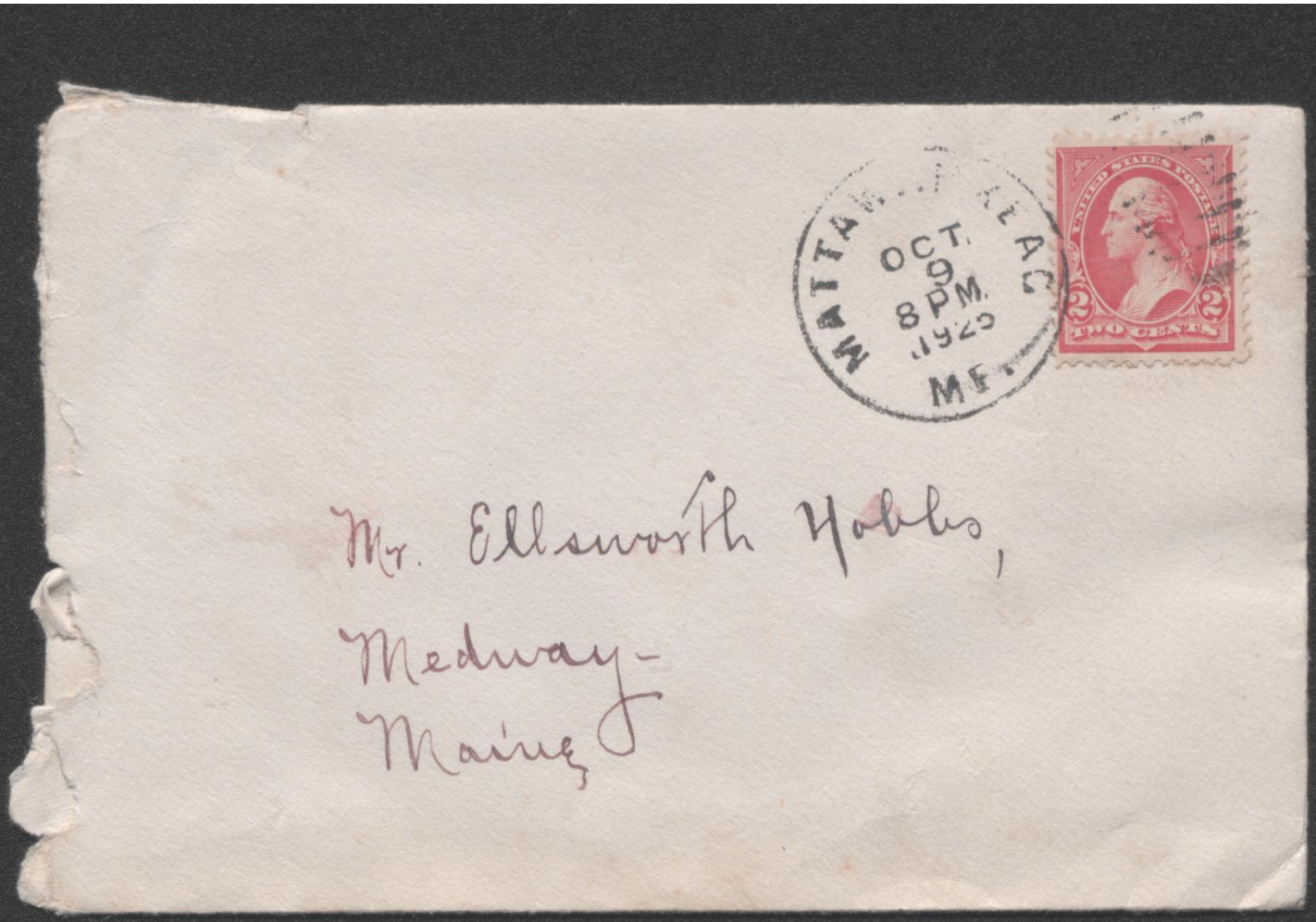
"Friday Night"

'Lo Beeswax:

How's my boy to-night? AND how do you like rainy weather? The roads must be terrible!! Mrs. Ashley was just in and said that she might go to East M- to the dance to-night, she also said that she had just washed the car and that she rather hated to get it all muddy so soon, but that Charlie wanted to go to Millinocket---so she didn't know.

Carlisle got back O.K. from Danforth this morning about 4 o'clock, and then he got his brakkfast and went hunting and got two partridges, and he got another last night, so we'll have three for dinner to-morrow--which will be just a side dish for our crowd!!! Oh yes, Carlisle said that they got pretty scared last night!! They run into a big Moose and almost had a smash up, it seems that they thought at first that they had run into a car, and Bernard says, "stop, you're put their lights out", and Carlisle saw that it was a moose, and he said, "put on the juice", Carlisle said that they were going between 25 and 30, and it pushed the car so that they had to start in low, he said that the moose could have picked them right up out of the road!! He said before they struck the moose they were all singing and having a great time--but that they didn't sing any more afterwards, they got frightened quite badly.

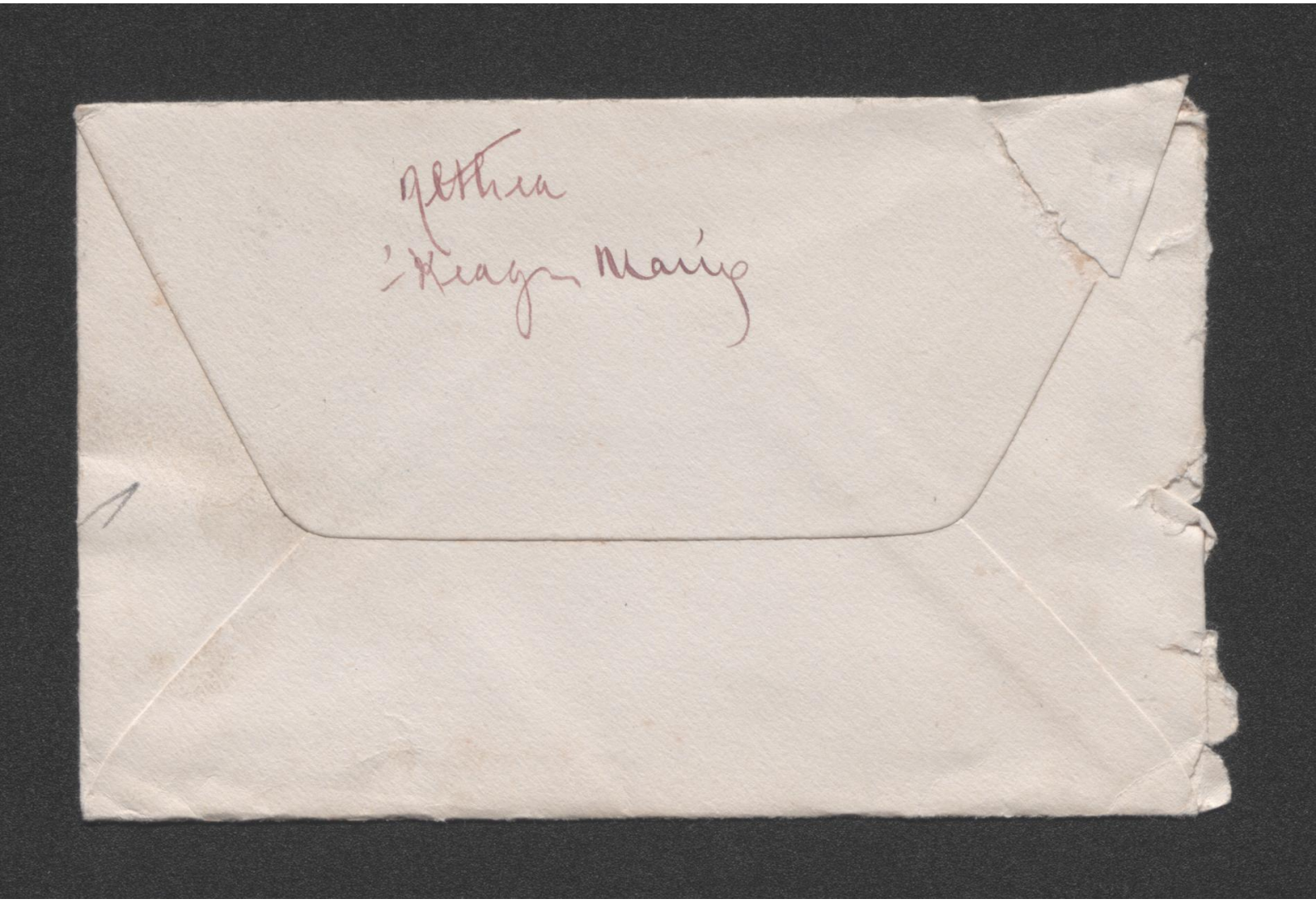
It's twenty minutes of 8 O'clock--geuss that I better start putting up the mail. Hope that you're feeling better and that I'll see you to-morrow night. Hastily, Yours. Fae.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway-

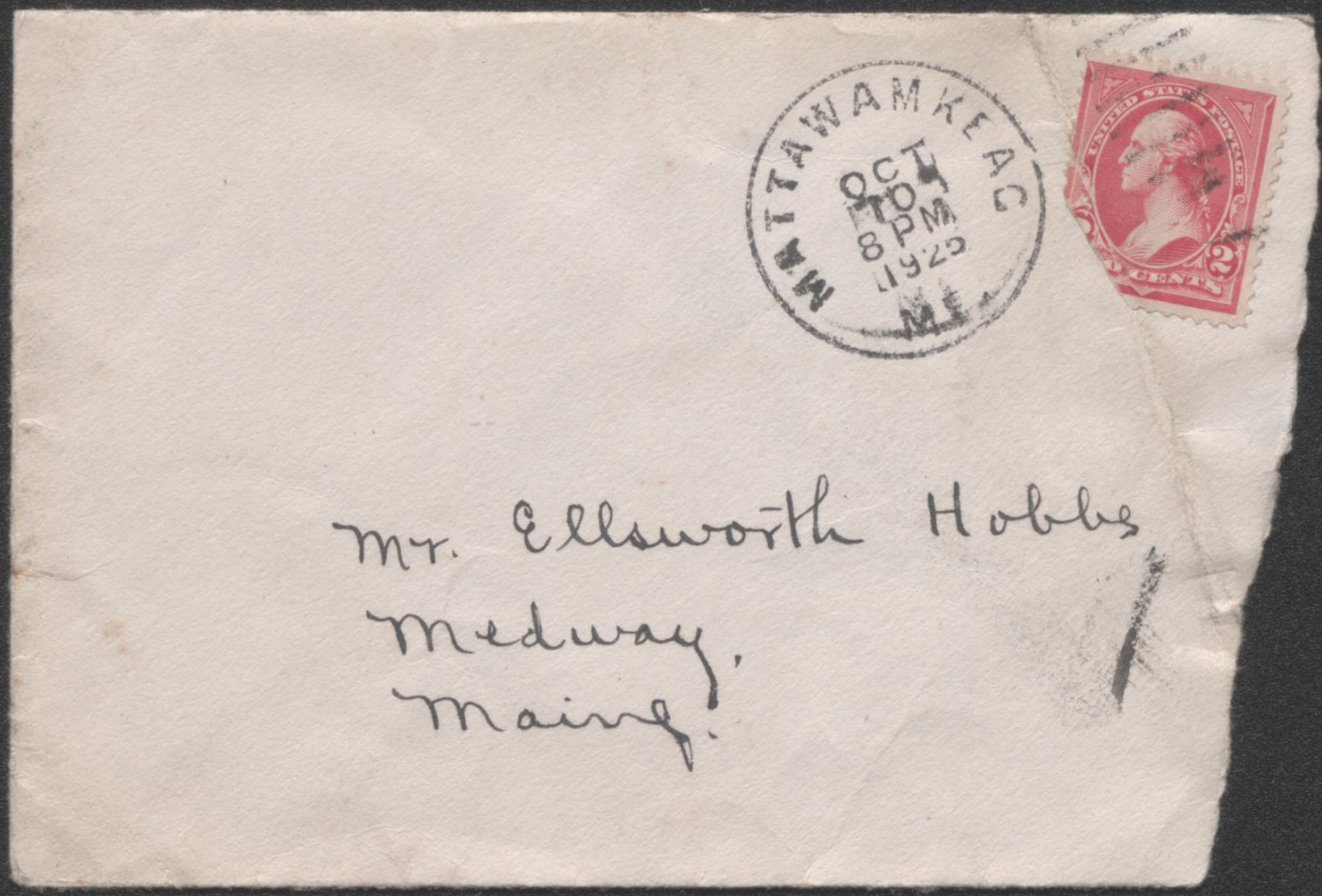
Maine



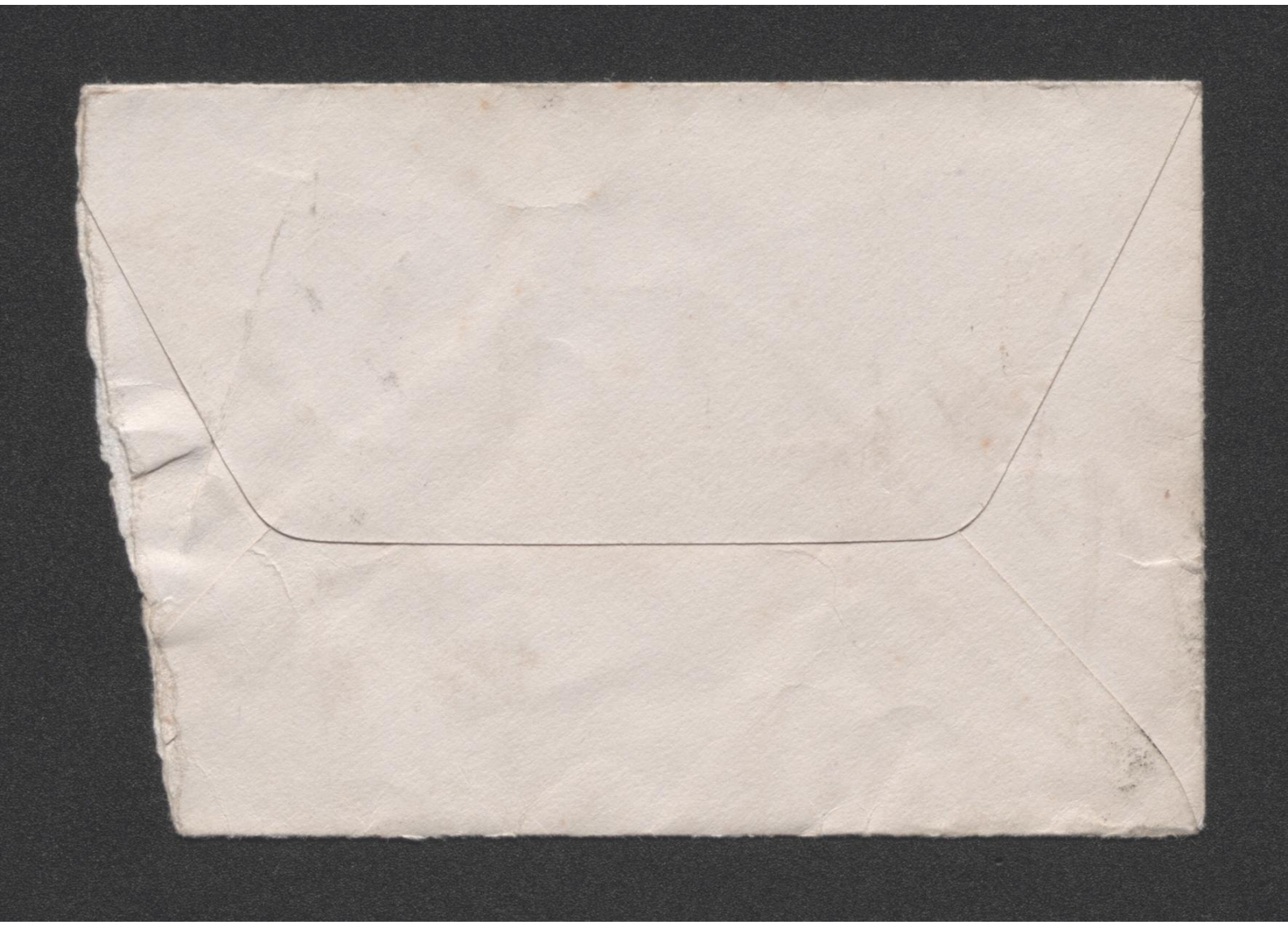
Sat

Dearest! 8 P.M

Didn't get
my letter
written —
Write a "Big"
one tomorrow
XX Yours, Fae



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs
Medway,
Maine.



Sunday Night

Ellsworth Sweetheart,

Hope that you're missing me today and tonight too as I am "you"n I wish so much that you had "Sunday's" off any way - Course you don't?

I've been very busy - it's 8 O'clock (and some past) and I just finished washing my hair - a job which I've been wanting to do

for some time. — To-night we just got the dishes nearly finished when in game "om bonder" the "truckman", so I set the table for him again — he said, "he wasn't hungary" — "not to bother", and etc. — but he ate quite a lot I noticed. Mama, Elsie & Eva went to church, the truckman set down in the sitting room, reading a magazine and smoking his pipe — and I washed my hair — I was wishing that he wasn't here — but as it was, I just decided to make the best of it and I have. — This afternoon I built a fire in the furnace so there was a good fire and I dried my hair quickly. I expect that I won't be able to comb my hair this week — but it was getting so dirty I just had to wash it. —

Sunday School went O.K. — Mrs Q — took Aunt Grace's Boy's Class

over to her house — and "I" superintended the closing Exercises for the other glasses. [I got a chance to tell her I had fixed it alright —]

—

I came home from Sunday School, read two stories, popped corn for Ohie and Donald. [myself too] did a little sewing [yes, on Sunday] and made some very good graham rolls for supper — Pretty industrious — don't you think?

Elsie got her ride with
Charlie in the Ford Coupé -
Charlie & his brother took
Elsie & Anna up to their
sisters house in Millinocket.
She got home at 7 O'Clock.
Of course she had a grand time!!!

It's most 9 O'Clock now. The
Grand is home again &
Mama says, "It's a lovely
night" and she says, "It's
warmer" We'll hope next
week will be warmer.

Hope you got back O.K. today.
Wish I had some kisses 'fore

I go to bed. Know how 'tis?

Tuesday Night will come in time — We'll hope, be sure & come —

"Pleasant Dreams",

Yours, Fae

I have some pretty new stationery but I haven't written very good on it. Excuse please.

Time —
20 of June (8.40)

Mon. Night —

Dearest,

Have my mail
most up & wish
"you" were here!!
Be sure & come
Tues. night

Lots of Love
Yours, Fae

(Hastily)



Mr. Ellsworth Nobles,

Medway,

Maine.

"Ahthea"
Keag - Maine

Kenj. Maine.

Wed. 4 PM.

Sweetheart:

You're just "wonderful". dearie. You don't know how much you helped "your baby" last night. I feel very much better to-day & find it's all due to "You" and what you said to me — We "all" surely do get discouraged sometimes, don't we? — I'm sorry that I can't help you as much as "you" do me !!! "You" are just the bestest in very, very bestest, ever & and it's just "you" in and "Life" would not be worth it all, without "You"

Did "my boy" get any sleep at all this morning? Please try and go to bed real early to-night & to-morrow night; and don't you dare come down over those roads Friday night unless you feel like it. 'Cause I don't want you too — Only if you don't Phone me Coming - Call me up after

you get through work Fri. Afternoon —
'Course I'd love to go but I don't like
the idea of you going over those
terrible roads so many times — If
only we could come up and call
for you at Medway — [If I see a
chance I'll let you know.]

—

I've copied my money orders but
haven't remitted yet — have got to
count my postage stamp stock today
too. — and etc. — Enuf to do, per usual.
Carlisle is in the store this morning
[I have him fixing the furnace fire
this minute]

Wednesday night.

Some time later---7.30.

Have a lot of work yet to do to-night, haven't my postage stamp stock all counted yet or my requisition made out.

Later Still--most 8 o'clock.

Have been pretty busy and it looks as if I was going to be--but here goes:

Charles Tozier came down from the lake this afternoon and he said that Lena went over to your camp and found the door open, so your father went up this afternoon, your Dad said that he couldn't see thatvanything was taken, he thought that they just spent the night in your camp, he said that the canoe and everything was there O.K. But Charles said that they lost around $8.00 worth of things from their camp, and Bradman's camp was also broken in to.-----Such happenings make one mad, but they will happen!!! Glad that nothing was taken from your camp.

There was a man in here this afternoon and he said "Mattawamkeag is an Indian name isn't it? I said, "Yes", and then he said, "What does it mean"? I said "I don't know" he looked at me as much as to say,"Pretty dumb to have lived here all your life and not know the meaning of the name of your own town!!!! I did say "Awful, isn't it? and he laughed-----but when Papa came in I asked him and he didn't know, and we asked "Major" andhe didn't know, but while we were discussing it----and Indian man came in---quite accomodating wasn't he? Well, he said that Mattawamkeag wasn't really spelled right. If it had been spelled " Mattawamket" it would have meant "Rough waters" and if it had been spelled Madawamket it would have meant "Forks of the River", he said that the way we spelled it that probably it was a little combination of the two. Perhaps "my boy" was wise enough to know all this? It seems to me that I remember Grandpie telling me Mattawamkeag meant "Forks of the river".

The High school girls asked me to play for a social in the school house Saturday night.I told them that I would help, but I hoped that they could find someone else to help too. Some of the "teachers" but "George" said to-night that he didn't think that they played much. Anyway, "Beeswax" 'spose I can induce you to go to the social with me Saturday night"? It won't be a very big affair and probably won't last longer than 11 o'clock.

Well, dearest boy, I must stop now---I wish that I had more time--but it's after 8 o'clock--my mail isn't started, and there's all the other work that I would like to finish.

All my Love & Kisses, Yours, Fae.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.

e some Brownies Kiss P.M.

Althea Smith,
'Keag. Maine'

'Keag, Maine.

Monday Night or late afternoon.

'Lo Honey!

How's every little thing? Sorry that I didn'tbget a letter written Saturday so that you would have had one to-night--it was on my mind all day tho'---I had a nice letter from you dear this morning and I wasn't disappointed!!

You must be awfully tired to-night working all day Sunday Sunday night and then to-day too!! Yesdayday was terrible I do hope that you didn't have to work out doors in the afternoon especially. You got your wish anyway, didn't you Remember you said, that if you had to work you hoped that it would be the worst day imaginably (rain, snow and every thing).

I accomplished quite a lots yesterday even tho' I started bad by not going to Sunday School!!!!!!! I didn't get up until 10.15. Pretty lazy, wasn't I? I would have had time to get ready to go to Sunday School, but I had so many other things that I wanted to get done that I didn't want to take the time. I 'spose that I shouldn't have done the thiggs that I did on Sunday, and if I did, I should keep still about them, but I'm not going too, so here goes: I shortened my accordian pleated skirt, which was quite a job. Then, I washed my old rose flannel dress, ironed same and put on clean cuffs and collar. (Another good job) Then, I cleaned my brown dress. AND made graham rolls for supper,--to go with the 'chicken soup'!!!

After supper, helped with the dishes, cleaned myself up a bit, and went to Church with Mama, AND had to play the organ, not a very large crowd, such a bad night, tho' it wasn't raining when we went over.

After church, came down to the office and got my writing paper (with the intentions of writing to my boy) and I also got some walnuts to make some fudge with. I thought that I could do the two things at the same time. But, I didn't succeed as the fudge took all of my attention. It wasn't very good, and I had so much milk in it (I was going to have it nice and fine grain) that I had to cook it three times, so I didn't getvit made until 11 o'clock. I am sending you and Harold a sample---think about the hard time that I had making it when you eat it--it should on that account, taste extra good, but it doesn't--when I went to put the vanilla into it, we didn't have any, so I had to use almond flavoring and that isn't near as good for fudge--I don't think. Anyway, I hope that it will help to make up for the letter that you didn't get

to-night. 'Spose it will?

I must glose now and make out my C.O.D.'s--I thought that I had better write your letter first and besure of that anyway. Eh?

Missed you so much yesterday--you know how 'tis? AND wisht that you were here to-night----Yes, I spose that to-morrow night will come, and I hope that you'll feel like it!!! Hope that you're had no more cold baths in the river. Also that you arrived O.K. Sat. night.(Gee, I was sleepy and 'dumb')

Bye now, lotta love and kisses,

Yours,
Fae.

The School asked me my bill for playing Sat. night and I told them $10. More [George just paid me.]



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medwayu
Maine.

Althea
Keag, Maine

'Keag, Maine.

"Saturday Night"

Dearest boy:

It seemed good to hear your voice on the 'phone toanight, only wish that I hadn't been busy so that I could have talked with you longer, we had a good connection, didn't we? I had just started to give a man a C.O.D package when you called and I left him waiting there, he was still there when I got back!!!

It's now five minutes after 8 o'clock, and I've not yet put up my mail, but I geuss that there isn't much to-night anyway.

Your Dad asked me to-night if you were coming down to-morrow and I told him that I would let him know as soon as you called me up. So I just called him up and told him that you wouldn't be down until Monday morning.------Darn it--isn't it mean? Sundays aren't Sundays at all, but I know that you know just how 'tis too!!!.! And I spose that it can't be helped!!!! Maybe I'll make out my monthly report to-morrow, I was going to to-day, but of course I didn't get a minute.

I wishthat you were here to-night. Gee, it would be great,----but know that after last night you ought not too. So sorry that the gasoline played out on you Saturday morning---tough luck, wasn't it? Wish I could have helped you honey boy----t'was bad enough to have to ride way up there so late at night-----I mean early in the morning all alone. We'll make sure that it doesn't happen again---eh?

The NEWS to-night is this": That they found the two men that got drowned up to the lake----and The Gordon Fox man committed suicide.

Halloween to-night alright,---and you would think so too if you could hear that "jubilee" that the kids have been making all the evening. They're rung the church bells and everything, I geuss. There was a bunch of them just in here all dressed up in sheets---looking pretty 'ghhstly!!! Your father said that his mail cart was already ovr in the garden----and Papa just went out and hauled in some icecream tubs that were outside!!! The kids are having fun--wish that I was with them--I just told someone that if'I was I wouldn't leave as much as they will'. I hope they"ll have a good time.

It's getting late so think it best that I get my mail up---Gee, I wish that you were here----so very, very much.

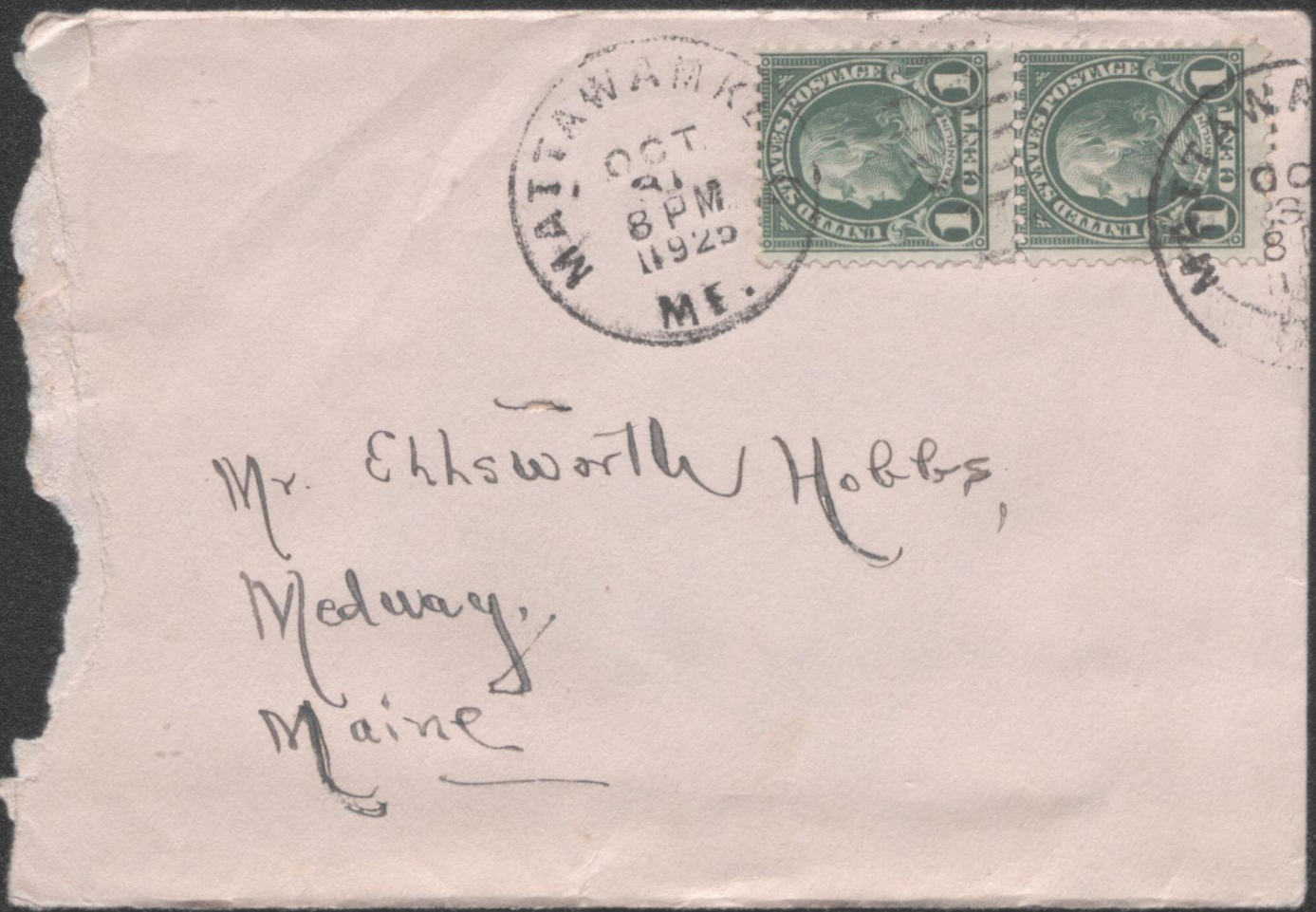
Yours, Zae

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

RESIGNATION

From St. Francis Magazine

Clouded may be the skies or melt with blue,
God sends the darkness as He sends the light;
Whether in shadow or in sunshine bright
It matters not if but His will we do.
If skies were always of a golden hue
And clouds would never veil them from our sight,
If daylight never yielded to the night
Where would the merit be for me and you?
Love is a living, not a lifeless, thing;
It fain would prove unto the Loved its worth
By patient bearing of the griefs of earth,
Enjoying the sunshine after dismal rain.
The welcome light which passing shadows bring
Relieves the midnight darkness of its pain.


MATTAWAMKEAG
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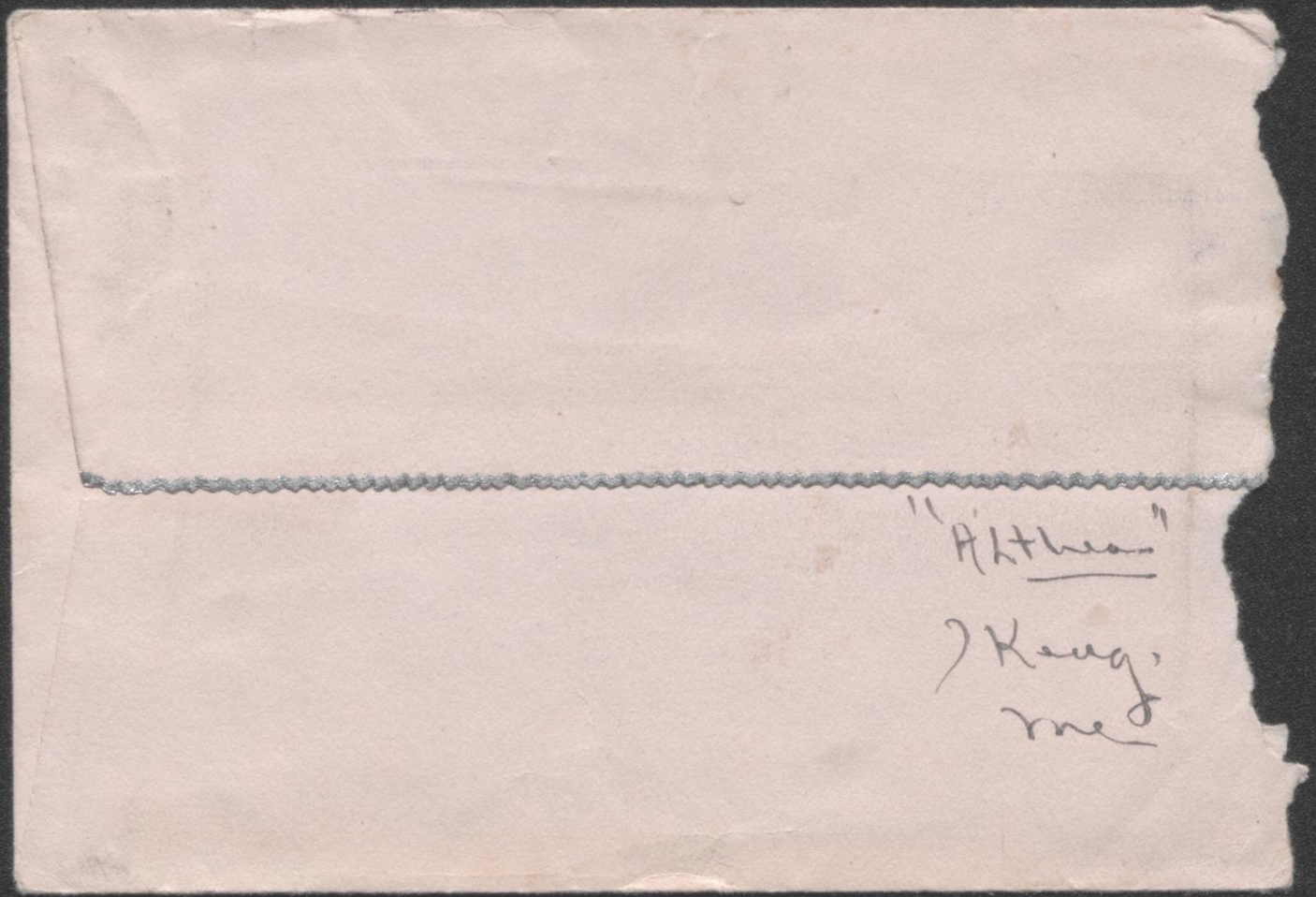
ME.
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
ONE CENT
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine



"Althea"

I Keep
me

'Keag, Maine.

"Thursday Afternoon"

Ellsworth dearest:

It's 5 o'clock, and if the 'public' will only let me, and Carlisle will saty in the store, I ought to get my letter written to you to-night. Wonder if you got the card that I sent you last night to-night? As I said before I never really had any idea of going to Danforth until 15 min. of 6 o'clock. Carlisle and the girls had been talking about it all day, and Carlisle had said, "Why don't you go too as Audrey has asked you up so many times," but the trouble was I didn't have the courage to ask Papa, 'cause you see I knew that I wouldn't be able to get back until 10.20 this A.M. June Webb came in during the afternoon and set down and talked with me awhile (and by the way, I think that she would like to gossip toomuch about people to suit me, tho' she got no satisfaction out of me) well, we got talking "dances" and of course I got quite interested. Then, Carlisle and Ted and a bunch of fellows came in about 5 o'clock and they were going, and I thought that I would like to go, but I didn't have any chance to ask Papa until he came to take me home to supper at quarter of six. Then I only said, "The girls are going to Danforth to the dance to-night and I'd love to go but the trouble is I wouldn't get back until so late in the morning-----AND Papa surprised me by saying "Why don't you go"? I said, "I haven't time now, and he said you got 5 minutes, I really had about 15 minutes. When I got home the girls and Carlisle were already to go----I slipped on my dress, hat and pumps---Papa gave me a sandwitch and I flew---just got my ticket as the train was coming in,---and when I got On the train I couln't really believe

I was there. Everything had happened so quickly. The conductor on the train was a man that used to board down to Doris and with whom Doris and I always had lots of fun (quute an old man?) Of course he had to know all the 'keag news---and finally I asked him if he didn't have a'postal'---and the card that I sent to you was what he gave me---I knew that the Post Office in Danforth would be closed, and it wouldn't go on Train 8, as I wanted it too, so I asked the Conductor to mail it for me, and he said that he would at 'Vanceboro'!!!! Audrey met us at the station and she was real tickled to see us all---I wondered if she would be, so many of us all at once------ As it happened her Mother and Father had both gone away in the morning and weren't coming back 'til in the afternoon to-day!!!. There was just the girls there and their 'beaus'

We hustled up to the house and I combed my hair and we got to the new Auditorium at just 8 o'clock in time for the concert before the dance. After the concert Elsie, Eva and I went down town and got a lunch, I couldn't stand it any longer, not having had any supper. They have a dandy new auditorium, but the floor isn't very smooth yet, or else my slippers were too damp, anyway it seemed quite hard to dance on----I geuss that I was quite tired myself. I didn't dance every dance. The young and old dance up there, and every third dance was a contra dance and they almost winded me!!! They had an oyster stew supper, which was served in the large balconies around the hall, quite a cute idea!!! I didn't have the Intermission dance with Ted---but went to supper with him---also Audrey and Carlisle. (and it wasn't a little bit as nice as it would have been with you either, AND you know it too!!!!) Ted also

walked home with me, but he didn't receive any'favors!(That's what he calls them-)

Eva, Elsie and I all slept in the same bed, myself in the middle---twas nice and warm!!!! We slept 'til 8 o'clock. The Train went at 9.20. Carlisle and I came home to-gether--the girls wouldn't come as they wanted to wait 'til to-night!! Mama said why didn't you make Eslie come home---and you know I couln't make her---I told her that Mama would be mad and etc...but that made no difference. They'll probably come on the 8 o'clock CPR as Eva wanted too, but Elsie wanted to stay to the Movies.

Quite a story about one night's adventure!!!! I only WISH that "YOU" had been with me.

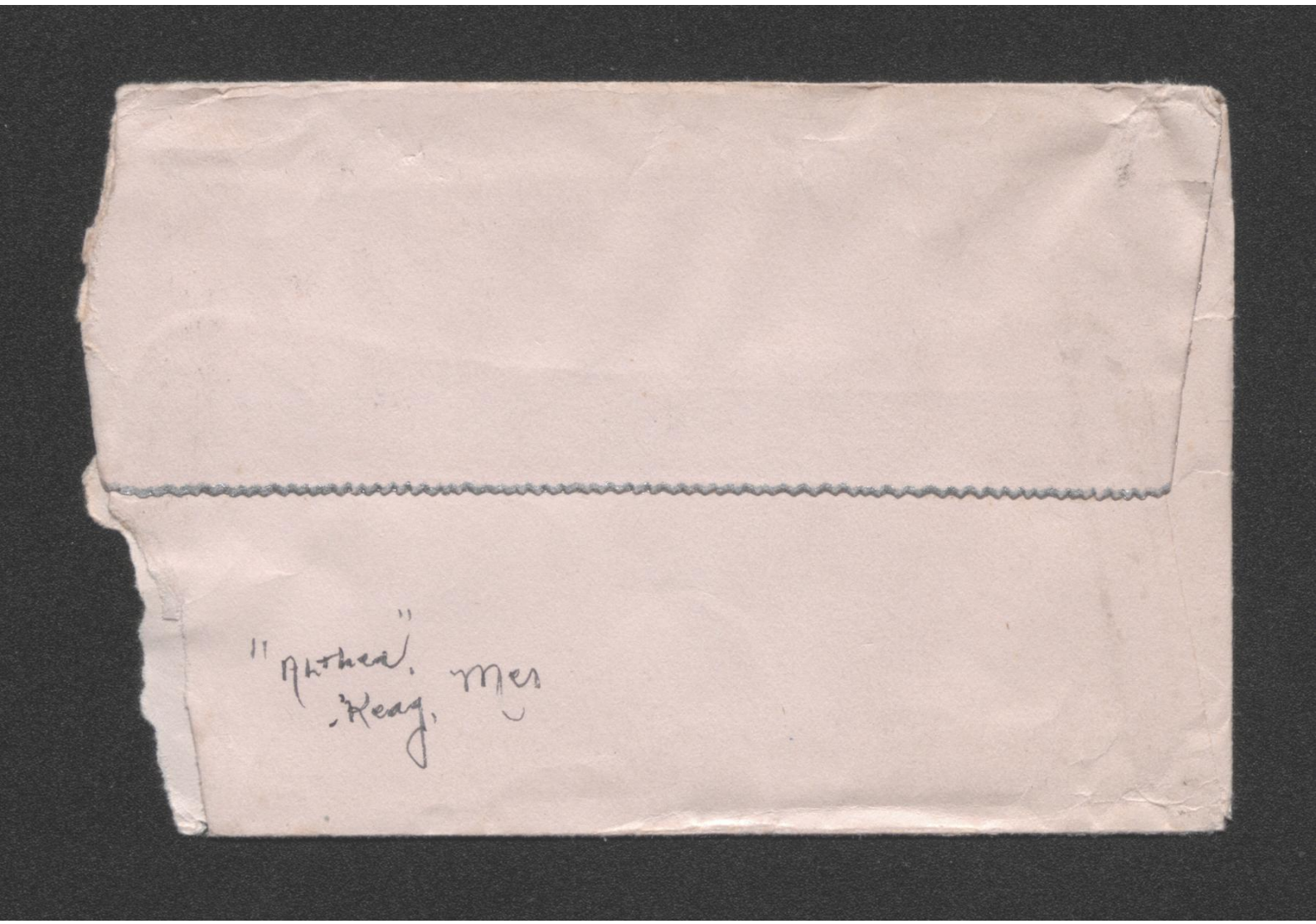
Eastern Star to-night, forgot all about it,--no one to go with anyway and nothing exciting going on---and bed sounds quite good to me--tho' I got a real good nights sleep last night---Eva said she couldn't see why Elsie and I could sleep so long. How did you make it getting back Tuesday night? If we had only known that the Indians weren't coming--we could have planned to go somewheres Armistice night. You were too good to offer to come down again Wed. night,--but I know it would have been too much and your mother would have been cross at us both. Must close now dear and put up the mail---I had to finish this after supper--it's now must 8 o'clock.

Haven't had a letter for two days -- Audrey may come down Fri. night. Do you have to work Sunday? Carlisle thought we might Phan some thing.

Heaps of Love & Kisses — Yours, Jan



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine



Try to always forgive the typewriter!

'Keag, Maine.

"Tuesday Night"

Dearest boy:

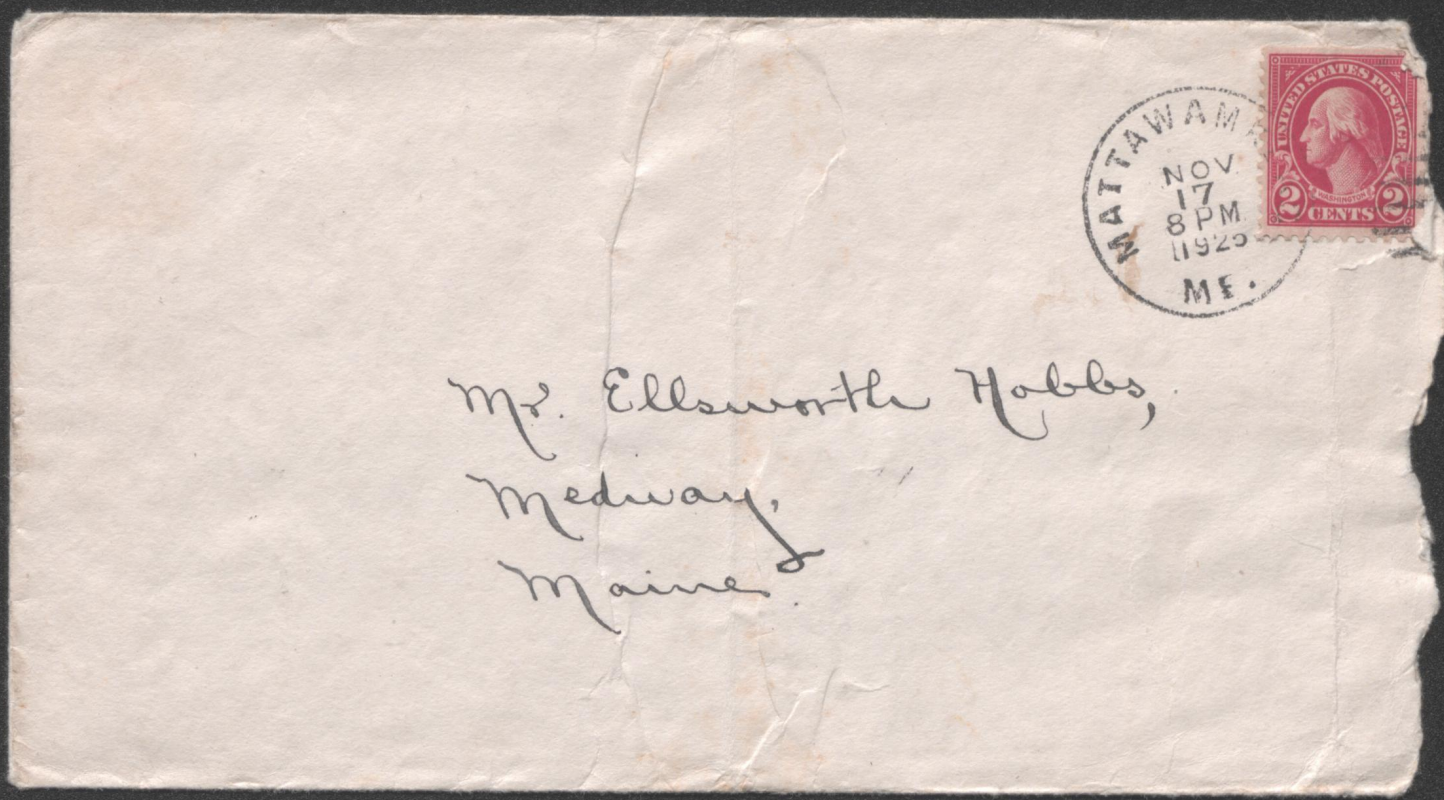
Wonder if you are coming down to see me this terribly cold night?---I can't help hoping so---but I couldn't blame you any if you didn't, --there's a terrible wind and it's so cold-----but not as cold as it was sometimes last winter---is it?

I'm wondering if the'Indians' will come to-night? If they do they probably will come on the train, and not take any 'chances' this time!! I don't look very presentable to go to a dance!! You see, I took your advice and I've been doctoring my cold sores with 'iodine'--and one side of my face has quite a pretty 'coloring'---I don't believe that it will wash off like you said that yours did!!!!

Ethel Gradie Tewhey was over to see me last night. She and George seem to be enjoying themselves immensely and I'm glad! She said that Lottie and Earle were down Sunday night, I wish that I had seem them!!!

I wrote a letter to Aunt Sade last night after I put the mail up for 8. Stayed down here and wrote it on the typewriter. I've owed her a letter for ages and every day would think that I would write---I've only written her twice since she went back. She's probably cross!!!

It's five o'clock, I've accomplished quite a bit this P.M. and feel better, think that I'll drop Doris a line now. Yours, (xxxx) Zae.


MATTAWAMK
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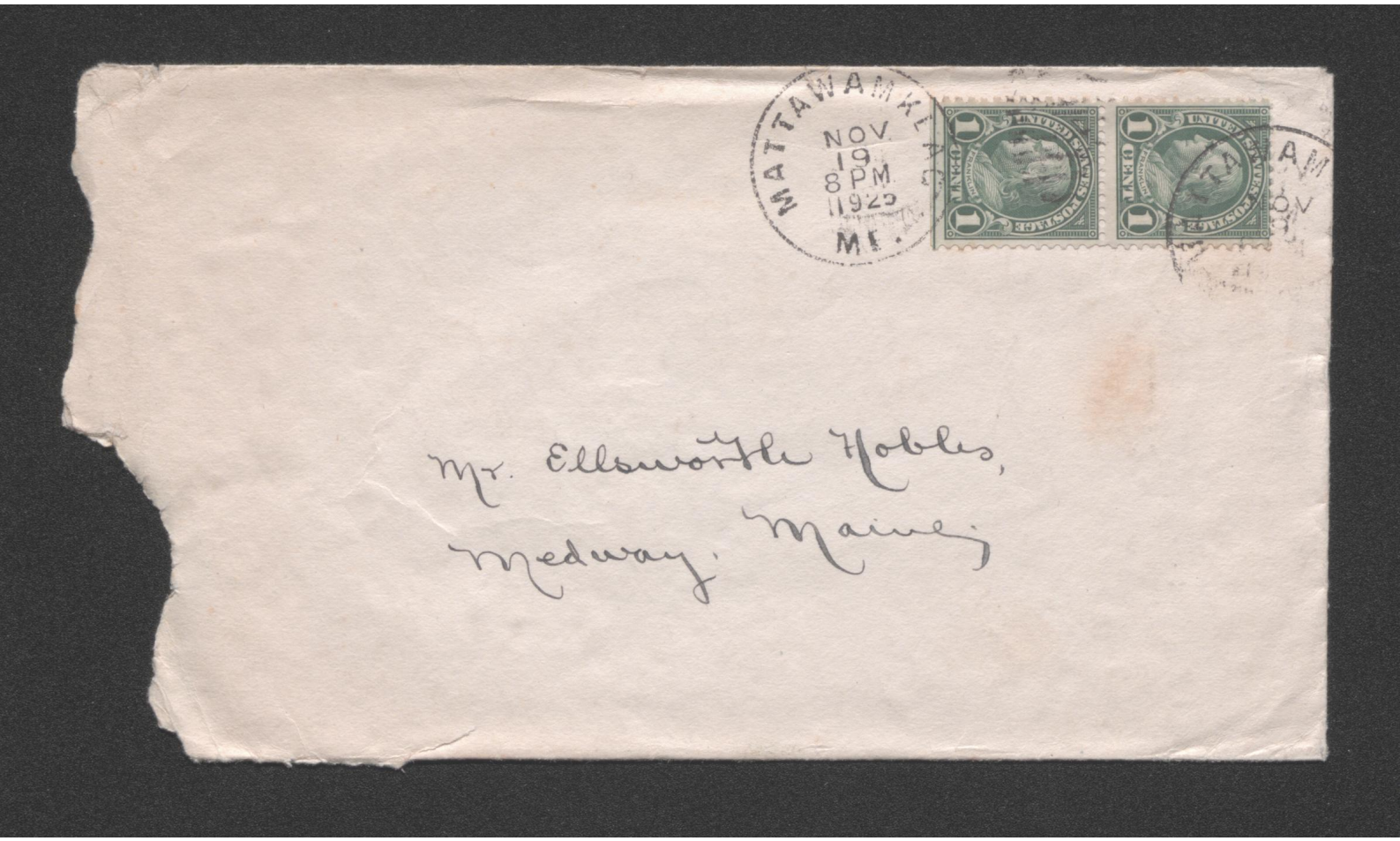
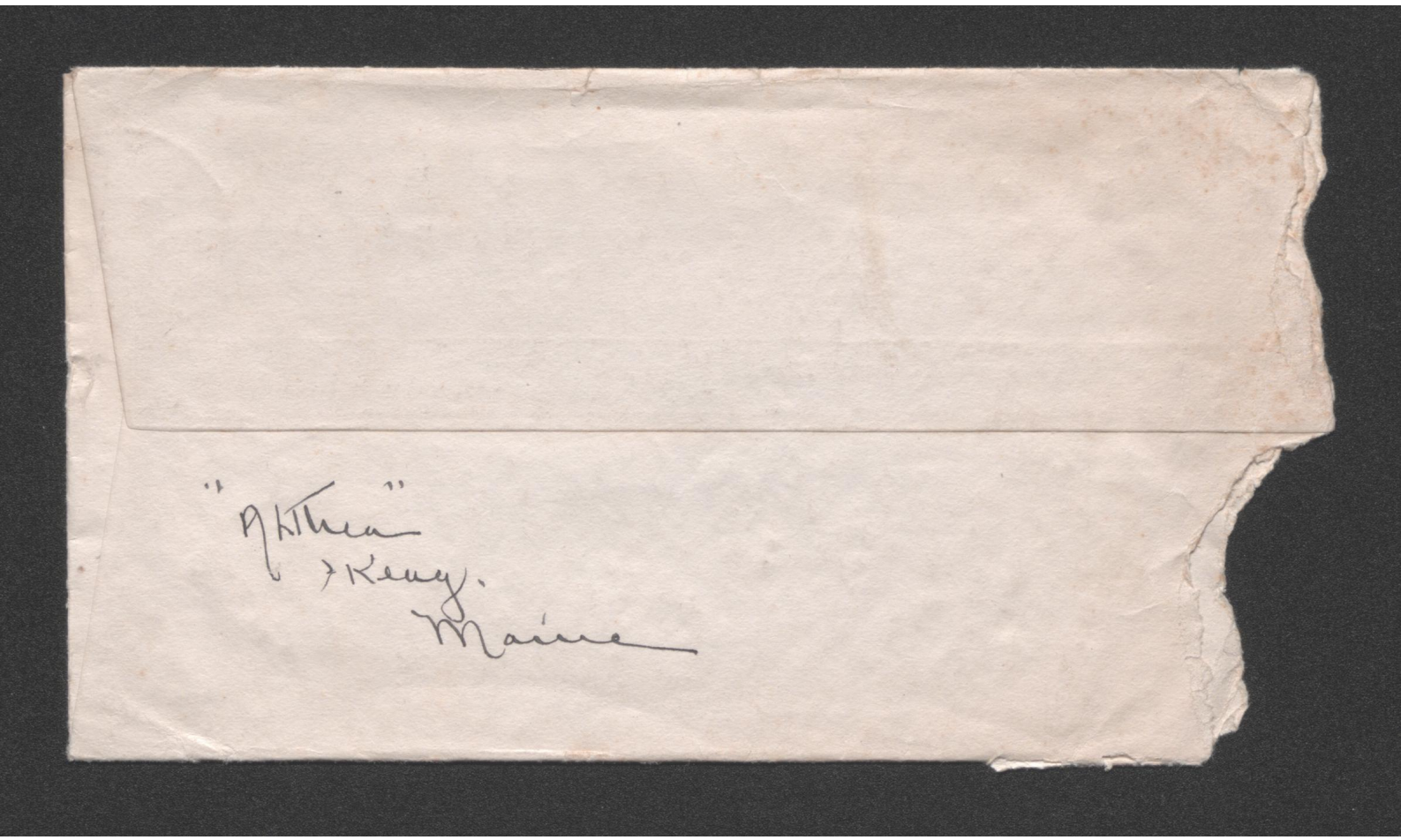
2
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine

Althea Smith, Malta, Maine.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway, Maine



'Keag, Maine.

Friday Night

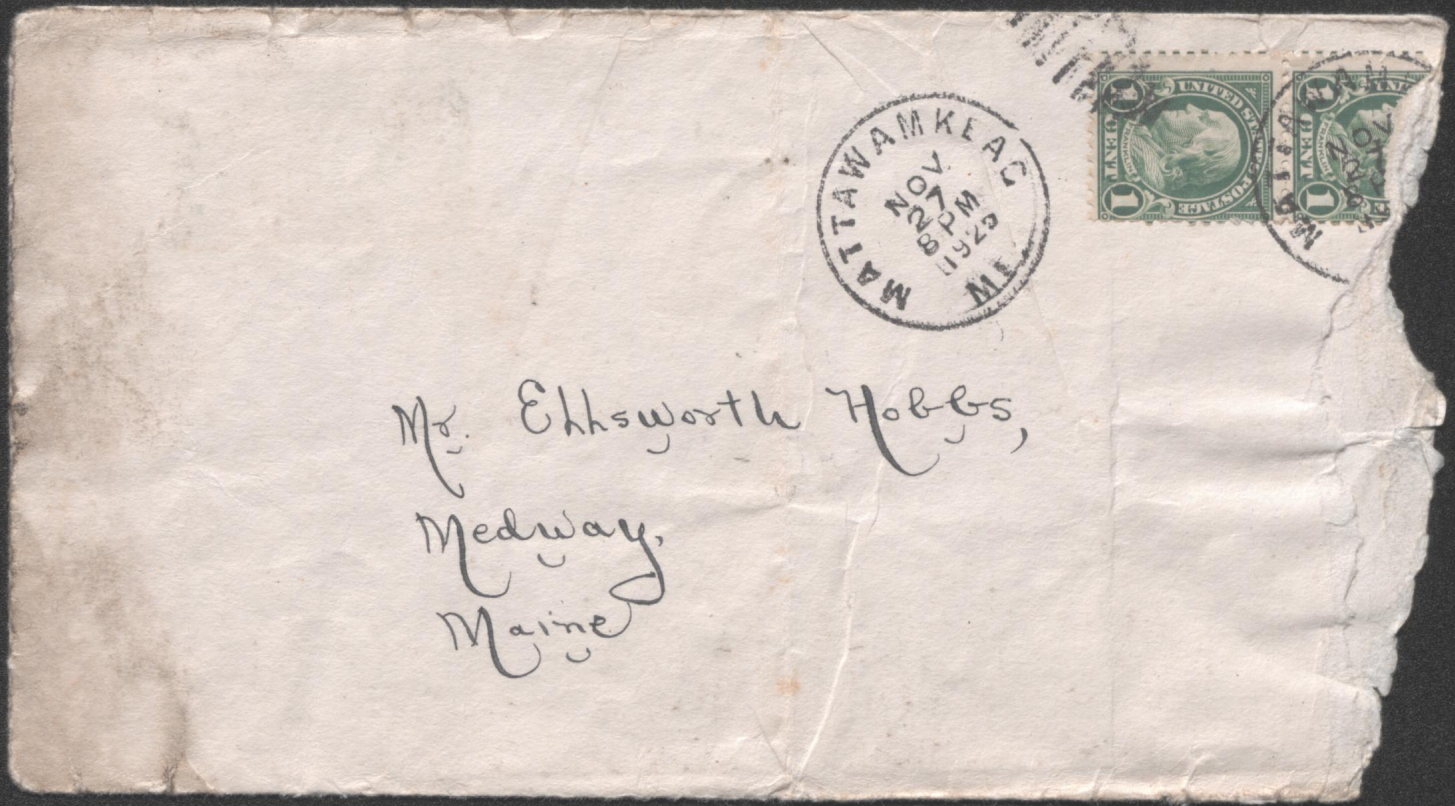
Ellsworth Sweetheart:

It's 15 minutes past nine this minute and then some and I haven't sent my night's mail to the station yet---AND I just couldn't until I had written my boy a little note!!! I've been very, very busy all day and all alone too!!! Tho' I'm getting quite use to that part----Carlisle has not come back yet---he's probably going to stay over Sunday now?????

I hated to have you go back so soon yesterday---t'was mean, I didn't have you any time at all!!!! Tho' I enjoyed the Turkey and it was nice of you to ask me over home to dinner, appreciated that very, very much---you know!!!! --------I was quite busy after you left me at the store yesterday P.M. but Papa came in about 5 o'clock and then I went home and combed my hair---collected my music----(tho' I needn't have bothered as I got so interrested in the Movie that I just played from memory----I wish you might have seen the Movie (tho' you no doubt seen some as good in East M--) still I liked it---same cast, except for the Hero, as was in the 'Covered Wagon'--I know that you would have liked it!! I went down with Budd Lobley in his Ford, Elsie and Eva and Leon Trueworthy had asked him to take them down---so I telephoned Van that he wouldn't have to come up after me!!! We got home at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Ashley and Nellie Lobley were up home, so with Mama, the four of us had a game of '63'---they had been waiting for me!!

Well dearest boy--I wish that you were here to-night---but I'll be looking foryou Sunday night---Be sure and COME!!!! Don't let any storm stop you---You know within reason I mean------ Have got to wait now 'til Papa goes over with the mail-----

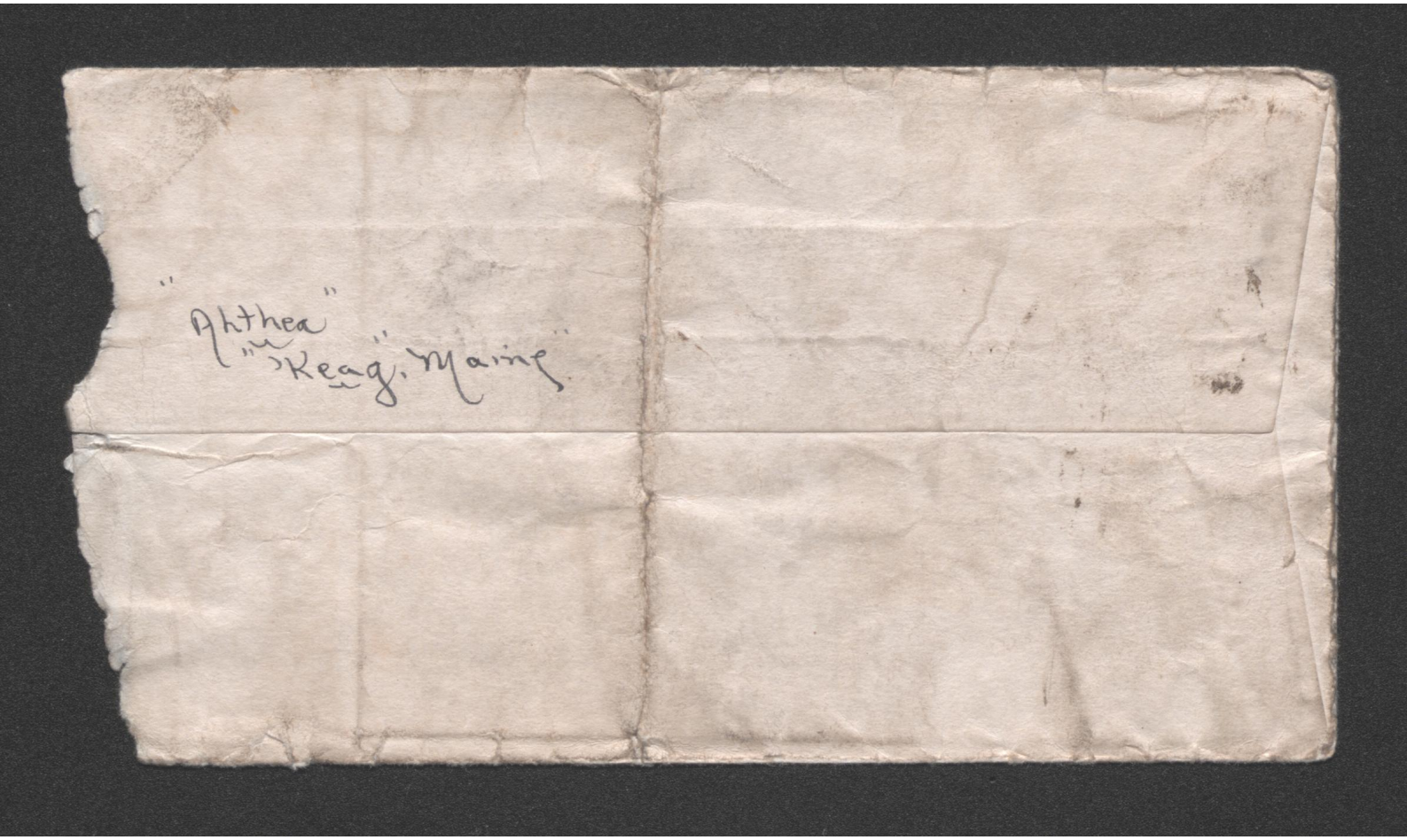
Yours, Zoe xxxx



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway,

Maine


"Althea"
"Keag, Maine"

'Keag, Maine

"Thursday Night"

Honey:

Got a lovely letter from my boy this morning--just what I wanted too!!!

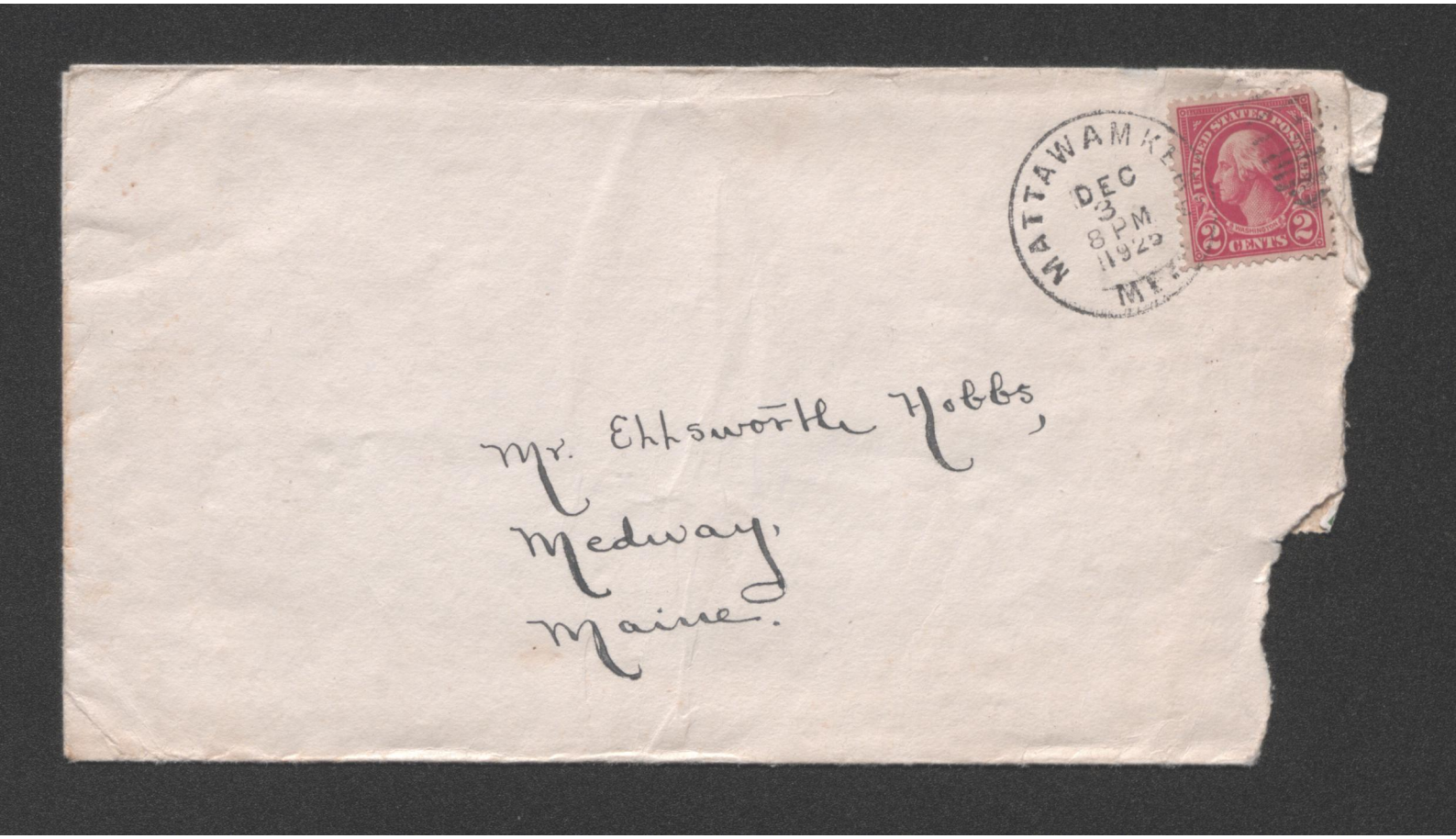
It's now 'most 8 o'clock!! As usual have been very, very busy to-day and all alone---makes me cross too sometimes but I always get over it!!! (Can't do anything else!! Sorry dear, that you didn't get a letter to-night---if I hadn't been going to the Game last night you surely would have got one! See! I know just how nice it seems to get your letters too!!!!

It's been quite warm outdoors to-night, and I geuss that it's raining a little--hope that it doesn't spoil the roads for you to-morrow night!!! Looking for you honey, 'you know'!!!

T'was just very, very nice of you to-come down here last night with the intentions of taking me way up to EastM- I'vebeen thinking about that all day!!! Your're so good to 'Althea Fae'---and she appreciates it more than you think too!! Understand?

Must put my mail up now--I'll try and be ready for the Whist Party and 8o'clock to-morrow night!!! Don't know hardly how I am going to manage it tho' if they are all gone---but I will!!!!

Love + Kisses, Yours Fae



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


1925
Merry Christmas
and Good Health


1925
Merry Christmas
and Good Health

'Keag, Maine.

"Wednesday Night"

'Lo Honey Boy:

Sorry that I (meaning this spasm) didn't arrive last night--I had it on my mind all the evening long--but I was just awfully busy and I had to write Harold a note just before I sent the mail--and then Carlisle didn't get a chance to take the mail over until after 9 o'clock--and he hadn't had the time to get any more than to the station and I happened to remember that I hadn't written you any little note--forgive me this time--please Beeswax?--you see, I didn't get any this morning either!!!!!

It's now 5.30 so 'spose that we'll have to be hustling home to supper--am not very hungary to-night,---must be something the trouble when I don't feel like eating--eh? Papa's turning the lights out--I'll finish this after supper!

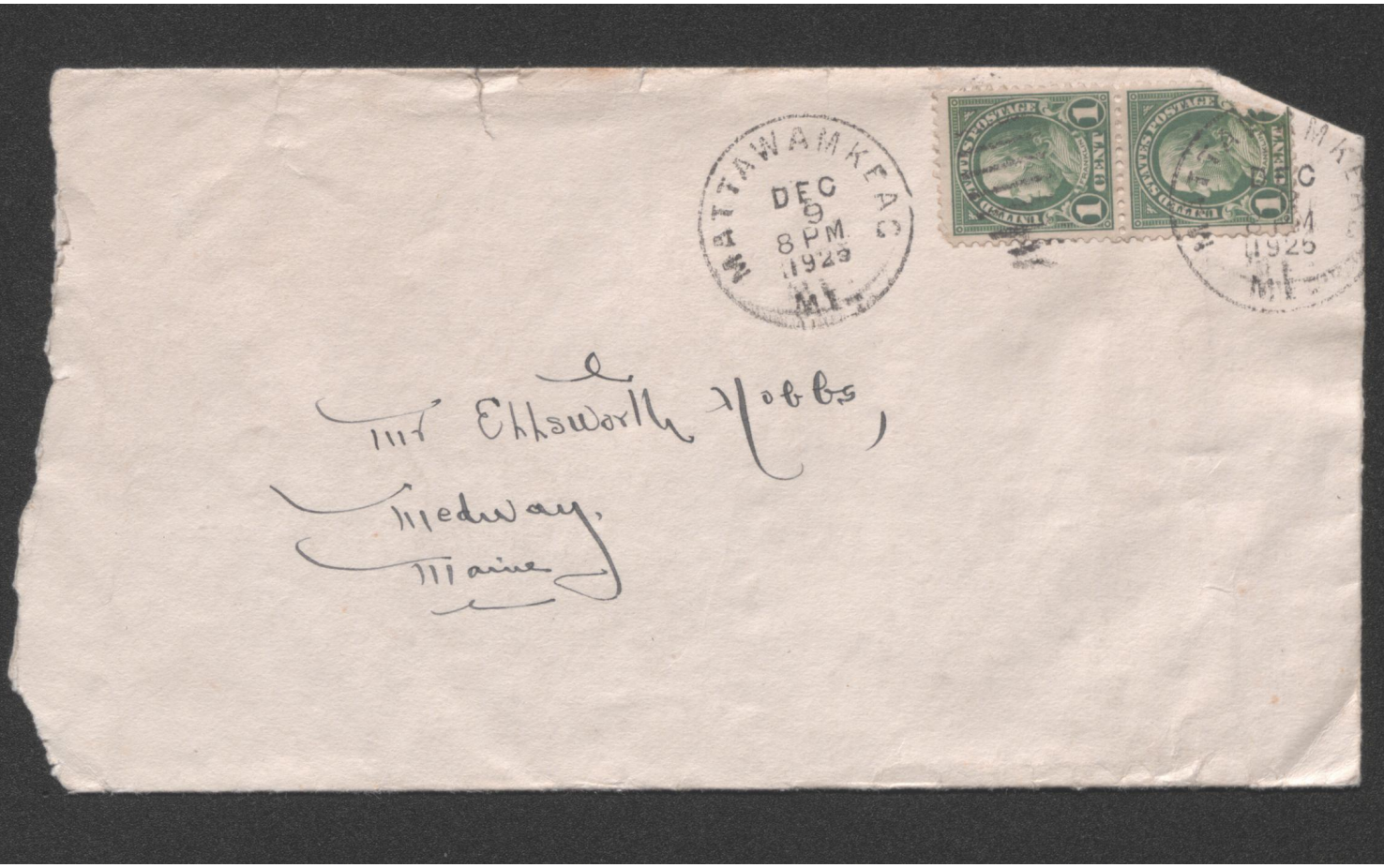
LATER: 5 min. of 8 o'clock---Wish that you were going to be here to-night!!! How did you make it last Tuesday morning--and what time was it when you arrived? We shouldn't keep such early hours---I KNOW---BUT!!! (Impossible to talk sense to me--isn't it?) Bet you were tired Tuesday--I was kind of too--but I think that I had a little 'cold'--I am blaming that!

Della came in to-night while I was talking to your Dad---and she said"talking to Papa-in-law"? and I said "shut your tongue"----and etc!!!

They are not going to have any time here Friday night---
the girls are going to "Howland" to play basket ball and
the Danforth Orchestra aren't coming down!! Thursday night,
(to-morrow night) the Town boys Basket Ball Team (?) are going
to play Lee A.A. here in Matta. Hall! Just a picked up team
so they'll doubtless get beaten! The Indians haven't sent
any posters for Saturday night as yet, so maybe they won't
come---"We should worry"-Eh?

Am going to stop now--as I want to get home as early as
possible and wash my hair---have been intending to for ages.

Hope dear that you are O.K.----my bestest love, some kisses
too--- Yours, Joe.


MATTAWAMKEAG
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9
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1923
ME
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
ONE CENT
Mr Ellsworth Hobbs
Medway,
Maine


1925
Merry Christmas
and Good Health

'Keag, Maine.

"Tuesday Night"

'Lo Honey Boy:

It's now only 9.05--little earlier than I was last night, am I not? Still, I've been very busy and have been 'hustling' all the evening wondering if I was ever going to get thru!!! So busy all day and yet I don't seem to have accomplished anything---just waiting on people---the darn store bothers me in the afternoon when I ought to be doing office work!!! Same'old story'---isn't it?

Thanks 'Beeswax' for writing me that nice little note Monday morning---it came O.K. this morning and was more than welcome!!! Glad that you arrived back O.K.---tho' I hated to have you go back per usual--so early too---but----'spose it can't be helped!!!

Some of the little girls were listening over the 'Radio' to 'Santa Claus' stories to-night---they were awfully pleased,- - they said you should have heard him, and I told them, "I'd like too"---I geuss that he's pretty good---have you heard him? He talks at a busy time for me--6 o'clock-- IF he would talk about "10 o'clock"---I MIGHT have a chance to hear him---Eh?

It's been very, very cold out-door's to day again---Geuss that "Winter's come"?

Well dearest boy---I must tie up the mail as Carlisle is getting 'anxious'---he wants to get a letter written to Audrey after he gets home. 'Night honey---- Yours, Dae

MATTAWAMKEAG
DEC 15
8 PM
1925
ME



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


1925
Merry Christmas
and Good Health

'Keag, Maine.

"Friday Night"

Dearest:

It's ten minutes after seven and as much mail as is in the office now I have all put up--I hope I am not going to be very busy to-night--Lod knows I was busy enough last night---I thought that there was no end to the packages. At supper time last night I had Carlisle carry up water to heat for me to take a bath---I got my bath taken and got in bed at 12 o'clock!!!!

To-night before supper I hustled to get the mail that was in the office, stamped canceled and etc.

I got two dandy letters from you dear ~~this morning~~ and I needed them as I didn't get any yesterday!!! I geuss that you didn't get any to-night wither, did you?

Business is getting 'Busier"

Lots of love honey,

Yours.

Dan



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway,

Maine


1925
Merry Christmas
and Good Health



HAPPY NEW YEAR

When the "New Year" comes
along in view,
I hope that you'll be thrilled
By having all your "dreams"
come true,
And all your "hopes" fulfilled. (?)

"Happy New Year"

MADE IN U.S.A.

3526

Thursday Nite

Dearest!

Wish you were here to-night — We'll make up for it some time tho' — won't we? Mrs Abbey invited me down to her house — but I'm so busy using my spare moments on "Reports" — so hope you'll forgive my not writing any letter to-day. I didn't get any this morning, and your mother or Dad did — so I'm very "cross" —

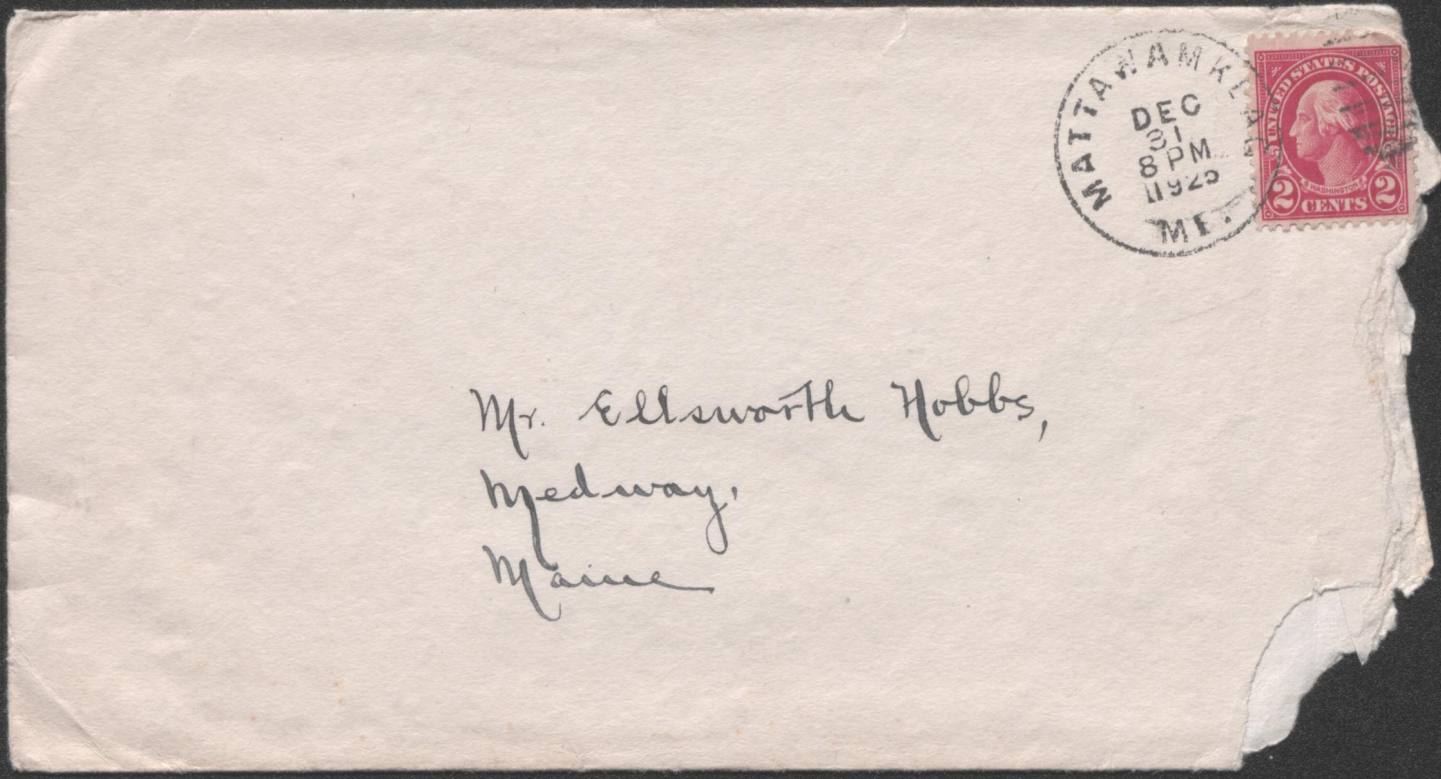
It's 9 O'clock now — my mail isn't up yet — Hope everything is going O.K. — Lots of love & Kisses. Yours, Fae

POST CARD

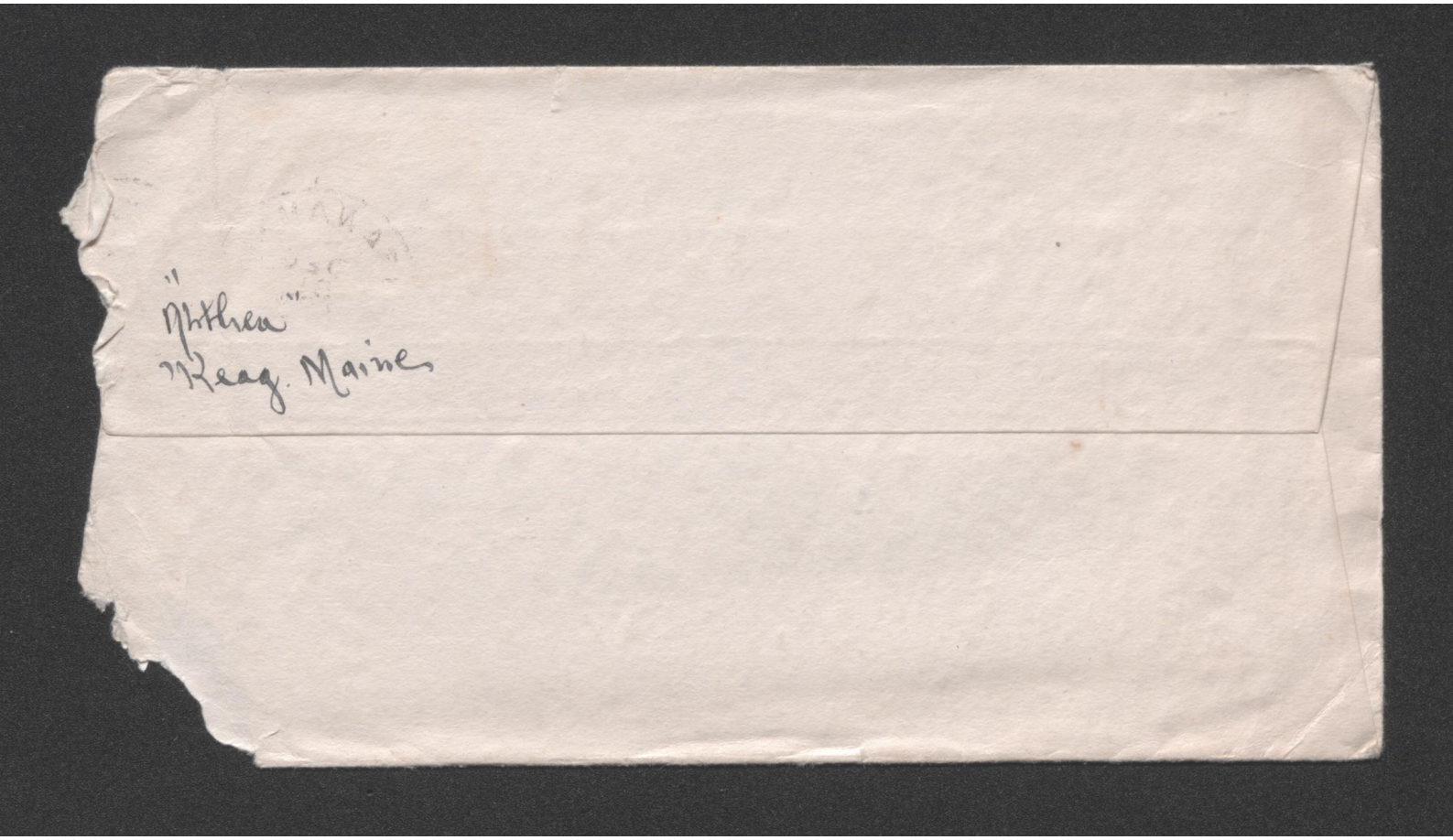
THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine



"Ijthea"
"Keag. Maine

Keag. Maine
Sat. P.M.

'Lo dear, — ut. —

Have just come down from home and it's snowing quite hard — isn't it hateful? It looks as if it really was going to last too — tho' I hope not. The papers this morning said that "New York" was having an awful "Snow Storm" and we never miss anything good like that — so we'll doubtless get it too!! Am hoping it doesn't spoil the "Medway Road". —

to keep on being as nice as I have been" — Poor old Pete, his a good old soul. 'Spose his trying to cut you out? —

Went to Lee last night with the Ashley's — and Dave Smith & his wife. We didn't leave until 8.30 tho', so missed the girl's game — We were going at 7 o'clock but had to wait for Dave, [Dr. Hunter has been sick with Pneumonia & he was up there waiting on him] The girls got beaten 23 to 40 but everyone said it was a great game! Lee is supposed to have the best girls team around I guess. The girls said that their two forwards just had to get the ball and they had a "Basket". After the game was over we went over to a restaurant & had "Hot-Dogs", doughnuts, pie & coffee, we laughed & had more fun, do wish you had been with us.!! I think Geldie keeps Blanche well informed of everything that happens in 'Keag.

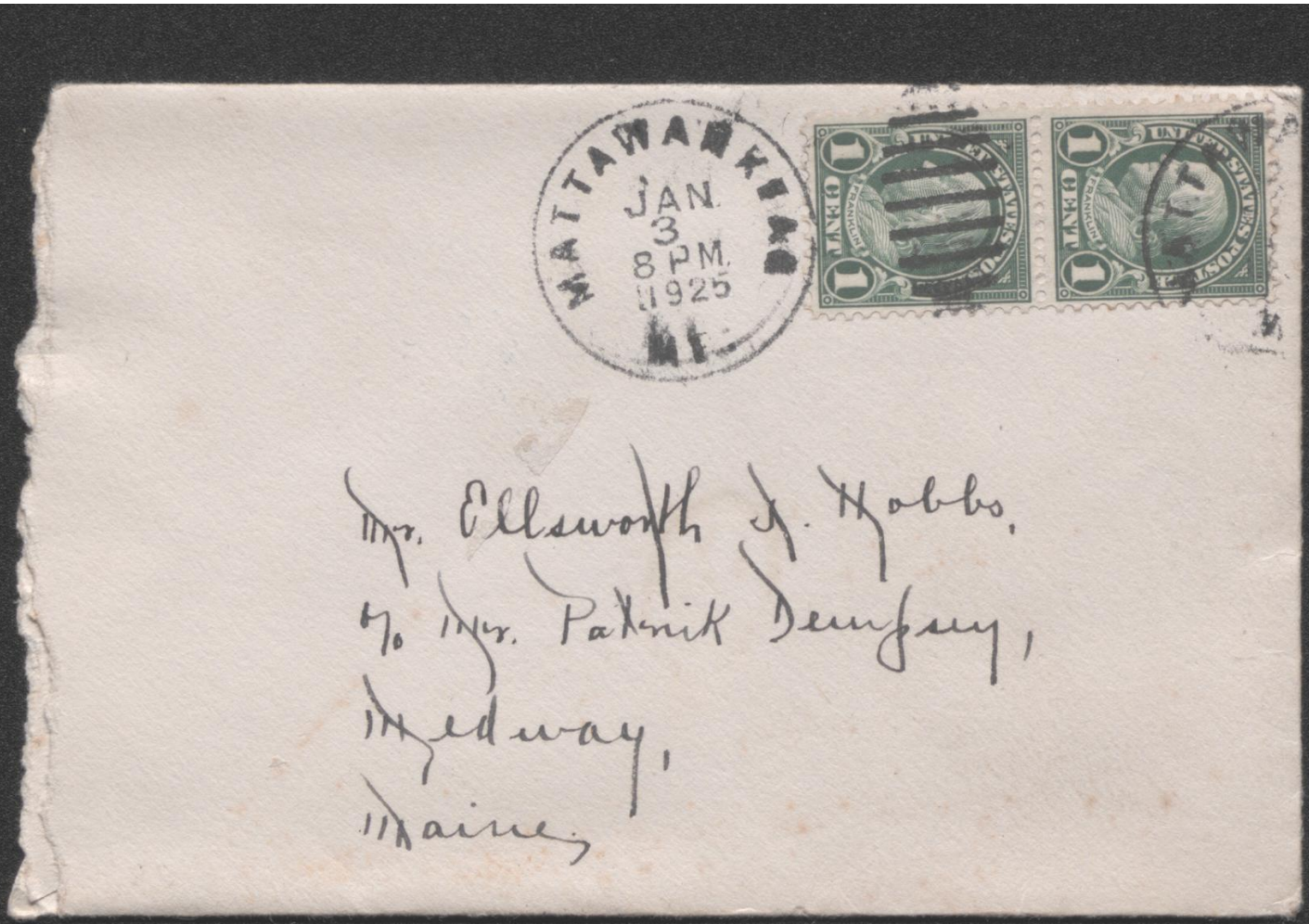
Hope my boy is alright — that the gold is better and n'everything —

Heaps of Love, Oceans of you know

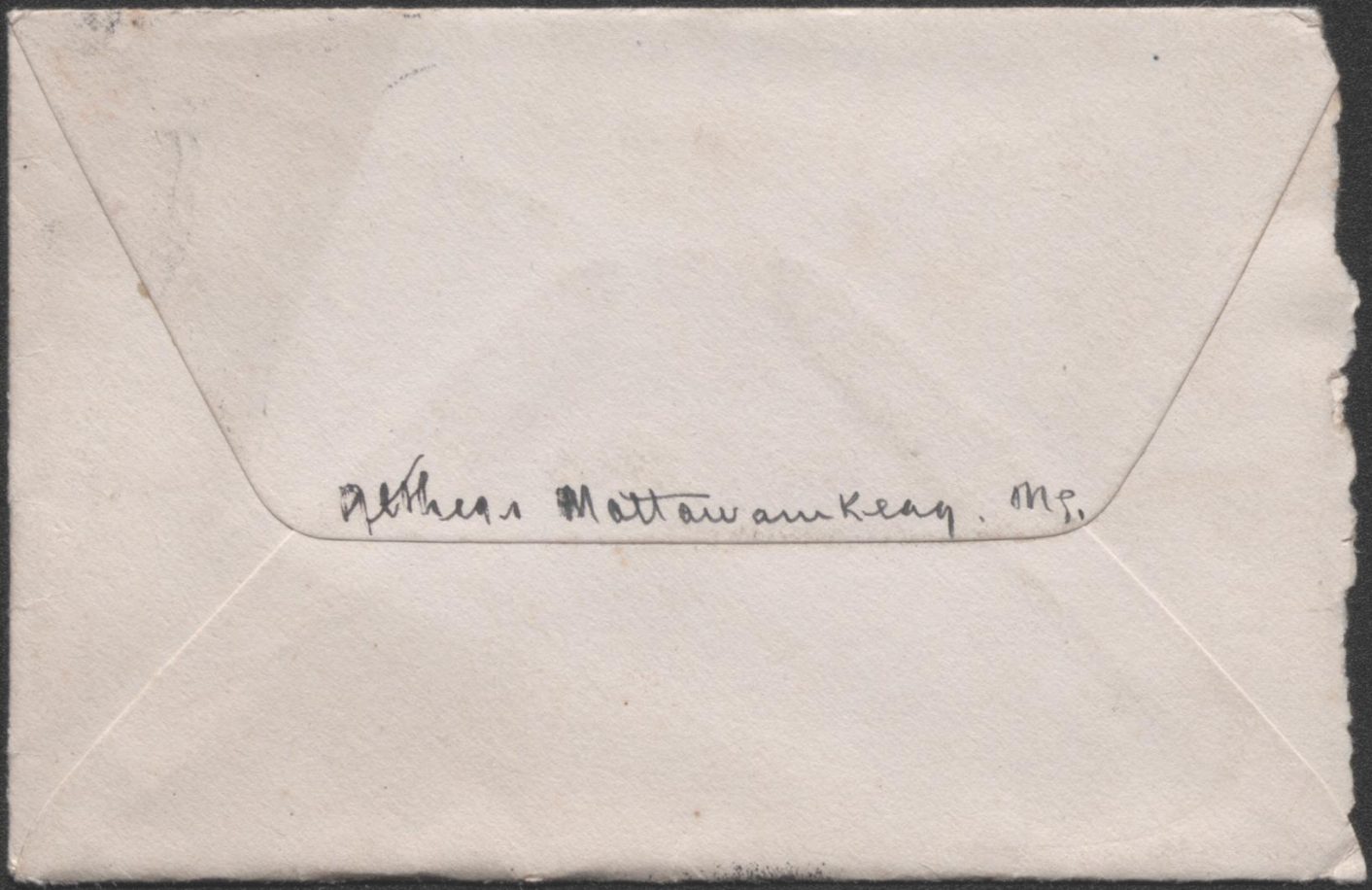
Yours,
Fay

Hope I am going to see you tonight or Sunday anyway. See you know. If you don't come tonight Harold and I are going to the Game & Dance. "Tho" you know honey who I had rather go with and

Pete Sargent was real nice to me yesterday & gave me a lovely box of Chocolates. I was some surprised! He bought this nice box of Paper and I was sitting at the desk Writting & he came around behind the counter, and gave them to me and Wished me "A Happy New Year" & kissed me



Mrs. Ellsworth A. Hobbs,
c/o Mrs. Patrick Dempsey,
Medway,
Maine.



Kezar, Maine
Tuesday Afternoon
3.30.

Lo honey,

Have just come in from skiing with the girls. Was out 'most an hour & a half. Honest, we had a peachy thing! Enjoyed it so much! — We were skiing over there where the old Indian grave used to be, the slides go both sides on the river and on the road. As I started to go down the road slide, Howard, Willett and Jessie K — were coming down the road, and Howard shouted "Be careful you don't fall" — but for a wonder I did not — I landed safely where they were — Howard was going to East — and started out "walking" he said he wish my sweetheart was down here so he'd have a ride back. I said I "oo

wish you was down here!!!. "If wishes were horses Beggars would ride" Eh?

Received the letter you sent me Sat. night this morning & and do you know I was looking for one too, so you see "dear boy" just how very disappointed I should have been if I hadn't got one — don't you? —

John Fowler was just in and he said, "Where's Joe gone tonight?" I see, no one but a little boy, you see, I put my knickers on for skiing & thought I wouldn't bother to go home and change before supper.

Am wondering if it's going to be possible for you to come down & see me tomorrow night & meaning Wed. Hope so. — It's seemed Ages & Ages

to me, since you were in 'Reay last (?) of course, Bee's war, I just know you'll come as soon as you can — and you know whenever it is, it won't be any too soon — See!! You know, I won't change — only want you more!!

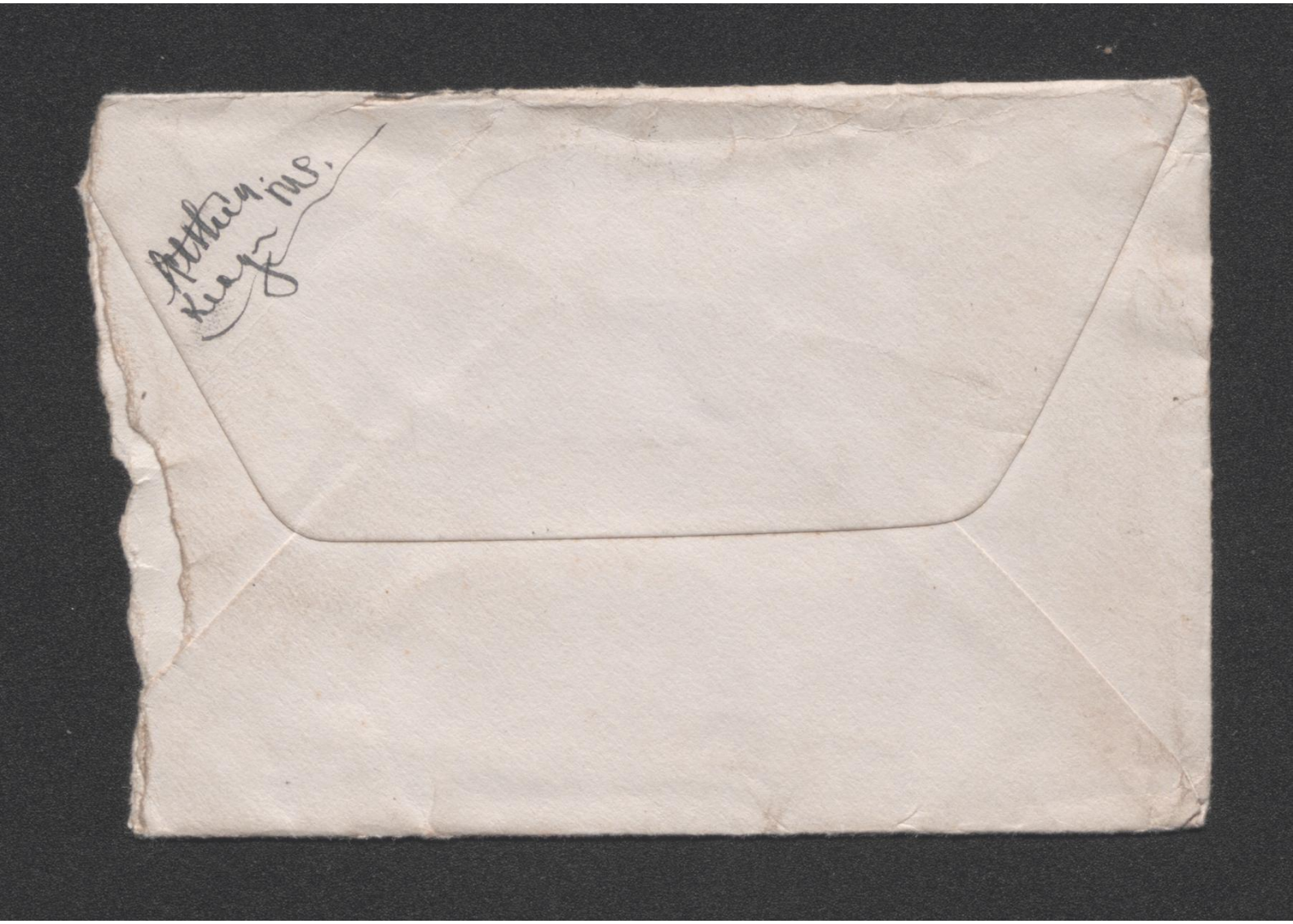
It's getting golden — and as you say — the old folks prophesy a storm — which sounds bad — [for you and I] We'll hope that for just once they may be wrong?

How do you make it translating my epistles? They're surely pretty bad sometimes anyway. Aren't they? Especially this one. For your sake anyway — I wish I could do better — But you'll forgive won't you? Please.

Guess this must be Lout finis for to night — So your "Grass word puzzle" is done. Lots (yes?) & you know Fag.



Mr. Ellsworth L. Hobbs,
c/o Mr. Patrick Dempsey,
Medway.
Maine.



'Keag. Maine
Thursday.

Ellsworth honey,

you're a "naughty" boy today as I've didn't get any letter from you this morning at See!! Still, you're done fine so I 'spose I really ought not to scold you, even tho' I may feel like it?

Will you tell me if Saturday is ever coming, and if so is it going to bring you? Will the horse, pung and harness hitch together, do you think? Did you succeed in fixing Lizzie up? Seems tho' I've seen cars down here from Medway or East — but maybe I am mistaken — We had a little storm here during the night last but not very bad — still any snow is too much for us — isn't it? —

Papa has a 'radio' and is setting it up here

in the story — he's been working on it all this afternoon —

Oh maybe, it isn't Goldie who is Blanche "Bureau of information" — I just guessed she might be as I know that they correspond. — See — Only my "imagination".

Have just finished making a lot of C V D's — before that, served the guffs & gallons on my old rose dress.

Gee, don't I wish that we might have some ice so that I might "try out" my new "skates". ??? Anything for something exciting to do. —

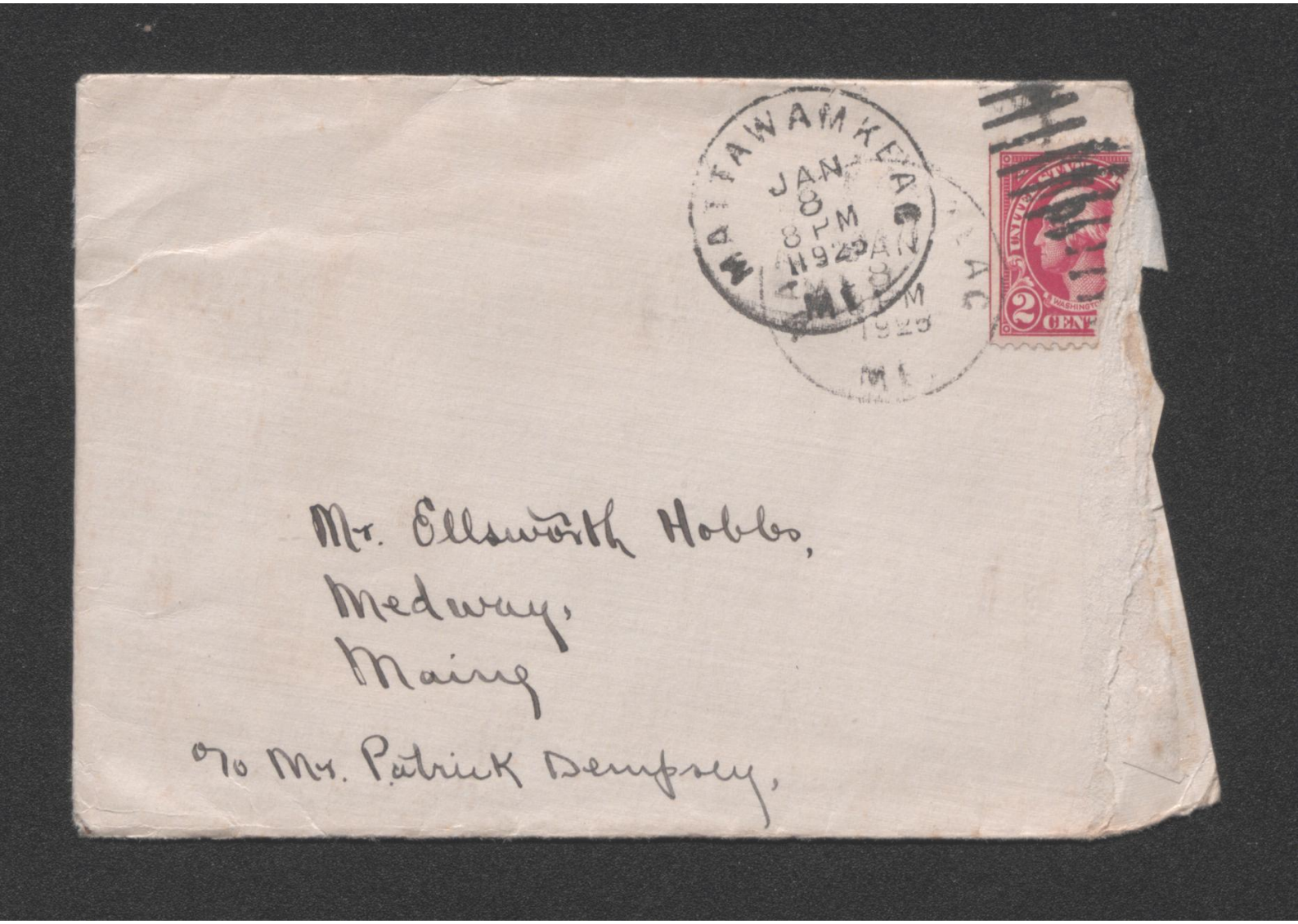
It's only 4.30 — so guess I'll embroider from now on — the spare time I get before supper.

Oh. yes. "Bee's wax", I am so glad (now many

Funny I wonder have I told you this? that you don't "smoke" — there's been a bunch hanging around this place in both stores and office all the P.M. and the whole place is most suffocating with "smoke" — You don't know how much I dislike it?

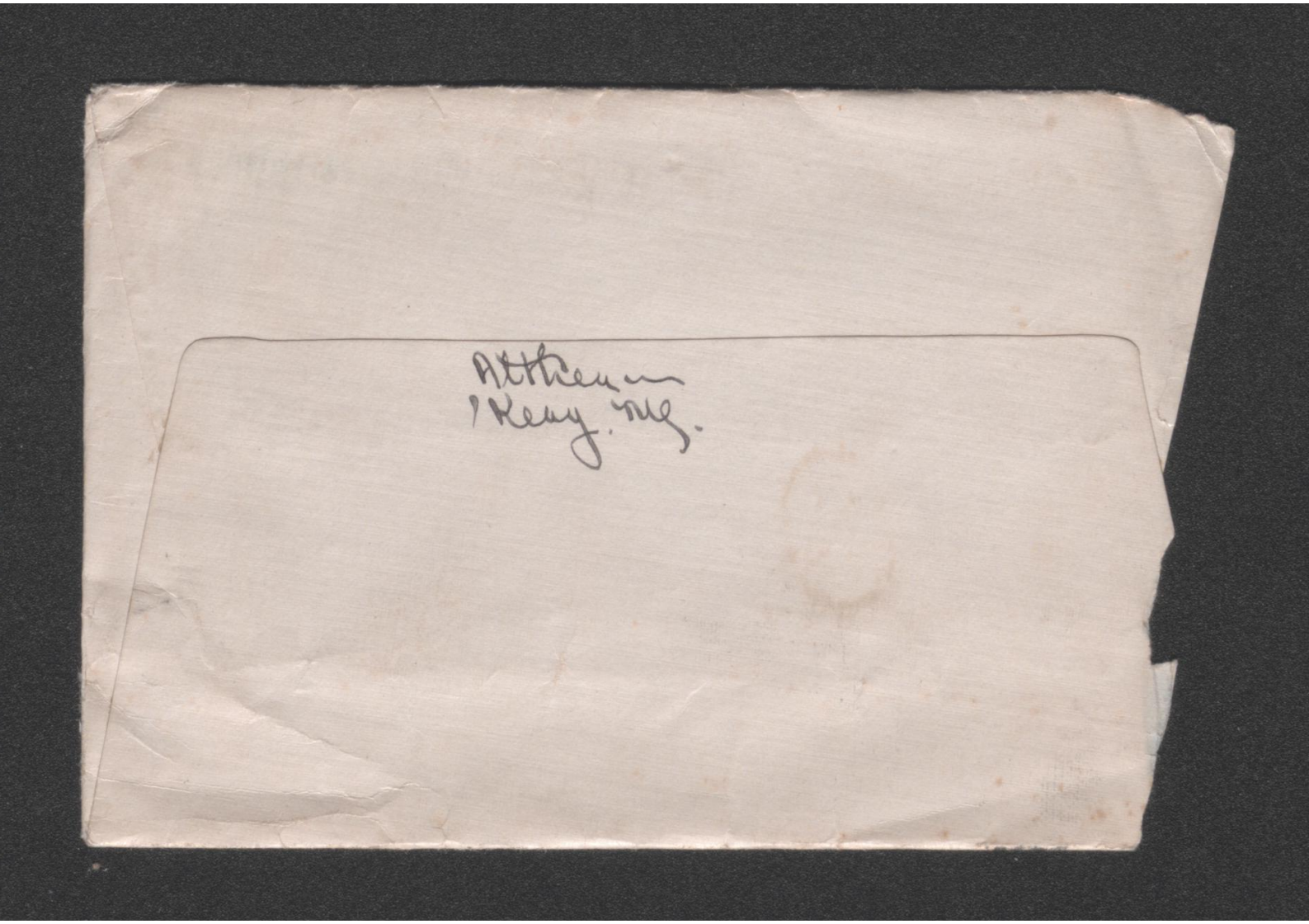
Really, dearest I can't imagine anything like the picture which you sent to me. Can you? —

Oh gosh, "our kitten" just upset a hanger stand that there was about a 100 strings of 5 & 10¢ beads on — it made such a "noise" it scarred the "poor kitten" silly — and he's running for down cellar, with a string of beads around his neck — papa is after him!!! Some excitement? — and to think only a minute ago, I called him "a nice pretty kitty" — So long, Lotta Love Jay.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine

c/o Mr. Patrick Dempsey,



Keag. Sat. P.M.
7 O'Clock.

My dear E. —

Mrs. Ashley was just going out the door" and she shouted "Is Ellsworth coming down to-night?" I said "yes" — "has he come yet"? "I don't know" and then Mr. Hook spoke up & said "Sure he's going down to-night", 'Cause I saw him during the week and he wanted to know if he could get thro'm and I told him, "Sure", nothing like trying anyway.'

So honey boy. I am looking for you and can't feel you just how disappointed I should be if you didn't come!! So hope my boy won't be sick — he must try and take care of himself —

This isn't much of a sparrow tonight, only something to take the place of a real one, but there's always the same amount of "Love to you Kelow"

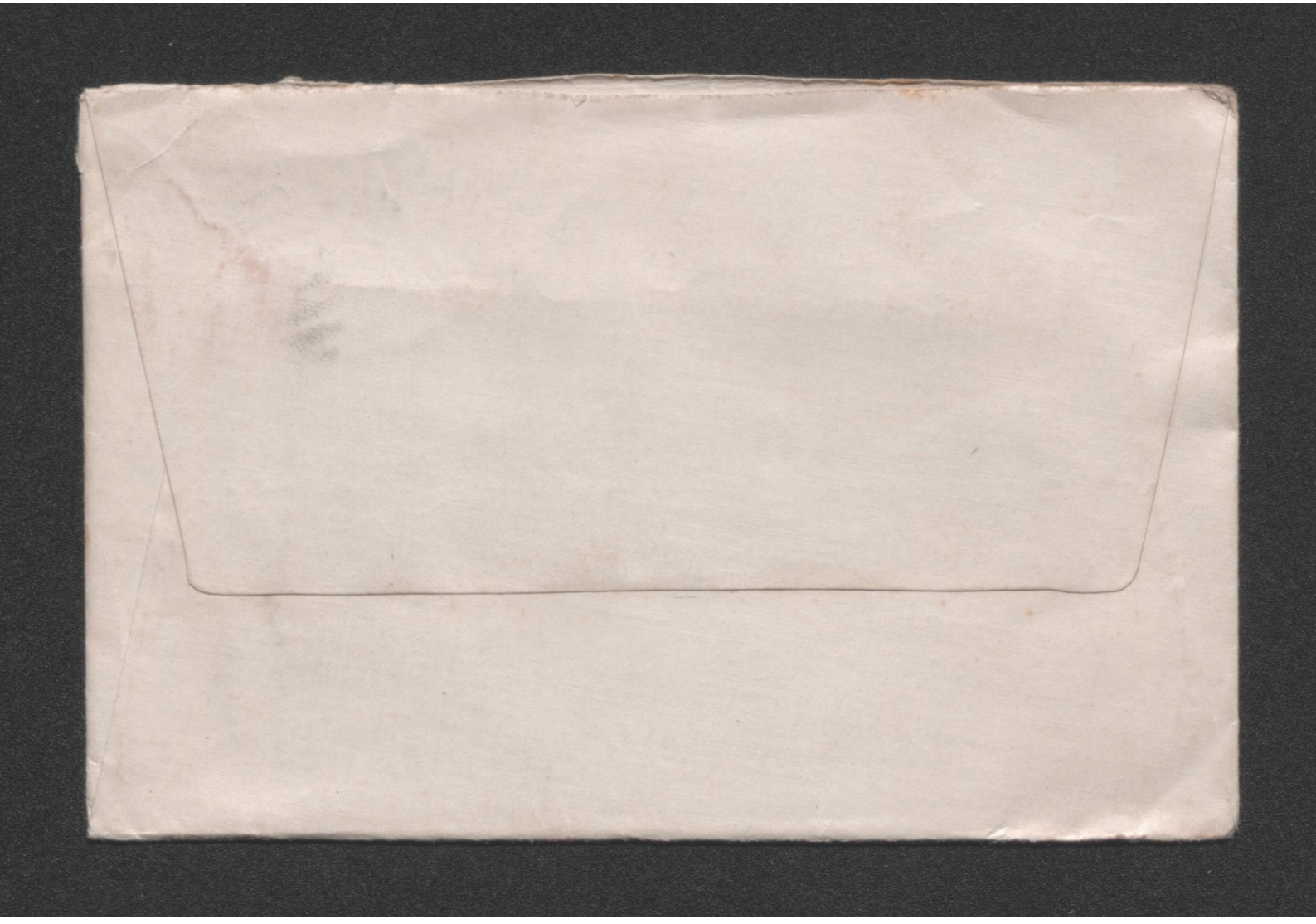
Yours,
Jack.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs

Medway

Maine



BOSTON POST, THURSD

All Sorts

By Newton Newkirk

CROSS WORD RIMES

EVEN THE DOGS

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
And got her poor doggie a bone;
But the pup had his muzzle
In a cross word puzzle
And to all else was deaf as a stone.

A. F. D.

(Elsie)

The Cheerful Cherub

In all the things I
do in life
The way that others
view them
Should matter not as
much to me
As reasons why I
do them.

R. T. CANN.

Good-by.



"One last, faint effort has brought many a climber to the top of the wall!" —R. N. L.

'Kray — Maine —
Monday P.M.

'Lo dearest —

Have been embroidering for about a ½ an hour, and happened to look at my watch, and saw that it was 5.15 — so decided I better stop if my boy was going to get his "monday" note — 'Course I know he probably wouldn't miss it, as I've already sent one written Sunday night — and they'll likely arrive together — but maybe he'd like to know just the same who I am thinking about. !?? —

Have you thawed out yet — after your ride — and how are you feeling? — I know you must have been awfully cold !!! I kept thinking and thinking about you honey! It was some gold this morning I was up early — and believe me I know. — 'Twas 32 below —

Papa has been raving about how good the "radio" was last night all day today. He got a "Darkie" concert that he enjoyed and also the "Vanity Club" in New York. He just picked it up now and heard "Bangor, Maine" sign off. Too bad he hadn't listened in before. Eh?

After Supper — Later —

The mail is out — and I've been quite busy. — Do you know Papa started the radio going — and it's been singing, talking and everything and he's been waiting on people. Pretty good, eh? [To go all by its lonesome.]

Well, sweetheart, I guess I'll have to get busy. The usual sunday night crowd is coming!!

Do you know "Saturday" seems a long way off? — Can't you make it "speed up"?

Lots of Love,

Ray



Mrs. Ellsworth J. Hobbs,

Medway, Maine


Arthur T. Smith.
Mattawamkeag
Maine

LOVE THE CONQUEROR

By CARLTON DAWE

Copyright, 1925, by Boston Post and North American Newspaper Alliance.

THIS IS THE "NEVER-NEVER COUNTRY"

Clare Mallaston cantered aimlessly over the sunlit plain. The wind whipped he color to her cheeks, brightened her eyes, stirred her blood. Now and again he would open her mouth and draw into her lungs deep breaths of the warm sweet ir.

Her mount, a big bony chestnut, swung on and on, tireless, as though oblivious f the light burden on his back. Sometimes she sang aloud with the very joy of fe. This was the signal for the horse to prick up his ears and burst into a gallop. He too felt it was splendid to be alive.

Occasionally she would draw rein and look around her at the vast golden dis- ance which gradually merged itself into the blue of the horizon. It was at such oments she realized with a thrill that she was the only human being in this great ilderness of scrub and grass; that man and his works were hidden somewhere in the alley of shad[illegible] beyond, and that the world was all her own.

Away ahead of her lay a low range of hills lapped in the drowsy mystical blue f the distance, and towards this she rode as if by instinct.

Though she was by no means sure of her bearings this did not cause her much oncern, if any. There were times when she entirely forgot that there were bearings o be remembered.

She knew, or thought she did, that somewhere among those hills lay the omestead, and that on the other side she should find the river, the Darling. She [illegible] for a river; it ought to be [illegible]

Walt Mason's
Rippling Rhymes

(Copyright, 1925, by George Matthew Adams)

SUCCESSFUL MEN.

We are prone to judge civilians by their fortunes, by their millions, viewing them with admiration if they walk with plutocrats; we behold them in their splendor, loaded down with legal tender, the successful men enchant us, and we all take off our hats.

Yet a man may be successful in this busy world and stressful, though he lacks the gift or talent that makes money multiply; many men are striving greatly, doing stunts sublime and stately, who'll be planted by the county when their time has come to die.

If success means storing plunder, Lincoln's life was but a blunder, for he never had the package that would buy a limousine; Robert Burns was always dodging creditors who sought his lodging, and for years Carlyle was hungry in apartments black and mean.

Grant was always sorely lacking in capacity for stacking, stacking up the iron washers that would keep the wolf away; Patrick Henry's hat was seedy, Edgar Poe was always needy, Whitman thought the luck improving if he had one meal a day.

Yet these men and many others who seemed shabby while their brothers gathered in the groats and pfennigs, were not failures double-dyed; some of them will live in story when the plute's surpassing glory will have reached the junk-strewn bottom of fame's long toboggan slide.—WALT MASON.

O.K.

You cannot put faith any more in even the most positive weather signs.

The surest sign there is of approaching snow or rain is a halo or luminous circle around the moon. There was the finest halo of this sort that I ever saw around the moon a few evenings ago.

"Snow tonight, sure," thousands of New England's weather-wise folk declared.

But not one flake of snow fell.

Next night there was a wonderful "mackerel sky," a vast area of wind-driven, fleecy clouds. Another sure sign of a storm! But no storm came.

A couple of evenings later there was another great halo around the moon. But instead of snow, there was bare ground and bright sunshine, the next morning.

I'm beginning to lose my faith in all the weather signs except the flight of the wild geese.

Weather Prophets

Forgive these blots

Keag, Maine
Sunday Night.

Le Sweetheart —

It's now 7.30 — and I am wondering just where my boy is now? He's been gone an hour and a half. and I hope that he's most way to Medway. [with no frozen ears too] and even tho' he's knows that I had much rather have him here

in "Keag with me!! you know?
I enjoyed having you honey boy.
and did so hate to have you go
back tonight. But — We know
that it would not have mattered how
long you stayed — you would not
have stayed long enough. —

We finished the "old hen" for supper!!
— and most of the chocolate pie! —
which was very good and I
wish you might have had some too!!
Mama and I washed dishes — Elsie
read stories to Donald — I tried
to make Elsie believe that she
was going to help me but when
I got after her with the "dish
rag", she took after me and
mostly "washed my face"
with the "dish rag" so you
see, per usual, she won!!

We were just out looking at
the thermometer and its 15
below — [Yours Dad's would not
be right ????] So you see dear,
I know you're had an awful

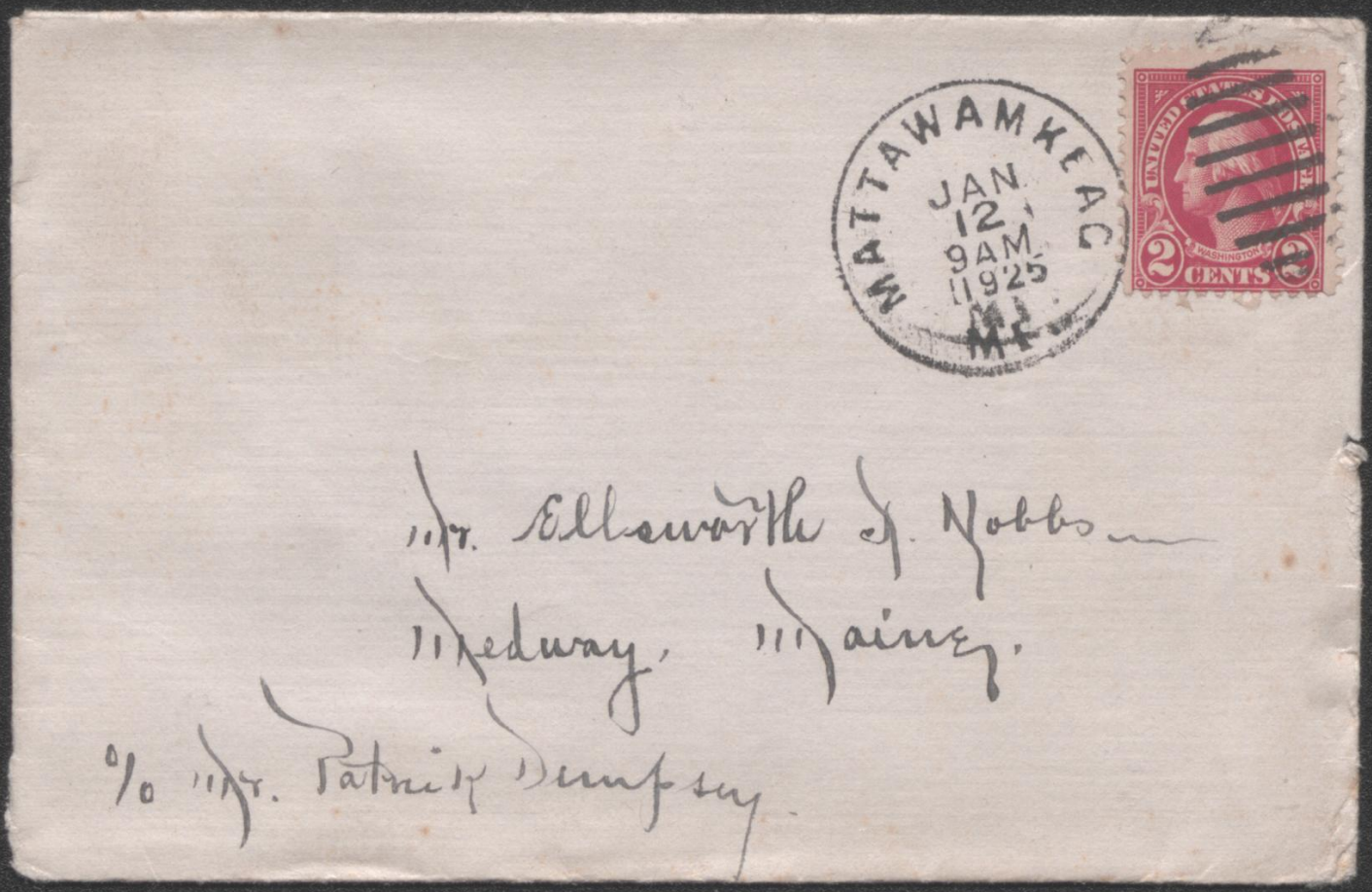
Gold ride!!! But do hope your courage will be good to try it again next Saturday –

Mama has just given Donnie a bath and is now going to wash her feet –

Elsie is still on the war-path: – She doesn't know rather to order 5½ or 6's slippers –

Am afraid this spasm doesn't look much better than the one I sent Sat.? – "Sweet dreams" –

Lots of Loves, Jac.



Mr. Ellsworth J. Nobbs

Medway, Maine.

c/o Mr. Patrick Dempsey



Another Syrup Receipt for the "Lake" — Memorize it well!!!

'Keag, Maine —
Tues. P.M.

'Lo honey boy. —

It's 3.30 and I've just arrived back to the office for the afternoon — Pretty late — Eh? — {Reasons.} Say, do you know it's just "wonderful" out doors now? We had a nice (?) snow storm last night & this morning — the trees are handsome and the "sun" has just "leaped out" to look at everything — and is now "setting" — Wish I might paint the picture it all makes over in the "West" — the pastures — Mama washed to-day, so after the "dinner dishes" were washed, I made some of "Grandma's" old fashioned "ginger-cookies". Made quite a big "batch" of them and so it took quite a little while — Wouldn't you like to have one of them right now — While they are warm? — Would love to give you some. Yes?

Your "muzzer" was in to mail some letters last night, and I believe that

She stayed and talked to me as much as 15 or 20 minutes — yes, really!! She said she had max written a letter to you, and I said — "Well, I have" "Will that be al-right?" She said "yes" — "providing you let me read the answer"!!!
I said "Al-right" but did not mean it!
(You know.)

Mrs. Woodhouse was around with a paper getting money for "Mrs. Ross." She says that she's in the hospital — and financially is very bad off!!! I guess she did pretty well with her paper — She said she only asked Star Members tho'ing but I guess that others helped ~~tho'~~ too! —

Would love to see you to-night — But — Medway is a long way in the "winter time" — isn't it? Only you, too, really know just "how far" — But it's not ~~may~~ may fault — some body would n't take me with him, (?) I expect that this last storm has not helped

us much !? — Oh, why couldn't this "winter" come without any snow — ?

The radio is singing some very good jazz music — it's five o'clock now — [you see, I've been waiting on a few people in the "mean-times"]

I did all my book keeping this morning — so haven't had any office work to do this afternoon — Glad too as I shouldn't have had much time —

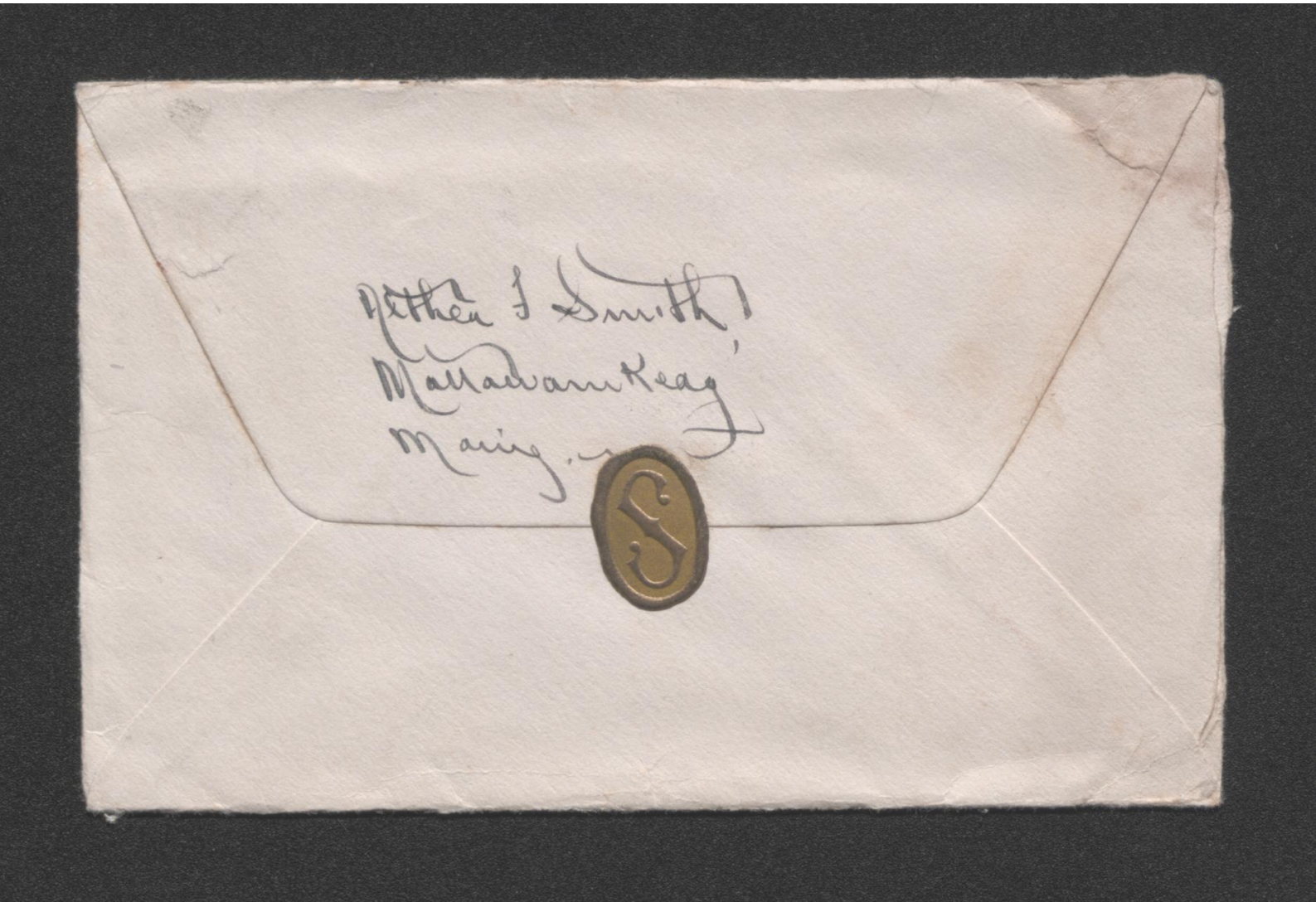
Harold has been writting to me real good since going back this last time — already I've had three letters from him. —

Bye the way — there should be some "news" in Wednesday morning's paper. — if you want to read it — I really should have added to the News that "Mr Ellsworth Hubbs" spent his week end in "Keay" — but I didn't — 'Spose you'll forgive me? [Please do.]

So Long dear —

Yours,
Joe


8 PM
1925
ME.
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
FRANKLIN
1 CENT
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
FRANKLIN
1 CENT
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine



Then interesting? I think it is

BOST

THE POST'S ORIGINAL

Short Story

TO SHORT STORY WRITERS:

Rules of the Short Story Competition appear on the editorial page of the Sunday Post. Stories must be original and not copied or imitated from any publication.

No stories returned unless stamps or stamped self-addressed envelopes inclosed.

All Characters named in these stories are fictitious.

The Post awards $10 for first prize, $5 for second prize, and $2 each for other stories printed each week.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

By Pauline Blackwell, 8 East Brookline Street, Boston

"Oh, I say, Mollie, be reasonable."

But Mollie, with a most exasperating gesture, placed two firm little fingers against two pink, shell-like ears, and shook her blonde head vigorously.

"That's all I have to say. She can't come."

"But, hang it all, Mollie, I've already told her to come!"

"Why—why, Dick," she stammered, horror-stricken, reproach in her voice, "you—you never s-swore at me before!"

Dick's face was a study, but he made a last valiant effort:

"You see, Mollie, she's all the aunt I have, and she won't bother us, er—that is, not much," he hastened to add, as he saw the gathering storm in Mollie's eyes.

"And she really is nice," he continued eagerly. "She'll be such a help to you. She can—"

But here her rising indignation could no longer be held in check, and with a royal gesture, she cast aside his arguments and pronounced her ultimatum.

"If she comes, I go. And that's that, Richard Torrey Banks, Jr." And she stalked from the room in what she was fondly pleased to imagine a dignified and composed manner, but which, because of her tiny stature, succeeded in being only childishly ridiculous.

Dick remained motionless. That was the way all their quarrels ended. He never could reason with her—make her see the point. She just refused to listen to his carefully thought-out arguments, and after putting in the last word, she always calmly withdrew to let him ponder it. At this particular time he had plenty to think of. He weighed the matter carefully, and was forced to admit that Mollie had at least a few points on her side.

Dick drew out the letter, the unwitting cause of the whole trouble, and read it through for the 20th time.

"My dear nephew," it ran, in faint scarcely-legible script, which Mollie declared denoted a nervous, fidgetty "old maid," and which assumption Dick was unable to deny, as he had not seen his aunt for 14 years. "I shall be coming East in a few days, and as you are my only relative, I shall of course come directly to you. I am most anxious to see your wife." (Mollie had sniffed disdainfully at that: "Probably wants to give me the once over.") "The length of my stay is very indefinite, and I shall probably not be able to remain more than six months with you."

Even Dick had been vaguely disconcerted at this last statement, and Mollie had shrieked: "Six months! That can't be right; we're not running a hotel. We can't have her here. Just imagine, with a fussy old relative like that. It would spoil all our chances in society. I'd never get acquainted with Mrs. Weyman and her set then."

"No danger of that," Dick had responded brutally. "We haven't any chances to spoil. You can't expect a swell society dame like Mrs. Weyman to bother with us."

"Why, she would, too," Mollie responded indignantly. "Only the other day she nodded to me, although that hateful Mrs. Baker says she is sure she was nodding to her. I did hope after that that she would send us an invitation to her big dinner, but if she ever sees any frumpy old relatives, she'd cut us for good."

"But," Dick had argued in a bewildered tone, "how do you know what she's like."

"Oh, never mind how I know, I just do know. She'll be a bother, and will spoil everything, and I just won't have her, so there!" This last came in a burst of tears which Dick was helpless to combat.

When one considers that their married life had extended over but three months, it is not wonder that Mollie and her husband were dismayed.

"But still," Dick defended himself morosely, "she's all the aunt I have, and when she wanted me to let her know immediately, and Mollie was away, I had to write without consulting her."

At breakfast the following day, a very determined and rebellious Mollie faced her equally stubborn lord and master.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"But, Mollie, she's all the aunt I have."

"What of it? I'm all the wife you have."

Dick opened his lips in a half grin, then closed them stubbornly, and said determinedly: "She'll be here by Wednesday."

"Then I leave tomorrow."

"Suit yourself," said he, rising with a nonchalant air, and sauntering to the door, exactly as if it were not the first time in their married life he had left her without a good-by kiss.

Mollie's' lip quivered, but she tossed her head until the golden curls danced, and then arose quickly and hastened upstairs to feverishly pack her trunk. This was not difficult as many of her things had never been taken out, and she had nearly completed her task when the new brass knocker clanged dully.

Mollie hastily arranged the lacy cap, straightened her dainty negligee, and started to descend, wondering who could be calling at such an unearthly hour.

In no very gracious humor she opened the door and faced the slight, modish, smartly-gowned woman who smiled pleasantly and inquired for Mrs. Banks, Jr.

"I am Mrs. Banks," Mollie answered coldly.

"And I am Dick's aunt," was the smiling retort.

"You—Dick's—aunt?" in amazed tones from Mollie.

"Why, yes. You seem surprised. Didn't you get my letter?"

But Mollie came from good stock, and quickly recovering her composure ushered her guest inside.

Dick, arriving come two hours later, after a remorseful morning at the office, found his wife chatting delightedly with a charming, tastefully attired stranger; and when the latter was presented as his aunt, his expression gave Mollie several bad seconds as she wondered frantically if he would ever recover his breath.

Then a week later, a radiant Mollie rushed to the door, waving an imposing looking envelope, and dancing excitedly as she handed it to him to read.

"Mrs. Winthrop Weyman requests the pleasure of your company at a dinner to be held at her home on Friday."

"Why, where did this come from?" he inquired in a puzzled tone. ust be some mistake —"

"No, there isn't," in jubilant reply from Mollie. "It's all through that perfectly darling aunt of yours. She and Mrs. Weyman are old friends, and she's introducing me to all the best people. I always knew she would be—"

"Yes, I remember," interrupted Dick, grinning wickedly. "You always did say my aunt would be perfectly lovely."

And Mollie had the grace to blush as she saucily retorted:

"Well, it's a woman's privilege to change her mind."

PAPA GOOSE RHYMES

Clean Little Stabs at Modern Idiosyncrasies

(C) 1925, by E. W. Bowman

REST FROM

Somewhere beyond
The twilight glow
There's rest from all
Our trouble

And every woe
That grieves us now
Will blow up like
A bubble—

That's all!

Sounds promising?

SUGAR SIRUP.

One level cup sugar, 1 cup water. Put ingredients in saucepan; stir until sugar is dissolved and boil gently, without stirring, 8 minutes.

Pour into a glass jar. Set aside and use when needed.

NATHALIE DESLAURIERS.

(yes! I know)

'Keag, Maine

Wednesday P.M.

Ellsworth dear,

Gee, my name looks quite pretty written "the nice way" - that you do on my letters — I hardly recognize it as my own. AND then you say you can't write — you know better — I was on the "look-out" for my letter this morning so bounced right out to the "Maine" package the minute I unlocked the bag. I know your Mother received hers O.K. too — even tho' I have not seen her. —

Tell me "why" you wrote you didn't do much Sunday night but "doze" and "snooze" in a chair? — Did you have to work? You didn't tell me that you were going too — Have been thinking it over and decided you must have as your Mother I remember) had a "lunch" put up for you. What time did you have to go on "duty"? — Hey, bet you were "sleepy" to then working all the next day too — Sorry, Sweetheart, I'll get lots of sleep the rest of the nights tho' won't you? 'Cause, you know, I want you "Saturday" — if it's possible to make it!!! Will it be? Do you think?

I guess I beat you to it — didn't I? I sent you "Mabel's Address" Sunday Night — Happened to remember that you asked for it & that I didn't give it to you. She'll be tickled to hear from you — and who wouldn't? Your letters are just great. — When you & Mabel get your "correspondence course" started — poor little me, will have to have the address of some "young man" to write too! Won't she? — It sounds to me like a rather "dangerous" proposition, but knowing Mabel [as I think I do] and also you I guess maybe it will be allright!!!

Mama said Mr. & Mrs. Ashley were coming up to play cards to-night, but I am not very enthusiastic over the "idea" — "Those who rise early must go to bed early — as a general rule — you know — Course we break it some times, — but that's different — altogether — Isn't it? Oh, well, I'spose I can play awhile but I shall just have to be in bed by 10.

Madeline was just in & said, "she and Pat" might come up & play cards — to-night — I told her Mr & Mrs. A — were coming & she & Pat better come some other night, then afterwards I said, "perhaps it wouldn't matter — Come just the same — "The More the Merrier" — Isn't that Luck for you? Things always come in a bunch!!!

They're going to have the "Lyceum" here Friday night, but the "school" is not backing it! The program is "Mr & Mrs Arthur Wells" in the "Apollo Duo" — it ought to be good — Wish you were going to be here to go with me. —

"Lingola" called Elsie up this noon & want a "return game" down there Friday night — they're not decided yet — rather they will go.

Have my Buffet scarf most done — and really, it looks pretty good — so you see dear, that there will have to be a Buffet manufactured too! — Comprendez Vous? —

Was just talking this minute with the "Lingola Basket Ball Manager" for Elsie — It seems they want to be sure & have the game as the "Gordon Fox" Company are putting on a "Winter Carnival" that day.

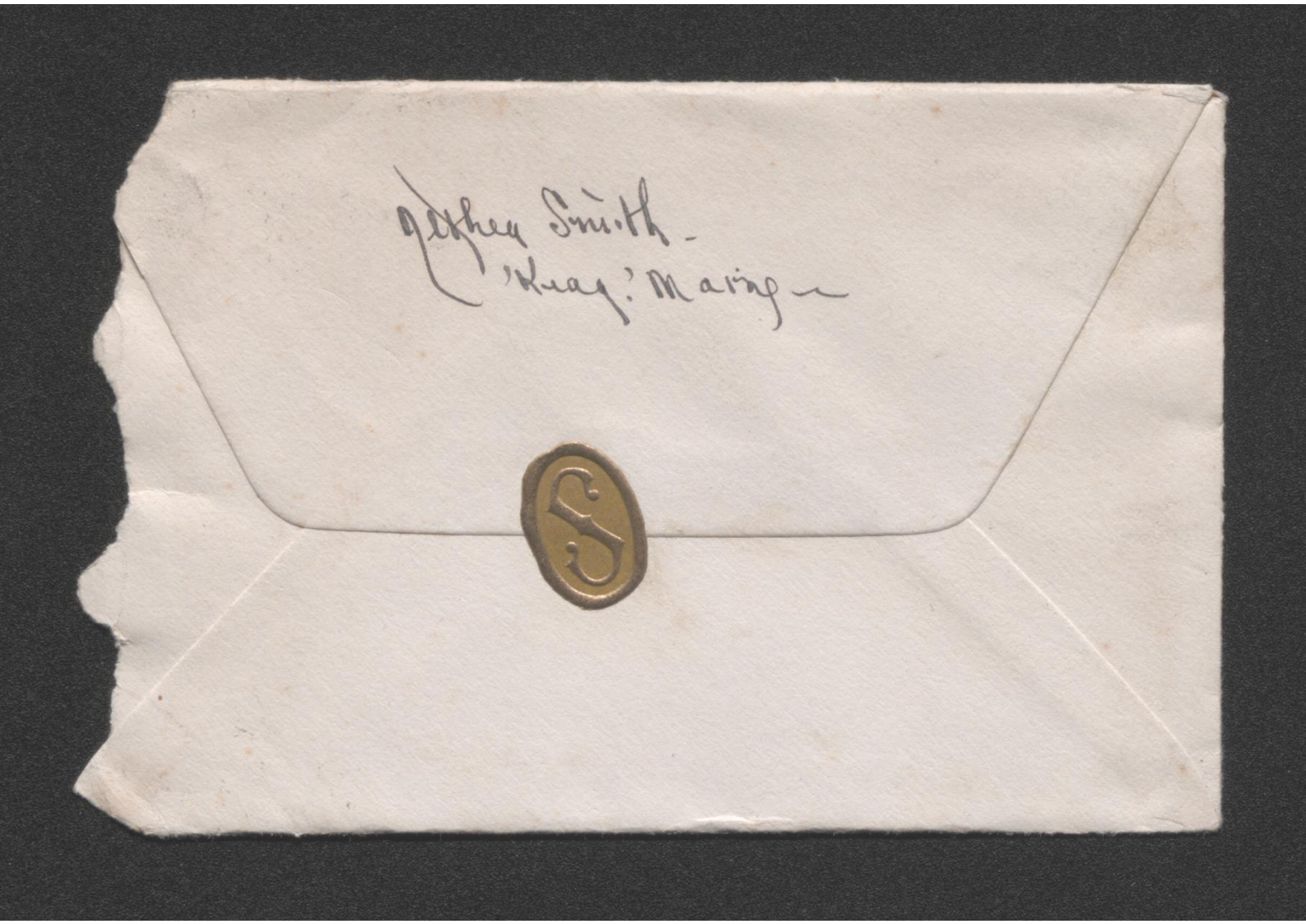
Supper time — honey boy — So long!

Lovingly —

Fag.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway—
Maine—



Nathan Smith –
'Kray' Maine –

Fore-word —
Some good Advice —
"Save this 'till you have oceans of spare time"

1

Keag, Maine
"Friday Afternoon".

My dear — Pal,

There's no use in my "trying" — I just can't write a "letter" like yours. — that would contain the "satisfaction" yours always does. So, "dear boy" you think that you are "crazy" to write such nice "love" letters to me, do you? [That's what you said — Remember — you didn't want your mother to know it?] Well anyhow, peaches, keep right on being "Crazy" as I need such letters, you know. And if you are crazy, what do you 'Spose your "Muzzer" would think I am, if she should read one of my spasms?

I do so hope that you can come down Sat. night — [Which will be the night you receive this, providing of course, that you get this Sat. night when you should] This week has gone by — with only the coming Saturday night in mind — to

look forward to, — and you don't know — Even tho, as you said to me, "Perhaps you think you do. — but — I just how I would feel — if I couldn't have you. I do hope you can make arrangements in getting some body to work for you. — O.K. — But, sweetheart, if you don't come, I'll understand

The weather man is going wrong again too. — It's snowing out now — {Oh, yes, bye and by it will be "summer" but that don't help much now. — Does it? — } It would be so much nicer if you could only come with Lizzie — I realize fully what a long road it is. —

The "Basket Ball girls" are going to "Lincoln" in the "school Truck" to night. Danforth wrote to them this morning & tried to arrange a Game for Sat. night — but I just had to call Danforth up and tell them they couldn't have the Game to-morrow night, the girls wouldn't be able to play again to-morrow night after playing to-night at Lincoln. They couldn't do themselves Justice, and Danforth have a Smart Team — I hear.

Well, "Della", was in to see me tonight — first thing she's been up town in two weeks — it seemed good to see her. I told her to tell Ruth to write to me — she says Ruth has been real busy tho' since she went back — Della said Ruth had a great time when she left here, she stayed over in Bangor, and she & "Wallie" went to the "Penkin" for "dinner & supper" and to the "Chateau" to the "dance" in the evening. — Della left here to go up and visit your mother —

Your Dad told me that Mr. & Mrs. Groom landed here in the night — they spent the night at the Hotel and left for "Bangor" on the 9 O'clock. — Your Dad asked them why they didn't come to "their old home" — they said they didn't like walking up folks in the night — but your father said — he was up about that time — keeping the "fires" going — They didn't come in to see me & so I am MAD !!!!

To-night is the "Lyceum" — am enclosing a ticket — so you can see what I am going to "see" — only wish my boy was here too!!!

Enclosing also the "News clipping" — they didn't print half I sent in. — they make me tired!!!

I didn't know you had a "Whole Radio" up there, that you can enjoy — But, — I am so glad — it makes it nice for you. And anything that makes "Medway" more enduring to you — pleases me — You see, I mean — as long as it isn't a "Girl" who'll take my place!!!

Let me see, they ~~girls~~ boys are going to have another Game with Wm Sat. night — don't know if I'll want to go or not. — Could you call me up, like last Sat. when you arrive to find out. — You know in case you don't arrive 'til late —! I guess we're not going to have any more "Movies" here. — Don't much care. — Of course Good Movies are allright — but poor ones I had rather not see — How about you dear?

Well, honey boy, I've written over a "Chapter" to-night — 'Most forgot — had a letter from Hattie this morning and she inquired for you. Also had one from "Harold" —

Bye — Pal O'Mine —

You's

Kitten

"So Big" hasn't been finished yet. —

MATTAWAMKEAG

Pine Grove Chapter, O. E. S. held its regular meeting Thursday night, with its election of officers for the year 1925. Delicious refreshments were served.

Mrs. Abbie Trafton was visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Marguerite Coombs who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Evan Hathaway of Bangor, returned Saturday night.

The Mattawamkeag high school girls' basketball team are doing great work keeping up their scoring power. A most interesting game was witnessed Saturday night, when they played the Lincoln Academy girls and the 'Keag girls winning by a score of 13 to 19. The basketball teams surely appreciate the good crowd that came to cheer them on.

Fritz Hanson has returned from a business trip to Pittsfield.

Another exciting game was played Saturday night after the girls' game, between the Winn boys town team and the 'Keag A. A. At the end of the four periods the score was a tie, so they played another 5 minute period, the Winn boys winning, the score being 40 to 42. It was a good fast game and both teams really played.

Mrs. John Joy is on the sick list. Ha!

A bunch of the young folks enjoyed a skiing party on the Indian peak Friday night.

The families who own radios report some very good concerts during this last week.


MATTAWA
JAN
8 PM
1925
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
FRANKLIN
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1
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


Althea F. Smith,
Mattawamkeag,
Maine

'Keag — Maine

Monday P.M.

My dear E.

"If I like to get your letters as well as you do mine" — You know, "Sweetheart", there's No "if". I'd just "love" to hear from you every day, even only a "line" — just "My thought" + knowing that you are thinking of "me" — See! — I even "suggested" it 'cause you do so much for me — coming way down to 'Keag and freezing just 'cause you know I want to see you so much, but honestly "honey boy" — I'd so wished you would write to me every day too!! (You see and you know!)

Your letter written Friday night arrived O.K. this morning! — And believing me I cried it!! was feeling "pretty downhearted" — with the "52° below "zero" weather and etc; Honestly, that was what our Thermometer registered when I went to the Office at 7.15, and I was up at 6 O'clock!!! your dad's Thermometer registered 48 — and then he said he guessed it must have frozen — some Thermometers did freeze!! Mr. Skilling's was 60° below. — Think I better "set up" + keep fire going tonight in

but Papa listens to the "radio" 'till one most every night — 12 anyway — I guess, so the fires aren't out for very long in the night — even tho the house cools off quickly!!

I didn't say anything to your Dad this morning — 'cause I did n't go over yesterday — there was a crowd in here when he came after the (his) mail.

Jackie is quite industrious this P.M. he is "framing pictures" and they look real good — Papa had lots of old frames, you know, that he had when he was in the "business."

Yes, I surely pity the poor fellows putting "ice" to-day and working in the woods. I told Mama that I was glad you weren't down here last night to have to go back in such cold weather!!! But I do know dear that cold weather wouldn't make any difference in my boy would have come if he could. Did you have to work out-doors to-day? — yes, you did explain about "your skids" real good, and I understand.

a little more advice about the "fudge" —

if it's frozen, you might put it in Mrs. Pat's oven, and thaw it out — doubtless that would soften (sic) it. Yes? —

Had a letter from Aunt Sade from "The Monson" — Saint Augustine, Florida — this morning — she writes "it's lovely down there" — Gee — what wouldn't I give to be with her? Some people are born "lucky" — aren't they? —
[Yes, Vaughn Fitz — for instance.]

Dear me, my hair looks terrible to-day! After washing it yesterday — Every time I do it I vow I never will again. But I'spose I'll have to just the same. — It's something like "eating" — you have too!!! —

Major Thompson has just arrived — he wasn't down Sat. — He said "I was pretty cold this morning, wasn't it"? Papa said "52" — and he said — "— Isn't that cold? — Poor Major — I pity him — can't help it — he's all alone — everything.

A man who walked down from the "Millmore Farm" this morning was in her "thawing" out his "frozen feet" — Several school children froze their "noses." They didn't have any school.

Bye Now — Lovingly yours, Fay.



Mr. Ellsworth Nobles,
Medway,
Maine.



Tuesday P.M.
As usual and always
"Keag"

'Lo honey boy,

Wouldn't I just love to see you tonight? Gee, I guess I would! But - (don't hardly see "how" it's going to be done, unless I jump in a mail bag & come that way - you know - I am greatly "tempted" sometimes, wouldn't I surprise you tho'? - I'd just have to tell "Mrs Pat" that I couldn't stand it any longer - She'd laugh, wouldn't she? I was on the "watch out" for a letter this morning - "Sure Enuf" it came too - Couldn't I just give him the "biggest hug" & the best "kiss" - [Such as you "dream about" you know]

Am sorry dear, that you had to work so hard Sunday - I've worked on Sundays myself, before now, & probably will some more, but I don't like the "idea" - Cheer up - We'll hope that next Sunday anyway will be "ours" -

I don't know where the time has gone to-day or what I've been doing - have n't anything done - It's 50 o'clock now & I just finished my remittance - I've about 10 gods to make out yet. - This morning it was so cold - [38° below - better than Yesterday tho'?]

that I only did what I really had to & the rest of the King set over the register & embroidered — Pretty soft Job — these cold days — don't you think? [Sounds alright on paper anyway.]

Can you guess who was in here this Afternoon? Three Guesses — You're wrong! —

T'was "Mr Butterfield, the "apple man", you know. I thanked him for the apples, [tho' at Xmas. King I sent Mrs. B. a card] and he said, "hid found out the names of those apples, since he was down here last" — "They were "Kings". "His daughter, who's teaching school, (?) told him (they had some of the same kind where she was boarding". — There, now you know as much as I about it. — ha. ha

The "Universalist Circle" are having a Public Whist Party at Reynolds Wednesday night — Mother is going, but don't believe I shall. — I guess I am getting lazy? Oh, of course, I may change my mind — but don't think so — Mrs A.T. — is to be present I guess. —

Papa is feeling sick to his "Tummie" to-night — He just lost his "dinner" and its "Supper King — Bad King — wasn't it? — Hope that he'll feel better now. —

Garlisle, has been really cutting ice this P.M.
He got a letter from "Andrey" this morning —
so his feeling better — We know, how tis?

You're like me, forgetting things you want to
write to me. During the day — I think of so
many little things — and then when I get
to writing you — I've forgotten —

"The weather projects" — Tell me "we're in for
another gold night", Dear me Pete — How
many more?

Supper time — Finish afterwards —

Later. 7.30.

The "surfer" has "rung" — Gee. it's gold —
the wind is blowing — and I hate
to say it — "It's snowing"! Gee. if you
should get "snowed" in up to "Medway" —
What'll I do? — It's allright "Beeswax"
anyway — you know 'tis!?

Well, dear boy, I'd like to "grab" the
"dirty" hands, that "Grab" this season,
(As you say). — Hoping — Hoping —
and wishing for another letter in
the morning — Sweet Dreams (?)

Yours,
Fae.

STON POST, TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 19

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

LOVE'S FEET LINGER

By Berton Braley in "A Banjo at Armageddon," published by Doran

"Oh, let us go a-gipsying, a-gipsying, my own,
Along the open highway, where all the winds have blown;
We'll leave the crowded city, the sweat and fret of town,
And on the road to Arcady we'll go a-dancing down.
My arms shall be your shelter, your eyes shall be my light
(A radiance more wonderful than stars which shine at night).
Away from stony pavements, away from plots and schemes,
We two will go a-gipsying adown the Road of Dreams!"

HER REPLY:

"I'd like to go a-gipsying, a-gipsying with you,
But when I think it over I fear it wouldn't do.
I'd get all tanned and freckled—you know my skin is fair—
And how I'd look without a maid to help me do my hair!
I'd love to go a-gipsying, a-gipsying, my dear,
But I should never like the food the gipsies eat, I fear;
And though, perhaps, by daytime, the sunshine may be gold,
I'm very sure when evening came I'd catch my death of cold;
And what with all my luggage, my gowns and lingerie,
We'd make but little progress on the Road to Arcady!
You be a gipsy, sweetheart, a gipsy nice and brown,
And tell me all about it when you come back to town;
For me to go were foolish—and most improper, too!
So I won't go a-gipsying, a-gipsying with you!"

What think you? —

BOS

All Sorts

By Newton Newkirk

WHAT THE SPHINX SAYS



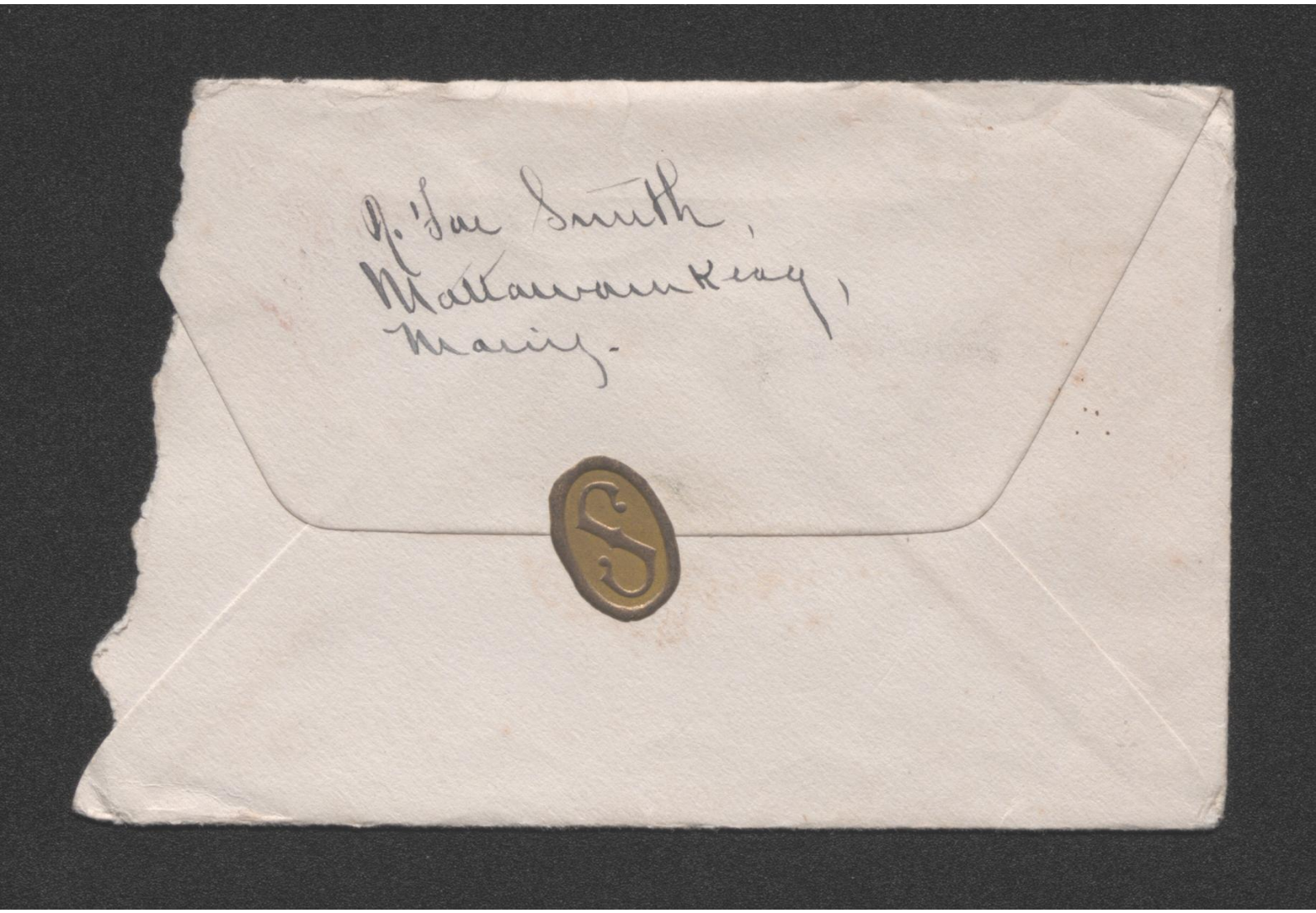
"By making friends with the weather you will be surprised to find how little its changes bother you."

* * * *

MATTAWAMKEAG
JAN 20 1
8 PM
1925
ME



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine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'Keag. Maine
Wednesday, Eve.

Ellsworth dear, est —

It's after supper now and the mail has been shifted! This letter may sound rather frazier than usual, [Is it possible?] but nevertheless, I want to write it just the same. You see "Della" was in this Afternoon showing me how to crochet a little edge for the things I've been embroidering, and you can imagine just about how much fine that took can't you? [I am such a "dunce" as Della loves to "talk" —]

But honey boy, don't you think for a single minute that I will ever get tired of writing you every day — I just love "the idea" of being able to — and it's the only thing that I do during the day that I really enjoy!!! your letter that you wrote Monday came O.K this morning — you're surely doing fine! I wouldn't dare tell you how many times I read them over, and you can't guess either — "Mr Wise Man" — See! —

I am glad you got your check from the U.S.
I haven't a "doubt" but what it will come
in "handy"

Do you know? I believe I'll go to the
Whist Party and see the fun.
It will be something to write you about.
I only made up my mind a few
minutes ago. "Handy" came in &
said he & Emma might come in and
go with me. I've only my brown
serge dress on. my "hair" is still "sliding"
so you see, I'll look real "nice" but
perhaps I'll have a better King - who
knows? I wish you were going with
me though.

Much warmer to-day. Wasn't it? Sunset
good too.

Papa says there's not been much on the "Radio"
last few nights. I'll guess later.
He had "Bangor" real good to-night tho'.
Don't feel discouraged about your radio. I
guess they're all working the same.
Must close & get up the mail. Lovingly Yours,

Fae

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

IN THE COMPARATIVE

BERTON BRALEY IN FORBES MAGAZINE (N. Y.)

Jim McLean was the village Smith;
Little the cash that he started with,
The forge he used and the coal that fed it
The shoes and nails obtained on credit!
But Jim said "Reckon I'll worry through
For all the work that I get to do
I aim to do—an' that ain't no bluff—
A leetle better than 'Good enough!'"

Now Jim was not of the oily style
That's always wearing a beaming smile.
Some people called him "a mite too pert"
And Jim, at seasons, was brusk and curt;
But his patrons stuck, and the new ones came.
They said, "He's cocky, but just the same
The jobs that he does are staunch and tough,
A leetle better than 'Good enough.'"

The village now is a roaring town
Which grew and won to its high renown
Because of the factory spreading out
A hundred acres, or thereabout.
And the tools and articles fashioned there
Have made Jim into a millionaire,
For Jim's jobs are—with no bunk or guff—
A leetle better than "Good enough!"

That "Leetle better" is such a lot!
In any business, no matter what.
For "Good enough" be it understood,
Is seldom enough and rarely Good.
The bridge or the house or the tool you make
Is Good enough—till it comes to break
And then you wish you had wrought your stuff
A leetle better than "Good enough!"

Good!!!

* * * *

TEAMWORK

It may be there are married men
  Who sigh for single bliss;
It may be that some weddings mark
  The end of happiness;
But I have noticed as I fare
  Along the path of life,
That when a man gets anywhere,
  He always has a wife.

I do not blame the bachelor
  Who values freedom so
That he won't choose a pard and pal
  To share his joy and woe;
But I know he is missing
  The best there is in life,
And that no treasure's greater
  Than a wise and loving wife.

Boston. FRANCIS McMANUS.

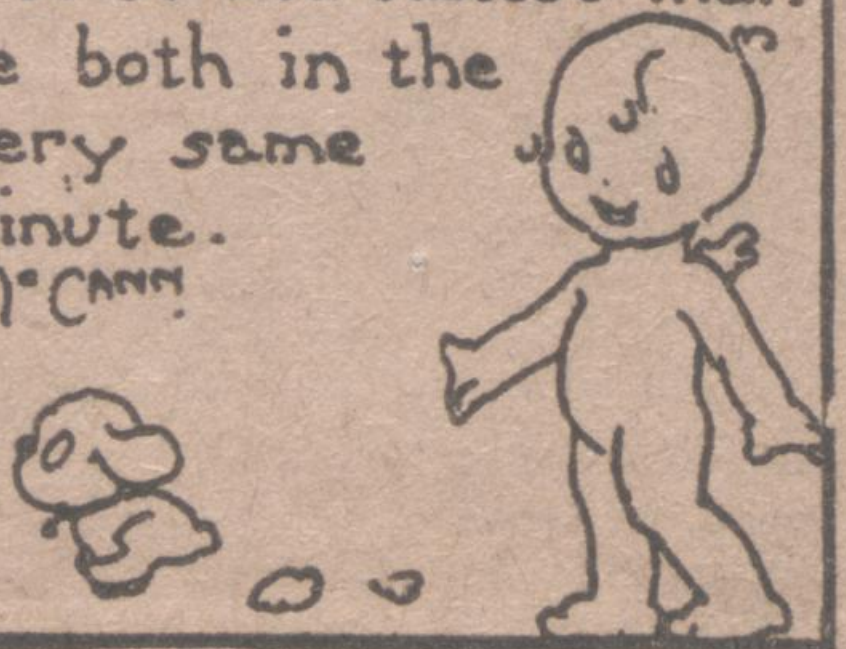
9

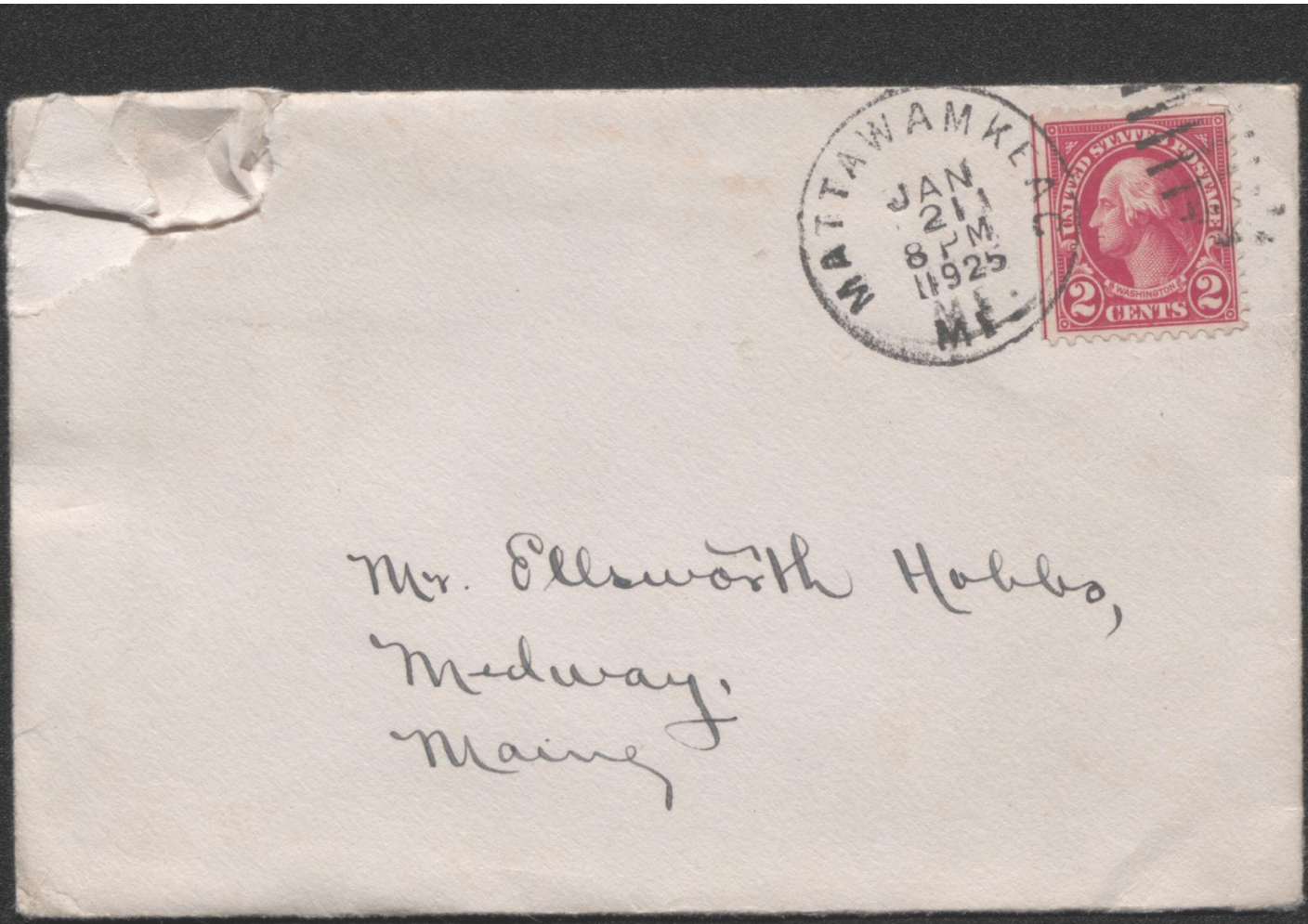
* * * *

STON POST, WEDNESD

The Cheerful Cherub

Time is a thing that
I can't understand
Although I am living
right in it —
It's strange that the
fastest and laziest man
Are both in the
very same
minute.
R. McCann





Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.



'Keag - Maine.
Thursday Morning

'Lo honey boy -

Its now 10.10 in the A.M. I'm the office cleaned up - and so I am going to "start" writing my letter to you dear. I didn't have half time last night for the letter I wrote you. Hope you'll forgive it? -

Do you know this is a wonderful morning?! Gee, when I came down the "Sparrows" were singing - and it surely sounded great! It was "kind of" snappy but so much warmer.

I had a dandy time last night - but rather hated to roll out this morning, "the morning after the night before" - I guess its you "Bus'wax" ~~you~~ who know all about that, ?]

I had quite a "time" for usual in getting started to go to the party last night - I had my mail all tied up & a man came in with a roll of papers to be "registered" - and a "Special" on it & "Lord only knows" what else - But I fixed

him up, and would you believe it?
He "tipped me" .20¢, [which with only
5¢ more was enough to take me to
the "Whist Party."] Mama called for me
"fore I got ready to go, but I wouldn't
let her wait for me. — Howdy & Emma
didn't go. — It would have "surprised"
me "some" if they had. "Howdy" said
this morning — "I couldn't get Emma
started" — I guess Emma is glued
in the house down there — I never
see her. — Not that I really care a
"whole lot either" — finally — as I got
ready to leave the "Dinning Car" men
arrived with money orders & also "Mrs.
Blanchard." — I got "Papa" to fix them
up. [Party was supposed to begin at 7.30 and it
was 8.25.] But now I wish I had stayed
and waited on them myself. Cause he
made a money order wrong. and its got
to be "not issued" — And I've not had
one yet during my "reign" — Oh well,
I spose I might have done it too —
but maybe you can see why I like
to do as much as I can myself.

At last I arrived at Reynolds O.K. and
every one was lovely to me. [I hope when

I grow "old" [for your sake too] I may be as "nice" as Mrs. Reynolds always seems. They had only played one or two hands of cards, so you see, after all, I did not miss much. I started in at the "foot table" with "Father Colburn" as my partner, and of course the first thing he said "Was what an unexpected pleasure" and I helped him out too! I said as much as I could think off. He said, "Let's play Bridge" [I mean Auction you know] and I said "sure" "anything" — that's all I use to play in "Foot Fairfield" and etc. Finally, he decided, we better play what the "crowd" was — I "sailed" pretty nearly straight [as far as cards were concerned] to the "Head table" — only to come back and start "over" again — I had good luck tho'; for a wonder — [No, I did not get the best prize "Sleeve Hurd" won that, or the "Booby" which Annie [Mrs Doctor Sherrad] received! — Mrs Trafton, "in all her glory" was there & do you know? — I think I trumped all her "Kings" & beat her every time I played with her. [I not happened to think of it too.] Everyone of the "500" ~~with~~ were there with all their "finery" — and also the

"Teachers" — would you guess it? I never played with G. B. Gustin all the evening either — But "Walker" and I had a pretty good time, and he was my partner ~~to~~ at refreshment time. — Mr. Ricker & Annie Sherad were also at my table. Mr. Ricker is heaps of fun — I played lots with him — We had more "fun" with "Fred Scott" — Mr. R. hunted all around every where for a "pin" so I gone — pin on "Fred's" back a napkin that said — "Hold him" — and at last we succeeded — and Fred — "big as ever" — had this on his coat the rest of the evening and didn't know it — everyone had more fun with him — We had lovely chicken sandwiches and all kinds of nice cake & Ivory for "refreshments" — and "Walker" had an appetite equal to mine — for which I was glad — Mrs. J. B. Hurd was there decked or decorated like a "Xmas tree" — with an "old rose taffeta" back ground — You can picture her, can't you? Leona Kyle & 'Rit Coombs were the ~~old~~ only school girls there and Webster Martin & Simon Williams ~~about~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ only boys. — Arrived home a little after 12 o'clock — Quite an epistle? — Are you weary? Bet you are. — But I wanted to tell you all about it —

There's "Movies" to-night & tomorrow night — Bebe Daniels & Jack Holt in "Making a Man" — ought to be good — hadn't it? I may go to-morrow night — but got to "sleep" to-night. Hot Sport — am I not? —

11 A.M.

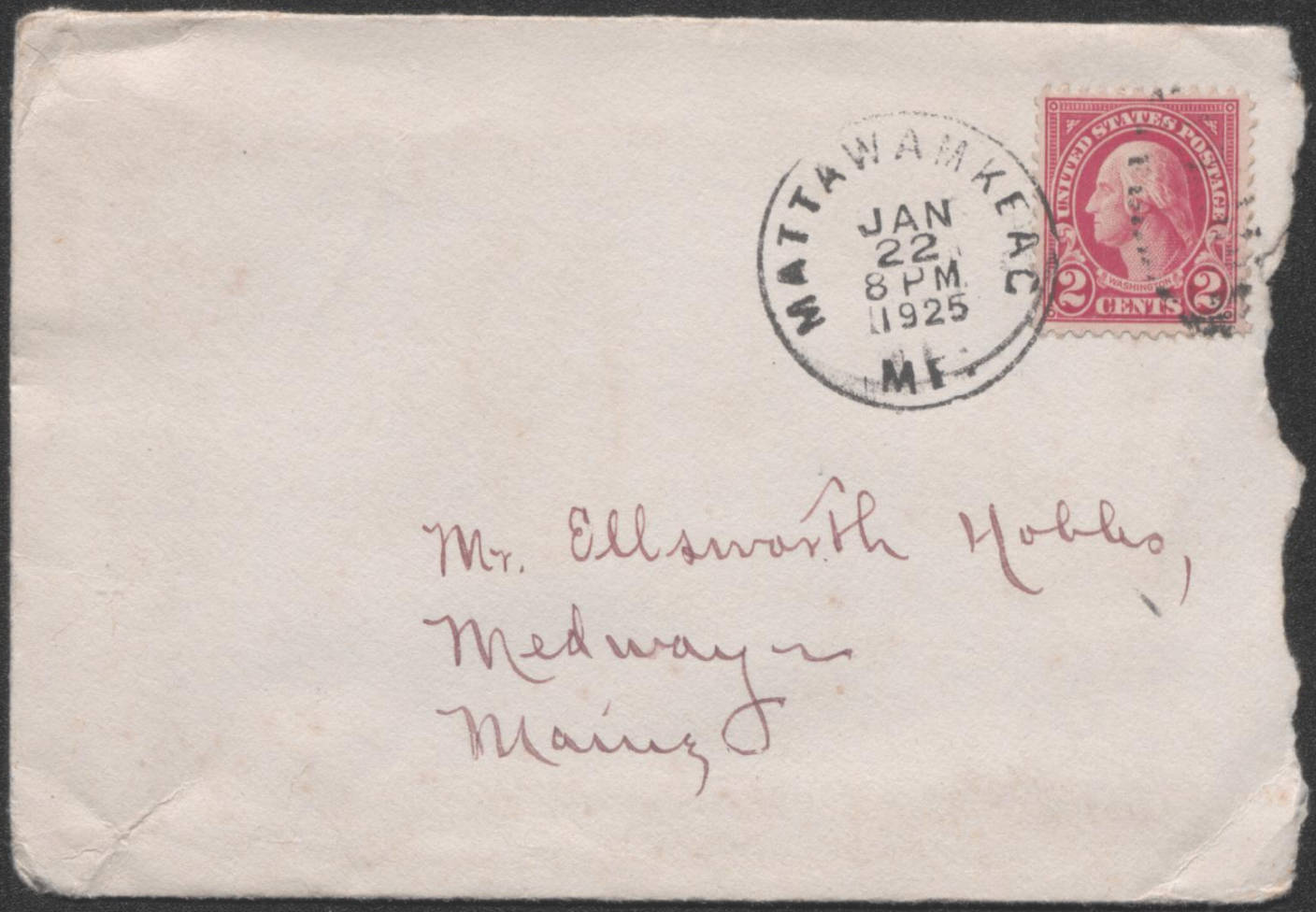
The first Kiddies — including "Dominie" have come from School — so it's getting near "dinner" time — Papa has been out putting ice in the ice house about all the morning — but there's not been much doing since the 9 O'clock mail went —

You're "peachy" letter written Tuesday came this morning — 'Twas just a dandy long one. — Amglad you liked the fudge — but you don't obey orders very well — It was really "punk" fudge — and to think you gave some to Mr. & Mrs. Pat. Naughty, naughty boy — See — I'll "fix" you for it, never worry! As for me being "real" and etc — I am right here — just as ugly & "crosser" looking than ever — with a "temper" thats getting a "sharper edge" every day. — I am getting so "snappy & hatyful" See — Carlisle says he's coming up himself after "you" 'fore long, — providing I don't get better "natured", Oh dear me — its hard to be nice to the Public & everybody all the time — I can't do it — When I am "cross" I try to make up for it — but yet — I've been cross just the same. —

I'm going to say "Adieu" (Sp.) for this time —

Oceans of you know
Lovingly, Tag

Is Sat. coming?



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine


Ira Smith,
Mattawamkeag, Maine

'Kray-Manie
Sunday Eve.

Ellsworth honey,

It's now exactly ten o'clock and my letter yet to be written to you dear!! How I wish that you were right here so that I might set in your lap, pull your "ear" down, and tell it all to you, instead of writting it — even tho' I think writting is more satisfying than talking on the telephone — "You're so near then and yet so far!"

Well, dearest, I was over to your house to supper to-night, and am sure you'll wish that you had been there too when you hear or read what a lovely supper I had: — mashed potato, roast pork, Greens, (Just Quat too) Cranberry Jelley, pickles, apple pie, marble cake and Sea. — See, what you missed? Your mother wanted me to tell you — that she thought you had come down last night, she looked for you, and she heard some "bells" go by the house, she saw a sleigh go into Tilton's yard and she saw somebody putting a horse in Tilton's barn so she thought it must be you,

so she opened up this lovely Jar of "greens," which we had for supper, for "you" — and after all you could n't come. — I tied them that you called me up and that the man would n't let his horse go. — Gee, that was darn mean — It really wasn't a very bad night — and ~~yesterday~~ today has been Good — Tonight warmer than usual. —

I went over to your house about 4.30 — your mother had supper about 6 O'clock — I was real glad I went — and they entertained me fine — and seemed glad to have me. Your Dad tried the Radio several times but couldn't get much, and when I left your house at 8.30, I went down to the store and it was coming in Great on Papa's radio — so I stayed there til 9.30. — & beat it home — to write to you —

Yeuss what thing I got up to-day? — "1.30" this afternoon. Had breakfast about 2 O'clock. But didn't get to bed last night til 12.30 — when I got home from the office Ruby, and Bertha were here with Elsie (Mama was down to Ashley) and we played Cards 'til 12 O'clock — Pose the Girls went home —

I was completely tired out, and I think I could have slept all day — but when I woke up and saw "1.30" — I thought that plenty late enough ...

Did you go to the Movies Sat. night, and were they good? —

I told your mother you were going to write for your "snow shoes" and she said she hoped you wouldn't try walking on them very far — I cause you're not use to it, and it would lame you too much. I agreed with her too. See!!

Do you remember the fellow you met from "Normal" up to Dan forth at the restaurant last fall? — with his girl — Well, they're married now. It seemed she didn't like teaching school. — [Della told this to your mother.]

We've been feasting on "chocolates" from the "Cedar Chest" to-day. Don't you wish you had been here? — I've saved a sample for you.

It's 11. O'clock now — me for bed — hope my boy is alright and "loving me" as I do him — "Good night Sweetheart"

Fay.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway—
Maine


Sunday

'Keag, Maine.
Friday Afternoon

'Lo Sweetheart,

Are you 'hustling' as fast as possible to come down and see "your girl" to-night? [Am taking it for granted you see that you get this Sat. night — at least I shall be here to send it tonight anyway]

We have an "invite" down to Earl & Lottie's to play cards — [providing Lottie's sister-in-law doesn't come] if she does we won't go down and "Emma & Howard" are coming up home. Does this suit his "Majesty" — my Ellsworth?

They had Basket Ball Games advertised for to-night & tomorrow night, but for some reason they have postponed both games, if they hadn't planned on having games the "School" would have had a "Whist party" again Sat. night — But its immaterial to me, cause I wasn't planning on going to either if my boy could come down — Do you see?

Lottie and I went to Lodge last night — We enjoyed it together too — Every thing just fine — The "Installation work" done nicely and prettily!! They had some "beautiful pinks" for the officers who had done all the hard work!! I succeeded in getting a "sweet smell" of them, [my, wouldn't I love to have had one!!] We had some delicious "eats" — "Fruit Salad, sandwitches, Jake, and Goffee". I had some lovely chocolate Jake —

Elsie and a crowd are planning on going to "Winn" tonight, [walk], to a "Social" of some kind —

"Carlisle", is planning on going to Danforth tonight — I can't blame him much for liking to stay up there! He doesn't have a "Grass", "Fae" around them, or anything!!!

I spose, by now, the "mystery" of the Pink Letter is solved — Were you disappointed? 'Twas the best I could do — Yousee — Not being there myself, to deliver what I would like to have — Guess what?

[was sorry to keep Pat in suspense?!!]

Am going to stop and not bother you anymore - so you can get started for 'Keag - See!

I should imagine you would have to use "Lizzie" - the roads are real bare so they tell me.

Listen "Beeswax", Be sure, sure and come - Am looking for you.

Yours,
Fae

Kray

Friday Eve. 8 P.M.

Dear Es.

Isn't a telephone provoking? — Gouldn't say just what I wanted too, to-night. Don't know if you'll get this 'fore you start walking or not, but hope so. — Want you to Going. See!!!

Hate to have you walk, but am wishing better luck for you.

Be sure you are feeling O.K. See!!

A. T. L.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.

MATTHEWS
FEB
1134
8 PM
11925
MF.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.



Joe Smith
Mattawamkeag
Maine.

'Keag. Maine -
Monday P.M.

Ellsworth sweetheart,

How's my boy to-night? Hasn't it been a lovely day? So pretty this morning too. Say, do you know the "alarm clock" we have is no good. The darn thing didn't go off again this morning — No one woke up til Mama did — she called us — 10 min of seven — believe me we did some hustling, but Mama had breakfast for us before we went to the store. I don't know what I am going to do with that old clock, 'guess it can't be depended on. —

What time did you get to work last night? Did Howard arrive? Hope you didn't have to go alone — Tell me, How did Stella's "lights" work?

Your mother just came in to mail a letter, I was waiting on Mrs. Mullany — Mrs. M said to her "Are you mailing a "love letter" — Your mother said — No, I don't have to. As I have some one to write them for me" — So I spoke up, and said — "I didn't hear that" — Of course they both laughed. I showed your mother my valentines,

Donnie just came in for usual after school, and asked Papa for something. Papa asked him if he'd eaten the "candy" he had this morning & the "apple" he had at noon and he said "yes" but "his stomach wasn't full yet." So Papa gave him some "peanuts" Woodrow C- was with him - they went out, and pretty soon - Don came back he wanted "one" more peanut - as he it seemed had one more than Woodrow so they weren't divided evenly. He's a "case" sometimes!!!

Then the "Little Waite" boy just came in with a card for his aunt in "Cleveland, Ohio" he asked me if I knew where to send it, and he'd like to have it go tonight tho' tomorrow would be allright!! Not too funny, was he?, Wish there were more people with his disposition!!!

I had a letter from Harold today - he said that Ben had arranged it with Mrs. Waters so that I could stay there Sat. night. Gee. I am glad - cause I won't have to bother to go to Bangor Sat. and I won't be in such a "hustle". It seems Mrs. Waters has a vacant room down.

stairs, that she didn't have a while ago. It makes it a lot nicer, Harold and I will have a lot more time together and I can go to Bangor, Sunday, and see the rest of the folks. Harold's amazed pleased to think I am coming — He says, "You can't come Thursday." Can you? — I've written him Sat. is the "best" I can do. —

The H.S. Girls were just in and wanted me to make some "posters" for them for Saturday night — "Whist Party" in the "Hotel" again — Sorry I am not going to be here — as perhaps you could have come down so we might have gone. Of course, "Sweetheart," you could come down and go — I'd let you, seeing as how I am going Sporting — But I'd forgotten. You had that Sat all booked anyway. yes-? no?-)

My money orders for to-day (Sat) weren't copied yet and it's 4.50 in the P.M. think I better get on my job, don't you?

Finish this in the Funny Paper — Didn't "Pop" + his "valentines" come out pretty good? — the biggest, biggest, best —

KISS — Yours, Fae



Mr. Ellsworth D. Hobbs,

Medway, Maine.


A. Rae Smith
Mattawamkeag
Maine

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Saturday Eve
7.15

Dear Boy!

I've spent my afternoon copying my money orders on monthly report sheet, so guess it will have to be only a little note tonight. [Sorry Sweetheart!!!] I got my orders all copied but not added, finish Monday. —

Lottie and I are going to the Basket Ball Game, and I am going to stay with

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

her to-night — wish my boy
was going to be here — Sy,
am looking for you tomorrow
hope I won't be disappointed!!
You know how 'tis? —

Earlisle and Leon came down
from the "Lake" this afternoon,
but are going back tonight,
"Great Life" they say. —

No more thing dear.

Lovingly yours,
Jas.

All Sorts

By Newton Newkirk

MARCH

If, like a lion, March comes in,
With roar and bang and slam,
It is supposed to go out with
The meekness of a lamb.

But if March enters like a lamb,
With south winds softly sighin',
Then it's supposed to exit like
An ol, rip-tearin' lion.

Yet oft have I seen March come in
(I'm not exaggeratin')
Just like a ragin' lion and
Go out just like ol' Satan!

PROGNOS.

The Cheerful Cherub

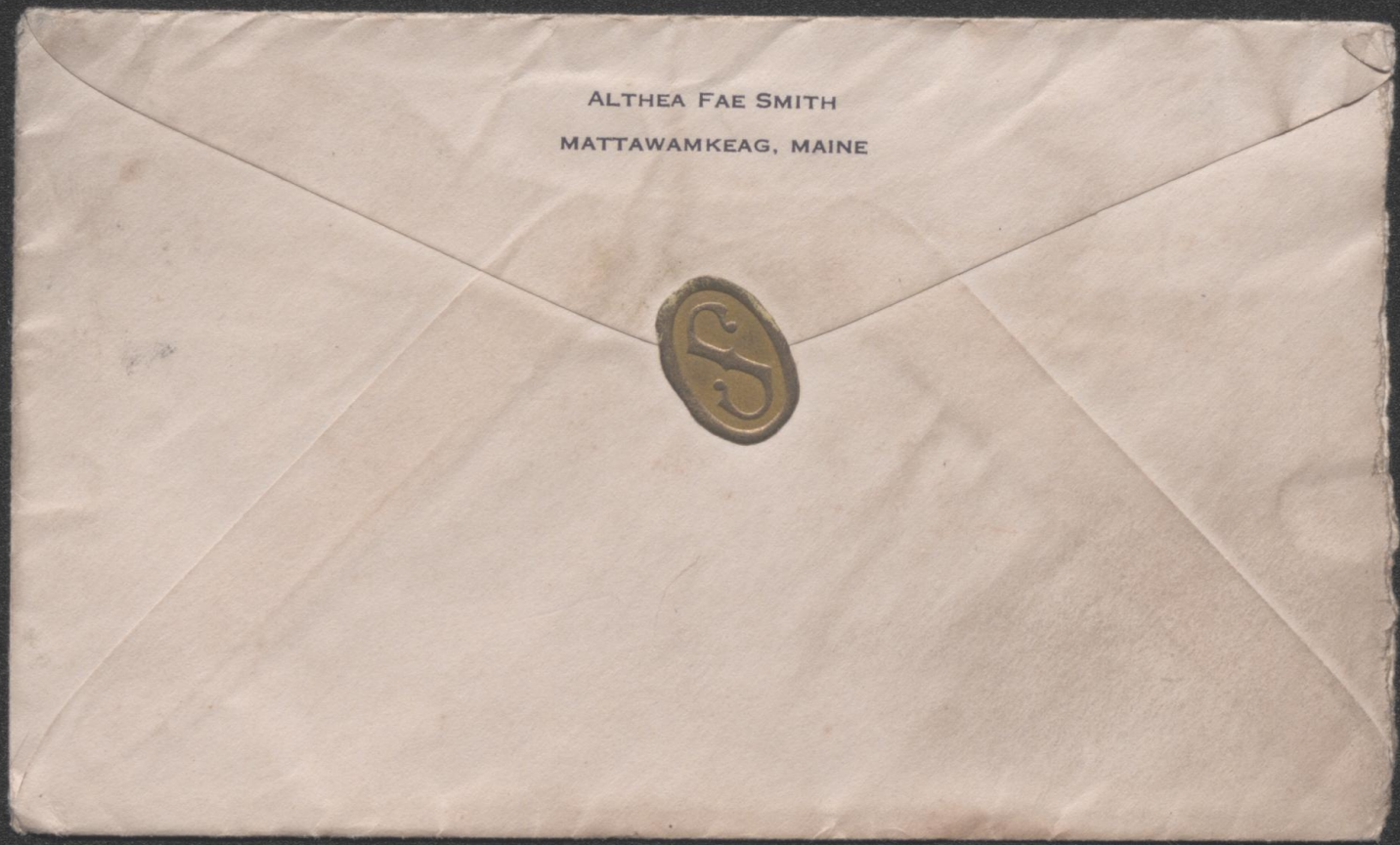
Three things I have
for perfect bliss,
No farther need I
look:
An open fire burning
bright,
An apple and
a book.







Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway, Maine


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Tuesday P.M.

Ellsworth Honey,

How's my boy? I am not feeling as "sleepy" as I did yesterday & and hope "Sweet" that you're not either — I've just finished typewriting a sparse to Harold, and its 15 min. of Trig — its' real light out, so I had no idea it was as late. I got a letter from Harold this morning, so felt it was High time I was writing to him — Have not written to "Ruth" yet either — Gee, I owe so ~~better~~ many

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

letters are afraid I'll never get them answered. I got a dunning card from Hunt Lade last night.

Your mother was in this P.M. I didn't have a chance to say much to her. Gustin had ~~such~~ just got some new music, and had asked me if I would like to see it, he was undoing his package when your mother came in. She may tell you I was flirting with the "Principal" — nevertheless my boy knows better — At least he should, knowing how much I love him. Sy

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

I was in bed at 10 min 7/10 last night. Would have got there sooner but it was late when I left the office.

Lottie has been looking for a letter from Earle every day since he went to E-M but she didn't get one until this morning and it will be a week tomorrow since he went away. I am sure I don't know what I would have done to your Beeswax, if you had not written before. Lee! She was rather cross.

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

This has been a nice day but the wind is awful cold — hope my sweetheart did n't have to work "outside" — Did he? —

Summer will come something tho' won't it? I'll be glad — I don't care for gold mornings much either.

Papa's building something down cellar — and I've been selling "Pork" and delivering mail and etc — Keeps one pretty busy.

Missed my "letter" dear this morning — but Friday's was so good I re-read it again. Just letting Hon many times I did yesterday. See!! I Love, Yours Fay

'cute ?

BOS

All Sorts

By Newton Newkirk

FALSE ALARMS

I heard a friendly robin
  Singin' his cheer-up song;
A crow was in the offing
  Gaily hoppin' along.

All the prophets were sayin'
  Spring was early this year;
I, like a fool, keep believin'
  Most of the things I hear.

Off went my old galoshes,
  Sweater and earlaps, too;
Put on my B. V. Deezes,—
  With "heavies" I was through.

Hooray for the buds and the blossoms!
  Hooray for the birds that sing!
Hooray for the gentle zephyrs!
  Hooray for the joyous Spring!

LATER

Dwo weegs hab bassed by swifdly;
  Id'z 'ard do belieb id'z dzo,
Bud de gold dordth wid idz blowig
  Ad dhe groud idz goverd widh sdnow!

MYTA KNOWNIT.

THE POST'S ORIGINAL

Short Story

TO SHORT STORY WRITERS:

Rules of the Short Story Competition appear on the editorial page of the Sunday Post. Stories must be original and not copied or imitated from any publication.

No stories returned unless stamps or stamped self-addressed envelopes inclosed.

All characters named in these stories fictitious.

The Post awards $10 for first prize, $5 for second prize, and $2 each for other stories printed each week.

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE

By Marion G. Rowley, 48 Moore Street, Haverhill

Silence. An excruciating silence. A silence that made little prickles run all up and down one's back. A silence one could hear, feel, taste and touch. Then, crash!—and Tom Glenby jumped up from the breakfast table as if he had been shot, while the newspaper he had been reading fell to the floor. A whirlwind swooped upon it. Dainty fingers clutched it, tearing it savagely, and then malignantly consigning it unceremoniously to the flames in the open fireplace.

"There, Tom Glenby. Oh, sometimes I could just wring your neck! Married bliss. Bah! Why husbands leave home is out of date. It's why wives leave home now. Abolish the morning newspaper and divorces would be fewer. And just why," she continued insistently, "did you forget that we had tickets for the theatre last night? And also, I suppose, you don't even remember that it's our wedding anniversary tomorrow and—"

"Hold on there a minute, Rose. I explained about the show. Old stuff, I know, but it really was business. Of course I don't expect you to believe it," he added bitterly, "As to our wedding anniversary—"

"Oh, don't try to make any more excuses," Rose broke in disgustedly. "Go and make them to someone who doesn't know you as well as I do."

And so the verbal china flew. Finally Tom flung himself out of the room, and when Rose heard the front door bang, and knew that he was gone, she dropped into a chair and burst into tears. Oh, the inconsistency of women!

An hour later, dressed for the street, Rose laid a note on her husband's smoking stand and, shrugging her shoulders, left the house. She hailed a taxi.

"Oh, Rose, you dear. I haven't seen you for ages. How's Tom?"

"I've left him."

Fanny Brighton's baby blue eyes widened just a trifle. Fanny was never shocked. A twice divorcee never is. Of course anything was possible in this mad age, but she had never thought that Rose and Tom—. Oh, well. Divorce was her specialty, and like a hound sensing his prey, she unconsciously breathed a bit harder.

"And what will be the grounds, dear?" she purred sweetly, "cruel and abusive treatment, or—?"

"Tom never was cruel to me in his life," spoke up Rose, with animation. "He's got a most wonderful disposition." Then, realizing just what she was doing—defending a husband she planned to leave—she stopped guiltily. "Oh, Fanny, let's go out for a walk."

In the office Tom sat chewing the end of his cigar savagely. Presently he got up, jammed his hat down on his head, and left his tabernacle of business at the same time his wife was slamming the door of her domicile. Two hearts with but a single thought—to escape the fancied boredom of married life. Tom, with his hands dug deep in his pockets, walked moodily along.

"What's the trouble, old man?" hailed a voice.

Tom looked up. "Oh, hullo, Bill." Then as an afterthought: "What have you on for tonight?" Bill was an old friend of his bachelor days, and as yet had never succumbed to the subtle wiles of the fairer sex.

"Gonna be married," grinned Bill. "Hadn't you heard? Tonight is the night I sign over my freedom to the sweetest little girl in the world."

Tom looked at him pityingly. "Sorry I can't enthuse with you over it, but here's my best wishes. You'll need them," he added grimly, and as he walked away Bill looked after him with rather a puzzled expression.

"Let's stop here a minute, Rose," said Fanny, indicating a jewelry shop—the jewelry shop she and Tom had always patronized. A feeling of poignant sadness swept over her. How well she remembered the exquisite ecstasy of that moment when they had stood there hand in hand before the tray of sparkling, scintillating gems to choose the emblem of promise. Outside the gray twilight had begun to curl over the city, but inside all had been sparkle, beauty and light. Bah! She was getting sentimental. She rudely ejected this evanescent, fleeting thought from her mind.

"And were the pearls satisfactory, Mrs. Glenby?" asked the proprietor, after Fanny had transacted her business.

"Pearls?" queried Rose.

"Oh, Mr. Glenby will never forgive me. They were perhaps a gift—a surprise—that matchless string of pearls he purchased yesterday for the truest little wife in the world, as he so warmly expressed it." Mr. Block smiled benignly upon Rose.

Outside again, Rose turned to Fanny. "I'm afraid I was rather hasty this morning." She paused and then said, more to herself than to Fanny, "Tom didn't forget our wedding anniversary, after all."

"Extra! Extra! Suburban 8:30 Train Wrecked. Some Killed and Many Fatally Wounded!" A newsboy's raucous voice beat upon her senses.

"Fanny!" gasped Rose, "that's the train Tom takes. Oh, oh—I'm going home!"

She stood once more on the threshold of her home. A light was burning in the library. She gathered her last ounce of strength to meet the ordeal and then pushed open the library door.

"Tom!" and she fell into a dead faint. When she came to she was in his arms and he was bathing her temples.

"You weren't hurt, then, Tom—?"

"Hurt? Oh, you mean the accident. No, I missed that train this morning, dear," he added smilingly, kissing her pale, frightened face, and then his glance wandered to the library table where he had been standing when she entered the room. A tiny jacket that she had been embroidering yesterday—how long ago that seemed—lay there. She looked up into his eyes tenderly and nodded.

All was forgotten.

Peace reigned once more.

And this is marriage.

PAPA GOOSE RHYMES

Clean Little Stabs at Modern Idiosyncrasies

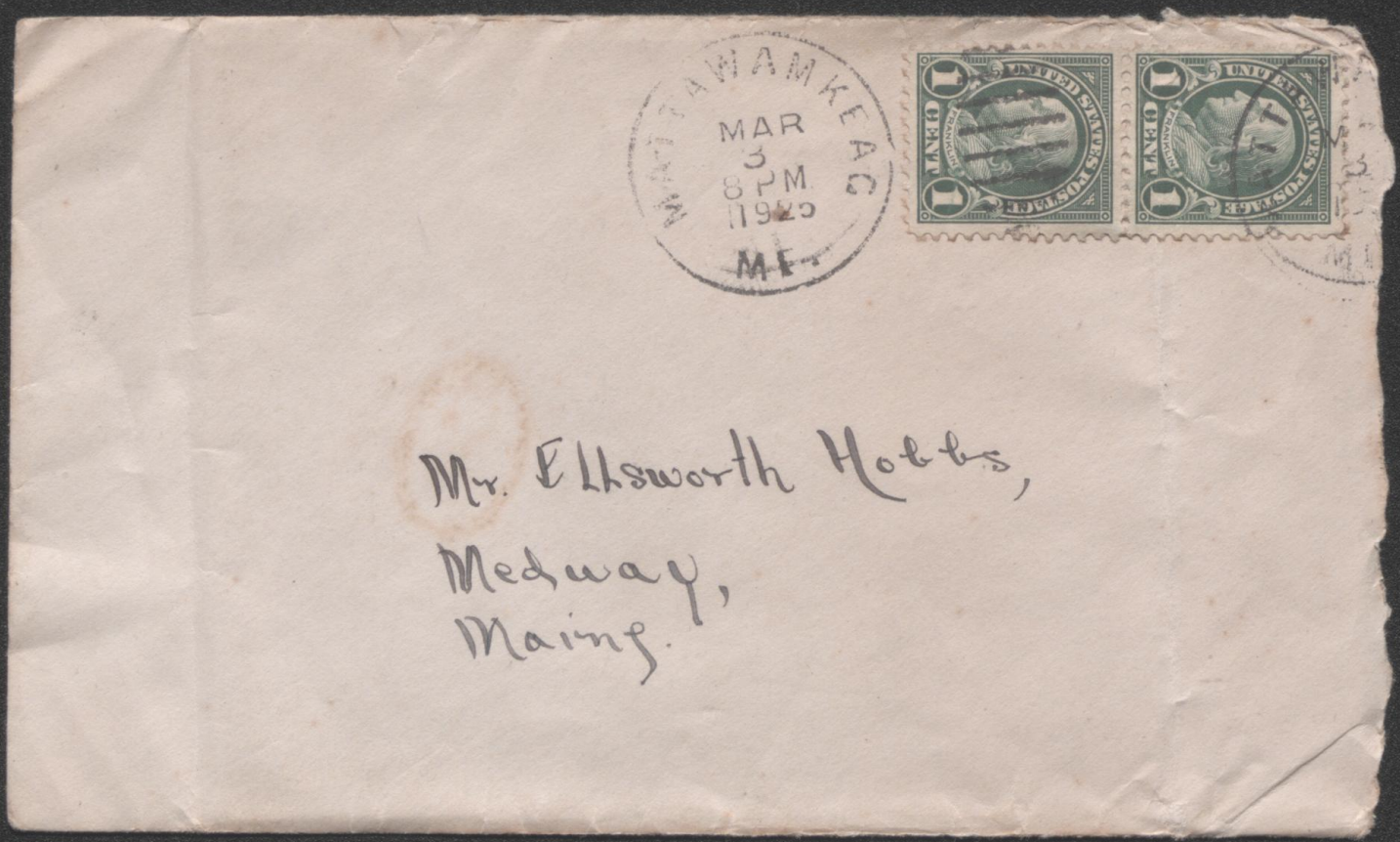
(C) 1925, by H. W. Bowman

'BOUT ALL

A hippr'y jimp
Sat on a stump
A dooddad came
And saw him

The dooddad though
Was toothless and
'Bout all he did
Was jaw him—

That's all!



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE
S

Papa says there's a play on the Radio tonight. But I am too sleepy!! Perhaps you'll hear it?

'Keag. Maine

"Thursday. Afternoon"

"Hello Beeswax",—

How's every little thing gone today dear? I've accomplished quite a bit! Have made lots of money orders for G.O.D's, and my book-work is all done for to-day.—

Your "Buzzer" was in only a few minutes ago, We talked enough to make up for the other day, and I treated her to some of my fudge, [which I made for you, Harold and Mabel]. She wondered how you made it getting to "Medway" last Monday morning! She was afraid you wouldn't be able to get up there. I told her you arrived at 7 O'clock in "low." Gee, Ellsworth I do hope the roads will be better for this Saturday. [I was very nice of you to help the lady Monday morning & I know she appreciated it, — but that's like you anyway — so thoughtful, and I am glad. I made the "fudge" last night, it's

not as good as it might have been, I didn't put quite enough milk in it, and it's rather sugary, not like I really like to have it — tho' it doesn't taste bad. I had 3 of those boxes like I am sending yours in, and I filled one for you, Harold and Mabel [as I've said before]. Mabel said she would like to have some more of my fudge, when I was down to Bangor, and I promised her she should. I am only sorry that I didn't have better "luck" with it, 'Cause I have made it nice and fine grain, you know.

The Fishermen, Carlisle & Leon, just arrived back from the Lake, they brought home only 8 Pickerel. Carlisle said, Leon helped him fix his camp up quite a bit, they made a new "Veranda" — even if they didn't get many fish, [Carlisle said they hardly averaged one pickerel a day]. Carlisle made a "drive" for his letters as soon as he arrived — Expect he'll be traveling Wanforth way

to-morrow or Sat: anyway, won't they
be some tickled to see each other,
we would? — yes? I asked Garlisle
how Audrey was, he said, "Bully" — and
then he said "She's been sick" but "she
said if I would come up she would
be alright."

I sent for my Driver's License today,
maybe I'll get a chance to drive
the car a few times — I drove all
last year without one, so thought I
better have one this year.

Do you know Sweetheart, I've decided to use
"my trunk" for my "Hope Chest". Between
you and I, you see. Really want something
as I like the "idea" you know. It's
"encouraging" somehow. only wish I hadn't
lost my key to it.

"Supper time" so I must beat it. I enjoyed
my boy's letter immensely to-day; I was just
fine as it always is:

Hope the "fudge" doesn't make your
"Yummy" ache. Kisses
Lovingly yours,
Joe.

Planning on
Sat. Remember?

OSTON POST, THURSI

The Cheerful Cherub

Only stupid people
sneer —
The man who has
an open mind
Can understand the
world's mistakes
And, understanding them,
be kind.

R. McCann



"The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile."—A



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


Jas Smith -
Mattawamkeag
Maine

Bray, Maine
Monday Afternoon.

Ellsworth Sweetheart,

Did my boy think I had enough kisses Saturday night, or did he have enough? Now about "Beeswax", I know how I was and how you felt and everything. See!!! I stayed over to your house, bet about quarter after ten, and when I left the supper dishes were not done, I begged "your muzzer" several times to let me help with them, but she would not listen to me at all. When I got home I didn't feel "sleepy" (Why not I wonder?) so as Elsie was reading I finished a story I was reading in my magazine. But after I did go to bed, I could not get to sleep, I just layed there dreaming, planning and thinking of you dear. See!! Dearest, but think I heard the clock strike most every hour. Here's hoping I sleep better tonight - night two, as I was up at 6 O'clock sharp!!!

How did you and Lizzie make it going to Medway? I hope you were there "on time" with no trouble,

everything looked pretty and white after the snow storm, I thought.

I got my "Sweethearts" picture today. They put it in a real gunning gold color frame just like Aunt Sadie's and I am very pleased with it. Am glad to get it back in my room again., I had "You" on the table in the office looking at me all the morning, seemed mig boyes

Had a number of my boy's letters this morning and I was looking for it as always after I find your letter in the mail no matter how much more mail there is, I don't mind shifting it!! Letters from "You" surely help an awful lot. You don't know Ellsworth.. See!!!

Your Dad got your tires this morning so he told me. Twas mean that they gouldn't have gone Saturday, so you could have had them Sunday. That's the way it usually happens tho!!. I know

Della and Susie Burke were just in as Della and I did as much foolish talking as usual. There's a sign up in the office that says "$100. reward for some man — Della wanted to know why I didn't try to capture him ????

Am going to stop now and try an embroider a few minutes, probably won't get much time as Papa is down cellar - per usual. Will put the finishing touches on later. See !!!

After Supper -

Gee, do you know, I wish I was going to see you to-night dear? I just know this week is going to be ages!!!

Elsie, Ruth and Mrs Ashley walked to Winn after school tonight and came back on the train —

Tomorrow is the morning I don't get a letter as Nate to think of it!

Bye now es

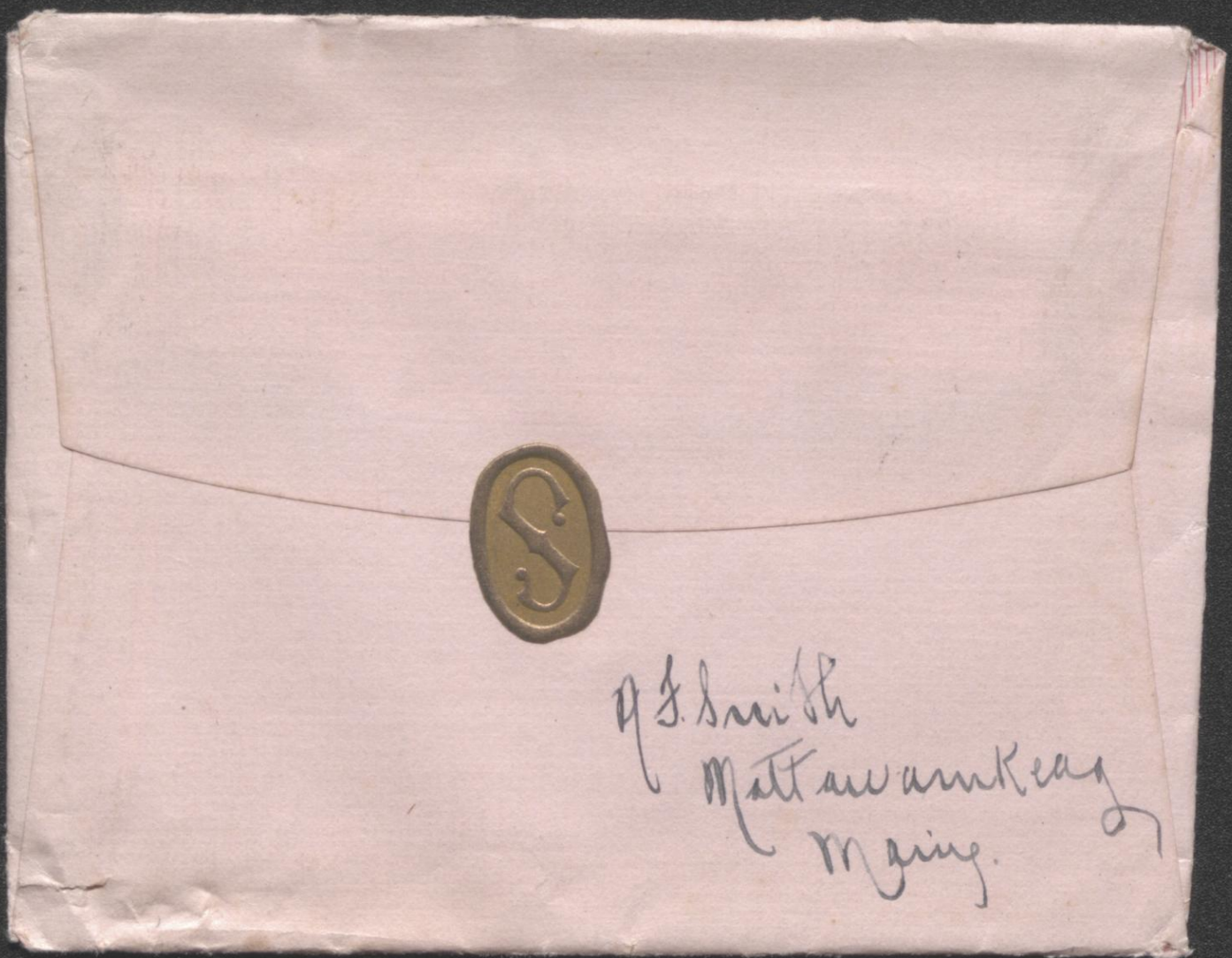
Yours

Jae





Mr. Edmworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine


P. J. Smith
Mattawamkeag
Maine.

'Keag," Wednesday" —
4.10 P.M.

'Lo dearest,

Did you decide that the letter you got Monday night and which I wrote on Saturday — was not worth the answering? If so, I don't think I really blame you any — See! — It was short — but 'twas better [in my opinion] than nothing at all — See! AND that's what I got this morning — nothing at all —

Have I been cross? — I'm not tho' — only w'anted to sound thay way — See! 'Guess without a doubt the same thing probably happened that did last Sat. and "W. Morrow" I will have two letters all at once and then I'll be glad!!

How's my Sweetheart anyway? Has he succeeded in making up any sleep yet? Do hope so —

We had a dandy time last night and I got the best prize — And

the funny part of it is — I never sheated — ???
Lottie says thats the reason I got rewarded.
Papa came very near getting it —
when he and I arrived at the Head
table playing together our cards were
alike — and we stayed at the Head
table until next to the last hand, & then
at the foot table I won "2" — and
he lost — so I beat him — of course
it did tickle me!!! Gee, we did
have good luck playing together tho', I didn't
hold my usually burn hands. We played
Whist, you know. We had just three
tables, good little crowd, eh? — [Elsie
Ruth, Eva, Marguerite, Bob, Mrs Reynolds,
Mama, Papa, Lottie, Mr & Mrs. Ashley and myself]
For Refreshments, Fudge — assorted bright
colored candy, Home made ice-cream, fat
assorted cake and apples — and was
all lovely. Forgot to tell you that my
prize was a cunning "Scoring Tablet"
for playing cards or Bridge — 'Rite
coons' got the "Booby" — a "Candy Chicken" —

Wish you could have been here dear, but
know you were very wise not to have
come.
They're going to have an "Easter Ball"

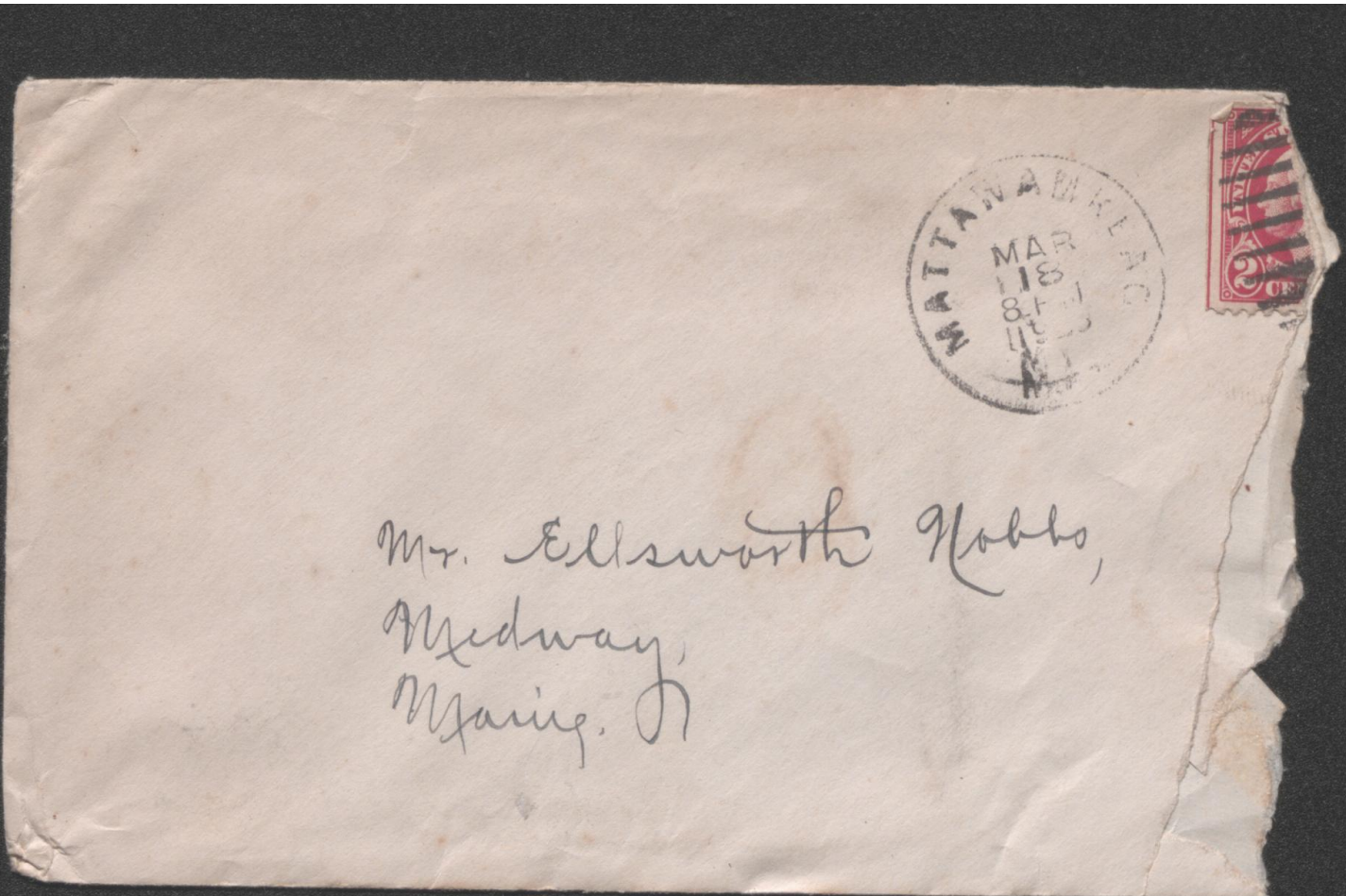
here on Monday April 13 — music by "Clarkes Orchestra". Tuxedo's and everything — so Clarke told me over the 'phone — I was arranging it for the School.) "Spose you can be there? Do hope so —

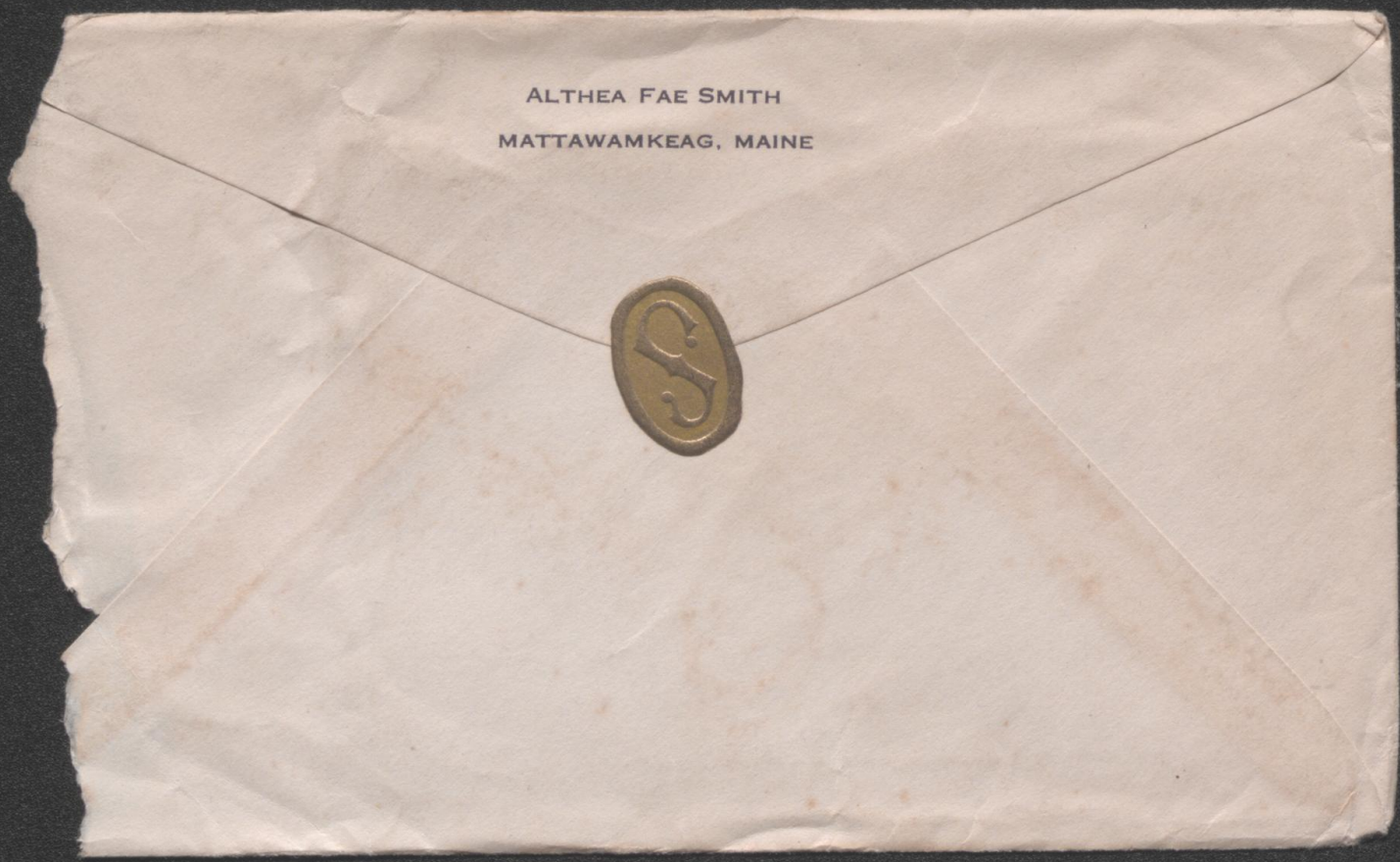
Lottie had a letter from Earl this morning — and he and Vaughn have succeeded in getting a house all by themselves — Lottie is pleased — and she says, "I am going to start packing today?" I am glad she has a rent as she won't be worrying any longer. I hate to have her leave, I like Lottie, she's nice and good company — and she's been real neighborly.

We're expecting Harold home Fri. or Sat. He has a 2 week vacation — sorry it isn't so he can enjoy the dance tho' — I expect Ruth will be here too Fri or Sat. and she has only a week — but she'd enjoy the dance — and likely want to "stay over" tho' probably she can't.

Almost supper time ~~time~~ — twenty min. after five — I've spent most of the time since I began, selling penny candy to the children and etc.

Hope you're fine & dandy"
Lotta Love & Kisses, yours
Fae.


MATTAWAMKEAG
MAR
2 CE
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

'Keag — On Saturday.

My dear Ellsworth:

Honest Sweet, I wasn't cross 'cause I didn't get my letter when I should have — I just felt in the the mood to say something "naughty" I guess. Forgive & forget — See! 'Cause I know dear, how you feel, and you know how I feel — and a letter or 10 million missent gouldn't make me feel any different — See! — yes. "Beeswax" I told you in my letter that I wrote to you Monday that I got two wonderful letters that day — (my Sat & mon. ones) maybe I didn't say what I put in parenthesis but if I didn't — I thought probably you would know. Yes. And this Thursday, I got the one I should have got Wed. and another one — and both times they were both dated & the postmarks I mean on the same day — No, I am wrong — the last one wasn't dated or stamped at all.

I won't worry or think anything about it again when I don't get one — I'll just ~~y~~ know you wrote it and that I'll get it something —

Lottie said she was talking to Earle on the phone to-day and that he didn't have to work Sunday, so he was going to call you up and ~~have~~ see if he could come down with you Sunday night as he had had a letter from you —

Lottie wants me to stay with her tonight so think I will — Don't really want to as we're looking for Harold tonight, and I'd like to see him tonight — but she's teased me so much — I am going too —

I saw Ruth last night — "Blooming" as always — she wanted to see you, so I said you better come up home Sunday night — and Lottie says to her "Don't stay too long as he just has Sunday night you know —

Shortly after Ruth went out of the

office, her friend "Wallace Grant", came in looking for her. — Gee, he looked grand!!?!! — and he was hunting for Ruth to take her to "Winn" to the "Poverty Ball" — I haven't seen Ruth today, and forgot to ask Elsie — if she saw Ruth at the dance. Elsie had a dandy fling — George Corhong and Sadie Johnson got the prizes — they said the music was good.

—

I wish the Easter Ball was to be in Winn too — I always have a better time down there and I think most every one does. I know I feel the same way about it you do. — and yet I've had some good times in Keay Hall — We should worry dear. You and I could have a good fling anywhere. — Don't you realize that?

—

I am going to stop now. —

—

All this I 'spect you'll know by Monday, and hope so anyway. Love —

Fay

Cute enough yes

BOSTO

THE POST'S ORIGINAL

Short Story

TO SHORT STORY WRITERS:

Rules of the Short Story Competition appear on the editorial page of the Sunday Post. Stories must be original and not copied or imitated from any publication.

No stories returned unless stamps or stamped self-addressed envelopes inclosed.

All characters named in these stories are fictitious.

The Post awards $10 for first prize, $5 for second prize, and $2 each for other stories printed each week.

A Glorious Adventure

By Goldie Weisberg, 64 Kingsdale Street, Dorchester

"Isn't that the duckiest hat, mother? Even in New York it will be smart!" Jeanne was preening herself in the triple mirror of her dressing-table as her mother entered.

"It's lovely, dear. And look, I have a letter from your Aunt Patricia. I wrote her you were planning on a trip; and she wants you to come to her, of course. And I'm sure—"

"Mother! I don't want to go to Aunt Patricia's. Why on earth did you write her? I shan't do it!"

"But, Jeanne, you don't know another soul in New York; and how can you expect to enjoy a month there with no friends or acquaintances to show you about?"

"Mother—I'll find my way about, never fear. You know how I planned on this, and I refuse to let anything spoil it. Auntie Pat is all right, but she'd ruin my vacation. She'd take me about all right and entertain for me, but she'd choose the shows and the concerts and the men and everything without consulting me once. She'd have a balanced ration of entertainment all planned out, and all I'd have to do would be to dutifully smile."

"But Jeanne—"

"Yes, darling, I know; but confess now: hasn't Auntie Pat captured the most wonderful man in New York for me already?"

Mrs. Belding smiled ruefully.

"She only says that Ted Challoner will be delighted at your coming, because he has worshipped your picture for the last six months."

"Aha! And she goes on to say, of course, that he is one of the Thing-Um-Jig Challoners and has no bad habits and is rated in the millions and is good to his mother—"

"That will do, Jeanne. Flippancy isn't becoming to you."

"All rightie, sweetheart; but just the same, I'm free-lancing in New York this trip."

In the pretty room of her New York hotel, Jeanne adjusted the smart little hat and slowly pulled on correct gloves.

But the corners of her pretty mouth drooped, and her eyes had none of the merry look which was habitually theirs. After two weeks in Gotham, she had lost much of her appetite for free-lancing. It wasn't fun, she found, lunching at the Ritz, if one hadn't a companion who appreciated merry, brown eyes and rose-leaf lips. And "The Follies," viewed alone, was a poor show—flat, stale, an utter frost. Even the ticket agent seemed to look sorry for her. She realized with a feeling of vast disappointment that she had expected, in some gloriously adventurous manner, to meet The Man. She frowned, as she caught herself wondering what sort of person this Ted Challoner was.

After dinner she decided to see "The Dream Girl." At the agency, a tall, blonde young man was buying seats for "The Follies" for a party of ten. When he stepped aside, she found there was nothing to be had for "The Dream Girl." While she was making a second choice, she looked up to see the blonde young man eyeing her with eager intentness. She felt that she should lift her eyebrows and turn her back, but she had had a most depressing two weeks and—well, she allowed a gleam of laughter to creep into the brown eyes that looked into his nice puzzled gray ones. He came forward with boyish eagerness.

"I beg your pardon. I know this sounds like the ancient headliner of all ancient gags, but I have met you somewhere, haven't I?" He seemed so altogether sincere! and the last two weeks had been insufferably dull!

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," she said in a very regretful voice. "I'm a stranger in New York, you see."

"Oh, the deuce! I beg your pardon. You've a double somewhere at large, that's certain." His smile was most attractive. She allowed her eyes to grow becomingly wistful. The last two weeks—.

"I'm choosing a play. What would you suggest?" she implored.

"I heard you trying for 'The Dream Girl.' I wonder if you'd think it too impertinent—I have two seats for to-morrow night—bought them from a chap who can't go. Could you—would you—?" He saw the hesitation in her face and followed up his advantage. "Please don't misunderstand. I could meet you in the lobby, and after the play I'll just put you in a taxi—say yes!"

"Well, then—yes!"

"Bravo! This is awfully sporting of you. Tomorrow, then, at eight?"

He held out a card, but she shook her head.

"Let's just have make-believe names for each other. Now I shall be—I shall be Rosemarie Dare."

"Charming! And I shall be—I shall be anything you wish!"

"Excellent! Then I dub you, sir knight, 'John Smith!'"

He looked dolorous.

"A colorless mate for Rosemarie Dare," he sighed, "but I bow to your command, lady."

The evening with John Smith and "The Dream Girl" was delightful. So was the following day's luncheon with John Smith, and the succeeding dinners and tea-dances with John Smith. The last two weeks of Jeanne's stay were not at all disappointing.

"When may I disclose my true identity, Lady Rosemarie?" asked John Smith one evening.

"The night before I go back to the home town, Sir John. And that will be three nights from this night at the full of the moon."

The third from the last day, Jeanne decided it was time to make a duty call on Aunt Patricia. Auntie Pat's crisp voice answered the 'phone call.

"Auntie Pat, it's Jeanne."

"At last, you wicked child! Your mother wrote me of your madcap scheme, you imp. I hope you've had a perfectly wretched time and are bored to death."

"I've had a marvelous time, Auntie Pat."

"What a pity!"

"May I come to dinner?"

"Will you really honor me?"

"Oh, please!"

"Don't dare stay away. I shall be miserable if I can't give you a good shaking."

"'Bye, darling."

"Humph! Good-bye—darling!"

Jeanne came radiant in a filmy sea-foam thing and melted into Aunt Patricia's arms.

"For what you have done," she announced sternly, "I should strike you from my heart and will, but instead I have heaped coals of fire on your head!"

"You sweet!"

"Yes. I've made it possible for you to meet the most wonderful man in New York! He's one of the—"

"He's one of the Thing-Um-Jig Challoners!" interrupted Jeanne triumphantly.

"Jeanne!"

"And he represents millions."

"Jeanne!"

"And he is so good to his mother."

The appearance of the butler at the door prevented Aunt Patricia's immediate death by apoplexy.

"Mr. Theodore Challoner," he announced.

Auntie Pat turned swiftly to Jeanne, whose eyes were brimming with mischief. "Jeanne Belding, if you try to make a monkey of him—!" She turned to greet the tall young man who had entered. "My dear Ted—"

But the young man's nice, puzzled gray eyes were fixed on Jeanne. He stopped in amazement. His face registered bewilderment, pleasure and victorious understanding in quick succession.

"Lady Rosemarie!" he cried.

"Oh, Sir John!" she answered faintly, but around her heart she felt a warm little glow.


UNITED STATES POSTAGE
1 CENT
1 CENT
Miss Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine

ALTHEA FAE SMITH

MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

I am just waiting for Sunday night and you — See Lovingly yours, Fae

On from Page 3

— Keay — Maine —

"Friday Afternoon"

'Lo dear boy —

How's everythittle thing tonight? O.K? Hope so — You thinking its going to be a long time before Sunday night comes? What do you say?

Now, if you could come tonight why I'd treat you to a piece of my cake I made this afternoon ??? — a white cake flavored with orange and a coffee frosting — Garbile said — "I was good" — I took him out a piece where he was splitting wood.

While I was making the cake Mrs Ashley came ~~out~~ up — and she said — "Did you see Mrs. Groom? I said "No" — gauge as yet I haven't [and truly hope I won't!] Well, she said "she spelled on me this morning" — and Mrs. Ashley told Mama and I, all your mother had told me. It seems Mrs G. ~~went~~ game in pretty mad, but Mrs. Ashley told her what was what and when she left she told Mrs. Ashley that they were moving to Danforth and she hoped Mrs. Ashley would come

up to see her. — She said she was going over to Hobbs Stove and talk to Mrs. Hobbs, as Mrs Hobbs had said she didn't want her to come to her house again. — She's staying with Mrs. Trueworthy — Of course I pretended to Mrs. Ashley that I knew nothing about the affair — I just said probably Mrs Groome hadn't come to see me — as I owed her a letter — but Gee. I said — "I owes everyone letters"

? ! ! ! ! ! !

Guess what?

I spoke to quick — Mrs. Groome just came in. — I went to shake hands with her and she said "Aren't you going to ~~[illegible]~~ "kiss me" — I said, "Sure" and did. I thought I would get it over with without a "scene" if possible — And I have — She said, "You're not mad at me, are you" — I said "Why" and she said "Oh, all the things people have been saying about me. I said — I don't

know anything about it" — She said "Why didn't you answer my letter" — I said "Letter" and corresponding are one of my weakest points" and she said anyway, I never said anything about his habits and she should'nt know it and also she said "I never said anything about Ellsworth, and please tell him so. — She would have lots of nonsense if I had let her, but I kept switching subjects and saying, "I know nothing" and then Lottie came in, and Lottie said, "Jimmy down to stay with me but night, I said "I don't know" maybe. — and Mrs. Brown kept us alone to talk it over. So she learned nothing from me — and we had no scare. — and it's all over, I'm so glad too. — This been here since last night — she was down to see Mrs. Day Smith this afternoon. —

Well, Sweetheart this hasn't been very interesting for my boy — has it? Lottie is surely hoping Earle will come down with you Sunday night. He works til 4 P.M. I suppose he thought he would be too tired to walk to Medway — Use your own good judgement dear. Enjoy yourself see!!

"After Supper"

Seemed nice to see you "Beeswax", even
tho' twas only a minute and your
mind was entirely on the Train
and your "Boss" — but I knew
how twas and so "it's alright" —
I hope the roads will be passable
so you can come Sunday —

Gee, when I told you about my cake
I never dreamed you would be able
to sample it. Hope the after
effects were alright.

There's a crowd going to the Poverty
Ball at Winn Tonight — but not
my — would like to if you could
you know.

I just saw your Dad — I said I saw
Ellsworth for a "minute", he said "So did
I" — I said "I don't know what he
come for — your father said — "It must
have been for the ride in the "Limousine"
yes? no? Sahoing
Fay.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE
AK U.T.E

"Monday Afternoon"

Keag. Maine.

'Lo dearest,

Town meeting is all over — (therefore all) the Excitement too — and everything went fine — Now, isn't that good news? You can imagine what happened? They had to take a "check" vote on the "Town Hall" but it didn't go — 54 to 70. 'Twas really thrilling for a few minutes — "Pa" Colburn never got the chance to say one word.

I saw Ruth this A.M. and she said she "got in" at 1 O'clock — and that her mother didn't whip her !!! I told her we helped her out all we could.

I hated to have my boy go last night — just awfully — you don't know. — Am wondering how much I would have seen of you if I hadn't had the ride with you and had supper with you — Oh, I am awfully piggish & selfish — I know — can't help it tho'.

I left my pen I usually write with up home and also tablet — Excuse this scrawl — please Sweet?

Not much tonight — I wish I [and not Emma] was going to have my Sweetheart tonight.

Hope you're not too tired tonight and that everyllll thing has gone O.K.

Yours
Fal.

They elected George Estes "Tax Collector" — and seconded it in less than one minute — They say the "Taxes" will be almost 1/3 less than last year. Pretty good?, what?

Well, honey boy. How did you make it this morning? Lucky said you were real late in getting started this morning — what was the big trouble?! I hope you wasn't very late anyway — that you had no trouble after getting started and etc. —

After Supper -

Nothing new Sweet -

Only just wishing -

you know what?

I just heard Don & Mr Golbourn talking for my "benefit" -

Mr. Golbourn said, "Guess we don't have any hall." -

Don said "It would have gone if it had been "KJC" - Golbourn said "Oh yes, if it had been for the KJC" - I couldn't understand what else.

You see we voted first by raising the hand - so everyone knew who was who ?????



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


Althea
Keag-Me

I guess Lottie & Earl wondered if you had a pull at the Mullen Farm, Mrs. Stelle seemed so anxious to stop you Sunday ?????, Strange things come in people minds — Now, don't be gross Sweetheart — I know you

'Keag.

Wednesday.

Lo dear Boy.

Got a "peachy" letter this morning from you "Beeswax" and it surely looked awfully good to me, and it was so nice and long — just great — I know there's not a boy in the world can write a real letter like "yours".

I am sorry sweet that you and Earle had such hard luck Monday Morning, you must have decided you were "never" going to get there — didn't you? I was telling Mama about the hard time you had and she said "I guess Ellsworth won't want to come down again right away while the roads are so bad"? How about it dear? I hope you'll use your own good judgement anyway — If you know the condition of the road and that it's awful bad — Why, you know "Sweetheart" its alright if you

don't cause you know I want you
too 'Cause it seemed as if you were
only with me a minute last Sunday
but just the same as if the roads are
worse as why don't try it. You know
dear, I am only thinking of my boy!

I am feeling most alright today -
Thank goodness, I haven't the "mumps"
just sunken sores and a cold.

I see Ruth didn't forget your Birthday
either! She said she was sending
two kinds of fudge. But it will
look good side of mine, I had
such awful poor luck with
mine. If you stay up over Sunday -
you surely ought to be able to help
Sweet?

Buddy came back Tuesday said
he found every body well home and
he got tired of "hanging around" there
so came back here. I guess his
going on the "drive" if he can't find
any other work he had rather do.

I guess your "detecting" doesn't go to "sleep" like the one in the "funny paper" does. ??? I bet Lottie if we walked up to meant you folks Sunday every one in Key and surrounding towns would know it and gossip about it — but that I did not carry a detective as good as he is that must get a pretty good salary, what?

Went home last night about 9.45, as soon as I possibly could and went to bed. Lois and Freddie were playing the victrola and dancing when I fell asleep.

Mama says she's going to Bangor tomorrow for a day or so.

"Movies" here Sat. night — "The Valley of Silent Men" — They say the book is good — probably you have seen the "Movie" — yes — no?

Glad you didn't think about the woodbox Sunday night — Guess I was alright and I've not failed to build the fire yet in

the morning — the box was full anyway ~~so~~ it was only the wood in the oven we used. — See!

Most forgot to tell you that Lottie had a letter from Early last night and he said he arrived at 7.56 — Not much sparetring but on tring anyway. It would have been dreadful if he had lost his job, — Lottie is packing — I believe she has a truck hired to move on Saturday.

Guess ~~Earle~~ George and Ethel must be getting along pretty good — she had only three letters yesterday — ??? Lottie said she thought Ethel was appreciating George more than she did once.

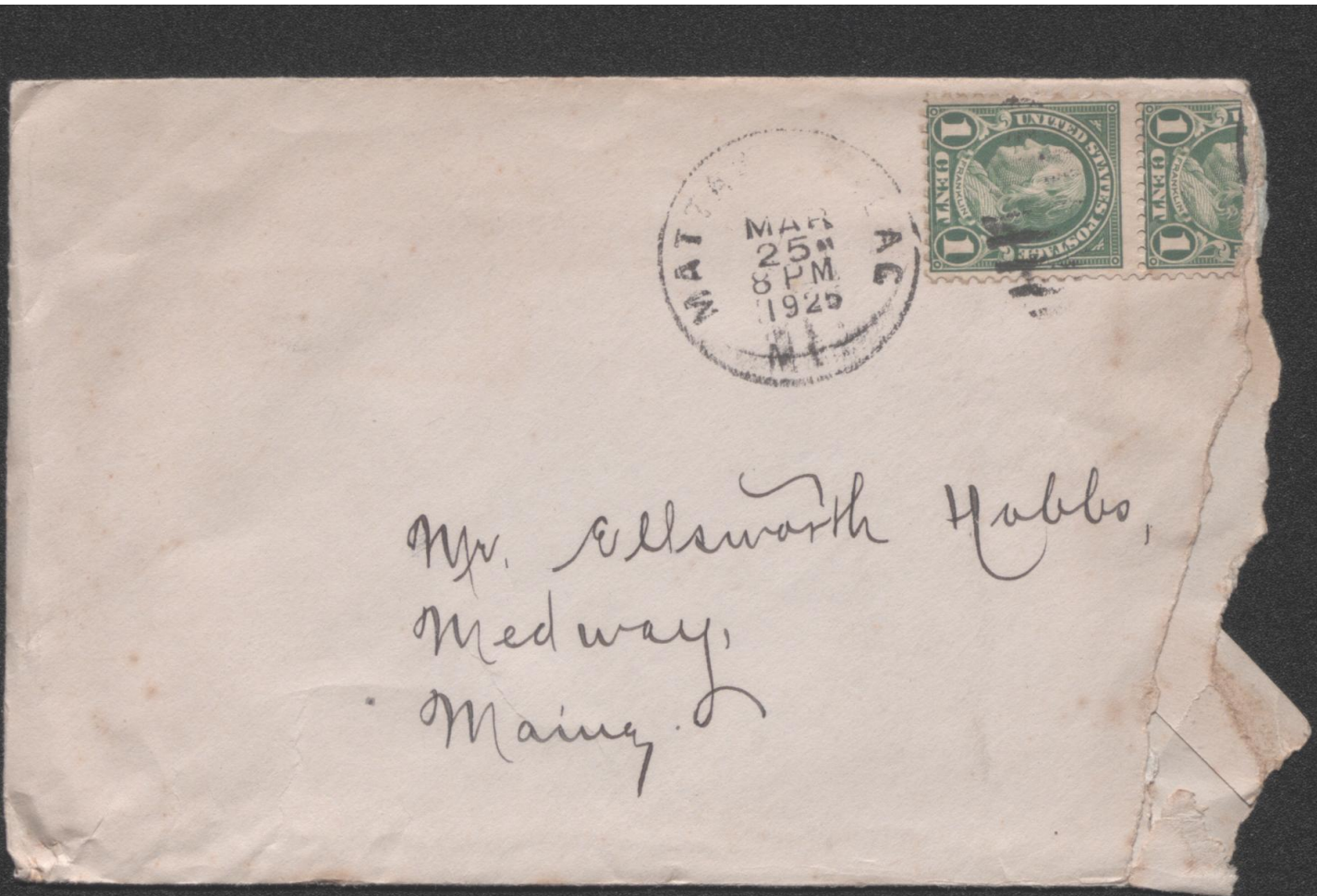
Elsie plans to go to Dawforth the last of this week, — Audrey has been asking and teasing her to come up for something. —

Must stop now dearest — be good to my boy — and you know

Lotta Love

yours

Fac.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Keag. Maine
"Sat Afternoon"

'Lo dearest,

Its now 5.15 Sat night and in 15 min I spect I'll have to be thinking of "brown bread and 'Keag Beans" — which will please me —

Am I going to see you to night? That's what's on my mind — See!!! I know the roads are just terribly and I also know it may "rain" — it's looked so much like it to day and if it did — the roads would be worse still — yes? — And this wouldn't encourage anyone, I know, to come to 'Keag — And if you could see me 'fore you start you never would come 'Cause I am such a looking — "Wreck" — I guess. — that's a good word for it — I took a bath this P.M. and I might feel pretty good if the canker sores weren't aching so —

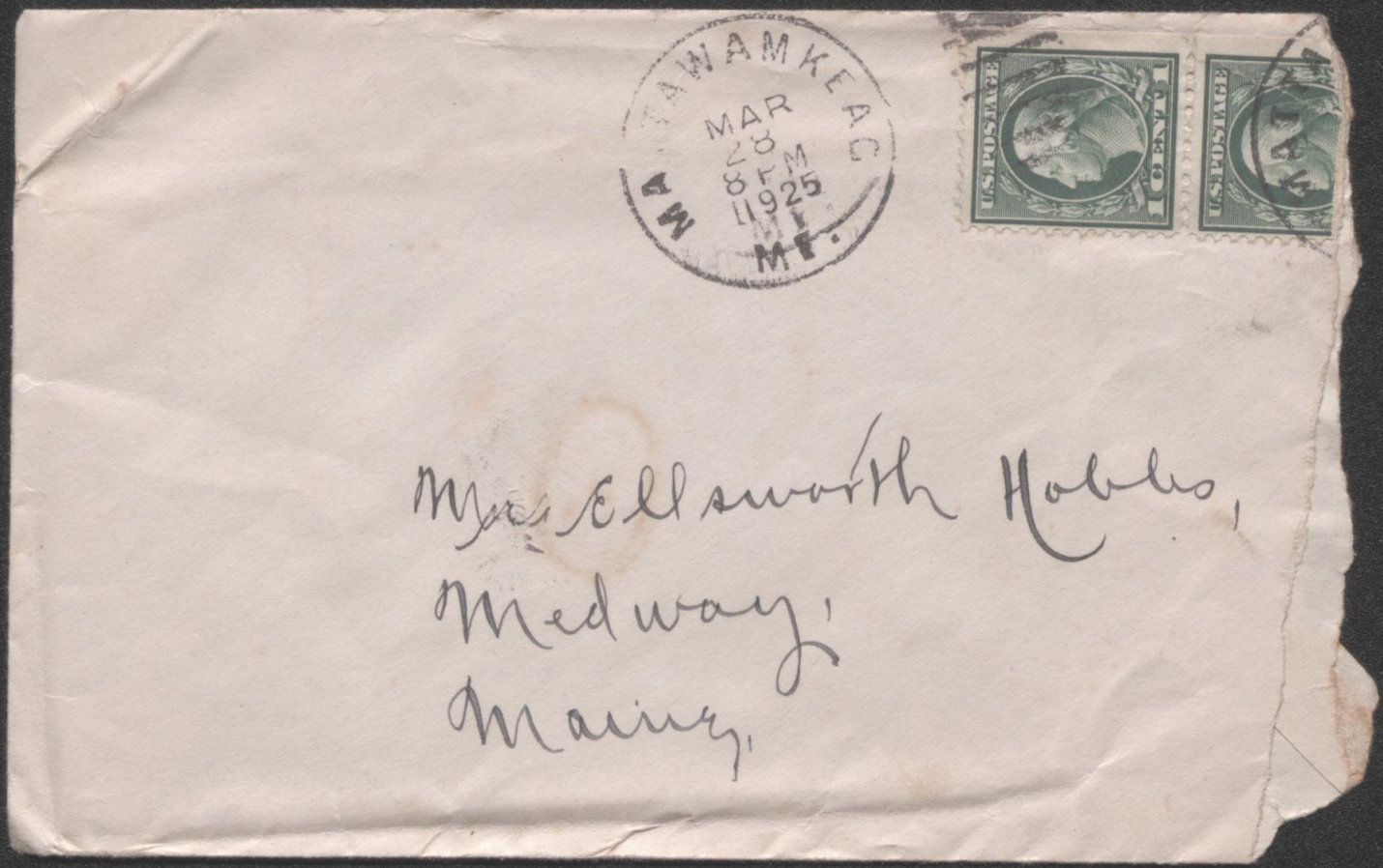
But all the same — I'm hoping my boy will come down and see me, 'Cause I want to see him. — Reason enough? —

Ruth came up about 1.30 and waited [last night] for me 'Kil I had my mail up — and then I walked down as far as Kyle's with her. She was telling me how mad her father was because she got 2 letters in succession from Wallace. So, she says, "next morning don't give my letters to him, I f I have any" — and I didn't — We might pass her about getting a letter every day, if she ever does us — ???? But Ruth's just having a good fring — it's different with you and I — We're having the good fring and then some ???

Supper fring — more after — So Long!!!

Later Just went out to close the outside door — saw a car ~~at~~ just stop — and then you — It's all right now sweetheart — Tell you the rest — Lovingly yours,

Fae


PAWAMKEAG
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1 CENT
U.S.POSTAGE
Mrs. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Keag
Friday P.M.

To honey boy

Gee, it feels gold enough to rain or snow and I hope it won't, 'Cause am hoping I will see you dear tomorrow night. It surely has been ages and ages since last Sunday. I do so hope you won't have to work Sunday but if you does it's alright you know I know how'tis? If you work Sunday why the roads are so bad you really shouldn't come down Sat. night, you know sweet, it's such a lot of trouble, and I just know you must get so tired working without half sleep enough. I don't like to have you do it dear. See I realize if the roads were better it would be different. Comprendez-vous? I don't want my boy to wear himself all out. See

There's a Jeanie Macpherson adventure for tomorrow night — "Back home and broke" with "Thomas Meighan" — it ought to be good ? ? ?.

Harold and I are going to play for a Dance over in the School House, tonight. It's for Elsie's Class. — She coaxed and teased me into it — I wouldn't have if Harold wasn't going to help me out. — but I feel better today than I did yesterday —

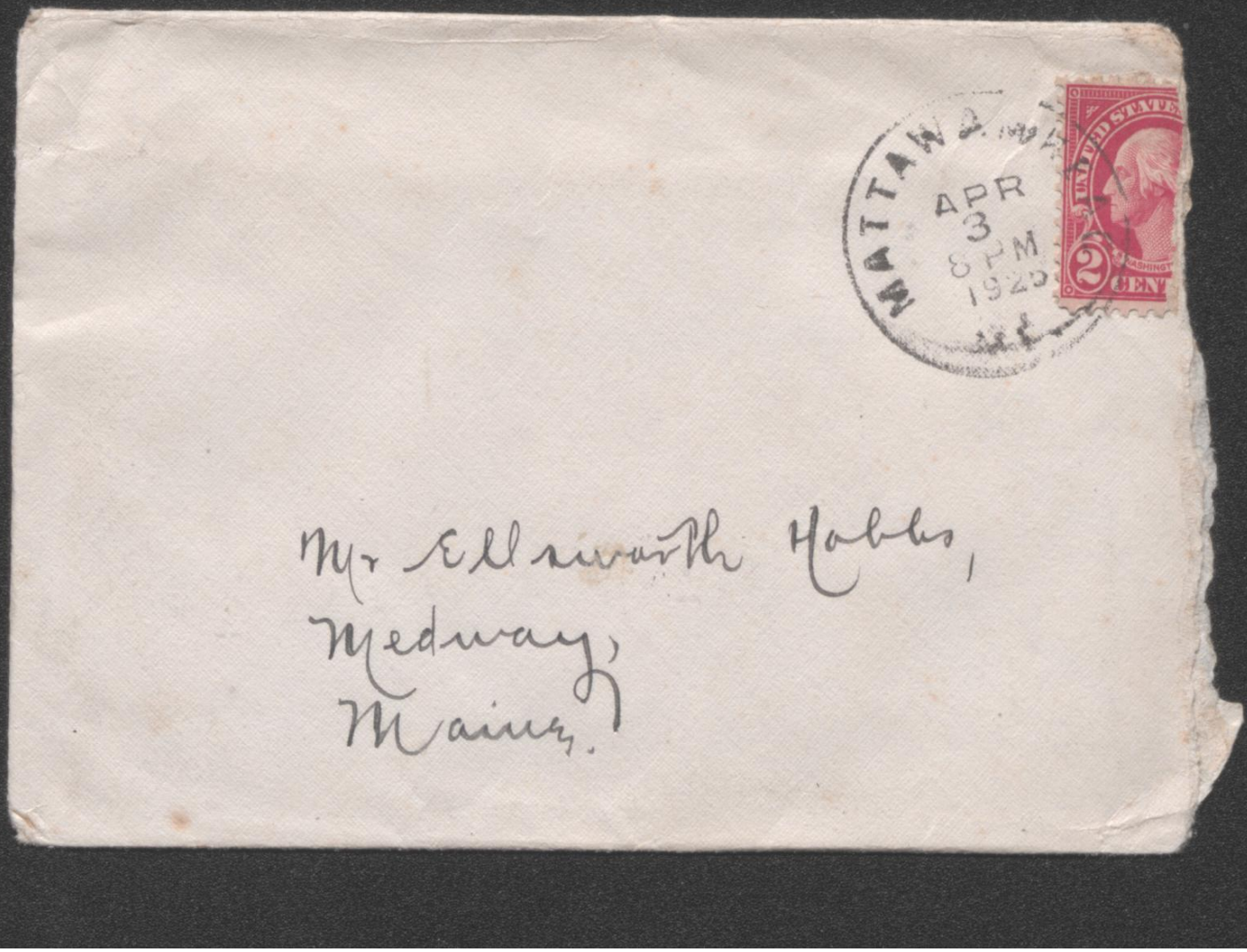
Your mother was in yesterday with some ladies — I didn't get a chance to talk to her. — Mrs. Mullaney and the others were getting money-orders, and she had to leave — to go home and get your Dads supper., but I heard her talking and she sounded as if she had quite a bad cold. — Hope not tho'. —

Harold goes back to-morrow — maybe on "P" so you may see him 'fore he goes. — He's not had much of a vacation — he's been cleaning the yard up, up home — and goodness knows it needed it — in the worst way — then, the rest of the time he's been working in the store — and studying the spare minutes he can find, (which aren't many).

—

Buddy just came in, and said, "Carlisle had gone on a "drive" up to Danforth" — It seems he came down on a Freight this afternoon and has gone back again this P.M. — the same way — Oh, well, probably he won't stay long — hope not there's so much up home he might do — Not very interesting letter, is it dearest? — Forgive — ~~W~~) Bye now —

Lovingly yours, Fae.



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.



Keag — Maine.
Saturday P.M. 5.10

Lo dearest —

Am sorry dear you didn't get even the card I sent you Wednesday night, you surely should have had something, but spose it happened the way it does sometimes — wrong — or perhaps they couldn't translate my scrawl — I did write it in an awful hurry — but you've probably received it by this time. (Talk about pens spitting, this one is going all over everything — it makes one cross doesn't it?)

—

Am I going to see my boy tonight? Somehow I am terribly afraid that I am not — ??? AND if I don't — Oh dear ??? — but I will be alright, as I've said so many times, and you know —

Harold and I played for the Social over in the school House last night. They had a dandy crowd. The Admission was only 15¢ and they made $9. and some. the "Juniors" were real pleased. I had two dances with the "Principal" one of the Western Union fellows played for me. He only knew one piece but he played that real well. They danced til 11 O'clock started in at eight. We had to play for "Tucker" & "Seven Back" and I had most forgotten how they were played. The kids all had a dandy time and all the teachers were there & Ruby Ireland Sadie and etc. Wish you'd been there too!

Later

After Supper. After your telephone call. I don't think I was in such a "rush" anytime X was time, as I've been here tonight it's been

simply "awful" — and when you called it was the worst — Stove full & office full — and I left them all shouting at me to talk to you dear — and gosh, I couldn't hear hardly a word — only I understand you couldn't come — worked 'til 5.30 and had to go to work Sunday morning — and I'll tell your Dad. I think it's darn mean — but I know it can't be helped. And I know after working so long you'll be too fired to come Monday night — get your rest sweetheart — so you'll be ready for the "Easter Ball" — See! —

Its 8 O'clock now, and if I'm going to the Movies I better hurry — my mail isn't up yet.

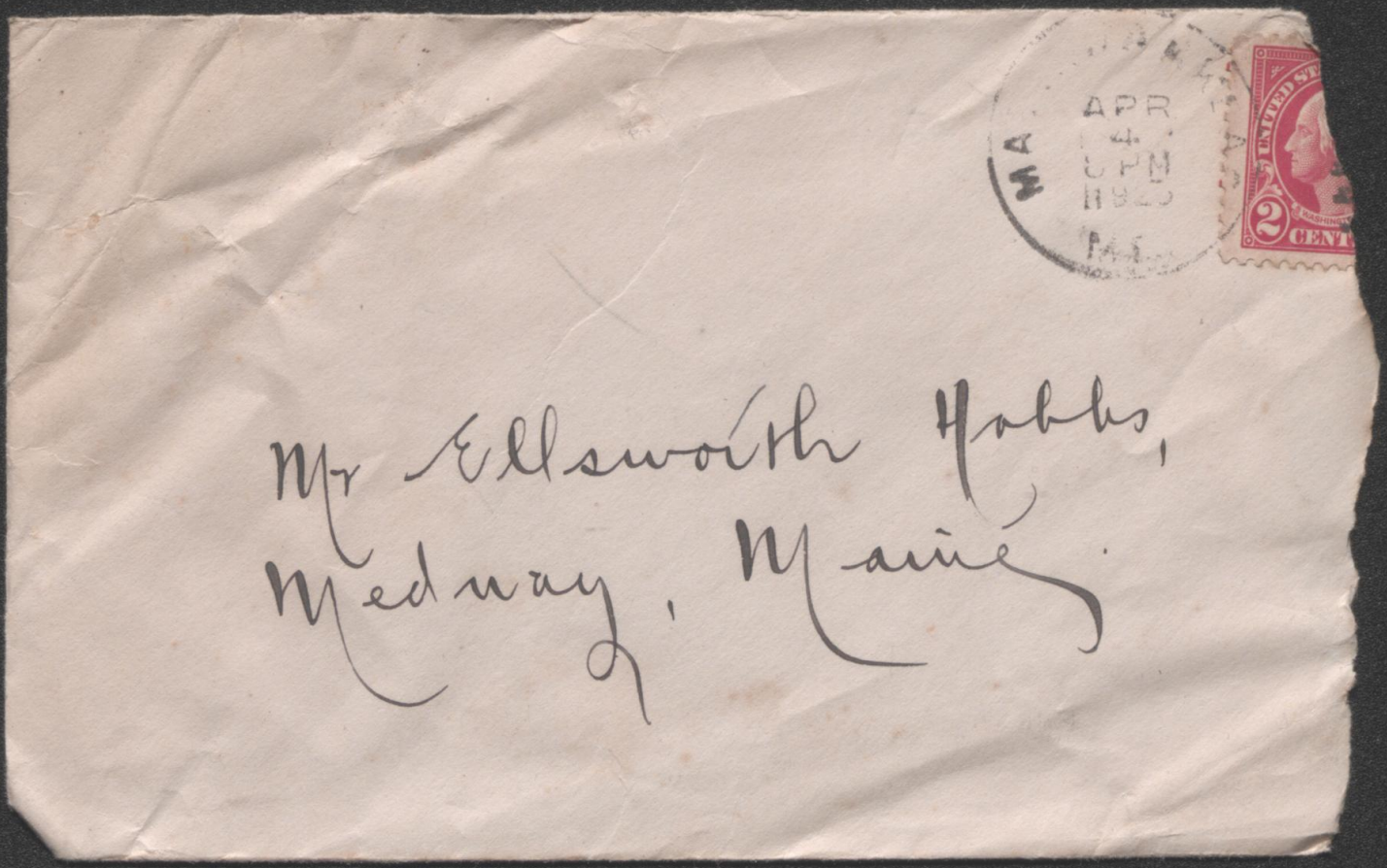
Excuse
Nance.

Oceans of Love
So So So many Kisses
Yours, Fae

Your Dad just said
he heard the roads
were very bad and
it was a good
thing you weren't
coming. Your mother
came home writing to
tell you not to.

MASSACHUSETTS

From MATTAWAMKEAG, Me.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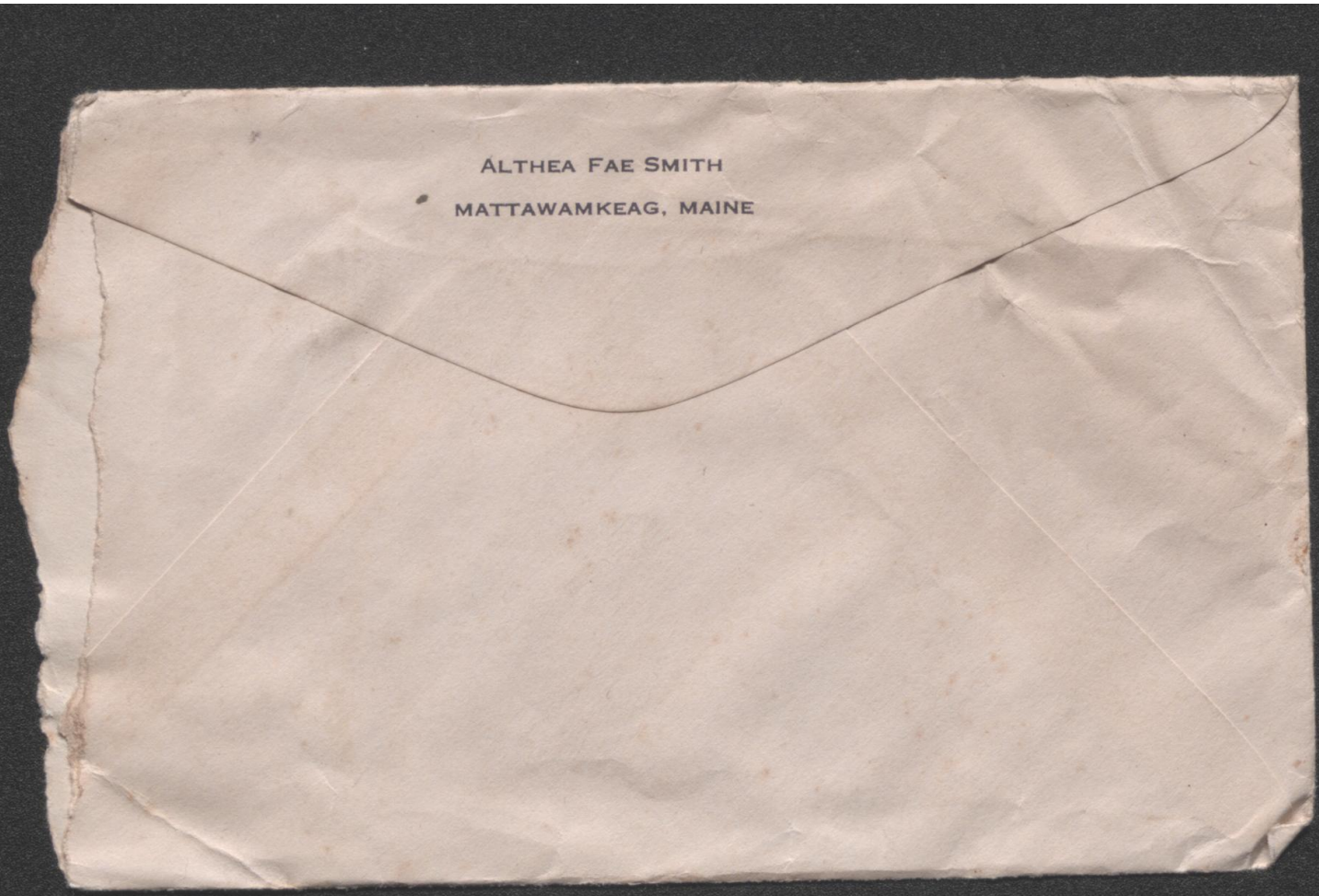
Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway, Maine


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

[6066]

United States Post Office

Kearsarge, Maine
(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

Wednesday Eve, 192

Respectfully

Sweetheart!

Have spent my "spare" time to-day making my boy some candy. 'Isn't awful good, but you know — thought maybe you might like some —

Hasn't it been some cold? But you're about frozen if you have worked out side, — hope you haven't. —

c5—7192

Postmaster.

[6066]

United States Post Office

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

, 192

Respectfully

Gee, this week is
terribly long and it's
only Wednesday —

Carlisle came back today —
they had too many
men on the drive &
he couldn't get a job.
He says "McKean" wants
to hire men next
week up to Danforth.

Have been kept pretty
busy making money
orders lately.

c5—7192 Postmaster.

[6066]

United States Post Office

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

, 192

Respectfully

We have a "Poster" up here of a Easter Ball in East Mesa Sorry of the girls said "Harvel Revers" brought it down Knighton anyway I never saw him. ???

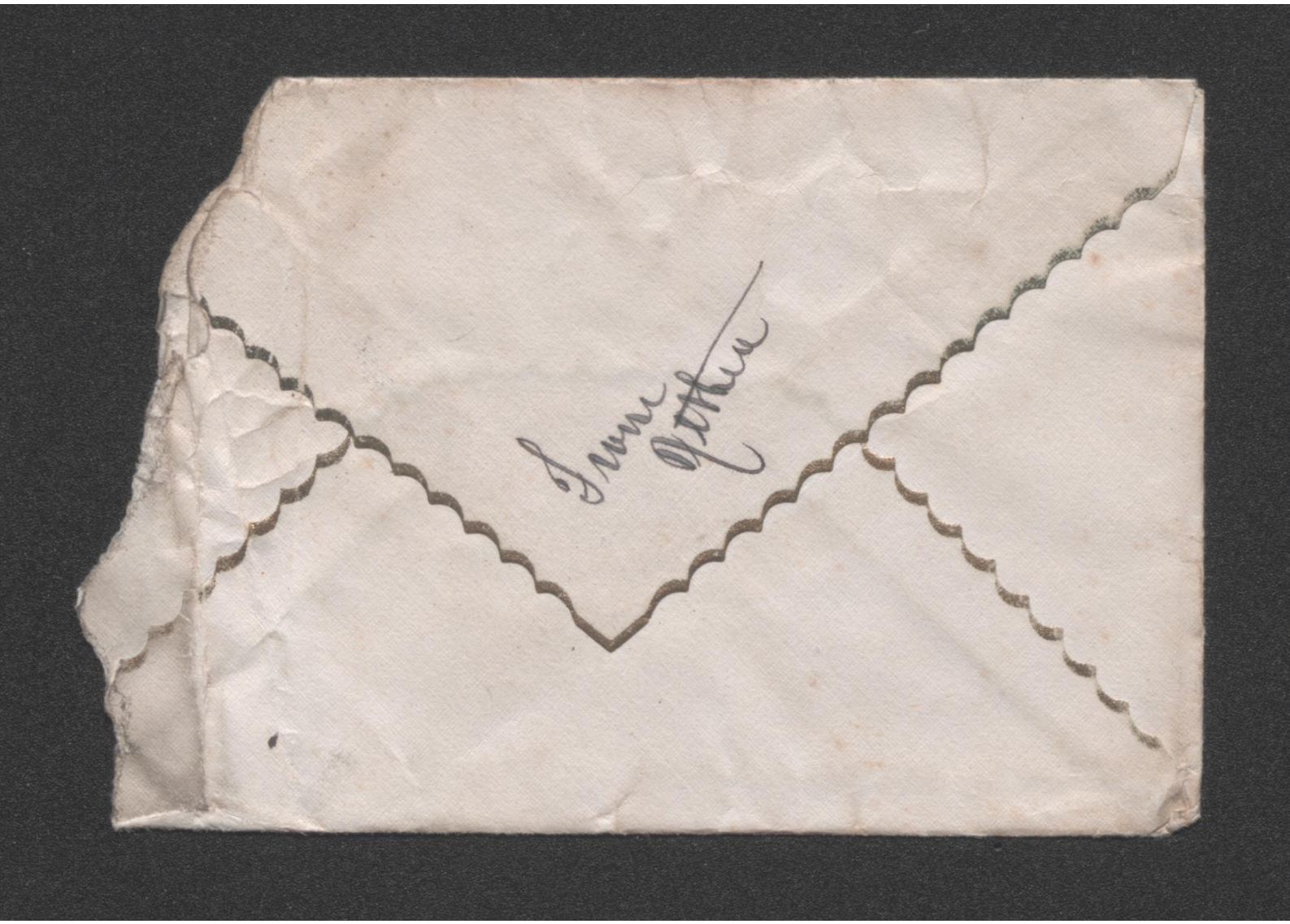
Must say "Nu Revoir"

Yours,
Jay.

c5—7192 *Postmaster.*



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway Maine.



Keay [6066]

United States Post Office

Monday Eve.

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

7 O'clock, 192

Respectfully

Lo dearest,

Have been so busy I've not had a minute for a real letter — I am just looking forward to having you tonight dear —

Expect by this time to morrow night you'll be awfully tired but do hope dear that it will have been worth

c5—7192 Postmaster.

My flowers are still lovely today — I'ze enjoyed them so much.

[6066]

United States Post Office

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

——, 192

Respectfully

the while ??? —

you know, that you will have had a good time and etc.

Enjoyed so much seeing you yesterday you don't know — Only hated to see you go — as I know I shall tonight for —

Nie going to get busy now — Lo, mamon Sweet, I'll try to do better. Yours

Fae.

c5—7192

Postmaster.

[6066]

United States Post Office

(MONEY ORDER DIVISION.)

, 192

Respectfully

Postmaster.

05—7192

MATTAWA
APR
13
8 PM
1925
ME.



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine



Keag—

Tuesday Afternoon
Bruin 5.

Ellsworth dearest,

How's my boy feeling to-night—? Pretty fired— I'll bet— as I don't imagine that you got much sleep last night— Did you honey? Hope you arrived O.K. with no mishaps, & that you didn't try to "jump" any more fences and etc.— I bet you were some gold too— weren't you? — I got up at 10 min after six— and built the fires— The cloth we put up at the window stayed O.K.— and it wasn't very cold.— I've been rather "sleepy" to-day and shall be glad when 8 O. clock comes to-night and bed-time—

—

Last night wasn't long enough— that's all— 'gauss I just couldn't have you as long as I wanted you. See— Pickles!! But we had a nice time at the "Dance"

didn't we? The music, ice creams, and everything were lovely. — I just enjoyed having you dear. — and you know it!!!

The School are having a "Box Social" and Games, Dancing & etc in the School House Friday night — they asked me to, right if I would play for them — I am not crazy over the idea — but 'spose I can. — There's really no one else they can get — It's for the Juniors and they want to earn money enough for a "Junior Hop" — I hope they can have one. —

Hasn't it been awfully cold out door today? Hope you haven't had to work out in such a wind — It's been just ~~to~~ blow blow all day — This P.M. it's rained, hailed and etc — thought sure it would "snow" — none yet — Thank goodness — I had a nice letter this morning — from my Sweetheart — Wish I had you too —

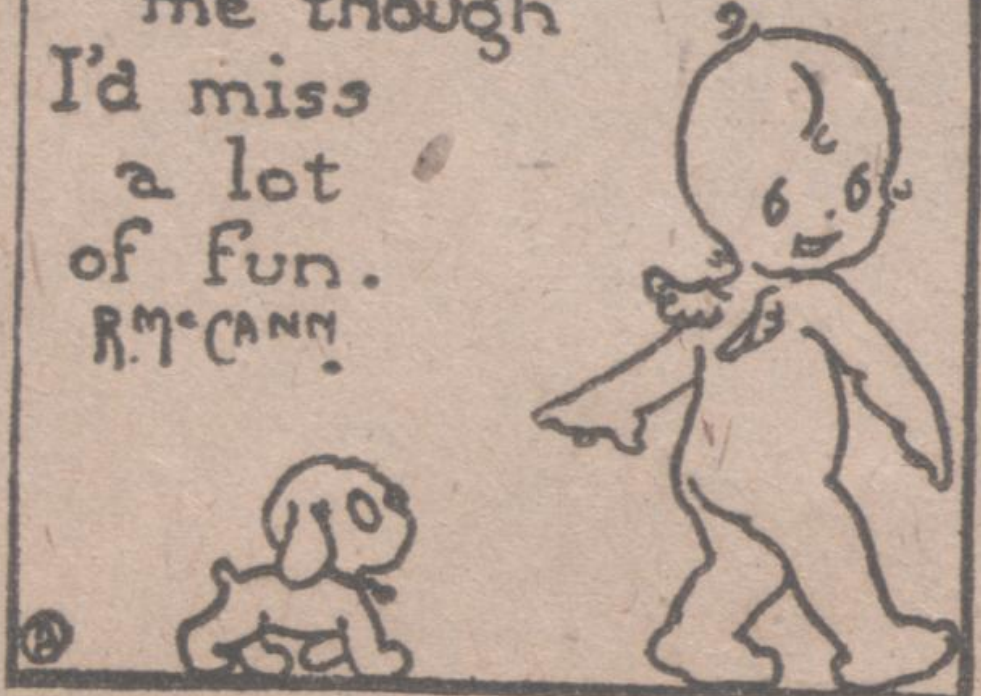
Yours
Eve.

Sept?

OSTON POST, TUESI

The Cheerful Cherub

I like myself the
way I am. (?)
Of faults I've more
than one. (yes! thum
If anyone reformed
me though
I'd miss
a lot
of fun.
R. McCann





No. 59—The Church of Ste. Sabina

places of those who believed in Christ and St. Jerome interpreted the Gospel to the little congregation.

This happy life of self-denial in a city given over to wantonness was rudely interrupted by the onslaught of Alaric and his Goths. It was in the year 410 that these covetous barbarbians swept through Rome, pillaging and ravaging. They did not believe Marcella when she protested that she had no possessions except her house. They tortured her and maltreated her and she died of her wounds the following day. Fifteen years later Pope Celestine I began to build, over the ruins of the palace which the Goths had destroyed, the ancient church of St. Sabina.

Six centuries later a terrible dictator named Crescenzio was buried in St. Sabina and the tale of his lurid carer tells much of the tumultuous history of Rome at the time of the year 1000, just as the tale of Marcella makes vivid the age when Rome's power was tottering before the barbarian invasions.

Crescenzio was one of those ruthless Roman noblemen who defied church and state in his insatiate craze for power. He deposed one Pope, drove another into exile, and defied the young Emperor Otto III. Crescenzio declared himself Consul, seized Sant' Angelo for a fortress and was master of the city.

Years passed, years of bloodshed and tumult, but the power of Crescenzio could not be shaken. But at last a formidable foe appeared, the young Pope who had taken the name of Gregory V. He championed the cause of the poor against the rapacious nobleman, crowned Otto as Emperor and determined to crush the terrible tyrant. But the moment had not come, for Crescenzio was powerful enough to drive another Pope from the city. His temporary success went to his head and he determined to make himself master of all Italy, and perhaps later to rule over all the extent of what had been the western empire. Ambassadors and legates of the Emperor and Pope were seized and imprisoned.

Otto and Gregory were not fainthearted men who could be defied with impunity. They came to Rome with an army behind them, and they besieged Crescenzio in the great castle, where he had heaped up provisions to enable him to hold out for months. The castle had been besieged many times, but never had it fallen, and, as weeks passed, the

Tomorrow's Picture—The Forum As It Looked 19 Centuries Ago

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

I cut this out for the story but this poem is good

THE PATH IN THE SKY

By Amos R. Wells in Youth's Companion

The woods were dark and the night was black,
And only an owl could see the track;
Yet the cheery driver made his way
Through the great pine woods as if it were day.

I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
The road and the forest are one to me."
"To me as well," he replied, "and I
Can only drive by the path in the sky."

I looked above, where the treetops tall
Rose from the road an ebon wall,
And lo! a beautiful starry lane
Wound as the road wound and made it plain.

And since, when the path of my life is drear
And all is blackness and doubt and fear,
When the horrors of midnight are here below
And I see not a step of the way to go,
Then, ah! then I can look on high
And walk on earth by the path in the sky.

sters, and even some of the old people to rub their eyes a few days ago. The workmen had spread a liberal supply of lime over the grass plots in the various grounds about the city, giving the same the appearance of having been visited by a snow storm.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

And that reminds me:

Today is the last day of spring when freezing temperature or killing frost may be expected normally in Boston.

Of course there MAY be both snow and ice, even yet. But the average date of the last freezing spell at Boston, for more than half a century, has been this date.

Nonetheless, I don't advise setting the family rubber plants and geraniums in the open ground for some weeks to come.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Patent leather pocketbooks with hand-painted design are a new word in feminine accessories, the Post Young Woman had observed.

The designs may include anything from peacocks to bathing beauties.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

The magnolia trees at the corner of Commonwealth avenue and Arlington street may be in full bloom within a few days. These trees display plump buds now.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Tim Horan of Ludlow, the new attorney-general's chauffeur, is the president of the Rendezvous Club of Ludlow, one of the very few clubs to [illegible] employer belongs.

stories printed each week.

CHEAP PLEASURES

By Mrs. Ramona C. Woodbury, 176 Corey Street, West Roxbury

The little ingenue stood in her dressing-room and gasped at the wonderful presents that her birthday had brought. There were orchids and roses from the management, a beautiful imported bag from the leading woman; the second woman had given her a lovely batik scarf, yards and yards long, glowing in color.

The orchestra boys had chipped in and purchased a big, golden treasure chest containing 10 pounds of world-famous chocolates and bon-bons. The "heavy" man had bought six pairs of the sheerest chiffon hose; the juvenile had remembered her favorite perfume; and the comedian had soberly presented her with a slender, flat package which the little ingenue decided she would unwrap when the others left.

The call boy stuck his head in the door and handed Judy a quaint, old-fashioned nosegay. She kissed him affectionately upon his smooth, pink cheeks, whereat he blushed rosily and called out in stentorian tones "Overture!"

The actors fled precipitately to their make-up boxes. Judy, clad in a faded and paint-smeared silken dressing gown, applied grease paint and rouge with deft fingers. When lips, eyelashes and brows were perfect, she opened the comedian's gift. A pang of bewilderment and of disappointment struck her. It was a motto, a beautifully executed motto in a hand-carved silver frame. "A Daily Prayer" was the title.

Judy read it through, uncomprehending. It was a nice enough prayer, she thought, as prayers go, but what on earth did she need of a daily prayer? At the last bell she stood the framed motto against the mirror of her dressing table. A line caught her eye.....

"Deliver me from cheap pleasures..."

"That's a good line," thought Judy, appreciatively. "'Deliver me from cheap pleasures.' I like that."

She dashed down the iron stairs and reached the stage just in time to take her cue. The stage manager shook his head warningly but there was a smile upon his lips. Birthdays didn't come every night, and although this was Judy's first year on the stage, she was a good little trouper. Everyone in the company, except the few girls who were jealous of her, loved her.

Between the first and second acts, Judy found Dickie Pearson in the wings, waiting for her. Dickie, resplendent in evening clothes, was hilarious.

"Lissen, darling," he said with his famous smile. "I've a bit of an edge on—but nobody knows it. I'm cel-cele-bratin' the birthday of a cel-celebrated actress. I'm goin' to throw a party after the show—biggest party you ever saw in your life. Up to my 'partment. I've invited the whole com-company, and they're all com-comin'. All but the comedian, and he says he's got a pre-previous engagement. I don't believe him, but I jush invited him to be p'lite, anyway."

Her eyes deepened in dismay, although her lips continued to smile.

"I'm afraid I haven't an evening dress down here," said Judy, stalling. Dickie was not to be stalled.

"'Sall right. We'll drive right up to your hotel and help you dress. 'Syour party, Judy, and you gotta be there. I've bought up every bottle of champagne in town."

"It's awfully sweet of you," lied Judy, and then, glancing at her watch, "I'll have to run to make the change."

"'Sall right, darlin'! I'll be outside after the show."

In her dressing room, Judy contemplated the coming party with some misgiving. She didn't want to be a piker. Heretofore, she had managed to squeeze out of their parties without offending anyone. Somebody was always "throwing" a party. She didn't want to be a piker—and yet—she knew she couldn't go to a party, where everyone drank, without herself taking some. And Judy knew that, unaccustomed to liquor as she was, it wouldn't take much to put her out.

"Oh, tarnation!" cried Judy, unhappily. "I don't want to go, but I don't see how I can get out of it."

The gift motto caught her eye. "Deliver me from cheap pleasures." Her alert mind embraced the significance of the message. "Cheap pleasures—parties—booze—oh, Lord, deliver me from cheap pleasures!" This time, it was a little prayer that issued, flower like, from the bottom of her heart.

Near the end of the third act, the comedian approached her, as she waited alone in the wings for her cue. His face, beneath his grease paint, was serious, as all good comedians' faces should be, and Hal was the best comedian on Broadway.

"Are you going to the party?" he asked.

Judy nodded.

"I wouldn't go if I were you."

"Hal," said Judy, with a sudden burst of confidence, "I don't want to go at all, but I don't see how I can get out of it."

"That's easy," whispered Hal. "Act. Have a fainting fit—or a sudden attack of appendicitis or something."

"Will you take care of me?" asked Judy.

"You bet I will. You throw the fit and I'll do the rest."

"All right," chuckled Judy. "It's a go."

Outside, after the performance, Dickie Pearson waited in jubilant spirits. Suddenly the stage door opened, and out came the comedian, carrying a limp figure in his arms. The rest of the company followed, hushed.

"What's all the excitement?" demanded Dickie.

"Judy fainted," explained the second woman. "She had a terrible pain in her side—I bet it's appendicitis."

Dickie rushed to Hal's car. Judy lay limp and white on the rear seat. Liquid white had brought about a very realistic pallor.

"I'll drive her home, Hal," said Dickie officiously.

"The divil you will," said Hal to himself. Aloud, "I don't think it would be best to disturb her again, Mr. Pearson. Judy feels terribly about the party and begs you to go ahead and have it. I'll call you up later, after the doctor sees her, and tell you how she is."

The car sped away, leaving Dickie, open-mouthed, upon the sidewalk.

Two blocks further along Judy climbed over to the front seat.

"Listen, man," she said, snuggling up to Hal. "Why did you give me that motto?"

"Because I thought you needed it," he said seriously. "And there's another thing you need, Judy. You need a husband to say 'No' when all these Johnnies invite you out to parties."

"Is this a proposal?" asked Judy.

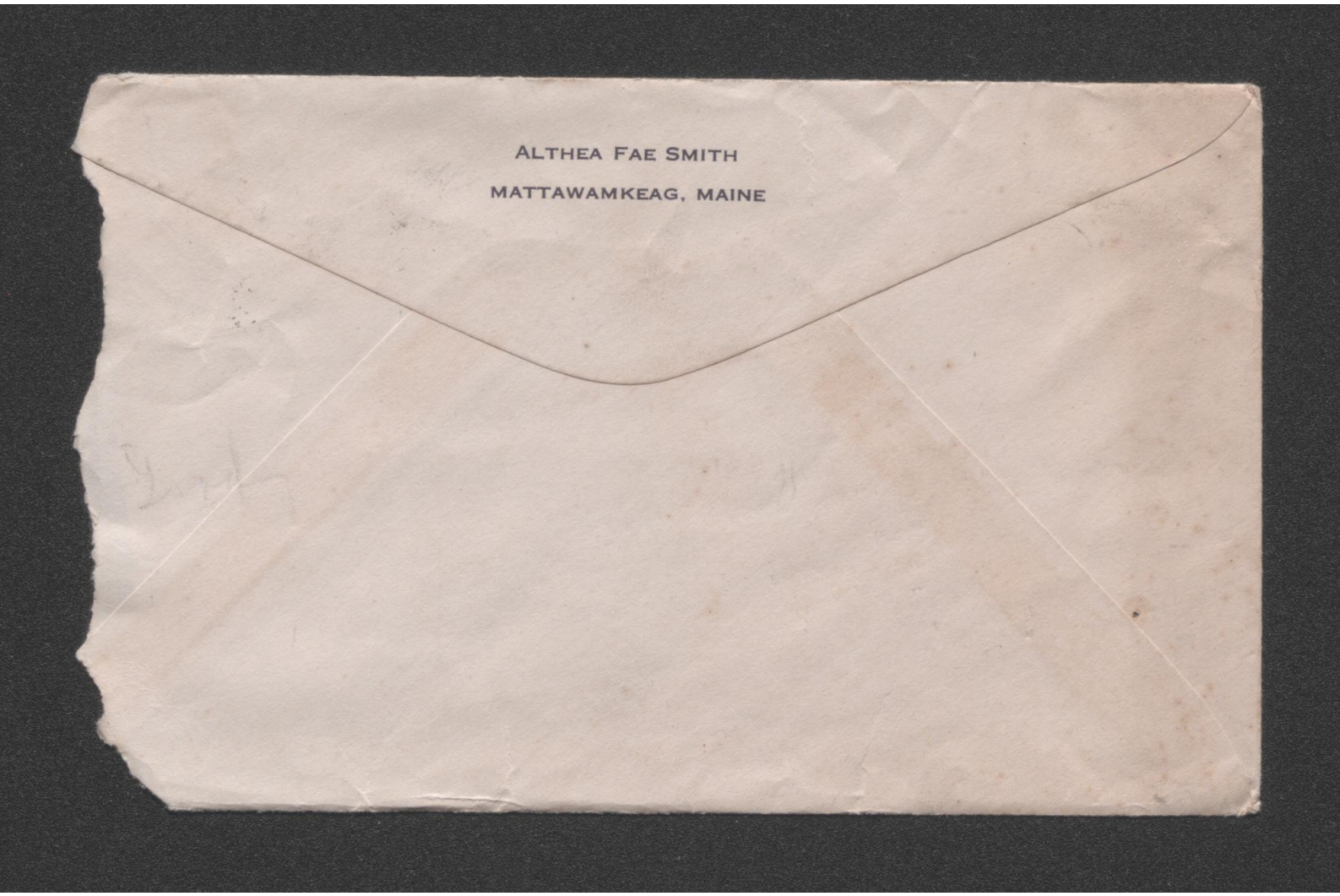
"It is. Will tomorrow morning be too early to suit you, dearest?"

"Not a bit. And Hal—let's drive around until City Hall opens. I think I'm going to need you every minute to—to deliver me from cheap pleasures."

"You darling," smiled Hal, as he kissed her.



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

'Kray

Tuesday Nite

8:30 — Going home
now — just wanted
to tell you the roses
are still lovely and
so are the Dappadils,
—
Gold to-night, hope
it won't snow.
you know —

Yours,
Althea.





THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs.

Medway.

Maine.

Keag, Maine
Sunday night
5.10

Dear Ellsworth —

Two lovely letters from you this morning — the one written Friday nite and the one you were so nice to write me Sunday Eve, and I was hoping I would hear this morning how you arrived — so you see dear, you didn't disappoint me — glad you had no trouble and arrived in time —

Look honey, I don't think I care much rather I go to the dance Friday night to note, If I could have you Sat. night and Sunday — feeling good — I had much rather it be that way — and if you think you should work Sunday Afternoon why do it ~~it~~ — see, I know how 'tis — Unless of course, you would really like to go to Winn to the dance and if you do it's O.K with me — you understand, if you see, I know how 'tis to work the next day after the night before, anything is agreeable, understand — ?

This ink I am writing with — "acts" like "water" — its garter's and comes in a big battle — but I hate it — Spose I'll have to use it 'til we get some other Exguse please —

Didn't get home last night til 9.15 but washed my hair, just the same as I had planned — am a frightful looking person today — Gan't gamb it at all — makes me mad!

Aunt Sale sent Elsie and I three colored bracelets a piece — glass — mine are red - green - white — real pretty —

Have been real busy today — mostly making GLD's —

Supper time now — 5.30. — must beat it home —

Later After supper —

Since supper I've been trying to read what I wrote before and it's most impossible — I've had an awful time trying to use this ink on blue

money orders to-day — its been almost impossible — when I'd put the blotter on it, it would almost fade out, so aggravating.

Buddy came off from the "Drive" to-night he got enough of it. It seems he fell in several times and nearly froze — such good weather w'everything — Guess he's going to try and get a job at East Millmarket — he says, they say there's going to be lots of work up there — Wish you were down here to-night to have a game of cards with us!! Then for some other reasonse — You know —

So night its much warmer — do hope it keeps up — Don't you?

Carlisle hasn't arrived back as yet —

Am going to put up 8's mail now — do so wish you were here —

Night dearest,

Yours,

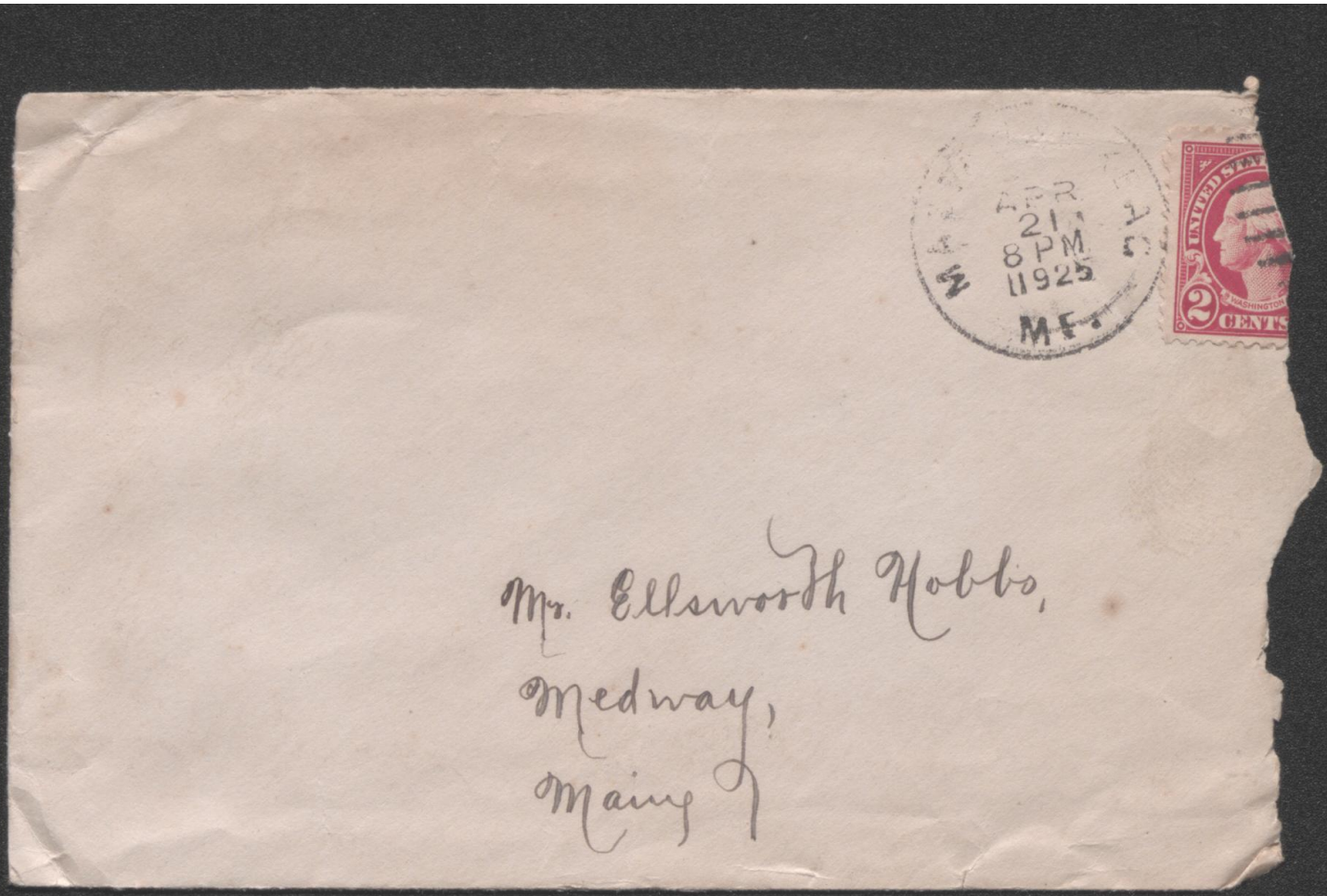
Fan



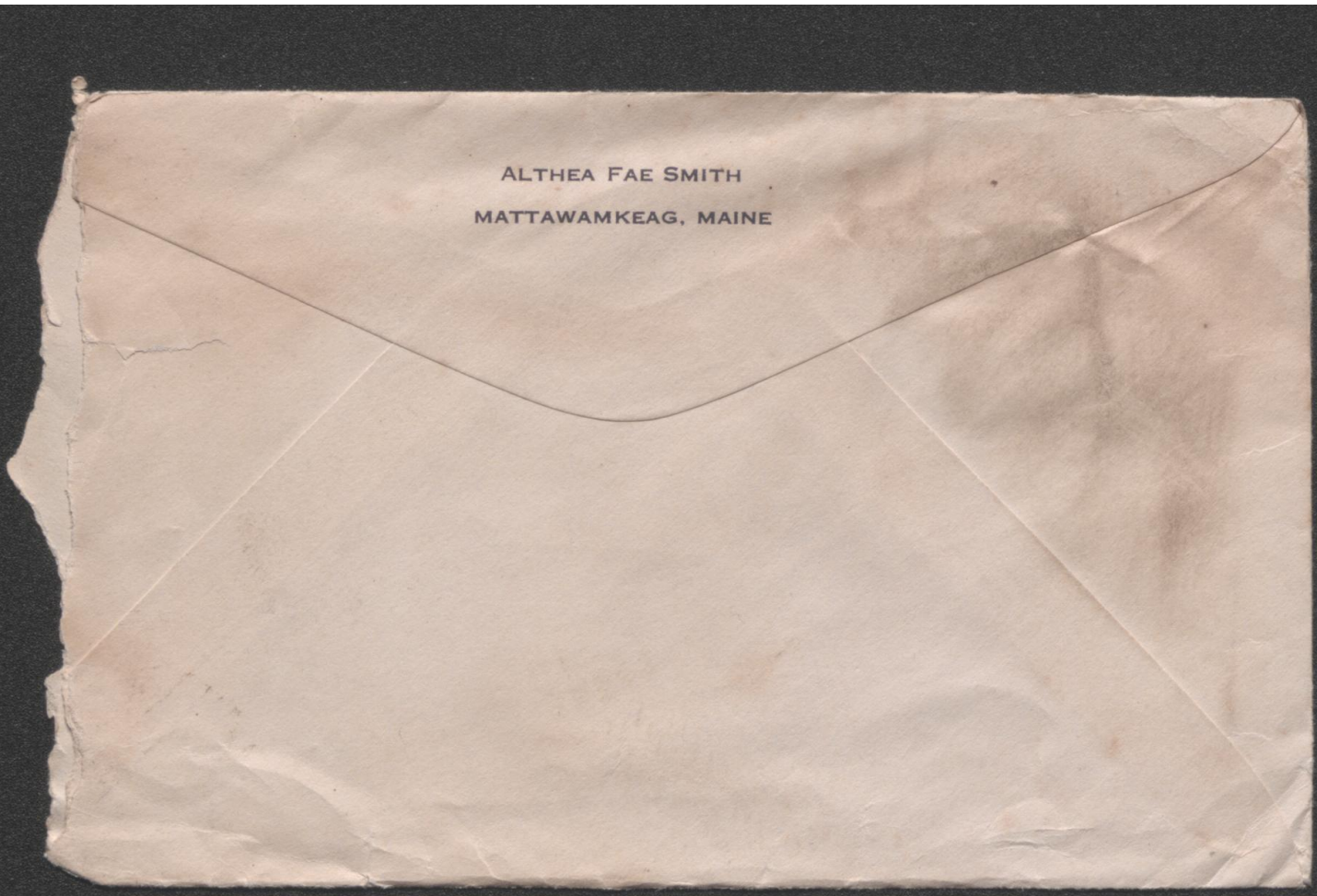








Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Saturday night

Sweetheart,

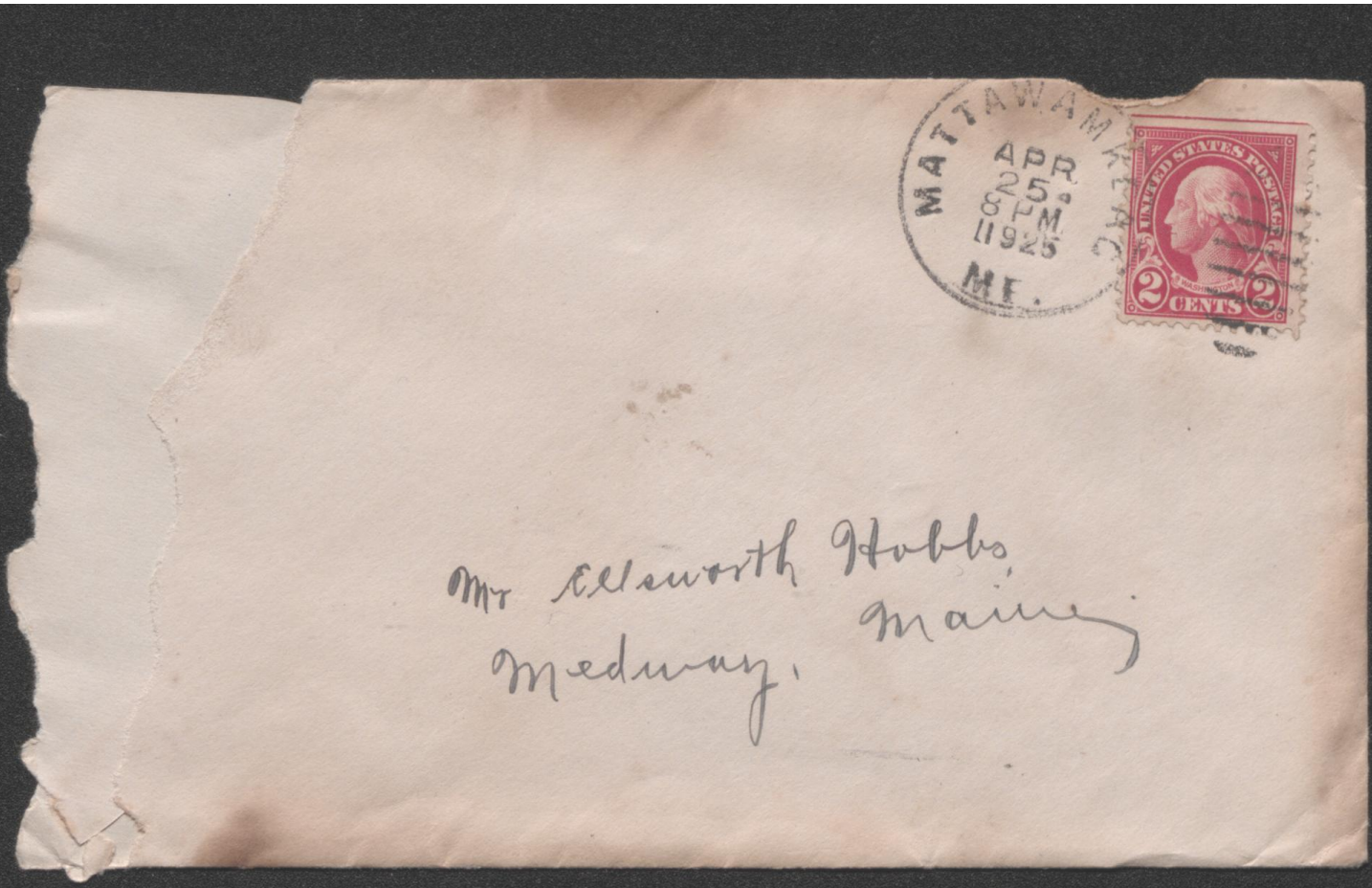
You're here now--and do you know that I came very near doing the same thing that I did last Sat. night? I don't know as this is going to be much better, not much to it, but you know ---is it better than nothing?

Hope that you are not feeling too tired to-night know you will be, as you're worked long hours and not much sleep---

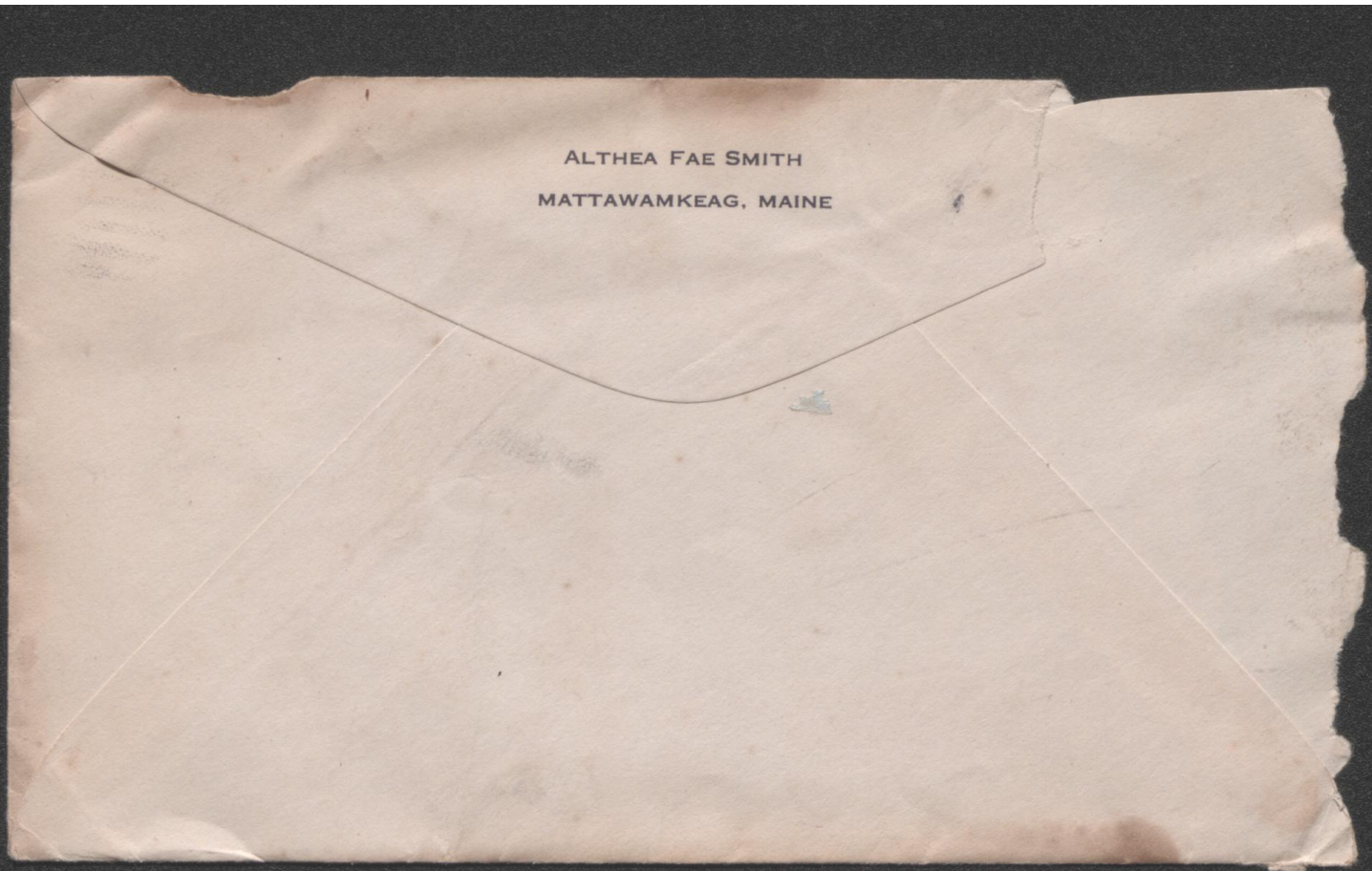
Lots and lots of love and kisses,

Yours,

Jae



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

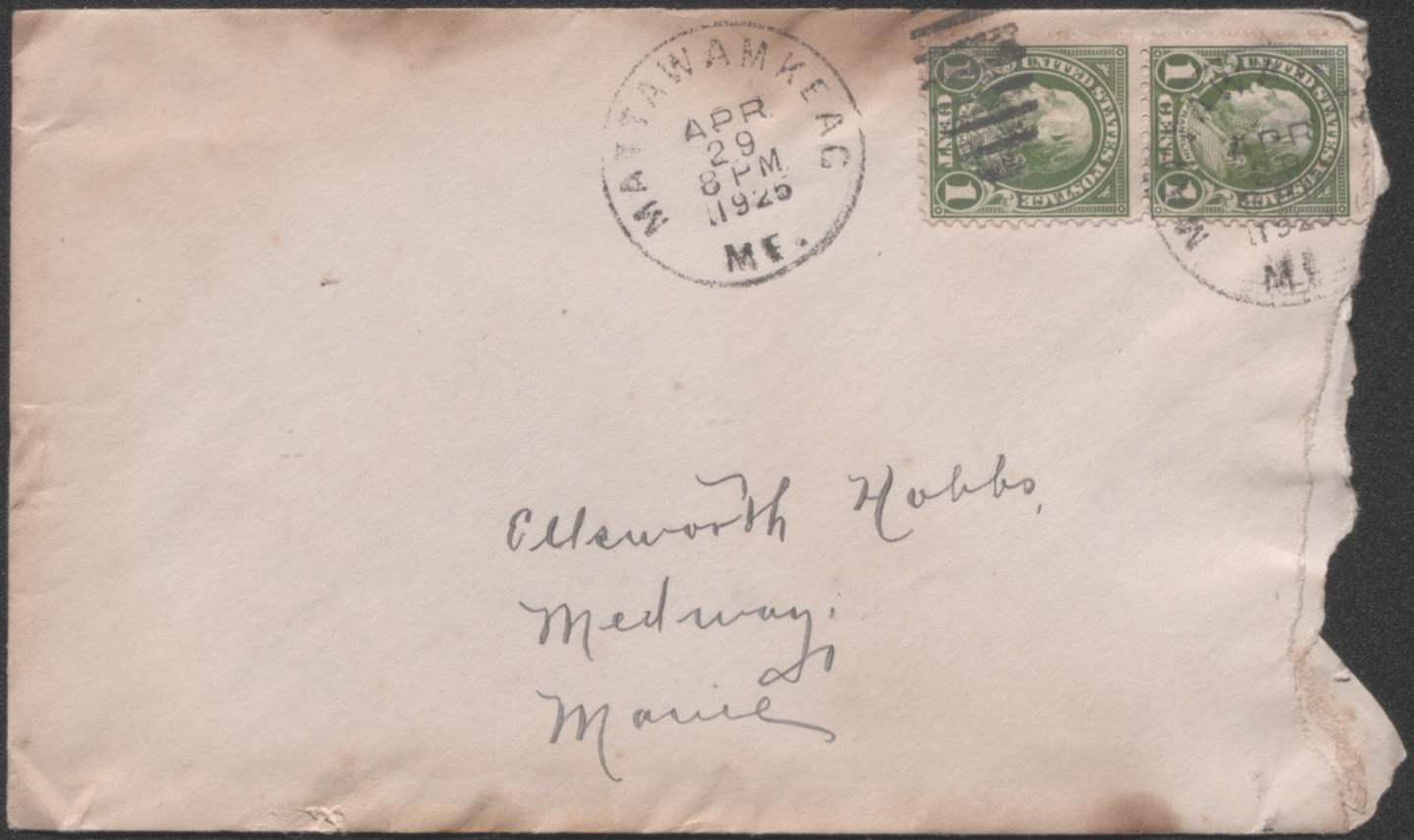
Wednesday P.M.
Keag

To dearest,

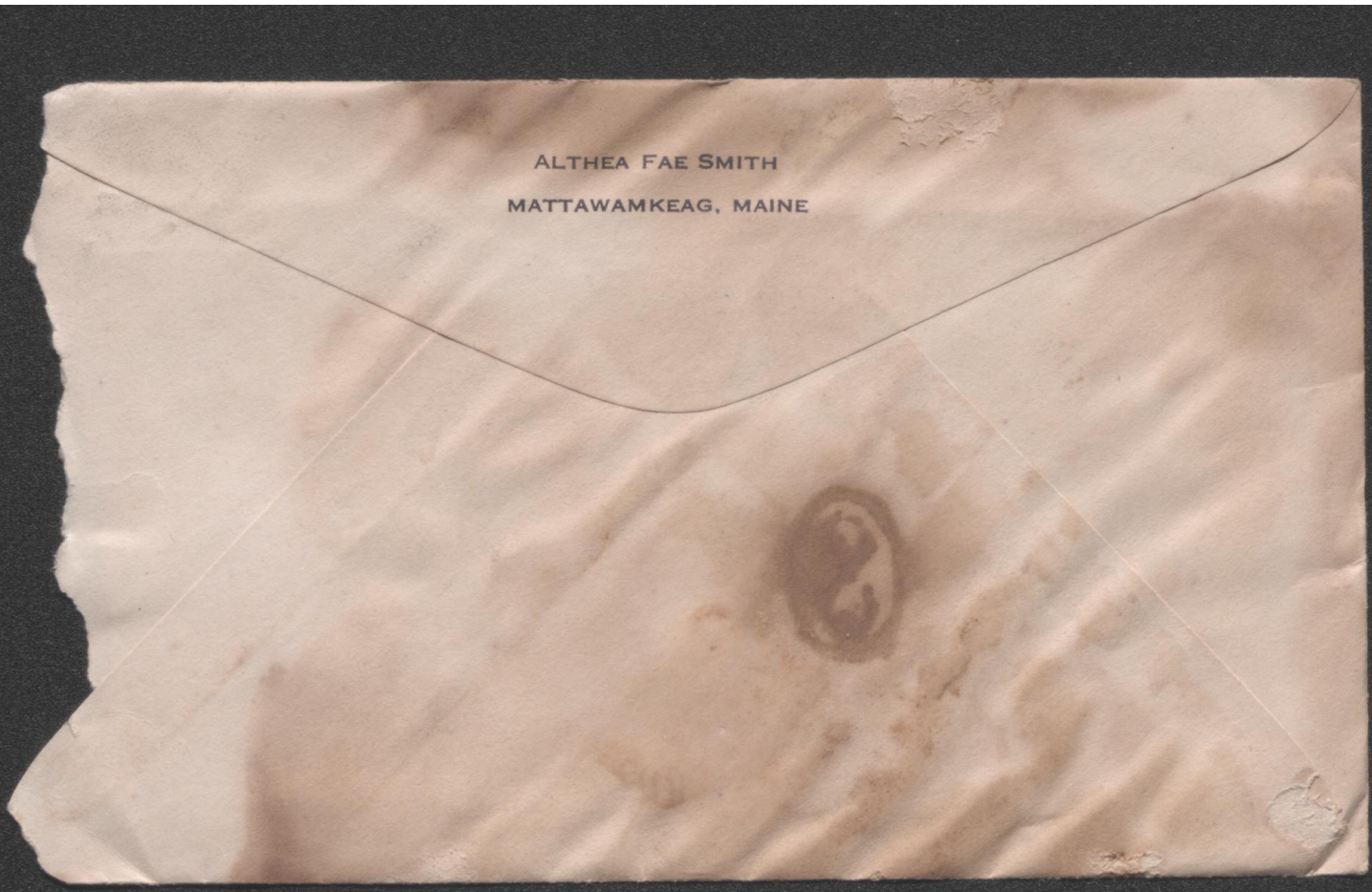
How's my boy tonight? Have been thinking this has been a pretty gold day for you and "George" to be out joy-riding" — ??? — not so much fun either eh? Gee, I was surprised and glad to see you this morning seemed great even tho' it was only for a half second. It helped me mensely See! Only hope you gave game tonight now I want you all the time don't I? Well, you know I can't help it

I thought I was going to get time today to copy my month's money orders on monthly report sheet but nothing doing I haven't had a minute! And I made a heap of money orders this month too but I had so much other work today gdw's and every thing. Its 20 mins of Six now and time I was hustling for my tea. Bye dear!

Since supper I've been awful busy. I know you're here and I'm so glad Barrels of Love & Kisses yours. Fae



Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Keay, Maine —
Tuesday P. M.

Ellsworth dearest,

It's only 4.30 and I am not going to do one thing else until I write to "my Sweetheart" — See! Sorry I couldn't have got some kind of a little note written yesterday so you could have got some thing to-night; I was so glad to get your letter this morning all for such a few minutes last night. But we did have a good time we didn't we? eh and Ellsworth you are a Peach, most too good to be really true, you know. So good and thoughtful all the time. There's a lot of good looking Sheiks but it's very seldom that you see a fellow who always looks good and that word has a heap of meaning like yours. See!!!

My arm is terrible to-day & can't it seem? eh I'd use the typewriter only, you know.

I'm rather "sleepy" tonight, aren't you? I didn't notice

I was sleepy the first of the morning, there was no fire in ~~it~~ me and it was "goldy" but after the mail went, Papa built a fire and I set over the register making money orders, copying them and etc and it was "warm" and all I gained to keep "awake" [Right this minute I am "blinking" & "winking" you know] To-night I'll jump in early — but do wish so much you were going to be here again to-night.

I'm positively sure my birthday present is much the nicest, you see I have it all the time, and it's so very important, and its a "darling little clock", and no one but you dear — would have thought of just what would please me most. I just love it — I was a real present. See!

How did you make it last night, I mean this morning going back to Medway? Hope everything went fine so you didn't have to get out in the rain, bad enough

to miss a whole nights' sleep, I know you must be dead tired to-night, after working all day. Am sending some kisses & hugs gan you use them to help out a little?

I heard this Afternoon that "Goodie's Orchestra" had hired the Hall here for next Monday night the 11th

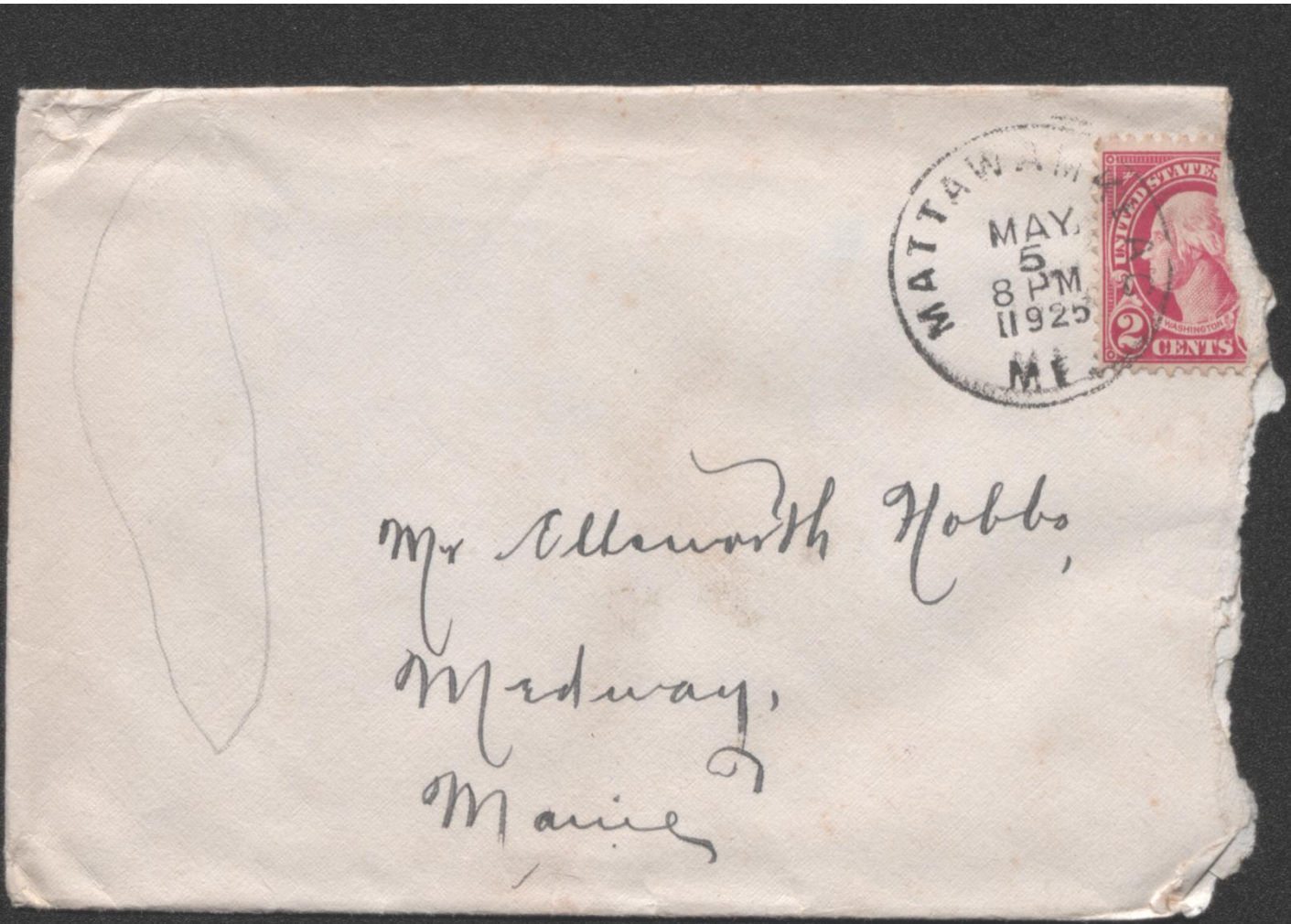
I was talking with "Clarkie" on the Phone this P.M., it's all settled that his "Orch" will play for the "Junior Hop" the 18th

Garlisle arrived this Morning he says his going over to "Rangley" to morrow a gan't tell what he'll do.

Elsie just phoned, she told me to bring some real "pickles" and game to supper.

Bye honey, yours,

Fan


MATTAWAMKEAG
MAY
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1925
ME
UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON
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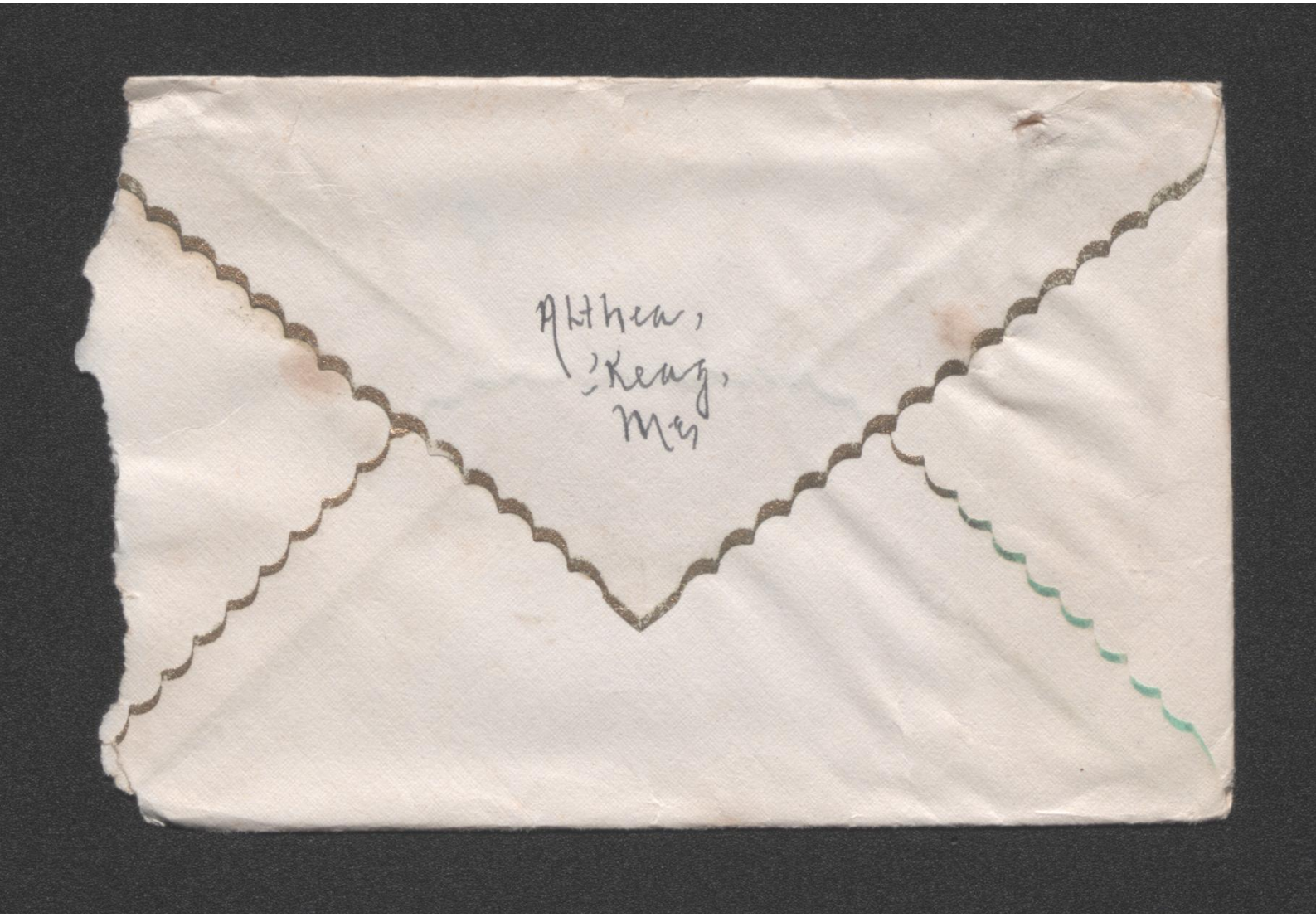
CENTS
Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


Althea,
Keary,
May

Keag. Maine
Tri Night
5 O'clock

Lo dearest

"To-morrow" night at this time & if you are not in Keag & I hope you'll be on your way, See! That's what I'm thinking about &

If Papa will only stay here for a few minutes I may get the chance to write a few lines & He's been gone most of the PM and I've been trying to do office writting and having a rather hard time.

Isn't it the meanest weather? & you wouldn't want to see me to day. I'm about frozen & have just sent Papa down to build a fire & and I've the worst Gold ??? But I'll be alright to-morrow night. See!!

Ruby Ireland has her hair "bobbed", it changes her appearance a lot I think, as much as any one I have seen yet. She says to me, "you'll be the next one" & I smiled & but I know better — May Hale and Fred Hale's wife had their's cut this week too.

The "Juniors" of Winn H.S. are giving a Play "Deacon Tubbs" and Dance in Winn Wright's Goodie's Orchestra — Guess there's a crowd going down. — Not me.

I heard from Harold this morning he's going to try to come up to "Junior Hop" — Hope he can.

Della was just in and got a money-order —

Am not going to write any more — a rixious for you to get started to Keng — and "you know"

Going home and try to get warmed up with "Tea" during Supper.

Lots of Love,
Yours,
Jae.

Mrs Hale died this A.M.


MAY
8
8 PM
1925
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
ONE CENT
Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine



Keag - Maine
Tuesday Night
7 O'clock

Lo-honey, —

How's every little thing to-night dear? Bet you are tired and "sleepy" —

I woke up at 5.30 and got up and saw that "Aunt Grace" got in O.K. and then as Mama was up to get breakfast — I went back to bed at slept til 15 min. of seven. Have been, as you say, rather "Dopey" all day — am going to try and crawl in early to-night — Aunt Grace tried to get me to go to bed with her this Afternoon — but I gouldn't as I had to count my postage stamp stock and remit and etc — Have been so busy all the Afternoon I didn't get a minute in which to write to you. —

I got two little notes from you this morning — was so glad — was hoping — I would

but wasn't sure 'cause I know that you're not had much time — you're a dear boy!

Aunt Grace has admired my "basket of violets" ever since she arrived — "What a cute idea" and etc — she says. And Ellsworth they are lovely. She also said "Why the matches?" Ha Ha

I hired "Goodie's Orch" for the Senior Class" over the Telephone today for Graduation. They played good up to east that night — don't you think?

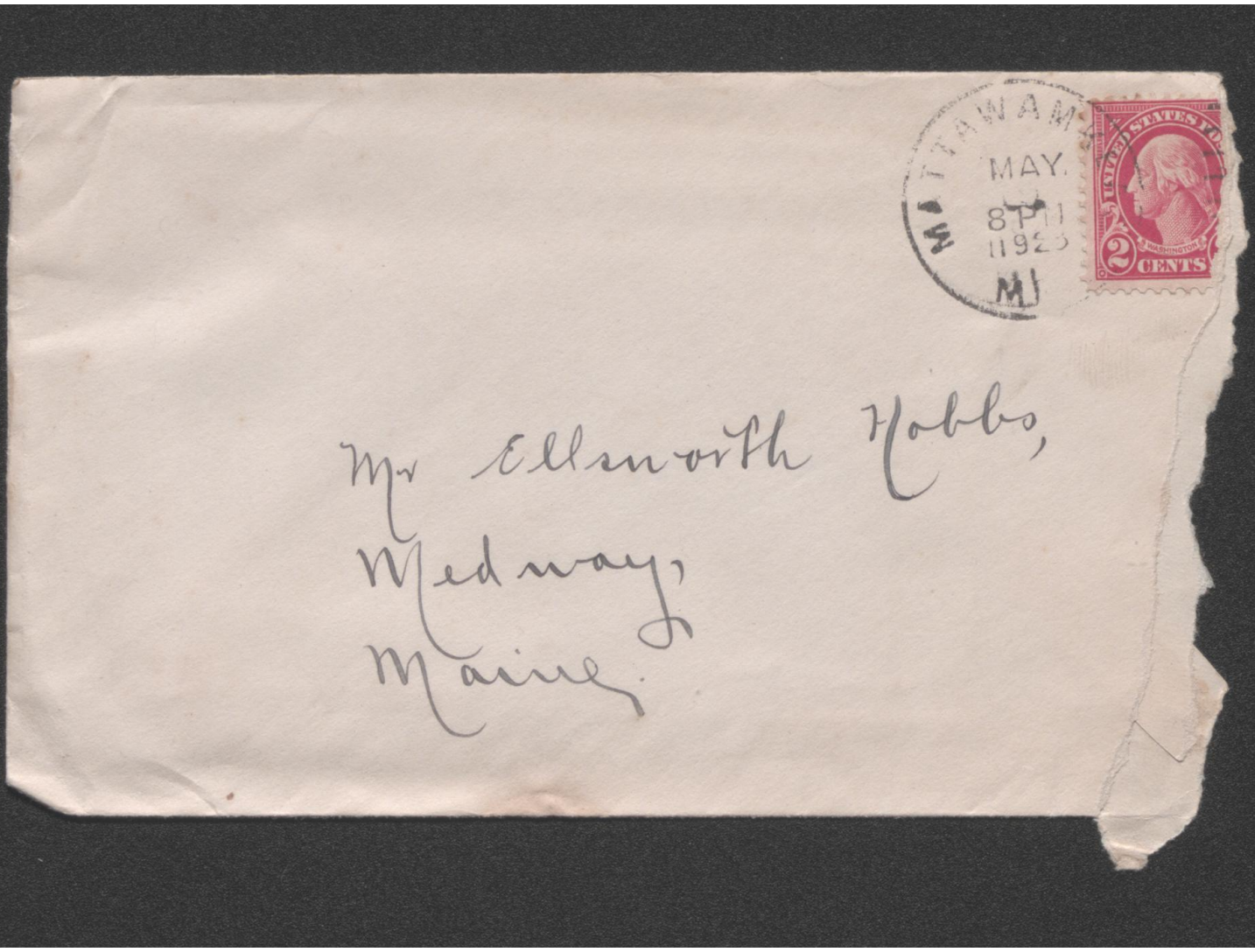
Harold went back O.K —

George Pewley came up tonight —

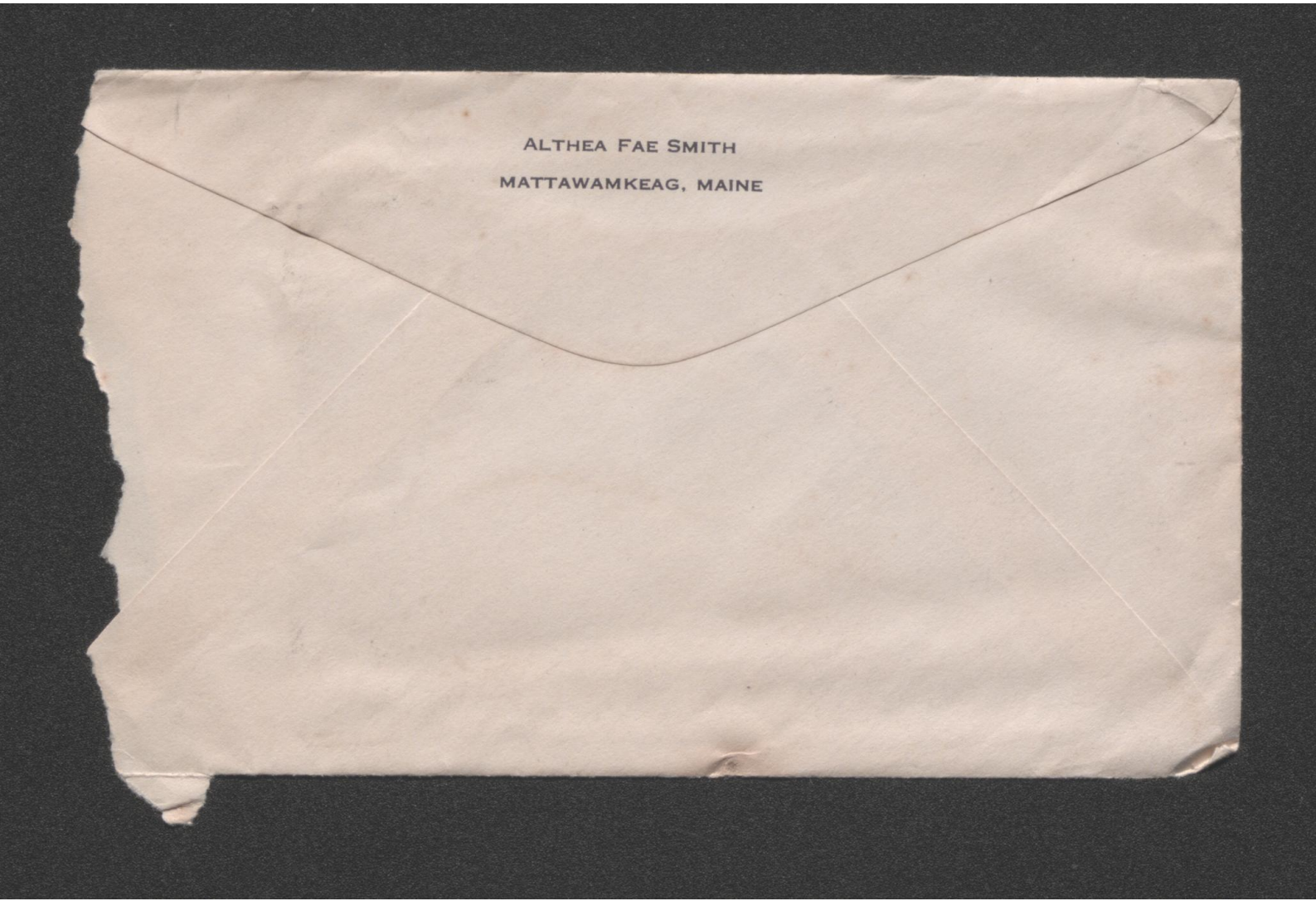
Aunt Lade is back in Washington again, another letter this A.M. so Aunt Grace says. —

Well Sweet, not much more tonight, had a lovely time last night & hope you did too — feel even more like going to a dance to-night — than last night.

Love, Yours, Fai



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Keay Maine
Tuesday PM.

Ellsworth Honey,

Got two of "my boys" nice letters this morning — yes — you can just bet I was looking for them too — wish I might have one three times a day and then some. See

Papa and Carlisle just came in — Papa's been gone all the afternoon, and I don't think Carlisle has been in the Store before to-day. — I maybe this morning — just long enough to see if he had a letter from Audrey.

It's now 25 min after five — I'll have to be going home, I 'spose — have made G.A.'s all the time I have got this P.M. — besides making the posters — and I don't care if I didn't make them "fancy" — I didn't have the time to spare.

This has been a lovely day — too nice to spend "indoors" — Think I would enjoy spending all summer at the Lake — [where there were no Post Offices and etc — to worry about. —] —

After Supper.

Dandy long letter from Aunt Sade Wright — [for usual, she sends her very best regards to "you" — and she says she's glad I have such a nice boy as "you" — [but she's not half as glad as I am. —] and she really don't know ½ how good you are.

Carlisle said that he and Hubert were up to East M — last night. Donald O'Glain Orch played for a dance after the Movies. I told him he could take me up to "Medway" to night; but he said Hubert wouldn't be down to night — Maybe I can get them to take me up some night after I get out of the Office — [hope you and George won't be off on a "Spree" if we do come ?!!!!!]

My very bestest Love.

Yours. Jae.

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MAY
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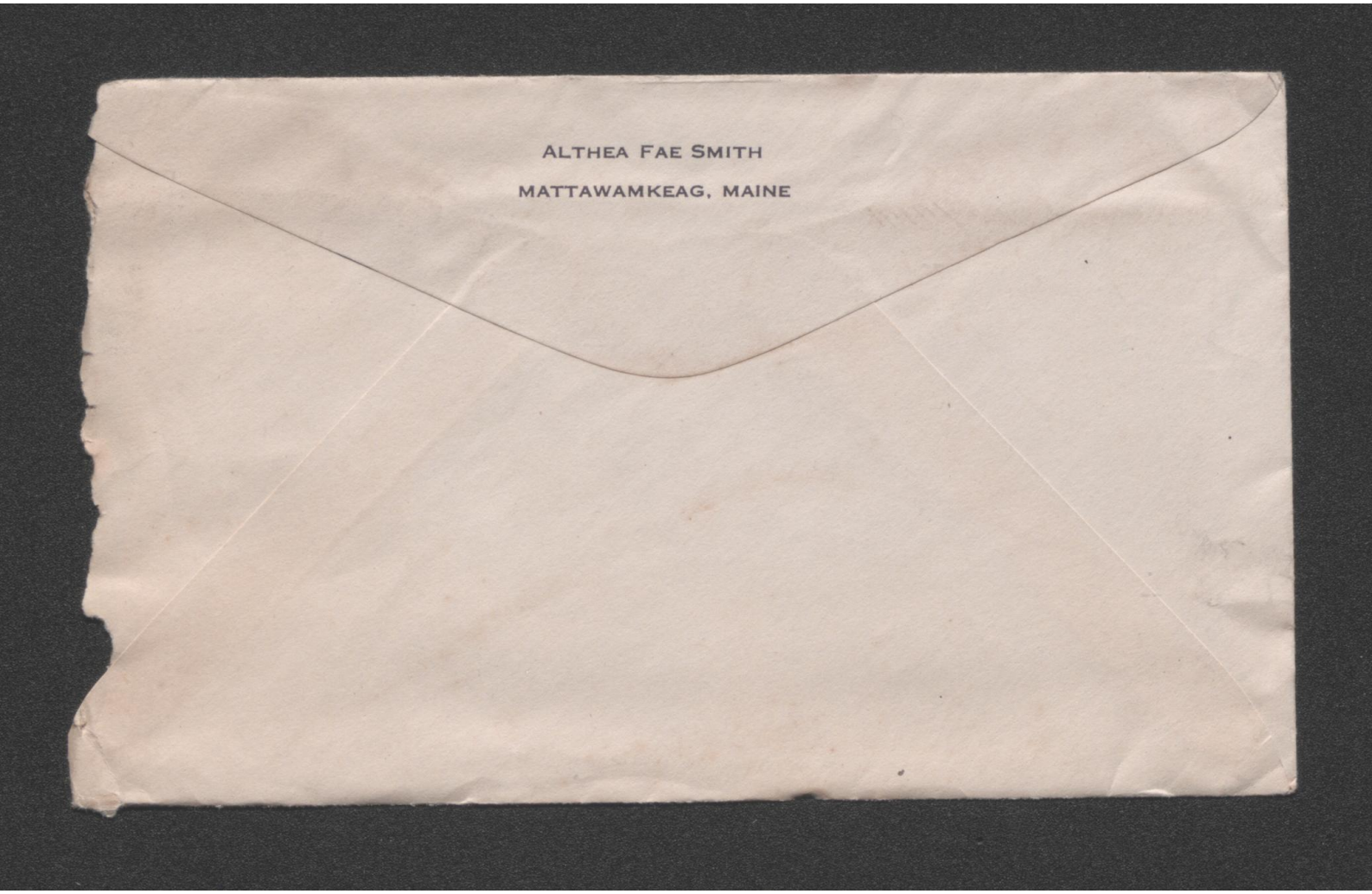
1925
MT.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway, Maine


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

'Keag. Maine
Wednesday P.M.

'Lo Sweetheart,

Am going to write to you 'fore I do anything else this Afternoon.

Have just arrived from home and it's already 3 O'clock. "Time surely" flies" in the Afternoon. It's 2 O'clock every day before we can get the dishes washed — then I have to hurry and clean my own self up a bit and come down here.

Papa left as soon as I came with his "fishing Tackle", so his probably gone for the rest of the P.M.

Carlisle and Hubert have been putting the rest of the wood in the Garage and Shed to-day, but have just finished and gone off in the Ford. I drove Hubert's car up one lane and down the other this noon. [you know I mean down Grandpa's lane and up the road by our houses] I guess I could get use to working gears with my feet but it's kind of hard to remember.

I got another Birthday present this morning! The darlingest "Luncheon Set" — from Mrs. van and Mabel — They made it for me — Mabel said she knew my Birthday was something in May she couldn't remember just the day.

I am so pleased with it, so good of them. It's my color — Orange or yellow. Just right to use for refreshments after a Card party of "four" — It's embroidered in little baskets of flowers. — Oh, I'll show it to "you", tho' of course had to write you about it Too. —

Ethel Gradie Tenhey was in to see me last night — was pretty busy so didn't get much chance to talk to her. She said, "Gone on in the water is fine" — Guy gave gone up every Tuesday night as George doesn't have to work that Afternoon. Nice to have a "pass" on the railroad — ? Ethel said, "George gets up and gets his own breakfast, has his dinner down town and etc." — as little as she has to do — I should think she would get his breakfast, and send him away "good natured" — ? Eh? Leave it to "Ethel" —

Am so glad you can get off to go to "Casting", every thing looks promising anyways so we'll hope for the best —

Glad that you and George had your "Spree" — and that when you got home you were still able to write to me — ? You're a "Peach" dear, and "Althea Fae" knows it. — See —

I heard that Mrs. Hurd and them were complaining about the Orchestra Monday night

at East because they didn't play long enough for their money. Some said they took up a Collection of $8.00 and that the Mgr. put it in his pocket, but closed up just the same and didn't play any longer. I heard "Bernard" telling that

Lots of things "going on" this Friday — a Junior Exhibition and Dance by "Goodie's Orch." in Winn, Then there's a Dance in East M. Music by "Sunset Orch".

Elsie just came in and insisted that she send this note I am enclosing to you. Take it from whence it comes. You know.

Its 5 O'clock now — almost "Sea time" again — This has been a lovely day — Hope they keep coming!!

Bestest Love, and Millions of "You know what"

Yours, Jae.

PS. 7.10

"Webb" Martin and I got the mail to-night — Papa arrived shortly afterwards.

So long.

all right

OSTON POST, WEDN

The Cheerful Cherub

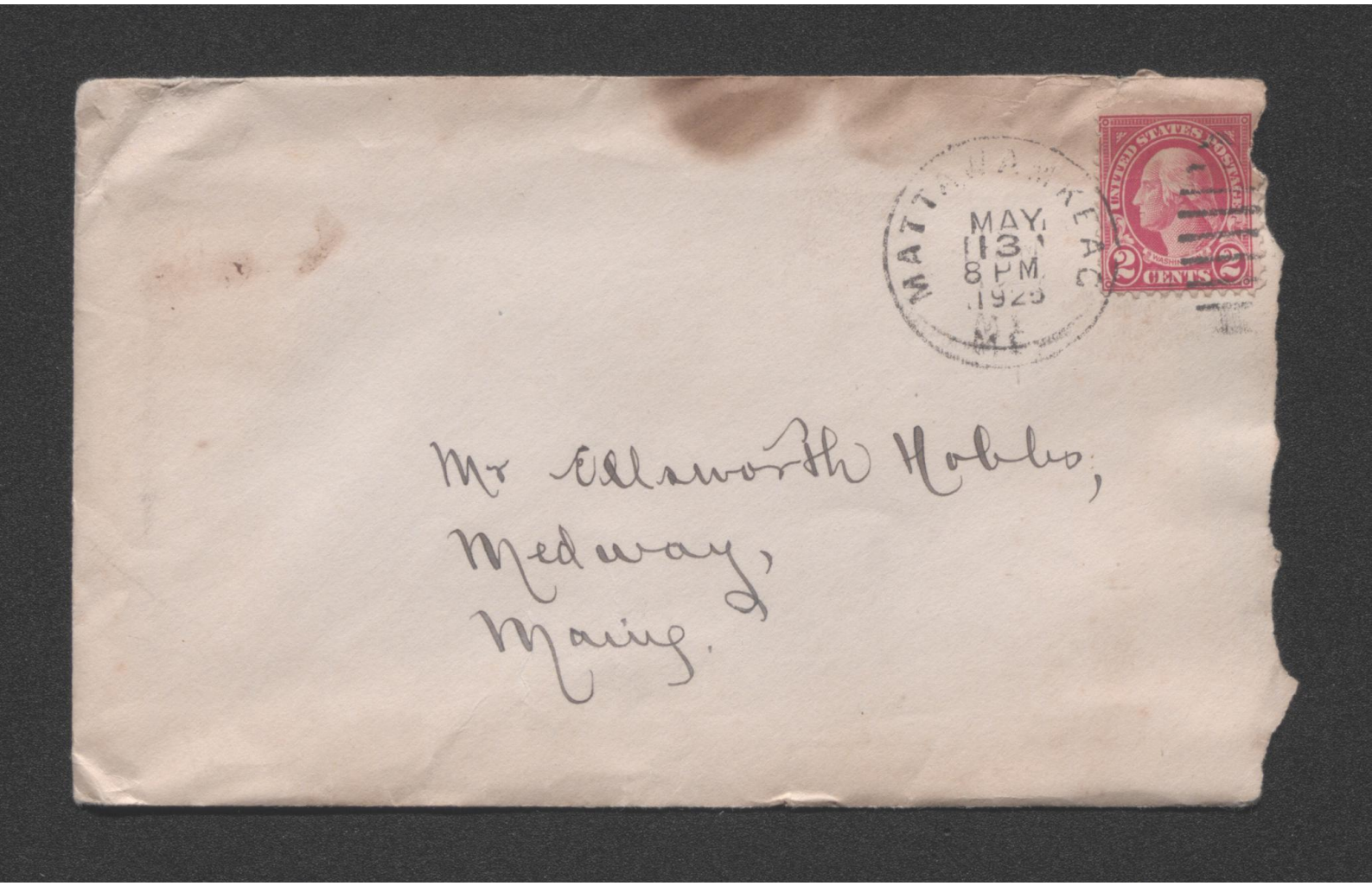
My difficulties test
my strength
So, as I struggle
through,
By teaching me to
know myself
They really
help me too.
R. T. CANN.



Looks like "you" —



count
C. M.
greate
are tu


MATTANAWKEAG
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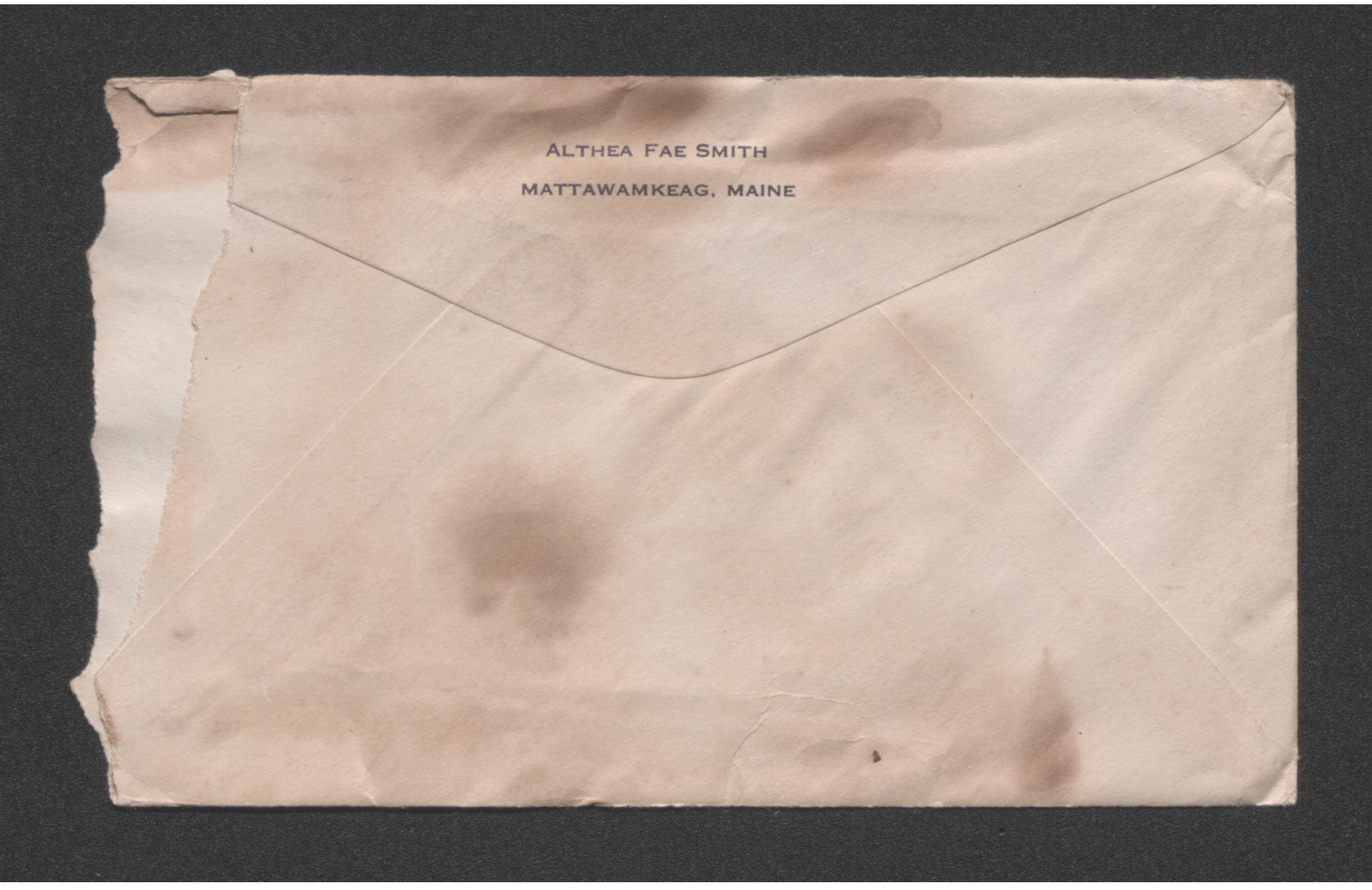
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
2 CENTS 2
Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

Keag, Maine
Thursday P.M.

My dear Ellsworth,

Twas nice of you to ~~gold~~ gall me up last night & It surely seemed great. e!! I was in the office talking to your mother when Papa came in and says, "Some one just said on the telephone, "John, is Fal there"? So I told your mother to "wait" as it might be "you" and sure enough it was. While I was talking to you, I heard her say something so I thought maybe she wanted to tell you something & 'Twas rather hard talking to the both ~~to the both~~ of you, guess I didn't succeed very well. I tried to remember and tell your mother every thing you told me. She said, "you folks were getting real ~~[illegible]~~ sporty!!!

Another "crowd" of Gympsies in Town 6 or 8 garloads. "Desperate" looking too. I just got the doors locked in time, I wouldn't have this if the little Prescott boy hadn't come in and told me. & They're all over town & I galled mamma up and told her to lock the doors and she has just galled me up again and said that when she got out to the shed door to lock it, there stood a gympsie man, she said she slammed

the door in his face and locked it just in time. There was a can full of them at the foot of the lane. So I was glad I called her up. Land I rung the 'phone several times before I did get her too. That makes 3 times gypsies have gone thru town this summer. Guess I'll have to keep on the "watch-out" all the time.

Thanks, honey, for offering to make those posters for me. I know you would have done a 1st class job. But as if these I've made don't answer the purpose. They can make some for themselves. It did not take me long to make them - guess I just wrote them quickly "free-hand".

Am going to do my best to come up for your Saturday myself. See!!!

And, if I come I'll try and get to Dempsey's Manor at 4 o'clock P.M. as you suggested. And it seems as if I might have the car for a little while one day out of the week.

Probably you know, today's tomorrow is Hayseed's Birthday. If your mother told me last night, as I sent him

a Birthday card — it read, — "Happy Birthday" — and then there was a picture of a Parrot and he said, "Don't be down hearted, you know lots more now then when you started." — I can see him "grin", can't you? —

I forgot to tell Elsie last night when she sent that note to you that "your flivver" was down here in the garage, but I will when I go home to supper, which I am going to do this minute —

After Supper

Elsie said, "Well, aint that mean?" She's abright, as she's going to "Winn" to the dance tomorrow night.

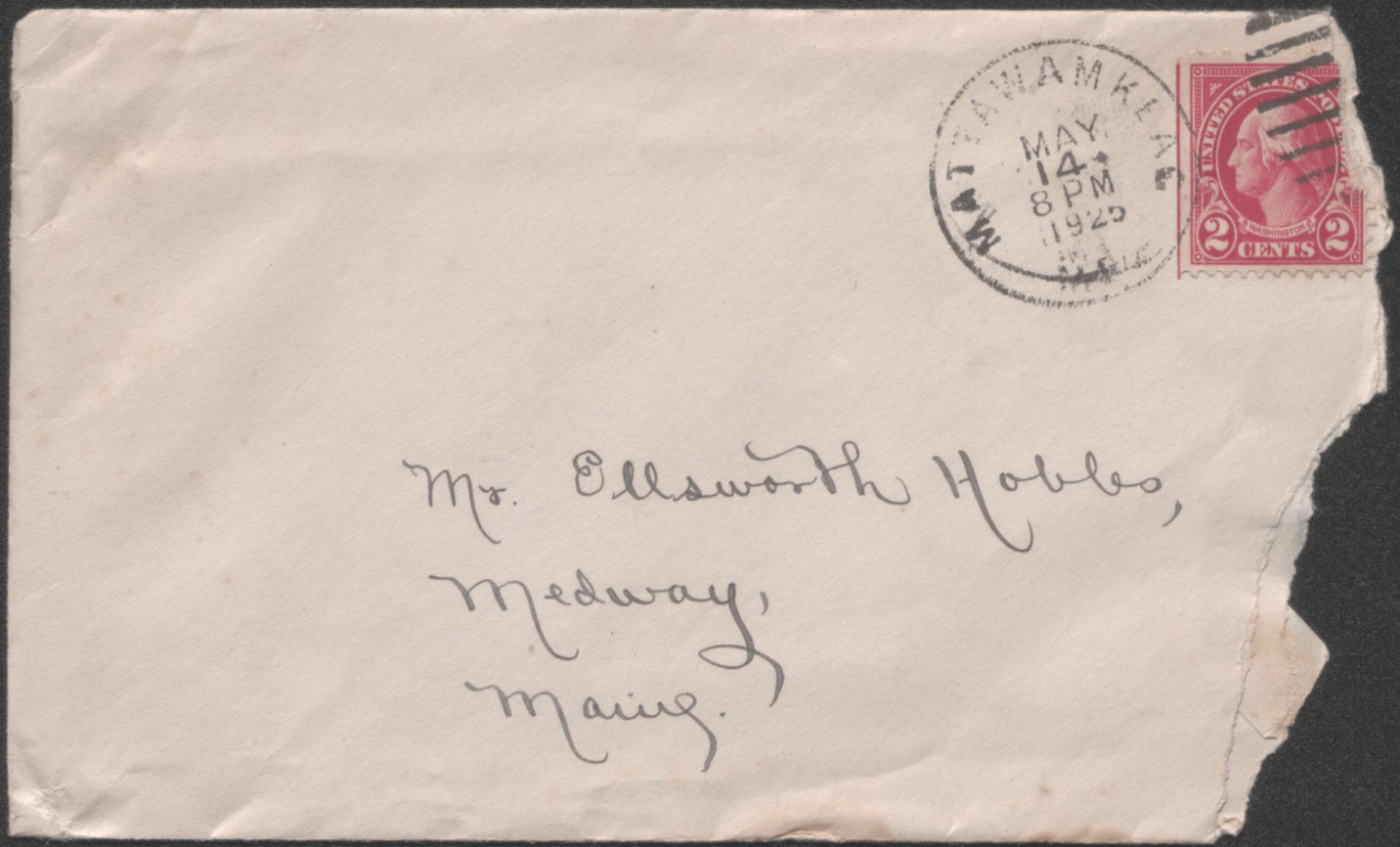
Garlisle & Hubert were up to ~~Sat~~ Pattagunyas fishing to-day — They brought Edd Waite down with them — He's staying up home and going to "Star" tonight. — I'm not going — too tired and no girl to go with. —

Will look for you Friday night —

'Spose you'll let me have a ½ a Second?

Hope you're O.K. — Lots of Love & Nevery thing

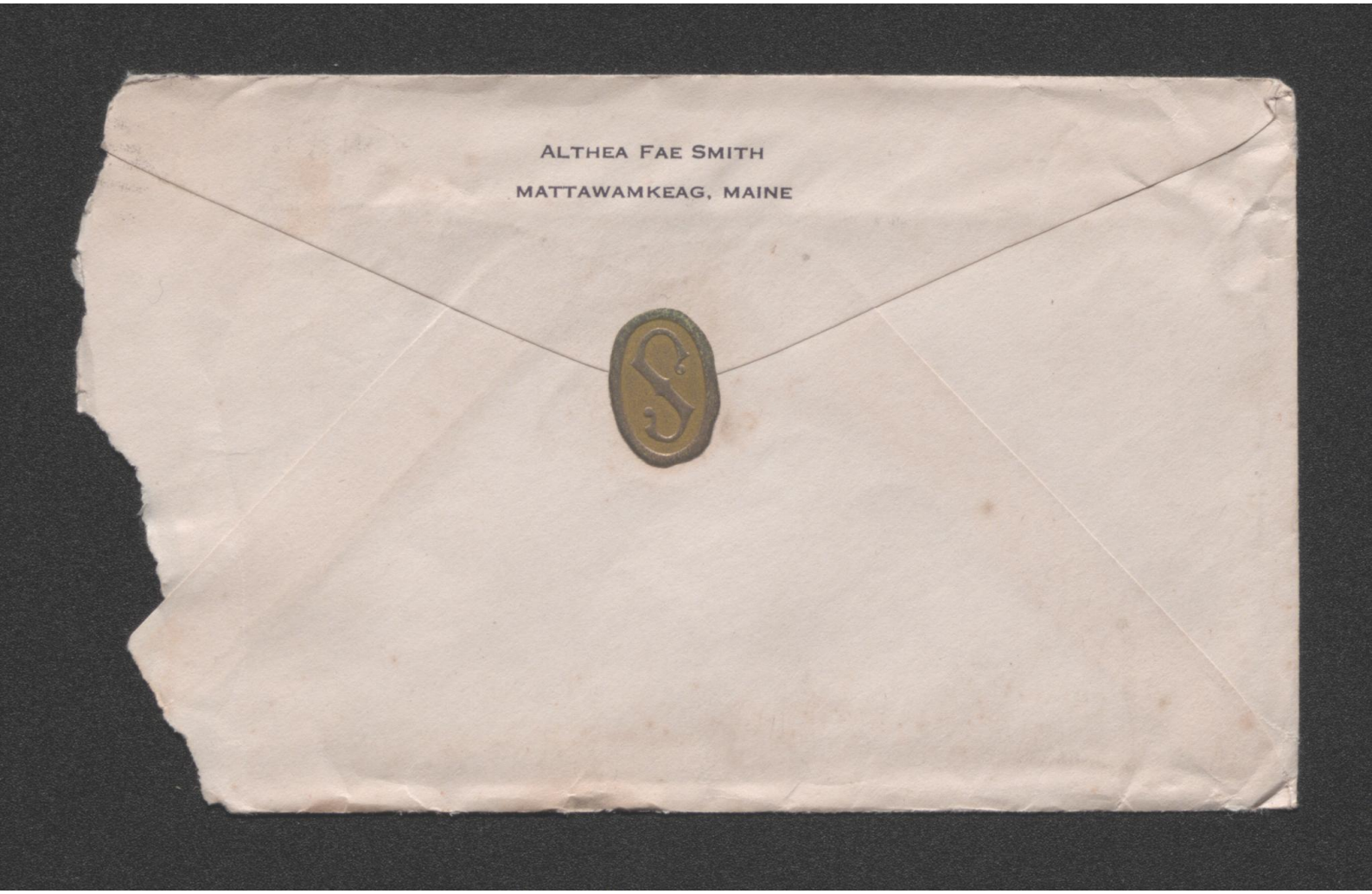
Yours, Fae.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway,

Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

OFFICE NO. 94785, THIRD CLASS

United States Post Office

ALTHEA FAE SMITH, Postmaster

MATTAWAMKEAG, ME.

"Friday Night

9.10 P.M.

Dearest:

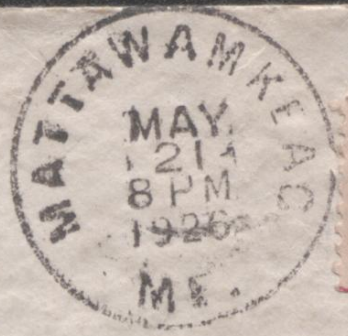
Only a little bit of a note....I'm that tired...

You can't geuss honey just how nice it seemed it to see you last night.....I wanted to..so bad....that's one time a 'wish' came 'true'!!!

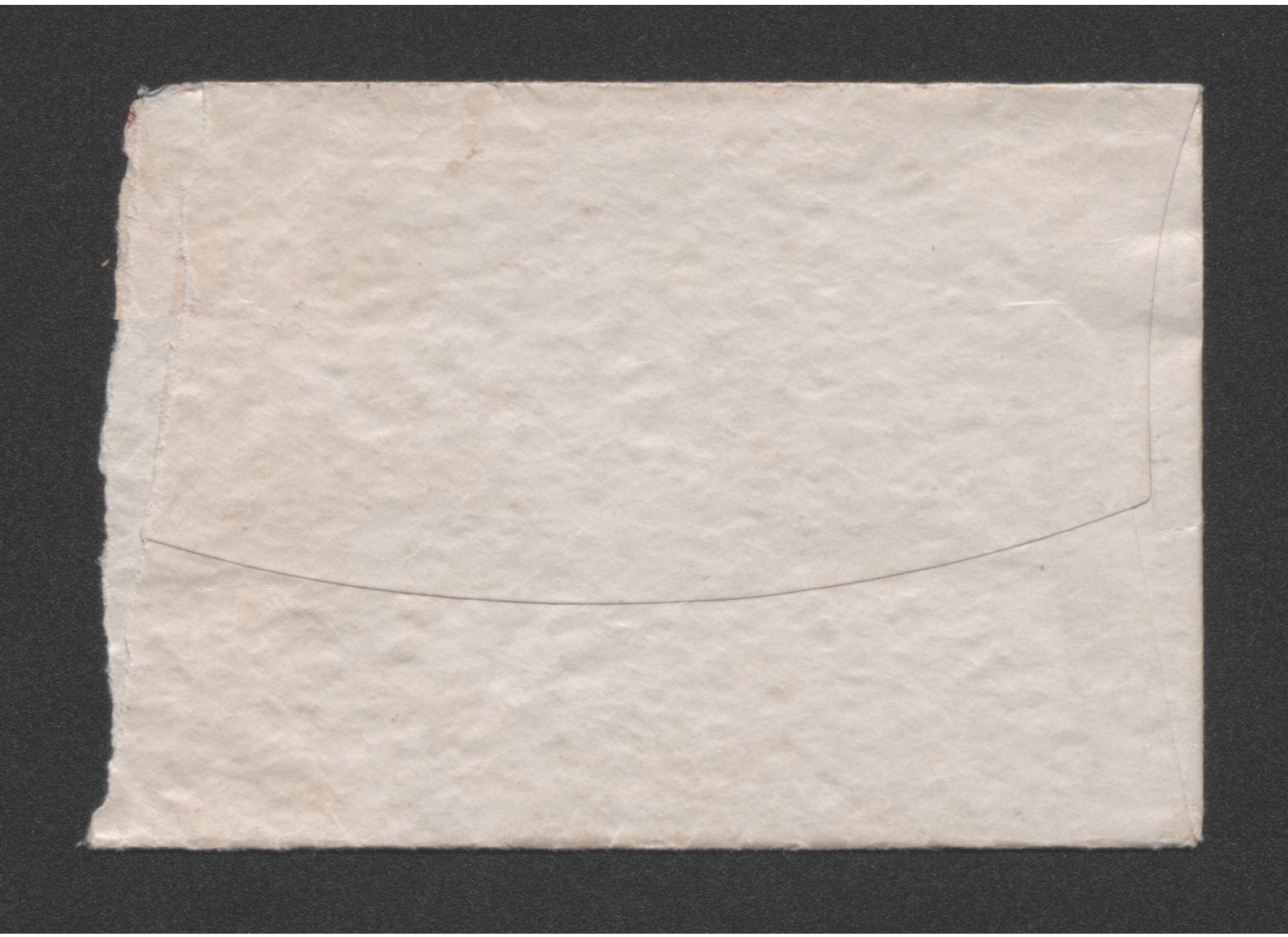
Looking for you to-morrow night.....and hoping for a little good luck too...you know what I mean??????????

Yours,

Fae



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine.



Keage Maring
Monday 4.35
P.M.

My dear Ellsworth,

I know that you are pretty near "all in" to night honey, and I'm sorry to think of you that way when twas all my fault - yet I can't help being glad to have had "you", and I wanted you so much all day and well, "you know" - the time flies so fast while you are with me, and its so long between times & nevertheless. Oh, I do know Sweet, that you understand

When I went up-stairs Kunt
Grace woke up, and I
had to set my Alarm glock
on a chair on her side of
the bed — She says it's "12
O'glock" isn't it? I said "yes" —
and then she said I guess
I better look and see, and
so she did and my little "Tidy
True", said 15 min of three —
She said, "My Lord, where have
you been"? — and then when
I got in bed side of her, my feet
were frozen, which I really
hadn't noticed before, she
said, "why, you're frozen" I
know where you're been
"Out in that Gar" — She said
did you go to Medway Garibou
or where? — I said, I didn't
go any where, she said, "Gouldn't
one of you keep the fire
going with all that wood
in the Wood box" — I said
we did for a while and then
I said, "We weren't in the
kitchen, she said

Well, why didn't you use the pillows on the gauch to get you warm?" And thus she kept talking until I told her my ears were plugged or I was going in the other room and etc; & T was awful funny those but she ~~taught~~ would get up and put another Guilt over me, and got me nice and warm, and I'm not very tired today. but dear, I know you must be -- Aunt Grace said, "I'm going to write to Ellsworth and ask him where you went, or why he couldn't keep a "fire" & you would have "split" laughing if you had

heard her —

This morning, she said, "I know how you got so cold — Standing out at the door an hour saying, "Good night" — I said, "well, it did take me most a half hour to lock the door — and etc — —

She wasn't a bit "gross" you know, just funny. She probably will show you how to fill the store next time you come down — ? ? ?

Have been alone all the Afternoon — I think Papa's been working in the garden — at least, I do hope so. —

Aunt Grace brought me down a lovely bouquet of violets this Afternoon —

At dinner time — I made a batch of Oatmeal Cookies, Aunt Grace pronounced them "Just right" — Nice of her, wasn't it?

Supper time now dearest,

Yours.
Fae.

I told Aunt Grace you kept asking me if I was Gold, and she said — 'Well, you see, that's reason enough that he was Gold. ?? Ha! Ha!

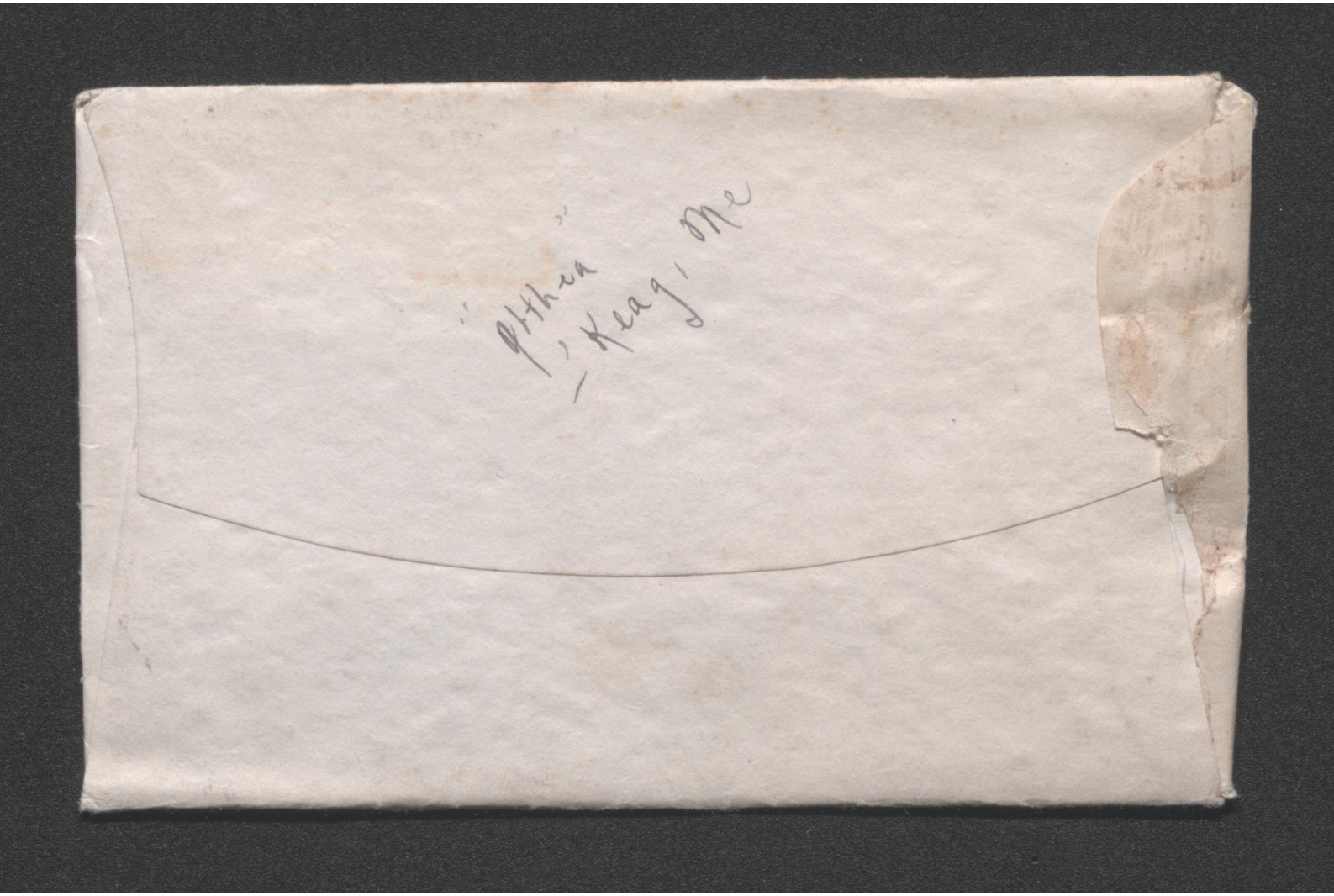
Were you perished before you got to Medway? Do hope not.



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway,

Maine.



"Keag". Maine
Wednesday
Nite

Dearest,

All's wish is that tonight was "Thursday night", so I could have "you" e e

It's now 10 min of 8 e
The Masons are having a Big time tonight & lots of Big cars, guess I'll go out & borrow one and come up & see "you" e would just love to e how much you can't

"Guess" ? See!

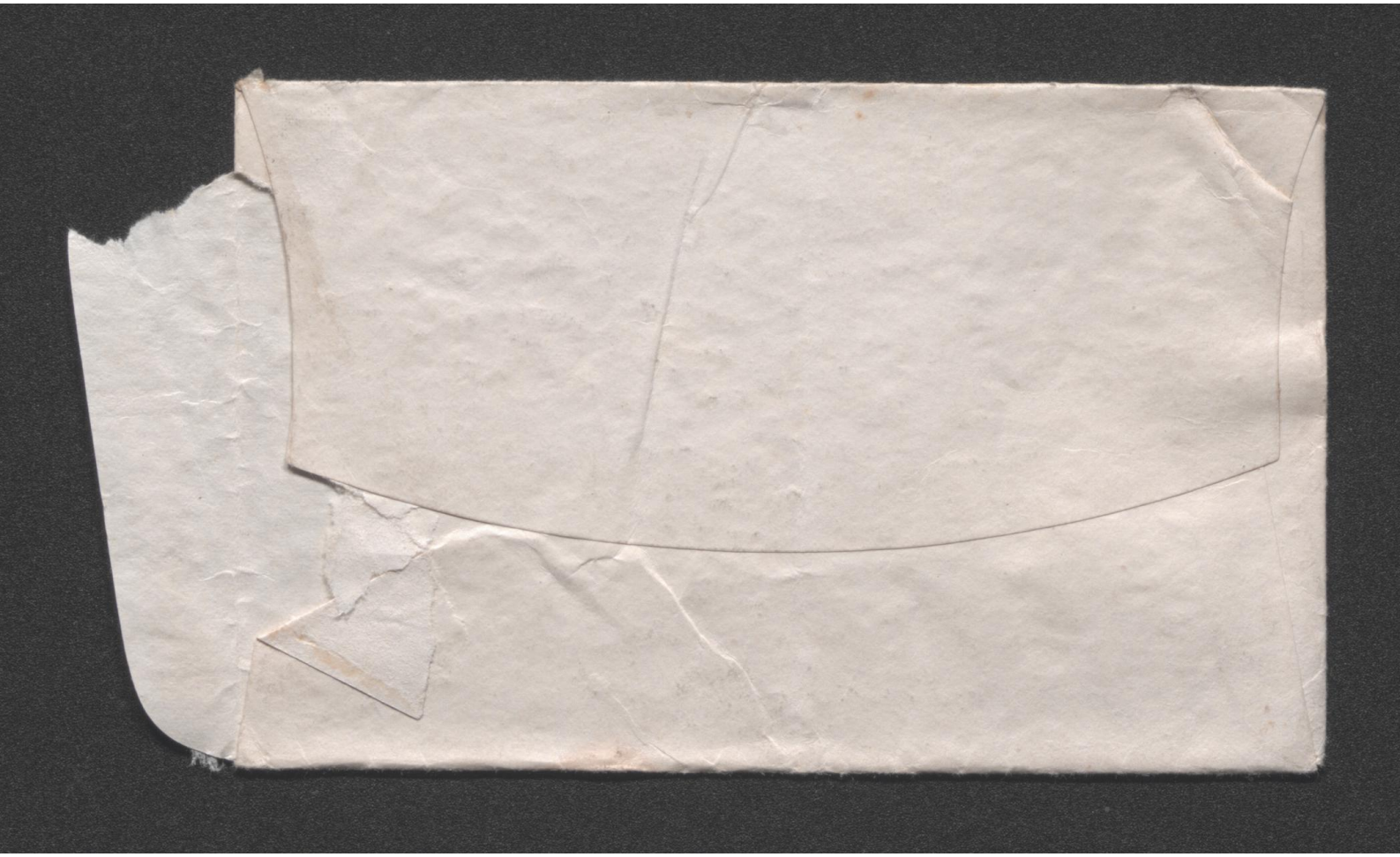
You won't want to read much to-night — Will you? hope not, as Papa's going with the mail & I're not time for "any more" — (Excuse)!

Have been so very very busy.

Love
Yours
Jae.



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine



Thursday. P.M.

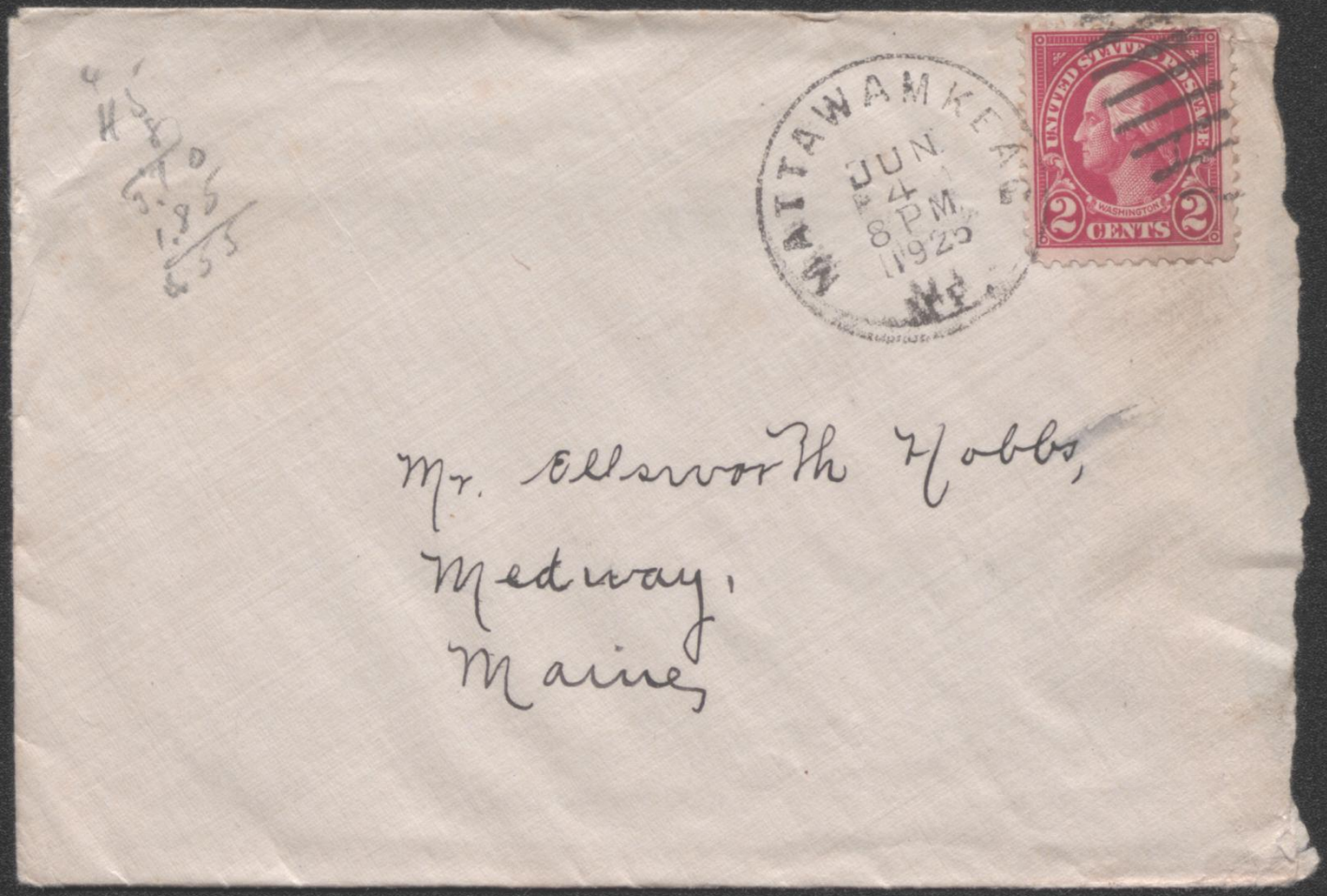
Dearest,

Nice Warm day — just right here in the office — But bet that it will be "Warm" dangling tonight. — Don't you're Gud of course I gouldn't feel just like dangling much either — my luck — I'll try tho' so hope I won't seem too bad for company. You're always so good to me

so I'm not worrying,
if I should want to
go home early, but
just the same it makes
me "gross" that I can't
be feeling good on this
night anyway. I
love to dance, but not
when I feel like I do
at this minute
I got a pearly letter
from you to day. I
love to get them too
as only you know. And
when I don't get one
Well something I need
very much is missing
all day long too
Expect when you get
this tro-morrow night

that you'll be very, very
sleepy and tired & don't
remember, honey boy,
You always make me
Very happy.

Must close for to write
Yours,
Joe.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine



'Keag e Maine

'Lo dear boy e "Tuesday Afternoon"

Its now 5 O'clock e Wonder if you have arrived in 'Keag yet? Hope so.

e

Have been very very busy all day e This morning I had to type 14 copies of a "Flag Day" song e which I am going to try and teach my Sunday School glass for next Sunday. You see Aunt Grace taught my glass last Sunday e and she has Volunteered to teach it whenever I won't be here Sundays. e Isn't she good? e I told her she had better be the teacher anyway and I would help her when I was here e but she said "No" e as she seemed to think the children liked to have me e you see Mrs Abbott promised them all a Flag next Sunday e if they had a verse for Flag Day e so we thought a "Flag Song" would be nice for my glass. e I'm sure I don't know what success I'll have trying to teach e but they do seem interested

"Frank Burke" was in to buy some "Postage stamps" a little while ago. Haven't seen him for ages. We talked a few minutes. It seems his taking Harry Haynes place for 3 or 4 weeks.

Doris game house this afternoon as yet I haven't seen her.

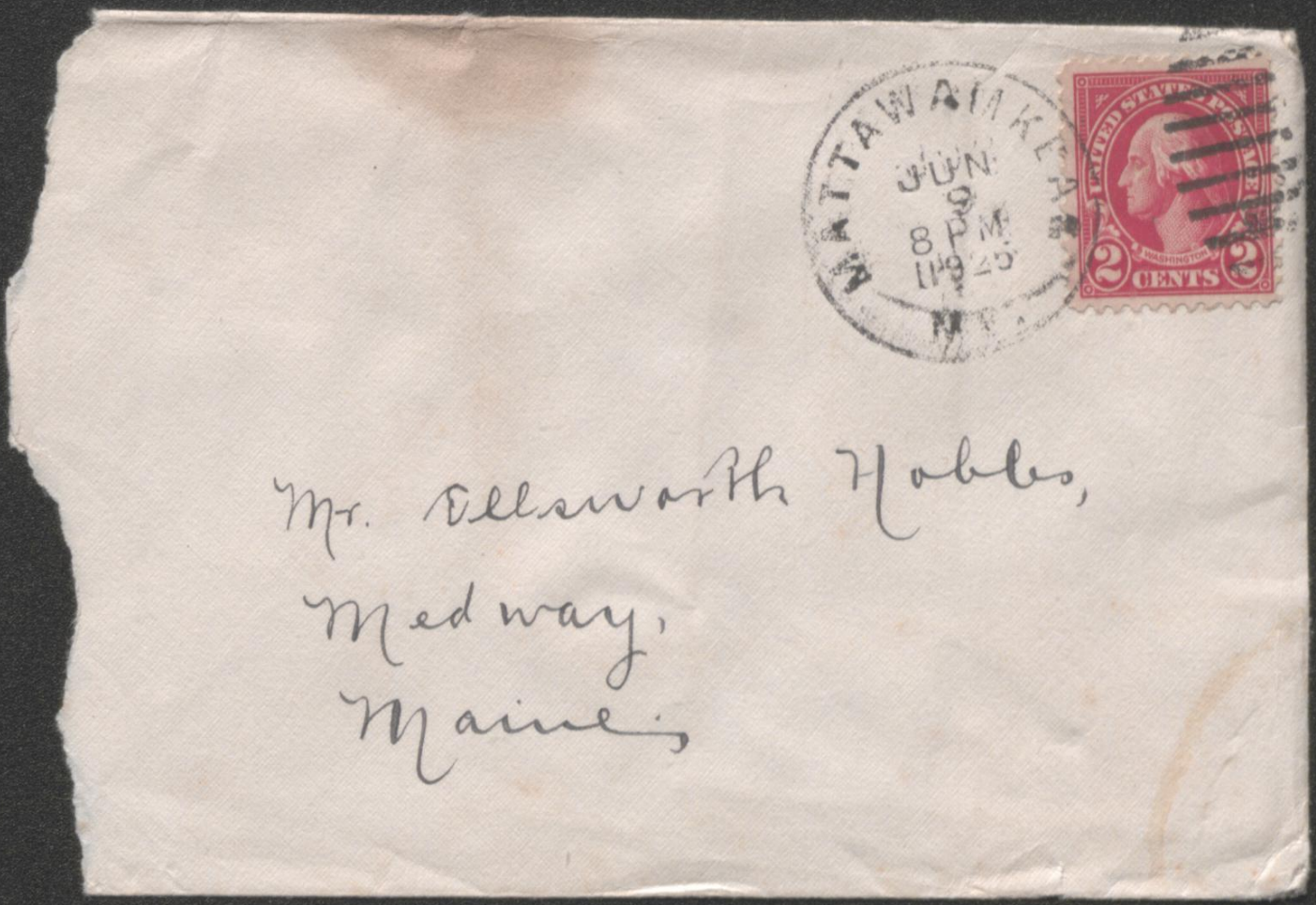
Didn't get home 'til most 9.30 last night but went to bed as soon as I did get there. Real tired a wasn't you?

Hope that I'll have more than just a "glimpse" of you to-night. See!

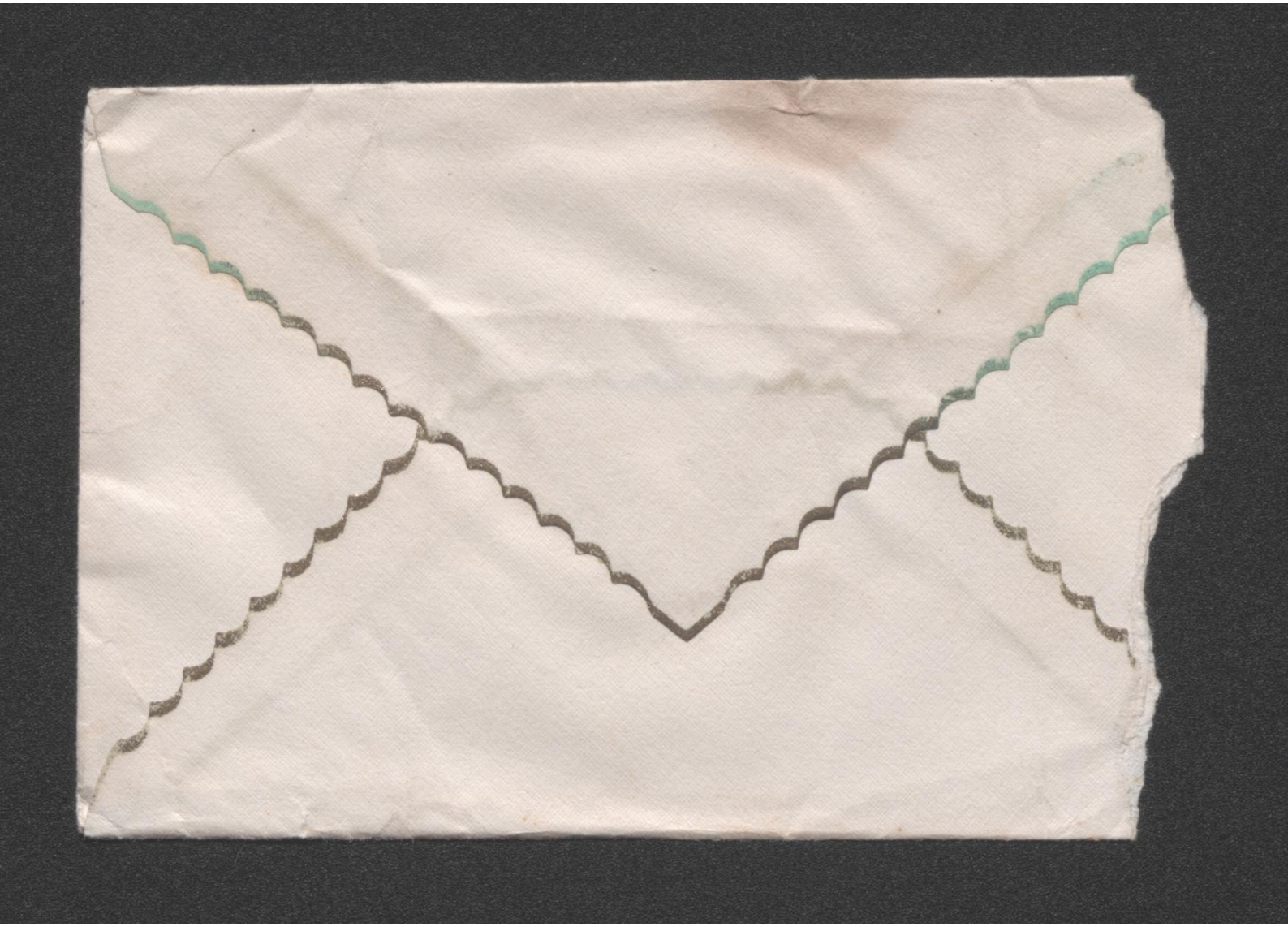
Got the note that you wrote me Sat night and the P.S. which you added Monday morning. Glad you arrived O.K.

Supper time now. Bye dear.

Yours,
Jae.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.



quite a bad Thunderstorm tonight burned a transformer out, and struck a tree up to "K nights" — I was over to Aunt Grace — and never minded it. Mama said twas awful over home

Keag. Maine
Wednesday P.M.

Lo dear, est,

We arrived home O.K 10.15, with three in the front seat, and was just nice & comfortable too!! I think your Dad enjoyed the ride — and he said that he liked to drive at night — ~~W~~ I know Aunt Grace was glad that she went, and surprised that we should get back so early. We had a toasted Cracker "feed" with Tea before we went to bed — and I had a bath in the "Wash bowl" think it was most 11.30 when I did get to bed — We both slept great for the "ride" The first thing that I heard Aunt Grace say when we woke up — as the Alarm clock (Lady True) was going off — was — "Ge, we're both pretty (Excuse) sleepy — guess we shouldn't take midnight rides to Medway" — and she's laughed more

every time she thinks of the gars
that might have taken you to
Medway — seemed to strike her
awfully funny. — ha.

It's supper time now — Doris has been
in talking to me — ever since
she came back from seeing
"You" at the Power Plant — same
"Dot" — and very thin as usual.
She's gonning down again tomorrow
afternoon — She's awfully interesting
and also her "Romances"

One of "Ethel May Shorey's" men gave
me a free ticket to the "Show"
tonight. Aunt Grace and I are
going. — Some Sports !!!

I guess "Harold" may take "Doris & I"
to the Dance tomorrow night — Wish
that you were going to be here too!
I don't care much about going
and I'll have to be feeling different
than I do tonight before I go.
You looked so tired last night — I hope, dear,
you'll try and get some rest.
Much Love; — Yours,
Joe

Why the 5d on my letter today? Somebody wanted postage!! Ha — Ha —


MATTAWAMKEAG
JUN
10
P M
1925
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
1 CENT
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
1 CENT
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine


Ethea

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

"Monday Night"

'Lo dearest:

How's my 'dear boy' to-night? I'll be looking for a 'peek'of you Tuesday night--remember--if I can't have any more--'spose that much will have to satisfy me? Tho' I know it won't 'cause I just wish that you were here to-night--to talk to me and etc...

Wish that you could have been down to supper at Aunt Grace to-night. We had that chicken--and invited Bay and Harold over to enjoy it with us--they seemd pleased to come??? We also had 'cherry jello'--and oh, yes, Aunt Grace made some awful nice 'dumplings' (I know that you would have liked 'em) We had a real feed! (I didn't enjoy it as much as I might have--you see, we had baked fish for dinner and dressing, I didn't really make a pig of myself only it just didn't set good, so you see I was!t very hungary at supper time, and t'was just as well as I had to eat in a hurry too) .

Did Mr. & Mrs. Pat like their fish, and did you tell them that you 'most froze your poor fingers catching them? All Papa has talked to-day is just 'fish' 'fish' you can imagine the rest??? AND the big fish that the little Foss boy caught has been on 'exhibiton' all day!! Every one think that they would like to go down there fishing.

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

There's going to be a dance here Thursday night, the "5 W S--Ramblers Jazz Orchestra" from Providence, R.I. at least that's the way the posters read, and then Wed. night before is "Ethel May Shorey"--quite a lot of excitement?

I hope that you'll overlook the typewriter--I was busy all the afternoon, and I've been writing this since supper--off and on--it's rather mixed up , I'm afraid and I'm sorry too!

The nice letter that you wrote to me Friday night I received this morning, and it just filled the right spot per usual, you know.

If I don't get busy I won't get the mail put up tonight--

Harold and Bay have taken the fence post out--

2/ "Owing to the high grade of music played by this orchestra the management wished to announce that the 'Ramblers' will not be held liable for any injury to any person over 80 years of age, on account of getting too full of 'pep'!! "

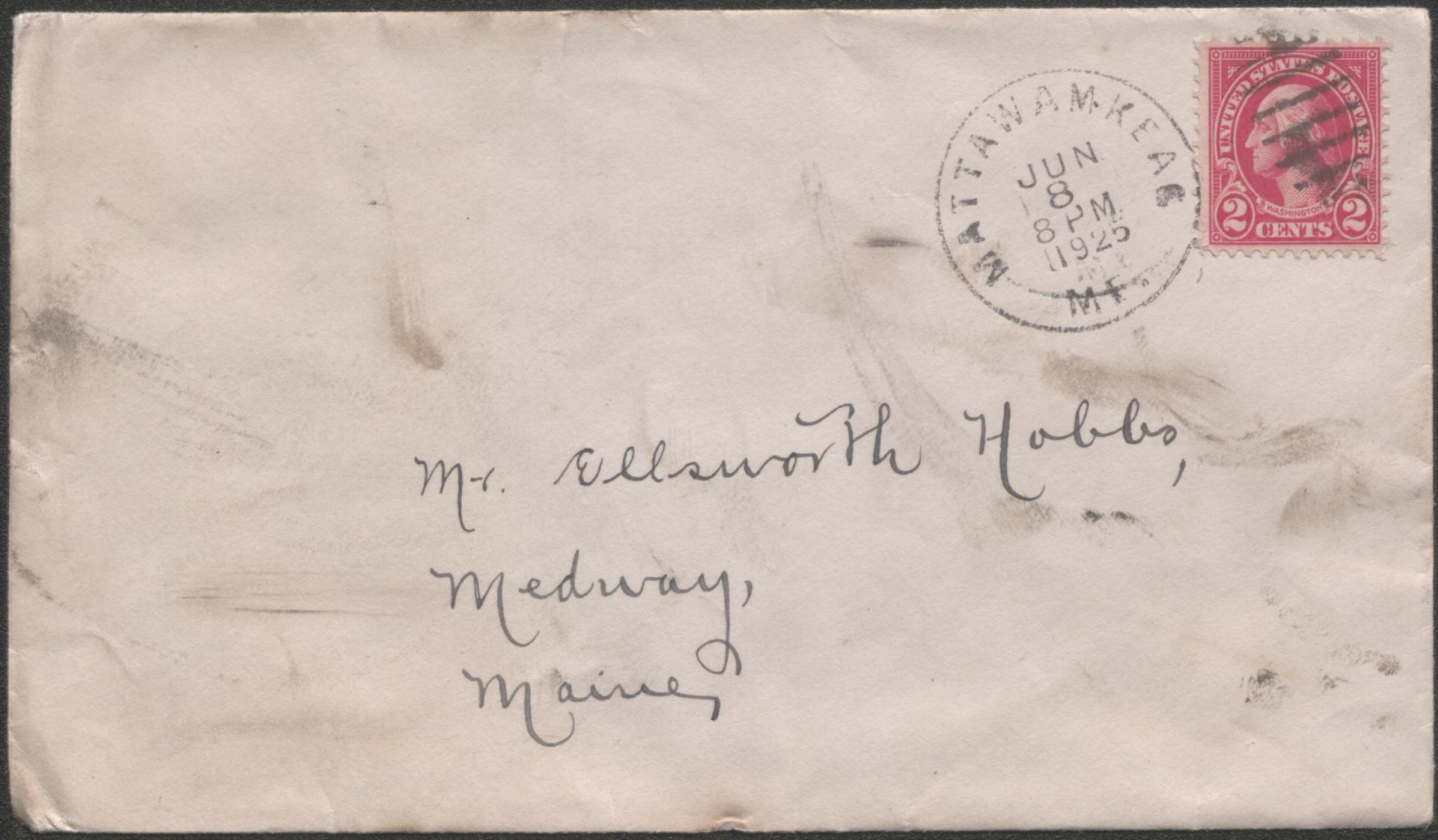
The above is what they have on the bottom of the dance poster for Thursday night. I wrote it down while George Estes read it to me, that's why it happened to get in there.

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
ALTHEA F. SMITH, POSTMASTER
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

I do wish that you were here to-night, not to-morrow night--but right now--and then to-morrow too!!!

Good-night dear,

Yours,
Joe.


MATTAWAMKEAG
JUN
8
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1925
ME
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
WASHINGTON
2
CENTS
2
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine

ALTHEA FAE SMITH

MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

'Keag, Maine
Thursday P. M

Lo honey —

Well Sweet, I wish that you might have seen the play last night. It was very good I thought, the best one that "Athel May Shorey" ever gave. The "Leading Man" was great — and Athel was at her very best — looked better than ever before — Aunt Grace and I went together as we planned and I set right side of your mother. I laughed so much at different times that I expect

she thought I was crazy or very silly — maybe not tho' — as she had a pretty big grin on most of the King too — the play was rather sad at times too — It had a peachy moral — and struck some people pretty hard. "Forbidden paths" — "If you married, go straight and etc." — that was the main idea of the play —

Doris just came in and said that she was going to the dance with the "Sheik" to-night — "George Goolong" — I told her that he made me sick to my tummy and etc — but that she would have a good King as he was a good dancer and etc — Harold wants to go to the dance — that is he says he wants to go if "you're" not going to be there ? ? ? ? I may go up about 90 o'clock and stay for a little while.

I got Ruth's invitation this morning and I am forwarding yours — She wrote her mother that she had made all arrangements O.K.

Papa, Murray Wyman,
Walter Bartlett have gone
fishing up to Molunkus Lake
and won't be back 'til
tomorrow something — So
Harold and I are the "Chief
Cooks"
— It Mier of 6 — should have been
home to supper 10 min ago —
will have to hurry now. —
Love — Bye for now. — I
After supper. Wish so much that
"my boy" was going to be
here to, night — Never mind
Sweet, we'll live for next week
Yours. Fay.

I need this letter and make a "mess" of it. forgive

1925

Boston

SEWING



Five Dollars Paid for the Most

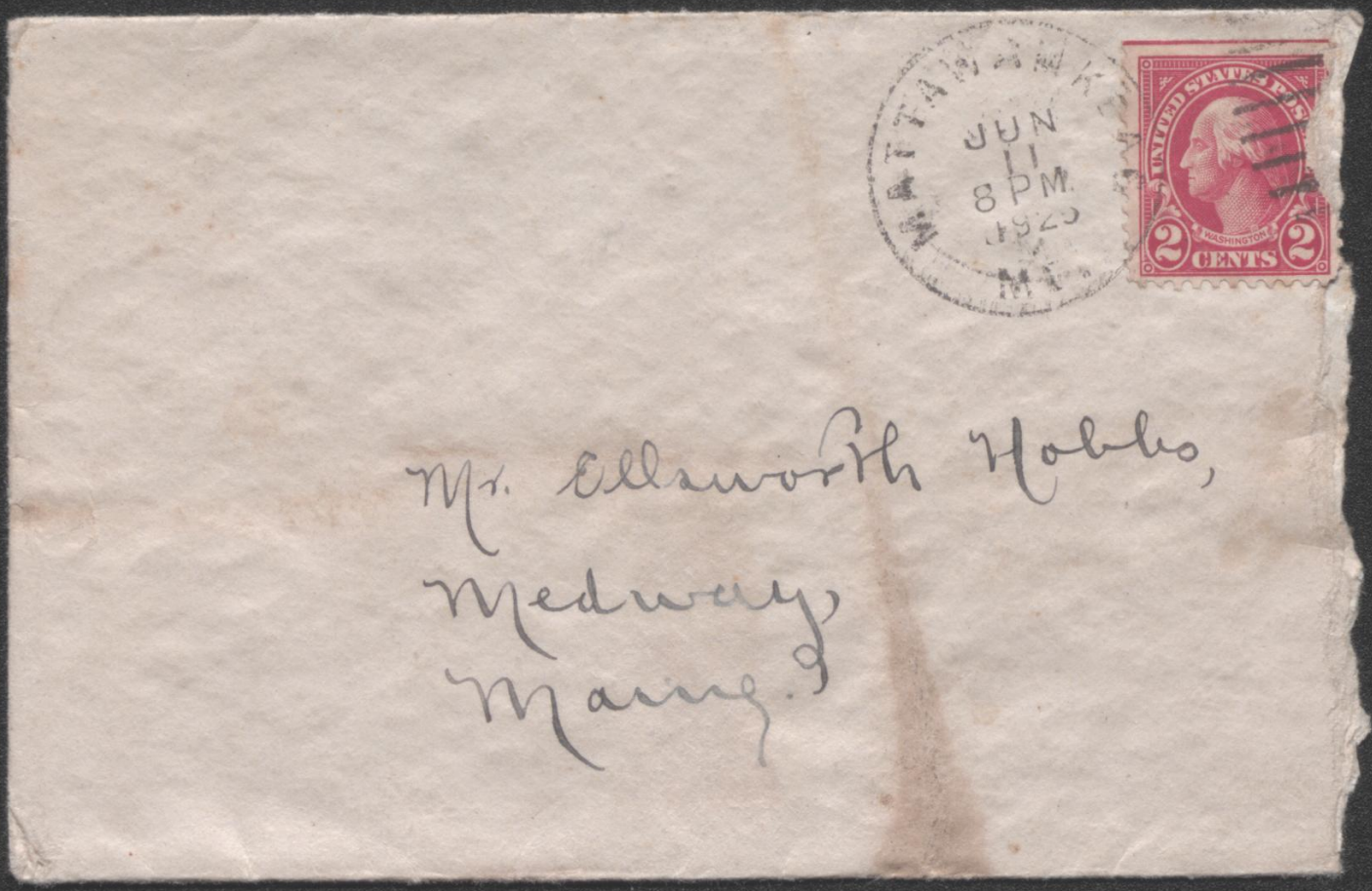
For a communication to gain the at
must bear the real name and address
publication—merely as evidence of g

To "A Man With a Wife"—I t
arises from a lack of proper pride an
individually, and not because of her

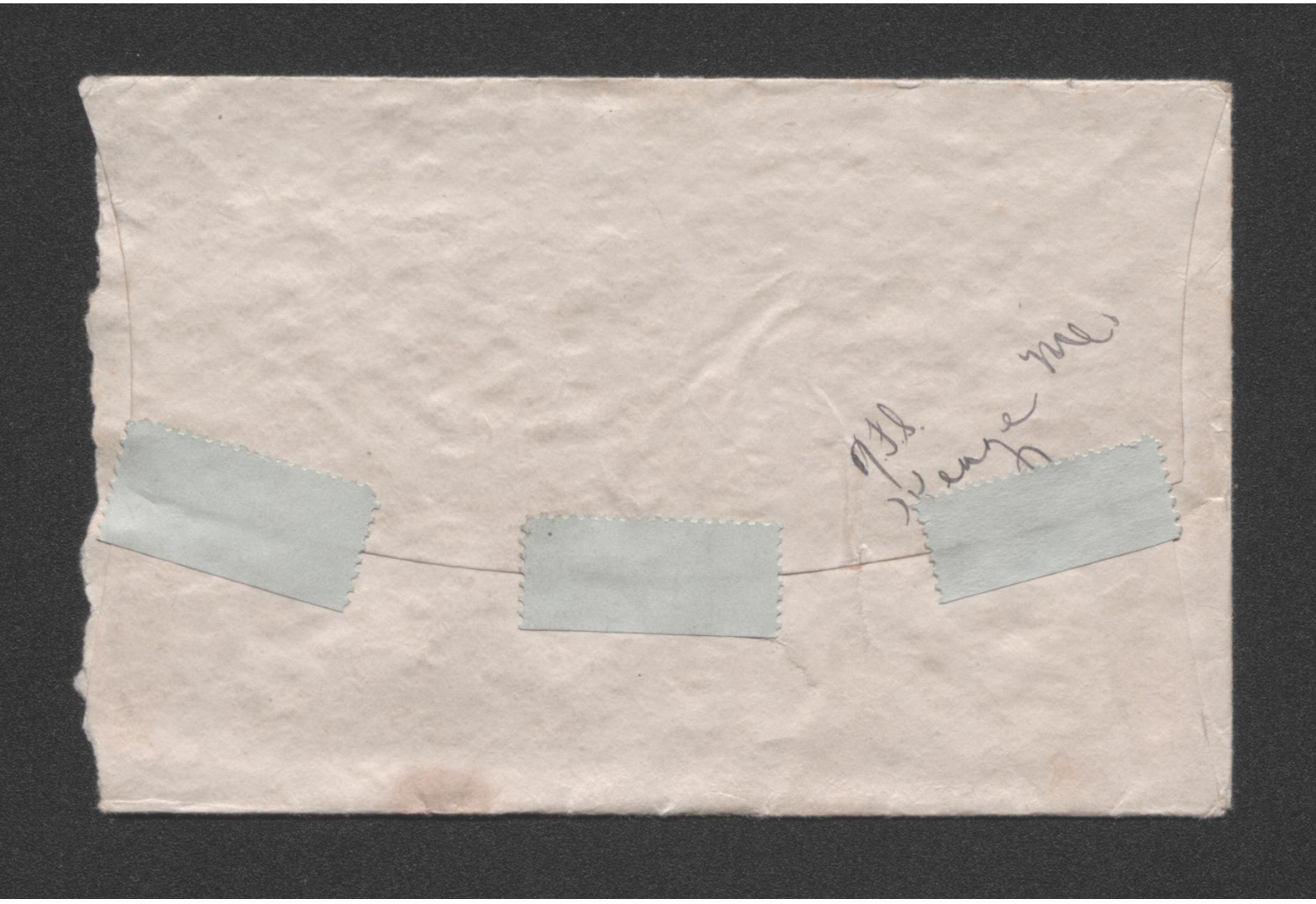
I know of men who offend in p

There used to be a man, a re





Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.



Keag, Maine
Sat. Afternoon

Lo honey

Its most 5 o'clock I've been copying some money orders on monthly report sheet all the P.M.

Why should I be gross at the letter I got from you this morning? When in it "you" were so nice to me? "You" are better than the best Sweetheart and 'tis far than knows it! See!

We had a lovely time last night, didn't we? I enjoyed it more than any dance for "ages" and its when you have a really good time that one likes to go again, isn't it?

(Forgive)

I got the pictures that we took at
Jasting this morning & Rud
they are very good. especially of you.
honestly they're great of you !!! &
But me & Horrible horrors & still
as Harold has said of himself
"you can't take a picture where
they're isn't ~~it~~ any" & I'll
show them to you Monday night
See! [But you haven't sent yours in
yet?]

&
Wish you were going to be here
to night !!!, AND then Sunday
Xoo & See! &

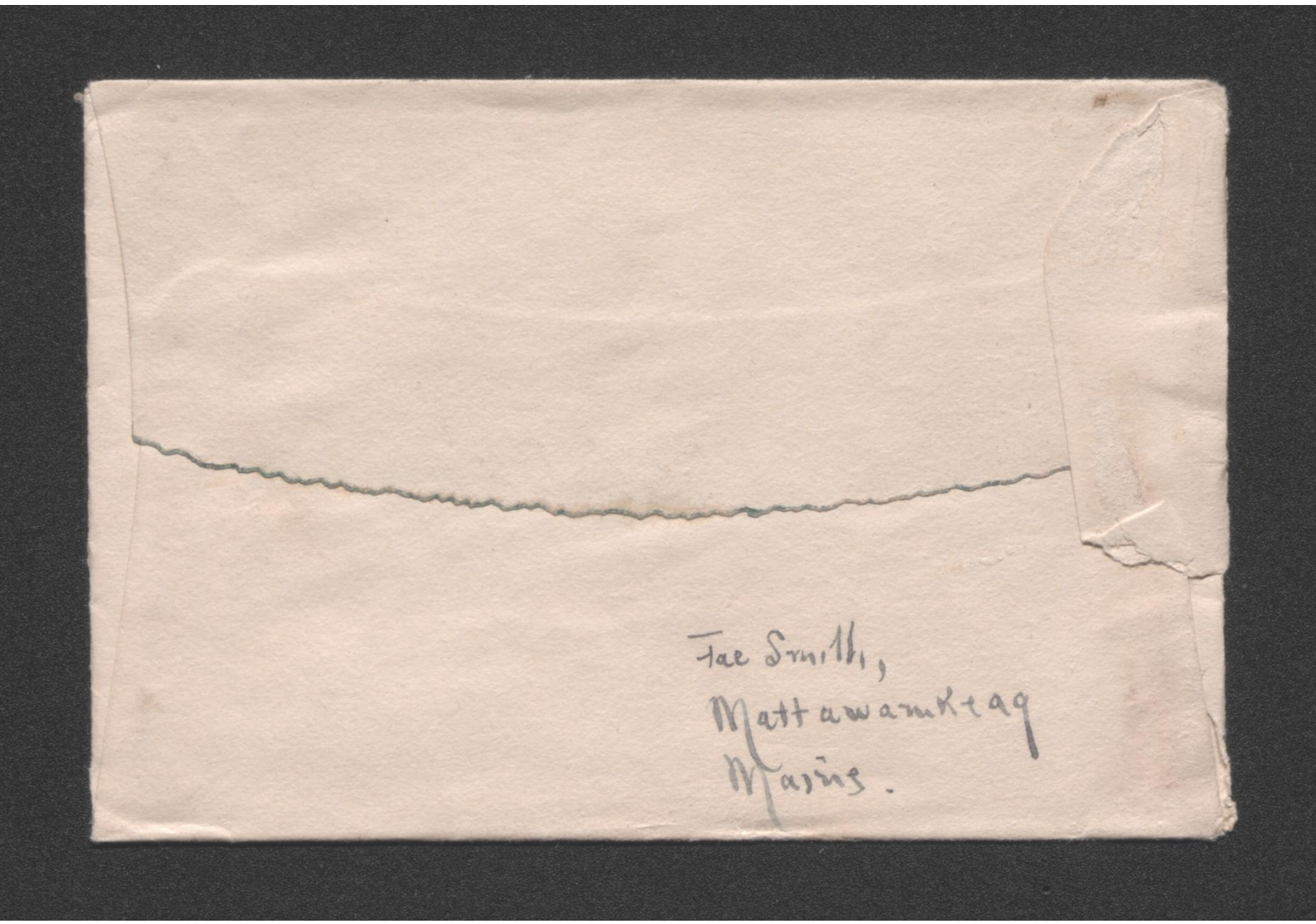
Hope that you had no more
"bad luck" getting to Medway
last night. &

&
The more I write the worse it
gets, blots & n'everything &
know you won't want to
read much Monday night
any way & . Love. yours. Jac.



Mr. Ellsworth J. Hobbs,

Medway, Maine.


Jae Smith,
Mattawamkeag
Maine.

'Keag, Maine.
"Monday Afternoon"

Dear Ellsworth,

I saw my boy a minute this morning but it didn't do us very much good, did it? Still, it seemed nice! If Mrs. Hurd hadn't been waiting for money orders we might have had a second but---knew that you knew just how it was!

Yes, I missed YOU yesterday--Sunday--Aunt Grace was away so Saturday night I stayed over home--studied on my Sunday School lesson a few minutes and then Harold and I played awhile and then bed!!! (and I might have gone to Macwahoc to the dance with Elsie, Papa took a bunch up in the car, but I didn't care anything about going) Sunday morning got up at 9.30, Harold and I washed the dishes, and Elsie cleaned up generally, while Mama went to church--I didn't have time to get ready for church so went to Sunday School---and glad that I didn't,--as that lasted over two hours--and I had 8 girls and 8 boys--you can imagine me trying to teach them--the boys pulling the girls hair and etc., well, anyway, next Sunday Aunt Grace has to take the boys--that's all settled!!

After Sunday school, I opened up Aunt Grace house, as I ~~expected her any time during the day--and Harold and I~~ were out in the couch hammock when she finally did arrive--Sunday wasn't a very pleasant day, was it? It seems to love to rain all the time!! All the folks, Papa, Mama, Elsie and Don, I mean, went in the car to Houlton--I could have gone, but preferred to just lay in the hammock and read--Aunt Grace came about 4 o'clock and then we got us a lunch--I geuss that we toasted 'most a loaf of bread"!" And then we read some more--Harold came over about six o'clock with the saxophone and music, and we made the old house'ring'for about two hours, playing, singing, and etc., I read some more after he went home and then I took a bath, (I had a nice boiler full of real hot water--and I put some of that perfume that Aunt Grace had given me in the wate so when I tumbled into bed, I told Aunt G- if I didn't (er smell nice and sweet---it wasn't my fault---and I geuss that she thought she had a perfume factory in sleeping with her, tho' afterwards she said that she really didn't smell anything?!!! We both woke up during the night, dreaming the worst dreams--and of course she had to tell me hers--I couldn't remember mine!

Felt O.K. this morning when I woke up, but have rather a head-ache now, just over nothing at all too, unless it's that it's been unusually warm--which I am really glad!

This is a rather crazy spasm per usual--got to stop now, looking for you to-night-- Lovingly yours,

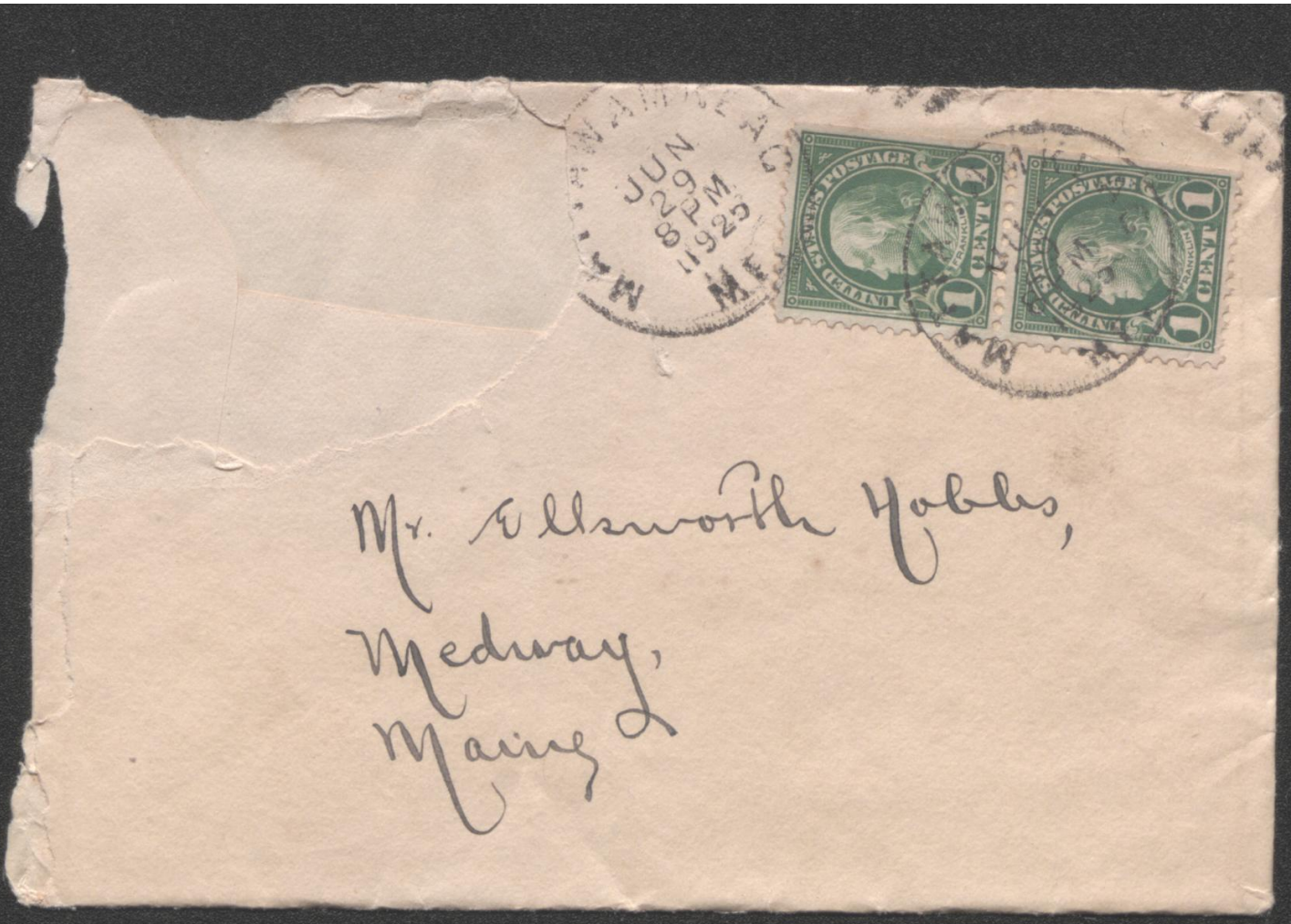
Zae.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH

By Charles Frederick Wadsworth in Publishers' Auxiliary

What has become of the old-fashioned Fourth, and the picnic
they held in the woods?—
Where the kids fired their crackers and drank lemonade and
invested in prize-package goods?
Where is the old-fashioned merry-go-round with a horse in the
centre for power?—
And the swains and their sweethearts who sat in the "scrapers"
and courted and rode by the hour?
What has become of the horses and buggies lined up at the
fence in a row?—
And where are the whips the men carried in hand, and where
did the lap-dusters go?
Where is the old-fashioned hamper containing the fried
chicken, pickles and cake?—
The white bread home-made and the cherry bounce, and the
jam that they used to make?
Where are the two-for-5-cents cigars that we got by pitching
a ring
At a knife or a peg set up in a board? . . . . Where's every-
thing?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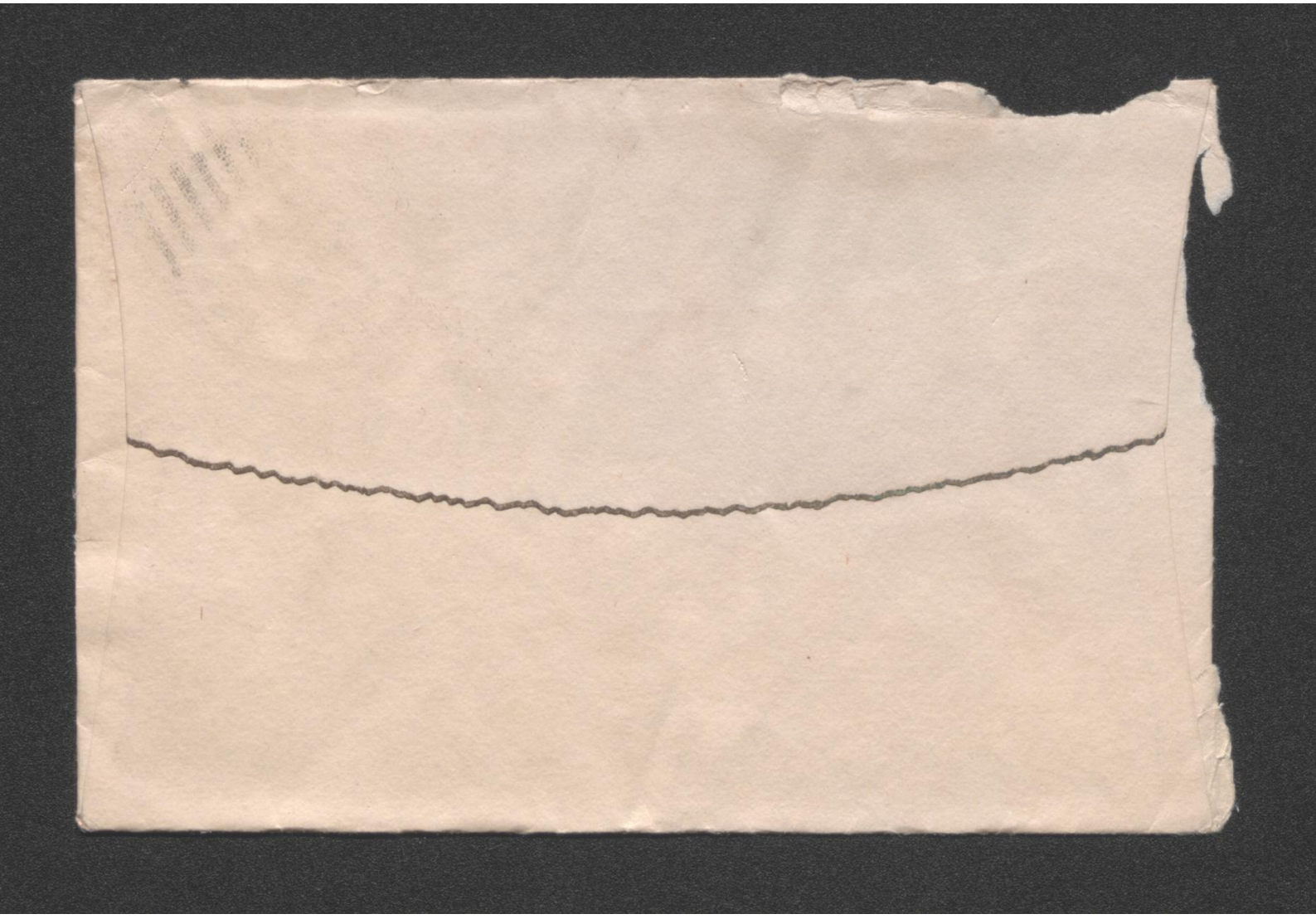
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine



MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

"Saturday Night"

"Hello My Sweetheart!

You and I have just come from the lake and I'm just stealing these few minutes so that my boy will have something that from outside appearances will look like a letter anyway---even tho' a poor imitation!!

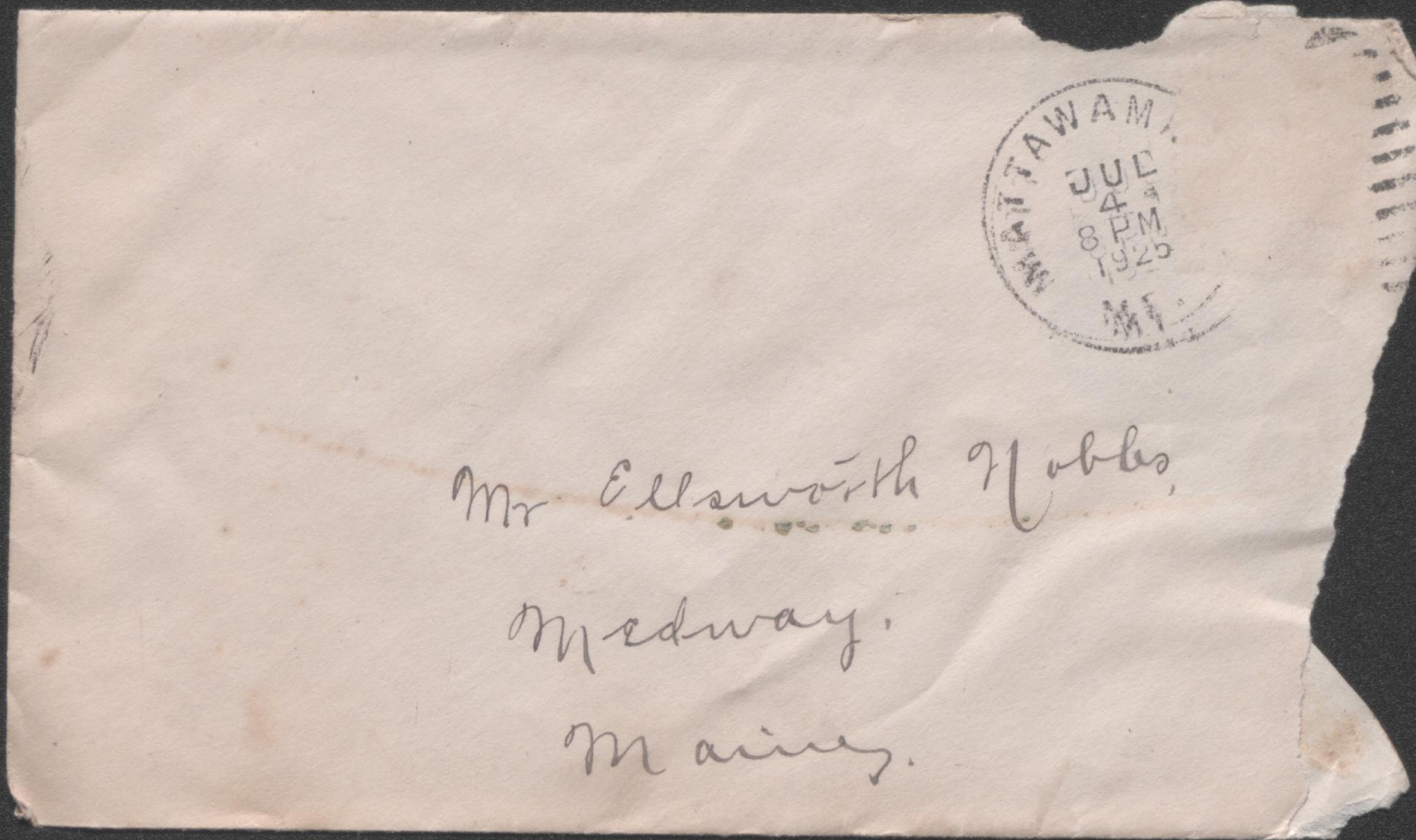
Have had a lovely time to-day, couldn't have been better---only sorry that you must go to work to-night, and then in the morning too, when even now I know that you must be so tired.

Haven't time for any more dear,

Lotta love, yours,

Joe

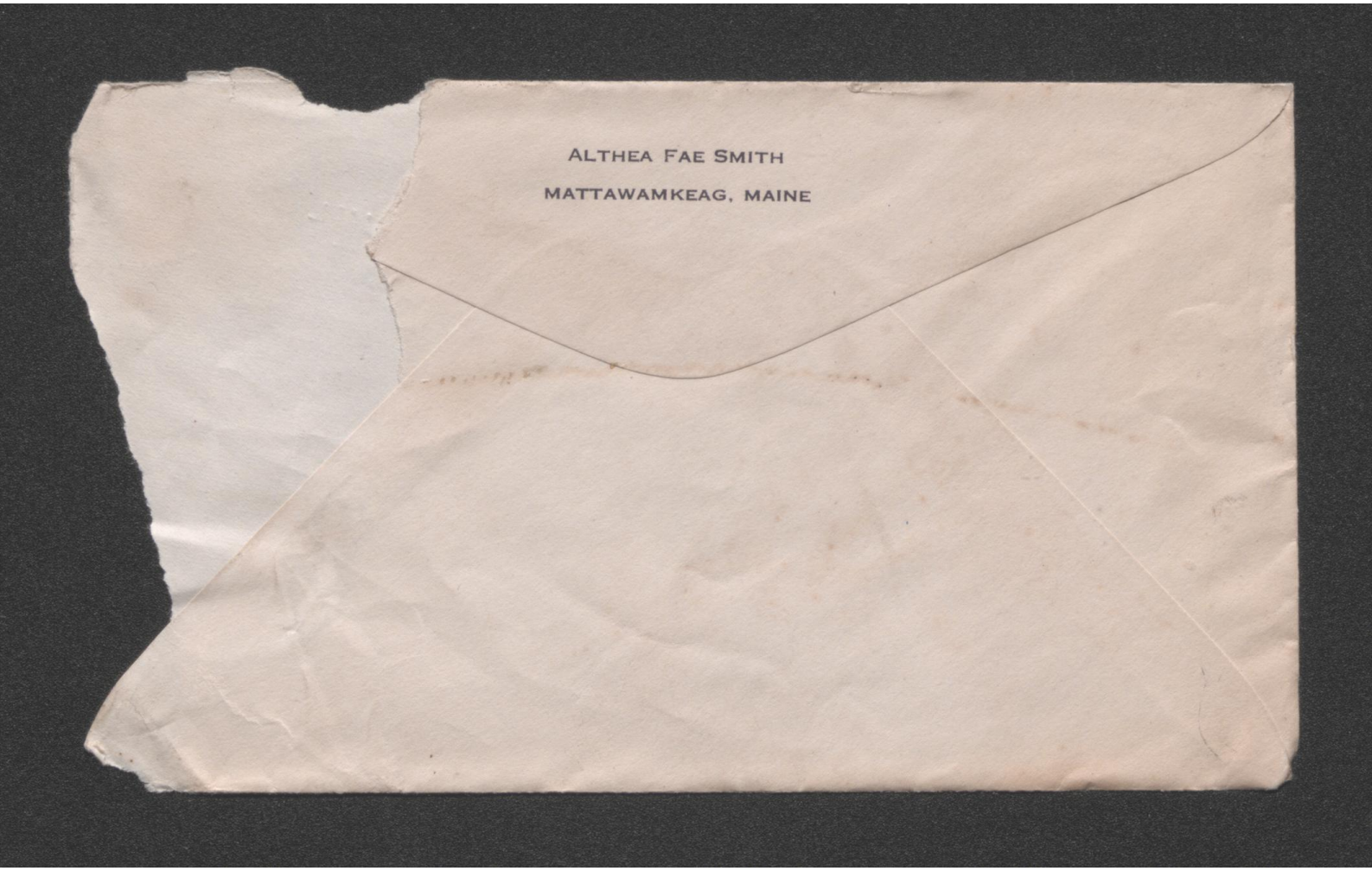
X X X X X



Mr Ellsworth Nobbs,

Medway.

Maine.


ALTHEA FAE SMITH
MATTAWAMKEAG, MAINE

'Keag, Maine.

"Tuesday Afternoon"

My dear Ellsworth,

First, honey, forgive me for not writting your letter yesterday--I had it on my mind all day and in the evening too--But--I worked on those yearly reports all the P.M. and just finished them at 5.30, and then in the evening it was awfully busy, Monday, you see, so I didn't have a second all the evening, AND hurried to get thru at 9 o'clock so that I could go to rehersal. Then, after I got there I had to wait most an hour before I spoke my few lines. Then, I was going home, and Mrs. Abbott said "Wait, Fae we're going to have another rehersal to-night--I said "yes" but I walked out and went over to Aunt Grace and stayed about a half hour and then went back to the Hall--when I got there I found that they had only just began again so when finally we got thru and I got home it was past 11 o'clock--Aunt Grace was waiting up for me and had made some toasted sandwitches and tea,--which tasted GOOD!(You see I wasn't going back to the hall the last time, and she said IF I would that she would make me the sandwitches.!!! Leave it to me--eh?

I had a lovely letter from you this morning that you wrote Sunday night and I, too, am sorry that I couldn't have called on you Sunday!! The folks took Audrey back to Danforth (while I was to Sunday School) and didn't get back 'til late.

Sunday School went fine last Sunday--as planned Aunt Grace took the boys and I the girls, and we got along fine--- that is I geuss that we did---only it was pretty long, as usual, lasted nearly two houbs--if not more!! I know we were STARVED when we got home---and Aunt Grace cooked a regular dinner--Lamb stew with 'dumplings' onions, macaroni, etc.. and strawberries and cream.

In the Afternoon, we put both the hammocks out on the piazza, and we both enjoyed laying in them, reading and etc. 'S'was nice and restful---Lottie (Earl's wife) saw us enjoying ourselves and she came up and entertained us for an hour or more--then it was supper time--we weren't hungary, but Mama and Harold asked us over to supper with them, so we went over and had coffee and raisin filled cake.

In the evening Aunt Grace and Mama went to Church and I enjoyed the hammock some more--Harold and Bay were playing the victrola over home outdoors--and it was better than "radio"--We had ice cream when Aunt Grace came from church and got to bed about 10.30.

All this, I am afraid is not very interresting, but as I intended to write it to you yesterday and didn't decided perhaps I might to-day---Care?

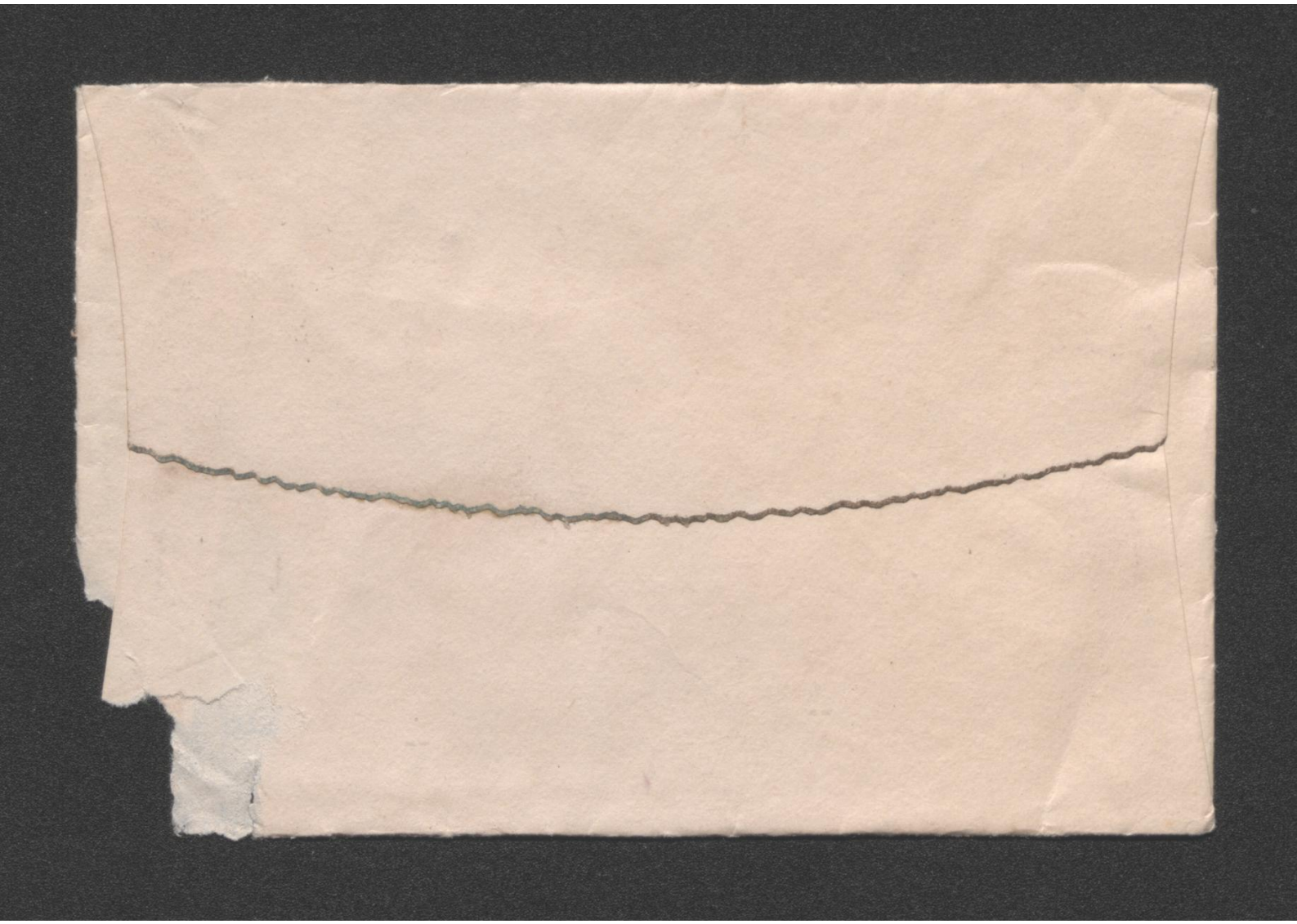
Well, 'Beeswax' am looking for you to-night--only wish that I might see you for more than a few minutes--but If you're coming down to to-morrow night to the pageant S'll live through to-night somehow, with to-morrow night on my mind--See!!! Glad that you will be here to see it too, as I think that it will be good--and your father takes his part great!!!

Suppertime now--- Bye, Love--yours,

Joe



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway 2
Maine



Keag. Maine

Wednesday P.M.

My dear E—

Only a line dear as there's nothing much for me to write about. Only how nice it was last night to have "you" - and then I'm hoping for tonight.

This has been a grand day — here's hoping for many of them — tho' I know it would be nicer for you & your work to have it cooler. yes?

Am not going to write any more dearest — Must start putting up the mail for 4 — and get my "wings" once!!! Seldom one sees an "angel" with black hair!

Loving my boy — just heaps and then some. Love yours. Jae

How about it?

BOSTON POST, WEDN

All Sorts

By Newton Newkirk

VACATIONING

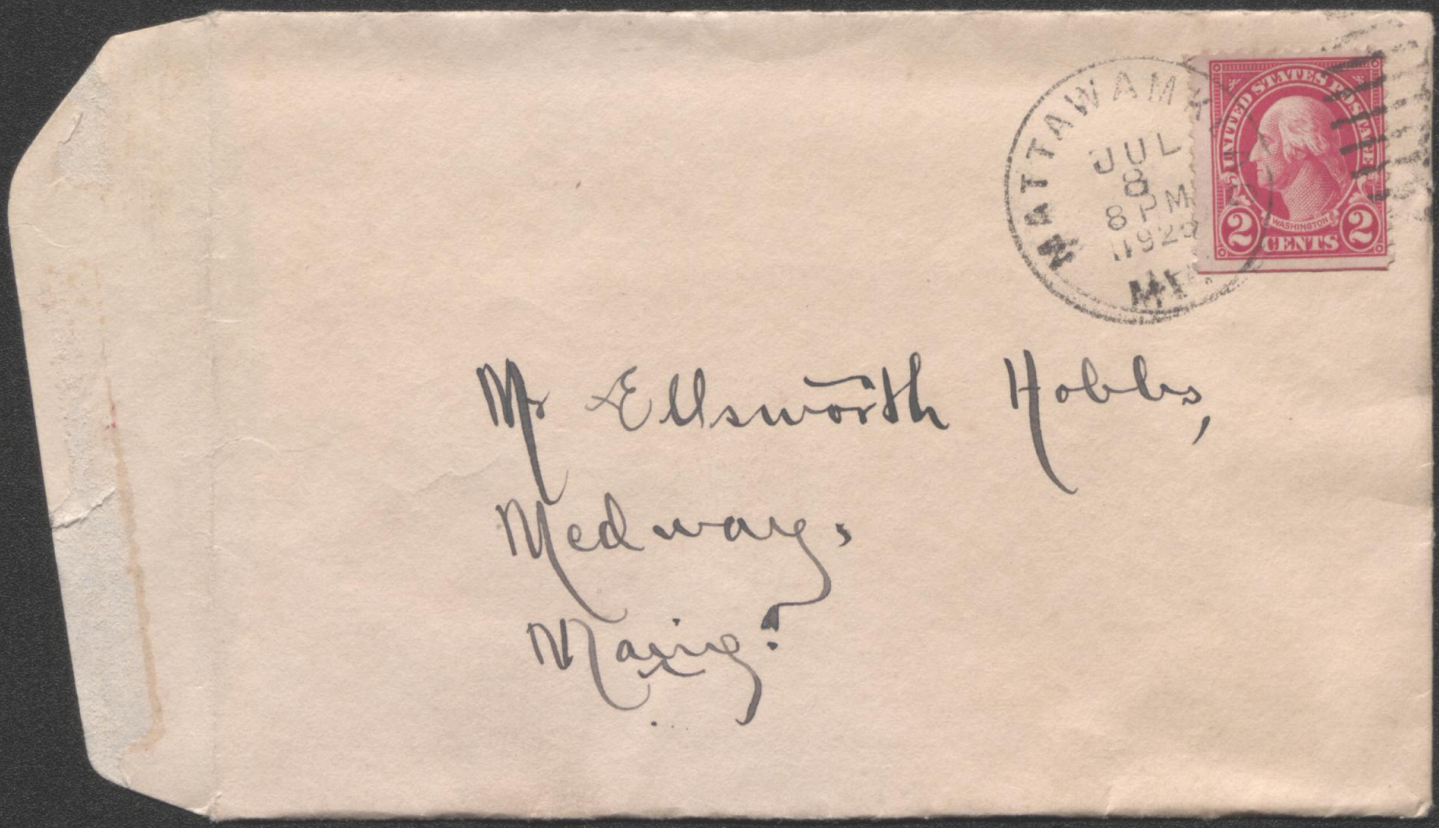
He wanted to go to the mountains,
She wanted to go to the sea;
She said, "There are bears in the mountains;"
"There are fleas in the sand," said he.

A compromise was effected
By spending a month at each—
But when they went to the mountains
They imported fleas from the beach!
—Fanny Richardson.

* * * *

The Cheerful Cherub

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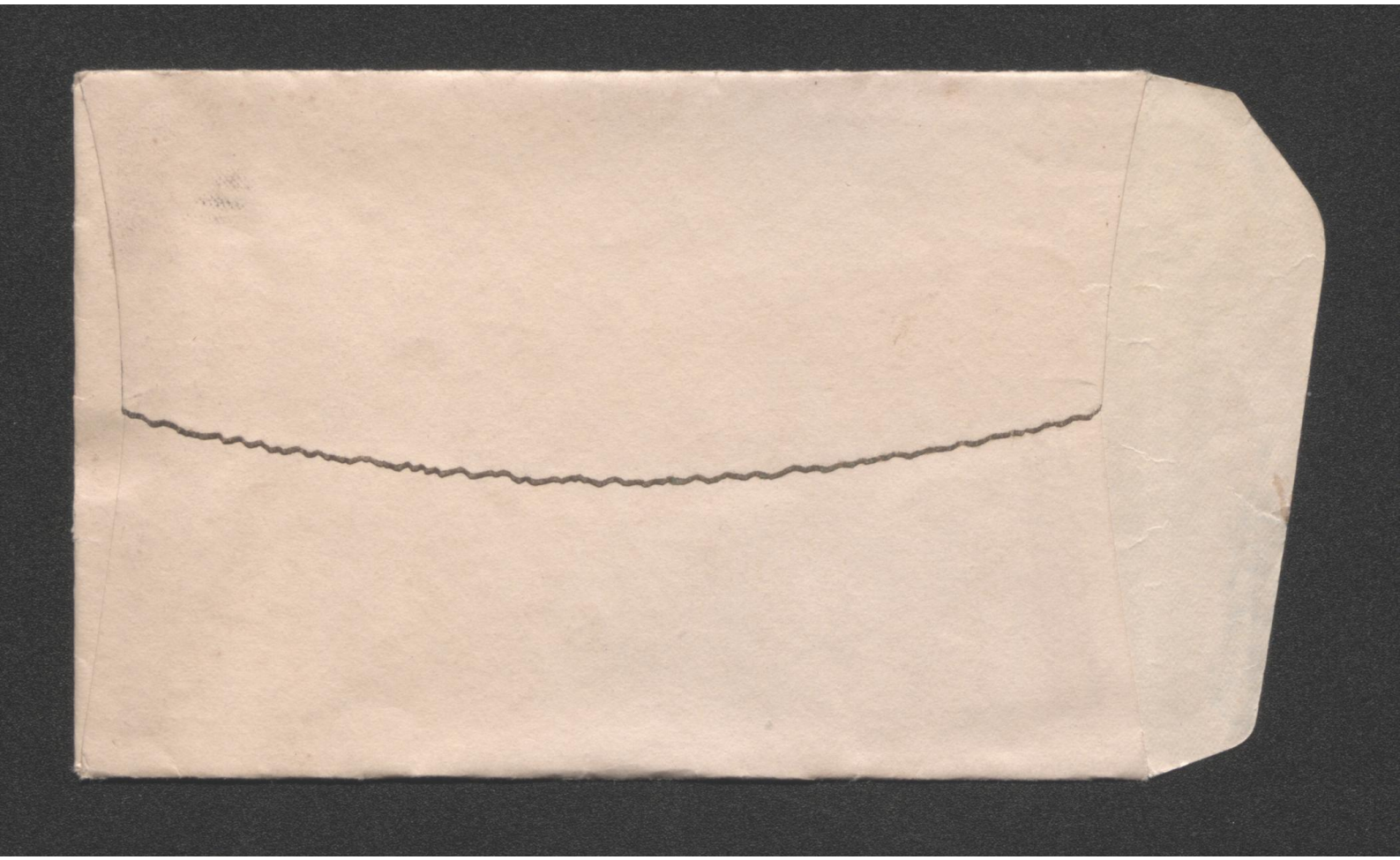
Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine



'Keag, Maine.

"Thursday Afternoon"

'Lo dearest:

Here's the typewriter again--will you please forgive me for using it?

It's now 6.20 P.M. and high time that to-night's mail was here (I hear the train coming now) so you see, in a very few minutes I shall be busy!!!

Harold went to Danforth this morning and took Elsie, Dot, Donald, Carlisle and Bay--and they get back about 5.15.

I washed my hair this P.M. AND that's an awful good job over with for a short time. I also made a cake first, chocolate marble and frosted it--it's good too!! I helped Mama with the dishes too---and I made a money order remittance this P. M. too so you see, having done all this I've been pretty busy and haven't had time to write my boy a very good letter!

This morning I was kept busy too--and hasn't it been a lovely day? My head hasn't been feeling anything extra, and even tho' I washed it, I knew that I couldn't make it feel much worse.

7.30 Later

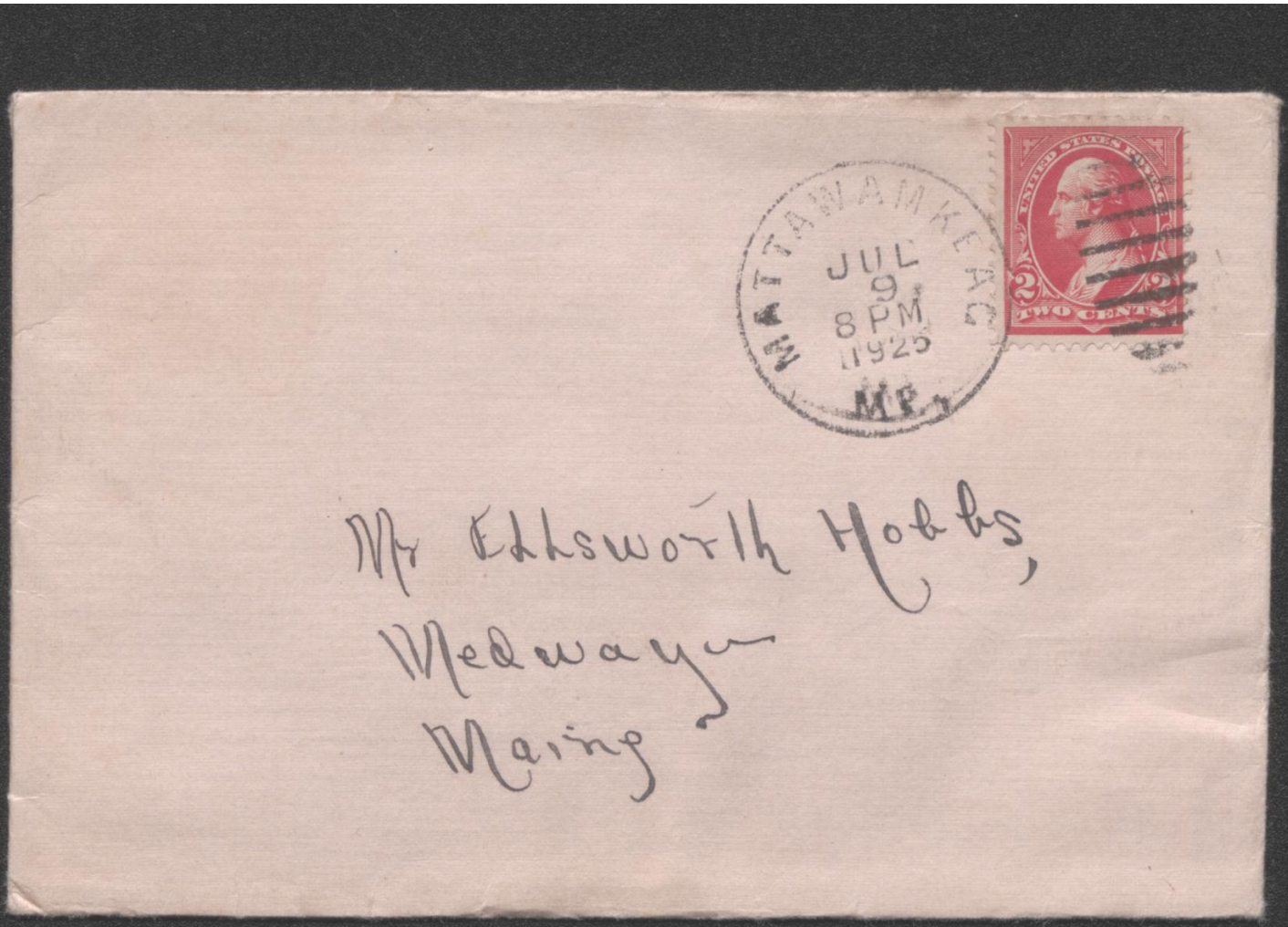
Here I iss again !! Mail all shifted and now most time to put up No.8's. I wish that you were here to-night so much----

Later still---8.40--have been awfully busy--the mail isn't up yet--am beginning to think I am not going to see the end of it----and I am sleepy and a little tired----

To-morrow night sweetheart--

Yours,

Dal.



Mr Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway
Maine

Mithra

'Keag, Maine
Friday P.M.

Ellsworth honey,

How's my boy to-day? My, I had a lovely letter from you this morning--I was looking for one too, but hardly thought that I ought too , 'cause you were down to see me! Youre so good to me--but I do appreciate it!! Wednesday night was wonderful!!!

I do hope that you won't have to work on Sunday again--but if you do--we'll have to make up for it some other time, I 'spose--but gee, you worked last Sunday--you know--and-----I like to have you Sundays!!!!. See!

Went to bed last night just as soon as I got out of the office, geuss that it was 9.30--I was so tired--t'was an effort to take my clothes off--but I was asleep before Aunt Grace came to bed--she said that she was coming right up, but forgot to ask her rather she did or not, she was reading the Boston Post.

Have been very busy to day, making COD's this morning and doing office work--and this P.M. I brought a dress down and shortened it, and have been cleaning some of my clothes, don't like to do it down here, but feel as If I should be here!

Am looking for you to-night---and also Saturday night

Geuss you don't know just how much love I am sending---there's so much of it---no end to it---

Yours,

Dan.


R. F. Smith. Mattawamkeag, Maine.
MATTAWAMKEAG
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1929
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UNITED STATES POSTAGE
WASHINGTON
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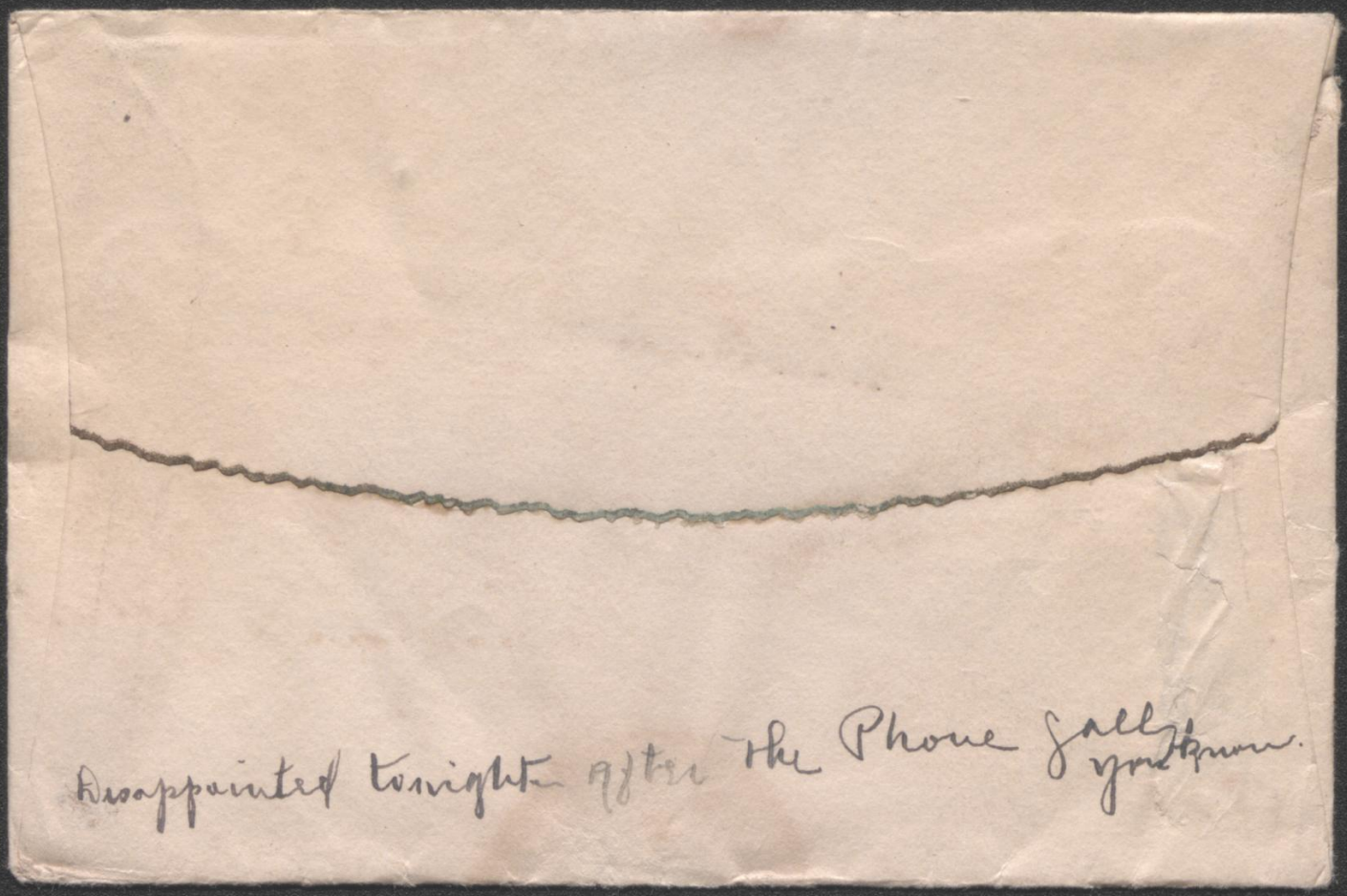
Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway,
Maine.


Disappointed tonight after the Phone Call
you know.

'Keag, Maine.
"Monday Night"
7 o'clock.

'Lo dearest:

How's my dear tired boy whom I was so naughty to wake up last night, when he needed his rest so much--couldn't resist the temptation tho' when I had the chance to call and get you and have you for a few minutes on Sunday--when That day, especially, I always want you so much!!!! You don't know--NO you don't!! See!! But, listen honey boy, YOU should not say anything about me even getting thin, 'Cause I know that I shall never get as thin as you are now--you're working altogether too long hours, I'm never going to ever mention a dance to you again if you keep on insisting working such long hours--See!! But I do know that I am a very, very lucky girl to have a wonderful sweetheart like you--and believe me I am trying hard to be good enough to deserve him too!! But now, I 'spose you'll think that the "hours" we keep when we sit in the "hammock" aren't very fattening?? WHAT are we going to do?-----Let's, lets just follow the advice of your heart and mine---and if they say,"1 o'clock, 2 o'clock or 3---- alright!!! WHO wants to be FAT in the summer time anyway?

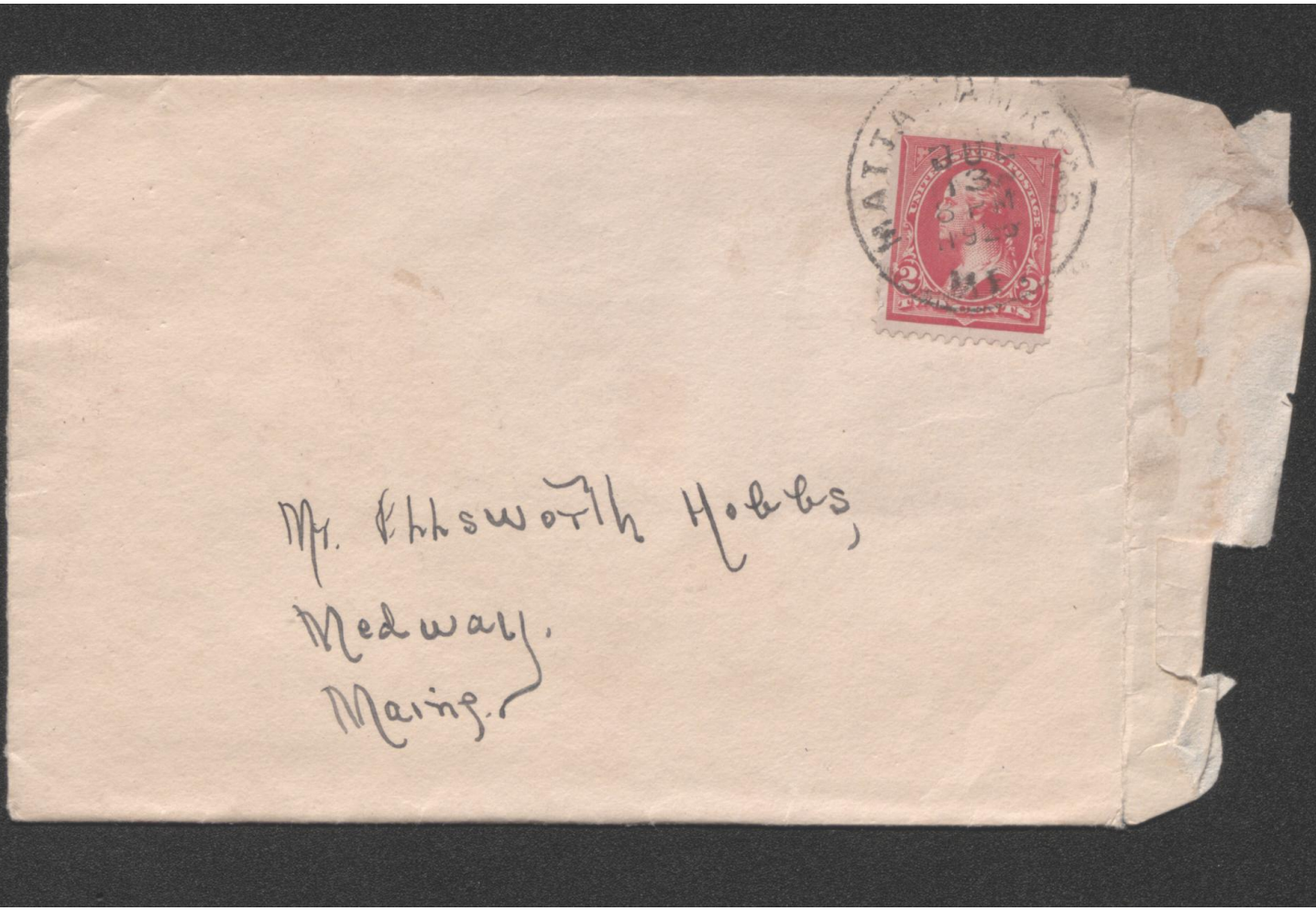
We arrived home about 10.30 fine and dandy--my only wish was that you, you, you could have come all the way too!! I wish that I could have you all the time--when I don't every thing seems hardly worth while--you don't know just how hard it is sometimes!!

We had another "robbery" at home some time while we were all away yesterday--Elsie lost the $17 or $18, that she had to buy her coat with--I had my jewel case emptied, for a wonder the beads that I like most were over to Aunt Grace, but I lost the necklace that Aunt Sade brought me from Paris, that makes me feel kind of bad--

It's now 9.30 and Carlisle is waiting for the mail and it's not quite all up---Forgive my haste dear---do better to-morrow,,,---Lovingly, XXXX

Yours,

Jae.


Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,
Medway.
Maine.

"ฯลฯ"

'Keag, Maine.
"Tuesday Evening"

'Lo honey:

Here I am wishing that to-night was to-morrow night and that you were coming down to see me!! SPECIAL REASON---I didn't get my letter to-day wither--but I knew dearest, that you did write it to me, and now don't I wish that I had taken it when I had it right in my hands Sunday night??? I was so sure I would have it this morning---Oh, if only I had had a "Postmaster" to scold--('cause it should have come!!)

Bet that my boy is tired to-night, and how does he like working four hours longer?

Fred Martin just poked his nose in and said that they had got the "burglars"!!! One in Banger and one in Lincoln---I geuss that they found some of the stolen goods on them--but still for all we know they may be some other burglars that the ones that broke in home!! This morning--we heard that some fellows driving a car had given a garage-man at Haynesville, a revolver and fountain pen for some gasoling (we lost Harold's revolver and pen) so Carlisle took the Essex this P.M. and went to Haynesville to identify the goods, but they didn't belong to us-----nevertheless Carlisle, Elsie, Fred and Donald had a good ride---and of course you can geuss that he din't go as far as Haynesville and than not go to Danforth!!!!! Oh, no, he found Audrey sitting out in the yard in a car writting to him !!

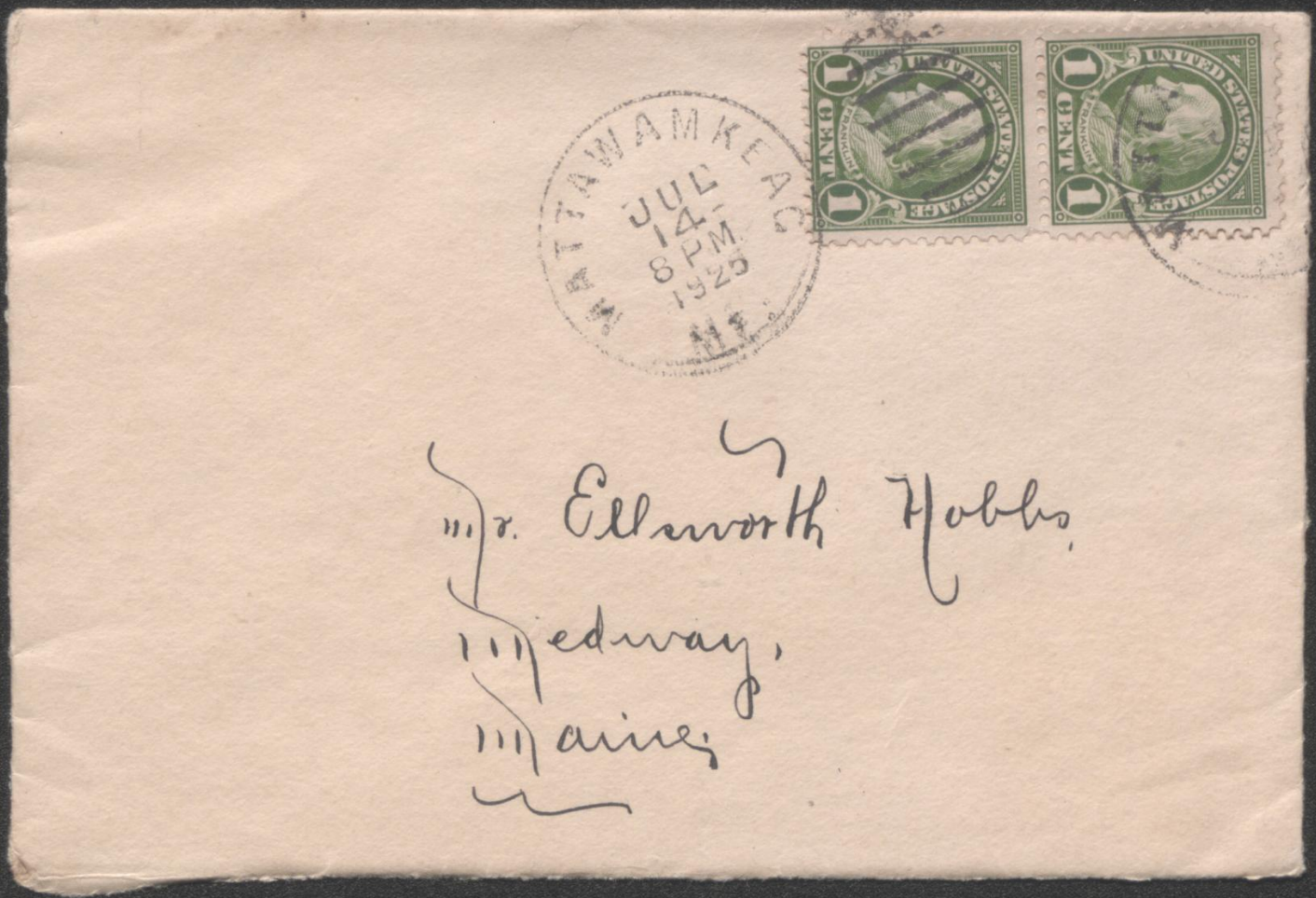
Well "Beeswax" TIME does surely fly fast in the evenings when one is busy--it's now 8 o'clock again and as yet I have not started putting up my mail--Don't you get tired hearing about mails, trains and especially PostOffice Business---I know that I do, would love to spend the summer at the lake and try to forget that there are such tiresome things to do--

Margaret Godfrey came visiting me this afternoon, stayed over an hour, she's been in several times to see me, but I've always been busy or out!!

Hurry and read this and come down to see me--See!!!

Yours,

Jae.



Mr. Ellsworth Hobbs,

Medway,

Maine

