

Dearest, darlingest Mamma,

I've just received
your good, long, interesting letter.
I don't think you had better
come home this week; we can
easily stay one more week with-
out you and you are needed
and couldn't you stay a few
days just to rest; for you know
you won't do it when you re-
turn and it is as bad as mov-
ing, what you are doing now. I'm
afraid in my letter I ~~do~~ sounded
selfish about wanting you ^{home}
home. Selfishness is a very great
fault of mine, I see it and do
try to overcome it.

What will be done with the
dear house which has always
been associated with Aunt Ellen?
where will Aunt Clara and
Uncle Joe go? These questions and
many more I'll ask you

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when you return.

O, Mama, I love Aunt Mary. She's so good to us. I don't believe she knows how much we really care for her.

O, school's lovely. English is fine and every thing else too, but English is the only one I deserve credit to my name. (It seems some my letters are somewhat like Shylock's sorrow for the loss of his daughter and his gold. I talk along for a while all the time putting in about school, it is all important to me as his decrees were to him.)

I'm such a dumsey in Greek and, it's not because I don't understand it, but because it isn't hard for me, but I just don't write well I feel that Mr. D. hates me.

Mr. Lord still hangs on to that sentence of Mary's last term that she always knew about the Sibyl. Media was mentioned in the lesson that we translated at night yesterday and he asked who she was, as nobody knew he asked "Which one of you was it, Miss Baldwin, that knew mythology by instinct?"

Some body in one of the other divisions of English looked up Hagar in the classical dictionary they look mentions her name you remember. Miss H. asked Mr. Furry, son of pastor, and he only knew she was a Bible character.

There are some new people up at the home from Turkey, Aintab, the Shepherds. Don't it give that they have so many from Turkey?

When you come home will you
 go to school with us some day?
 We have plenty of room in our
 classes now. We are looking forward to
 taking you.

Who was the old friend that
 gave you the \$5? I hate to think
 that all such money that
 comes to you, you have to use
 on us and just for bread and
 butter. We don't need it though,
 for we have not nearly used
 up the other five dollars you
 sent us.

Mum, I don't know whether you
 are in the mood for such non-
 sense as this one.

Lots and lots and lots of
 love for every single one, and
 hoping not to see you a week.

I'm lovingly

Jan. 19, 1898.

Yours own

Ellen

Later.

Mama, some time ago Alice Thorne lent me her alarm clock. Ethel got it for me. Last night I dropped it on the floor and it stopped & I'm afraid it's broken, for it won't go now, but for a few minutes at a time. Shall I take it to the jeweller's to have fixed before I return it? I don't know what to do with out it either? Of course I will tell Alice that I dropped it because a mended thing is not as good as one that has never had any accident. Please tell me right away, in your next letter? I hoped it won't cost much to have it fixed. I just hate to borrow things. Some things always happens to borrow of things.

Tomorrow we have Thursday lecture. I wonder who will give it. Thank you very much for writing so often.

Prof. Woodrow of Princeton lectured in the U. S. A. course, last Friday. His subject was "Democracy".

Mrs Baird, I hear, is going to Mrs Roberts lectures. I think you would enjoy going.

George^R takes drawing lessons of Miss Oaker. He is quite in the beginning although he has had some before. I do wish we could have it, but, I don't know whether it is extra or not, but we would not have time now anyway. He says it is lovely.