

~~Feb. 8~~
~~1923~~

at Harwode -
Sunday Evening.
9 o'clock

Dearest Boy -

I have already
mailed you two letters
today, and now I am
writing another. Will
you forgive me? No,
I haven't anything
particular to say,
either, excepting that
I just love you, and
somehow can't sleep

peaceably till eve had ²
a little chat.

I went to vespers, as
I said before. They were
unusually good. It
was a stringed quartet,
soft + restful + beautiful
"heavenly, mother called
it.

Then I went to Chinese
S.S. I didn't enjoy
it so much to night.
Seemed as if Moy Ching
didn't have his heart

8/ in it at all. On my way home I was wondering what was the matter, & then I decided it was all because my heart was out in Erie, and if you dont have a heart to put into a thing, you cant expect a response.

There's one thing my heart's here on, tho- & that's our bungalow.

4/ I'll try to keep happy
thinking of it, just as
you told me to. dear,

In sending a glimpse
of Niagara in winter
time. I hope you
see it like that. It
must be wonderful.

I can hardly wait
to hear all about you.

How are you feeling?
I am fine - & am
loving you hard -
Your little girl
Alma.