



Miss Ruth Pyle,
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FATE.

(By Susan Marr Spalding.)

Two shall be born the whole wide world
apart

And speak in different tongues and have
no thought

Each of the other's being, and no heed:
And these o'er unknown seas to un-
known lands

Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying
death,

And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this
one end,

That, one day, out of darkness they
shall meet

And read life's meaning in each other's
eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way
of life

So nearly side by side that should one
turn

Ever so little space to left or right

They needs must stand acknowledged
face to face

And yet, with wistful eyes that never
meet,

With groping hands that never clasp,
and lips

Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary
days

And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

L. T. Boston.

Friday Night.

My Sweetheart,

Three today!! Three -
count em - one, two, three -
Three of the best, loveliest
letters that ever came to
me. Two of them kept me
whistling all afternoon, and
the third just made this
evening a dizzy whirl.

Isn't it strange that
I should be writing testimonials on Frank Pierre du
Halt - at the same time that

he is making violent love to you.
I know now more than ever that
he has excellent taste, and
he didn't think you were a
butterfly either - he that I was.
I guess you know I'm not. If
you knew how parched my lips
are for want of a kiss, and
how hard my hands are for want
of a soft hand to squeeze, and
how dull my heart is for just
a smile and a word from you.
then you'd know, it'll be worth
while waiting.

a week or ten days ago I
clipped the poem "Fate" from the
paper. Strange that just ~~then~~
now you should write that had
I come from the Sandwich Islands
you would wait for me. It's kind
of good I think.

What for my birthday? will
you give me the picture you had

taken for the Artemesia? I won't
promise to love it as much as
I do this enlarged snap - but
I want it for the fireplace
mantle. Sometimes it's incon-
venient to come way over here to
the table. I can have it can't
I? Thanks!

Had a letter from mother
today. She told me that my last
letter to Eva was very good. Well
Sueasy that letter was the

black and white of the
plan we are praying for.
If mother likes it as she
says she does then the
clouds have parted and
are slowly drifting away.
I'm going to have my
Sneaky, sure enough, and
I'm going to be a happy
successful man for it.

a young fellow who came
from South America ~~as~~ a
month or so ago came to
Haverhill today to study
the manufacture of women's

shoes. It seems that he
is studying many U.S. in-
dustries. I met him at
the boarding house and
tonight took him to ~~the~~
the movies. He's a mighty
pleasant fellow, and told
me a great many interesting
things about S.C. He'll
be here a week, and I'll
see more of him.

now I'll go, my sweetheart.
Oh I'm loving you more
than Sal or August or Frank,
or any of 'em ever could - because
we have "read life's meaning in
each other's eyes." ~~xxxxxxx~~
xxx Love, Tom xxx