

yesterday, and to-day's also.

Grace expects to come home for the concert to-morrow night. I guess she didn't quite like it because Howard took me <sup>to</sup> the last one. At least she told me that she was provoked with him for not sending her word, for she could have come out as well as not. However, Howard told me that she told him she couldn't come out for any. So I'm not at all ~~the~~ blame. Besides, your mother told me that Grace suggested to H. that he should ask me. I know I'll <sup>not</sup> be willing to accept another such invitation, should he proffer me one.

I read "Pigs is Pigs" a few minutes ago. It made me laugh, and so jiggled my diaphragm.

Now, dearie, I do hope that you have doctored up your cold and throat.

Tuesday, Feb. 13, 1917.

Dear little boy:-

Well, I was a very cautious girl and didn't go out at all to-day. And I am very much better, and will not use my voice any more than I absolutely have to, to-morrow, <sup>and</sup> so hope that this trouble with my throat will be all over with for this year.

Dearie, I think I am ~~proving~~ proving my friends here in this house all right. And they have been so kind to me, doing everything that could be thought of. They couldn't do more if I were their own flesh and blood.

I had to call on your father to do some errands for me, too. He purchased and mailed the box of sweets to you. And to-night I wanted some ice-cream the worst way, so he went down and got some. It was good, too.

And to-day brought me two nice letters; the one I should have had