

Tuesday evening.

Dearest Ruth.

Dinner over, and a good one it was. you see we never finish until about seven, for we must first wash our dishes. Some housekeeping we do. It's good sport tho'.

Last night I wrote an awful saucy letter didn't I? Was you sore. I sorry, got down you. Tonight, so that I could write in better spirits, I put "my Hero" on the phonograph. It was sung by some bat that once peddled fish. I enjoyed it tho' cause it made me think of you, and with the enemy too, only it made me feel sorry for the enemy.

Westall is in Reno now. You will meet him, I think, for he promised to visit mother, and mother will surely have you meet him. (^{om.} without a blush I will hand him the toga, as the best single handed practitioner in the English tongue.) If I haven't told you some of his pranks, ask me some day. Westy is a P. O.

This is the night I should wish you a merry Christmas Ruth. I do with all ~~of~~ my heart. a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and

many, many more like it. People have
asked me how I could enjoy the holidays
when I left home to spend them. Little
they know eh? Little do they know that
just the night before I left I had the
sweetest little word whispered into my
ear. Bosh it counts for a merry Christmas, and
a happy new year. Just think what 1914 will
bring - Jan. 11, 1914. When I get you alone that
night.

Enough of this. I'll be writing poetry next
you must teach me to be sensible in this
affair, 'cause it's up to me to make a fool
of myself.

Good night, my love.

Tom.



Miss Ruth Eyle,

Reno,

Washoe Co. Bank.

Nevada.