1918

CALENDAR
1918.

JUNE.	MAY.	APRIL.	MAR.	FEB.	JAN.	
..	..	..	..	..	..	Sun.
..	..	..	..	..	..	Mon.
..	..	..	..	..	..	Tue.
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DEC.	NOV.	OCT.	SEPT.	AUG.	JULY.	
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5184½

THE NATIONAL DIARY



1918

5184½

POSTAGE RATES

U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Shanghai.

First-class (letters, etc.,) - - per oz. 2c
Second-class (newspapers, periodicals) 4 " 1c
Third-class (books, printed) up to 8 oz. 2 " 1c
" " " " over 8 oz. at Parcel Post Rates
" " (printed matter) over 4 lbs. " " " "

The rate for books and other printed matter mailed to Canada, Cuba, Mexico and the Republic of Panama is 1 cent for each 2 ounces. Parcels not to exceed 4 pounds and 6 ounces.

Fourth-class (merchandise, etc.,) see Parcel post
Registration fee (extra postage.) - - 10c
Special delivery (" ") - - 10c
Postal cards (reply cards 2c) - - - 1c
Local or drop letters (where no free delivery) per oz. 1c
Money orders (inquire at P. O.)
Postal Savings Bank (inquire at P. O.)

PARCEL POST for U. S. and possessions

Weight limit, 50 pounds 150 miles, 20 pounds over 150 miles. Size, length and girth combined 84 inches. 4 ounces or less, 1 cent an ounce; over 4 ounces considered a pound. Fractional pounds same as pounds.

Distances	First pound	Add'l
Local (within P. O. District)	5 cents -	1c 2lbs.
Within 150 miles -	5 " -	1c 1lb.
" 300 " -	6 " -	2c "
" 600 " -	7 " -	4c "
" 1000 " -	8 " -	6c "
" 1400 " -	9 " -	8c "
" 1800 " -	11 " -	10c "
1800 and over " -	12 " -	12c "

Packages of Merchandise can be insured up to $5.00 in value for 3c.; up to $25.00 in value for 5c.; up to $50.00 in value for 10c. and up to $100.00 in value for 25c. (Domestic Insurance.)

Merchandise to the value of $100.00 may be sent C. O. D. upon payment of 10 cents in addition to regular postage.

TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Letters for British Isles and Newfoundland per oz. 2c
" for Germany - - - " " 5c
(If sent by German steamer 2c per oz.)
" for other countries - - per oz. 5c
each additional oz. or fraction 3c
Postal Cards (reply cards, 4c) - - - 2c
Newspapers and printed matter - - 2 oz.. 1c

Tuesday Jan 1

?

You daring impertinent question mark, I will show you and somebody else.

This is one of my busiest days. I refused every invitation, and stayed home all alone to work on some hand painted stockings that I may send to my Buffalo sisters. Why, I've thought of my buddie often to-day. How splendid it have him here before one of our big fire-places!

Wednesday Jan 2

School once more, and I am glad; my school work is loppy and a drawing as the enforced labors I set myself. I explain at length to Mr. Sandwick a plan of taking over my work that I may be relieved soon.

No letter from Buddie!

Thursday Jan 3

Friday Jan 4

Saturday Jan 5

Sunday Jan 6

Monday Jan 7

Tuesday Jan 8

Wednesday Jan 9

Thursday Jan 10

Friday Jan 11

Saturday Jan 12

Sunday Jan 13

Monday Jan 14

Tuesday Jan 15

Wednesday Jan 16

Thursday Jan 17

Friday Jan 18

Storm and snow have played havoc with our correspondence this past two weeks. Buddie "blocks" the correspondence & the weather. We need such letters as much more than letters that the letters rightfully fail to contain us. Was it not ever thus? If my Buddie did not want me more than a letter from me, I should not. Time & much I may love. But mind correspondence doth not make a man a more ready writer but shows the inadequacy of

Saturday Jan 19

This is my first penning in this book for my Buddie's. His magnet request well. He needed faithfully loyally and daily. What interesting reading this and the twin volume will make for Dot & me years! I like the idea very much.

My Buddie is an ideal at, and is but Nature Life yields not Perfection. How different to my philosophy! Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and Smile! Smile! Smile!

Sunday Jan 20

I still am keeping this book for my Buddie. I like to very much. I think I will fill up the blank pages at the beginning.

Dr. Roberts of Illinois P. & S. now Capt. Roberts sends me greetings thru his wife and their friend, — an Alpha Phi. I wish my Lord might find some of H. P. to know some of these lovely friends here — and understand all those four years much better and more happily. I know they have all eagerly awaited him. Anyway our total-strong will hang out!

Monday Jan 21

Not like to be called "little girl", says one of my week's letters. Why yes I do, it's a daily reminder to me that I generous, unduly perturbed, or fretted with the old world and myself that even I have another side, a "nicer" side at least to me or her heroes. I even like my Buddha's most extravagant compliments when I know I am not nearly so fine - "so superb." because they represent an ideal worth striving for.

my last day of teaching, ...

Tuesday Jan 22

"God bless those who are missed," says Bishop Quayle. Well then I guess that for a day I shall be missed. After Mr. S's announcement, tears have been running around my desk with comments and tears. My Junior Session presents a silver ladle amid deep silence (I dancing the fifteen minute Period. Also Neal, my real Cockney English laddie, justifiably presents a chocolate "Perfectos", and Allen Mason, my plutocratic democrat, loyally escalants dares: "Mr. where is it going to

Wednesday Jan 23

happen?" "Indeed, I can't say." "You don't know!" "Yes, but when I do, I'll let you know, Allen." And what a clean face was in "Assembly." Yes, it's nice to be trusted. Kiddies' heart's are so true and sincere too.

It's been a bonnie nice day, as the English would say, "the Motor-Laurie" in the Isle would say, anyway. For fine letters from the Cause of late the above difficulty. The tricks I'll appreciate now the fun art of keeping a diary! Ah! Good much entertainment for the bride. A very bonnie day

A hectic, perfervid day of many rumors, and much caught by amongst us to where be my worthy successor

Thursday Jan 24

"The antelope is both very sagacious and foolish" says Mr. Mrs Klutsch, from a lecture on "Wild Animals" of Jackson Hole, Yellowstone Park. This characteristic is not confined, I will compel me to say, to the antelope. In the hurry of yesterday's departure I've precluded myself even from "to entertain" a few short pages of this book! Just "farewell" Tot to-night, dear heart, when my eyes see not, nor my ears hear not from too much weariness! O for some lazy Turk upholstery and safe, comfy, palatial Buddie! O tempora, altera mores!

Friday Jan 25

A long & cumbersome letter from my Buddie. It seems to be red-ink splashed day. The future augurs bright, does it not? The bitter bruises of the past will pass away.

Pictures today as my mind flitted away from my papers. It was chasing recipes. Irma Craig's cookies; Tuckie's two good ones for nee-muffins and ramekin fish; and one sent from the Daily News. Mrs. Baldwin-George's mother felicitated me most graciously, also Mrs. Schumacher. George has not arrived in France. Natalie Hagen, Helen Dalton, Betty Bowmaker, Albert Beale, Frank Parcells, Augabell Boyd spent the afternoon with me obviously

Saturday Jan 26

A most busy Gourmont
Pl: day at Le Blockhaline.
How lonely some very brilliant,
efficient women are! Too
proud, too self-reliant to call
for sympathy and love. C.H.
today touched my heart. A
bizarre day - luncheon at
the Cirkel, dinner at Ambi-
trieux, the whole day in Le
Timeh Rooms, and George
Sand in the person of Mrs.
Tinker at the theatre. "Nothing
but time goes on forever," says
this satirist. I don't believe
it. My need for Brodie is a
part of me, and that as long
as my heart beats. Nothing can take
but love. I've found out the answer
today, dearest Beloved.

Sunday Jan 27

A sympathetic gratefine, and a waiting mood beating in the dimness made my way. and heart turn to my Buddie. Look for protection, for assurance. I've thought so busily so sweetly of my Lover all day that to-night I must work for into the night for the to-morrow. But it is just once that it is two weeks before we become a bride. I wonder if Lill has me first of the ceremony? I wonder — oh I wonder a thousand things.

— Night and day with Miriam Garlock, Willard Hall, Evanston

Monday Jan 28

A beautiful day with a rich rose sunset through our trees over a covering of the whitest fluffiest snow that was ever sent down! To be sure our trenches are a pot deeper, and the spring freshets will likely wash the town into the lake — and my letter fails to come! Thus does Nature compensate.

My first day for myself was sadly interrupted when I was called to school to help untie the tangle of German IIs and IIIs. I had planned you know, cher monsieur, to consider a ring clash no more!

Dinner at the Tremaines.
A grate-fire. A napkin-tempest,
the Ouija Board - Quay 17!!

Tuesday Jan 29th

Here I sit running over
my Buddie's letters. I would
not hurry. I vowed but must
the more. Dear, dear Dear-o-
mine has been ill, and
I must hasten to him, for
he needs me very much, but
it's nice to dream awhile
of him, home and love
wondering what it will
all be like. The many
things I must do for
me, and only when
some sweet message brides
my heart that I take
time to pause, to think,
to dream of all the
treasure the future holds.
What is real, real, Quay
is my Buddie.

Wednesday Jan 30

A damp fretful day in town. The cinders did not exhilarate me today. I was but confused and dismissed. I guess Jenn took a cold in overlook my rue. I wondered all day what my Buddies would like in the way of clothing. Blue velvet & suit! Wild now for a hat, what do you suppose Ted dear aunt will approve of? I hope Lill likes my choice. "Hope is the best friend of man, it is everyday, but is no respecter of persons." Worried & puzzled. I was too tired for that day, dear; I slept and slept. "I do "Gather" check." - To music of "The Music Masters."

January's snow was 43 inches

31

Thursday Jan 31

Dinner with 17 feminine
fascinators present, all our
model apartment well lighted
yellow candles, rhymes, salu-
tes by the newlyweds, a box of
candy from Pere Gear, a
most lovely Madeira cloth
from all the faculty with
Bridels Buff." — only a card
party, for the eights were all
turned off. How many friends
I have! Thru and thru at
diverters! I rate at Mrs. Gear's
right. Buddie Ebblom, you
are indeed fortunate to have
as many, wish you well with me.
A most beautiful day with sun
shine all something the trees
against a crystal background.
I think I liked this dinner best

Sweetest Dreamer. Young, Allison [illegible] (bless 'em.) "Jumpers". Judy — a feast for a princess!

32

Friday Feb 1

This, say I, the prophetess, shall be the Queen of Heart Happiness!

I've read over a lot of Buddie's B.C. letters, — what a fine, loyal lot they are.

My sweetest letter received to my Buddies heart and true to mine was my God-boy Gregg's. Boy Buddies no longer writes me there "boy" missus, although he calls me boy I'm more & more I wonder why. Hmm, I'm a mystery, you all very hard to understand.

I smiled too, "I know now or I have the no interest in any other girl but you." Men are queer Buddy boys after all!

Tuckie's party. Prof. Truman.
Nursie. Rhymes.

Saturday Feb 2

May our candles burn
bright and warm and
hospitable.

I am "inconsistent,
I = very like myself." Ask
for a post-permanent in
my evening to my Buddie.
wal. I need arrange. mail
fates more definitely. Buddie
likes things frayed, and
I like them unfrayed so
I may act more freely.
toward I am - very way-
ward girl, and Buddie's
influence is just what I
need - just as "Tempus" is
such an inspiration now.
How much shall I change.
Would he love me the more.
Champagne - papers, pants, cour

Sunday Feb 3

At "Tuskies". Raymond Tosurack, Chief of Communion for Reception of Army & Navy in the evening. A lovely, cozy day - reading, and music with the real spirit of a home. I wonder if it will be the spirit of our home Buddie? Lunch? Dinner? A tramp? Reading and resting by the fire-light by Buddie is a wonderful treat but nothing by contrast to appreciates home joys more than - many.

This day would have been more perfect had it closed with Buddie.

Home at 11:30 mb 18 below

Monday Feb 4

School all day. Some work, more chattiness, and many interruptions. Kind Ina Larsen offers to pack my boxes. Have goodbyes!

A cold, cold day - not more than 10 below all -day, but I am happy, for my Buddie approves me & four me-day messages in route. Mystery two have not come! Everything was lovely. Mrs. Geer's invitation to dinner. etc etc — even two engagements at the dentists. What an abhorrent love is!

Tom love messages from Rudie to-day!

Tuesday Feb 5

"That's how much I care." It is. — Is it?

I like this day very much. I hope it will be one of our "time" days. You know I really did not know how much I did care, but my heart submitted & let him, as it had never done before, and that meant much, dear now, — and then, there afterwards I had to struggle it out for a long time. A very proud girl who would not bow her head!

An "ice" shower at "Knacks" Accounts, rice, dogs, bride & groom, igloo of sugar, racket tags and napkins and

Wednesday Feb 6

This dear was the day after much joy-making, and much thinking of you. I've reread all my messages to see that I drained every drop of love. It was my wish to plan for four messages on Tuesday, and Mr. Postmaster rode again and in spite of the weather delivered them on the appointed day.

I've packed and sorted all day dear, but my heart was filled with happiness because of you.

Thursday Feb 7

Another hard day. This time in town. Quite uppermost in a girl's mind is the fact that I've purchased a hat at the infallible Fields. Will He like it? I am not so sure that I do, - except the color.

Two letters came to me today. Ivy, my Buddie is good to me.

Buddie, I am wild to see you, to come to you, - and all this frets me so!

Friday Feb 8

No lights because of the storm and your dear booklet and my promise to Buddie must perforce wait this day I spent in town in pursuit of the last "ensuants" for my trousseau. I also looked at furniture, and now my head is reeling with homes furnished in a thousand ways but always peopled by the same two. Sometimes I am the lady-mamma, furnished, competent, sympathetic, and suffering to the kid-mamma; sometimes I retain my profession and my loving kiddies and have this home of rest and Buddie to return to after my day's

Mrs. Penning's party. Seventy

rooms & dickelocks. Honey-moon
couple. Grocery Girls.

Saturday Feb 9.

Another party, and
many guests, this time
my older married
friends. What a lovely
lot they are! I hate breaking
up the circle. Is your sup-
pose. I'll even be able
to have a real spot rooted
and fixed? I o= for a
long time yet, I fear. But
perhaps I've become
such a "wanderluster" that
I should not be content to, e.
dead I should, if I have to
do much more thanging!
Then my Buddie will have
a companion "wander-
luster". Away away to
the ends of the earth. with the
world at our feet.

Sunday Feb 10

This is the end of a complex day! Still the sun set rosy red on my last Sunday in this beautiful Lost Shore town. Where shall I be next Sunday? A year from now? Ten? I know where I'd like to be.

What did my Buddie do today?

Too many dinners mix-tures make it hard to choose, but the Bletsch tea tonight was most enjoyable "Come back this week for Hasenpfeffer." Yes I got the recipe. I wonder if Buddie will like it?

The sleepy-seed is now putting me to sleep. Good night.

Monday Feb 11

Ye most significant thing in this day of dusty packing, and slushy rain has been a re-reading of your letters! What splendid, exuberant letters they were, some of which but rarely appears now, and then usually in more sombre tones. What a splendid lot of loyal loving! How too, in some ways we have absolutely realised our new-found, your taking mine, & yours & mine each other! I've dipped again into your day-logues and they too, show the same consistent change.

Tuesday Feb 12

"To love is to believe, to hope,
to know
'Tis an essay, a taste
of Heaven below."

And I am enthusiastic and happy! I am wild to see Buddie! I hope he can meet me Thursday! - He'd like a chair. I wonder if he knows that my two days' illness this week cut me out of my day in town. I'll try to manage Thursday.

- - - - - - - - -

"It's lots of fun to come to tea
When two are there instead
of three"

Wednesday Feb 13

"Love understands love, it needs no talk."

And yet Habet made me go twice through six inches of slushy snow and water to get your letter. I got it! I'll tell you I packed to-day silently, I thought, and thought of you, you in all ways, you in all conditions, and understood many things very well.

T. L. 13. letter. Just think of all the many, many letters I've written. And think of the many many answers I've written.

Mrs. Benning's kindness.
I fail to say good-bye.

Thursday Feb 14

"I bring this message to you from one who loves you true;
'I love you, love you, love you, and my heart's true blue'" The Violets.

"On my way home to you"
- R. Valentine.

"For none can express thee, though all should approve thee
I love thee so, dear that I can only love thee".
E. B. Benning.

A great dash to meet me another. This time culminated successfully.

Friday Feb 15

The day after - I am very tired, and Bud. she is very kind and goes home early. We dine at the Columbia. I meet my old Decatur friend Mc Suppers with me at Coopers, while Buddie dines at the Cosmopolitan Club.

We dance each other down to the Rathskeller, Buddie, I cannot, keeping me by one minute! It is to smile.

Saturday Feb. 16

I guess, dear Diary, I have been tried a million times today. Some lovers make up for lost time; Buddie must be one of that kind.

I stop to no purpose in Champaign and conclude I must go to Chicago.

Buddie meets me downtown and we eat at the Business Women's Luncheon Room, and then we defy Huckleberry Finn at the lovers to come home to arrange our primrose and our

Sunday Feb 17

I liked this day very much. We do not dine at the Columbia. "The sky is such, no dimmer ... reveals". We walk briskly in the bright, sharp sunshine round-about home, where Buddie works Lund over our grocery lists. He writes as well you know. What a Cat Buddie knows! He's going to be a very fine helper.

Buddie reads me a story. Swedish has a very beautiful sound. And Carl Larsen's pictures are wonderful. Inspired, I go to church in the morning with Buddie!

Monday Feb 18

Dear Booklet, I did not think that when I left off writing in you Last Thursday in H. P. that I should resume my daily message again in my Buddie's House. Buddie's off "thrift-stamping" while his indolent little sweetheart sits beside the fire and fails to spin.

I wonder if I'll ever get rested, but Buddie is a darling, considerate brave, and I guess it will take me some time! I want to clean my silver to-day for our breakfast.

Tuesday Feb 19

To-day I take an inventory of what is to be done, and I find my house-wifely duties are many. I hope I shall be able to live up to Buddie's hopes.

Almost lonely evening, the very best we have ever spent, I think. Richards sweet poetry weds Buddie and mine as exquisitely, as faithfully, as mystically as any church right might sanction. I belong now, and I belong forever and forever. I weep. Love is mysterious, and Buddie is kind.

Wednesday Feb 20

A very busy day for Buddie, and his little girl rests.

I make Buddie's bed. I wonder if he got the bug I mispunkled on his pillow.

Too many kisses. I weep, and Buddie explains, dear Buddie.

Thursday Feb 21

We eat supper and sweet at Harris's. A gay meal of chatter and banter.

We attend an oil geology lecture. I fear my thoughts were far from oil.

We set the day, as Thursday, February the twenty eighth at 8 o' clock.

Thoughts are too fleeting and full this day for utterance. Was Buddie glad.

Friday Feb 22

Harris again. A whole day of cleaning - we are almost ready for the very dearest occupancy. Our house is going to be the nicest - ooh I know. It is just full of tempting ideas. I love it already!

From Dr. Baker we get instructions for our nuptials. Yes it will be nice to have Dr. Baker there Dr. Holleath, although I do not know him half so well. Buddie knows Dr. Baker very well.

Saturday Feb 23

Miss Schultz thinks my gown is lovely, and my train out of that rich Spanish lace! I wonder if Buddie will love his Bride. A Bride should be arrayed in white. It has always been my fondest dream.

I buy our first groceries at Palmer's in Indiana. I meet Buddie at his office where he plans further about our wedding - where we shall go - when we shall start.

Sunday Feb 24

Buddie refuses to kiss me good night. Do the old promise — so full of sweet sacred memory — so soon and easily forgot! My heart aches to understand.

And Buddie, is he ill, and I fail him in his direst need?

Life is not Love as I once believed, but even as Buddie taught me — teaches me — Love and Labor.

Monday Feb 25

A day of much turmoil! I dispatched myself in answer to two couriers to the Gamma Phi House, and stayed four hours. The girls wish to entertain me!

Elsie and I opened a most delightful dinner hour at the Green Tea Pot.

In accordance with my request Ruy-Buddie looks after himself. His brother is unable to come.

Tuesday Feb 26

A lap-lazard shopping day with little accomplished, I fear.

Brother and I lunched most delightfully down-town. He is to be Master of Ceremonies! Mother and Brother and Ed are coming! Goody!

I am beginning to get excited. My head and heart are so full of deep thoughts that I can't write.... How I love Buddie! He's such a Boy after all.

Wednesday Feb 27

Jno. Kent serves us at dinner at Harris'; — a sophomore, Commerce, with a beautiful smile.

I also meet Jno. Stopps, and the girls. Elsie and Kate help me in the final preparations.

Buddie calls to "talk" over the Bridge sweet dear, which important fact we settled yesterday! He stays until his wedding day! What a tender scratchy Bear he is! And I am rested and calm for the sacred rite.

Thursday Feb 28

The day - and I am not afraid, as I always thought I should be. Love is strong. I wonder if He will like me as a Bride.

Friday Mar 1

Saturd

Saturday Mar 2

Sunday Mar 3

Monday Mar 4

Tuesday Mar 5

Wednesday Mar 6

Thursday Mar 7

Friday Mar 8

Saturday Mar 9

Sunday Mar 10

Monday Mar 11

Tuesday Mar 12

Wednesday Mar 13

3

Thursday Mar 14

Friday Mar 15

Saturday Mar 16

Sunday Mar 17

The top o' the mornin'
to you, Maooumeew!

Monday Mar 18

Tuesday Mar 19

Wednesday Mar 20

Thursday Mar 21

Friday Mar 22

Saturday Mar 23

Sunday

Sunday Mar 24

Monday Mar 25

Tuesday Mar 26

Wednesday Mar 27

Thursday Mar 28

Friday Mar 29

My luve's like the red,
red rose,
That's newly blown in
June.

Saturday Mar 30

Sunday Mar 31

Mar 31

Monday Apr 1

Tuesday Apr 2

Wednesday Apr 3

Thursday Apr 4

Friday Apr 5

Saturday Apr 6

Sunday Apr 7

Monday Apr 8

Tuesday Apr 9

Wednesday Apr 10

Thursday Apr 11

Friday Apr 12

Saturday Apr 13

Sunday Apr 14

Monday Apr 15

Tuesday Apr 16

16

Wednesday Apr 17

Thursday Apr 18

Friday Apr 19

Saturday Apr 20

r 20

Sunday Apr 21

Monday Apr 22

Tuesday Apr 23

Wednesday Apr 24

pr 24

Thursday Apr 25

Friday Apr 26

r 26

Saturday Apr 27

Sunday Apr 28

y Apr 28

Monday Apr 29

Tuesday Apr 30

Wednesday May 1

Thursday May 2

I am bringing Buddie this Bray. Basket. It will be unexpected for it is so long a time, since I've confided the thoughts of my heart to this little gift-book. It will be a surprise, too, for my Buddie has long ago given up hope that I'd ever take to my diary-endeavor again, but this golden morning, and my still first sunset rose broke the fetters that bound me, and now like an unleashed bird I'll sing on to the end! Yes, I will.

Friday May 3

Saturday May 4

Sunday May 5

Monday May 6

Tuesday May 7

Wednesday May 8

Thursday May 9

Friday May 10

Saturday May 11

Sunday May 12

12

Monday May 13

Tuesday May 14

y 14

Wednesday May 15

Thursday May 16

May 16

Friday May 17

Saturday May 18

Sunday May 19

Monday May 20

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Tuesday May 21

Wednesday May 22

Thursday May 23

Friday May 24

Buddie and I quarrelled! It hurts me to tell that I was not womanly enough, big enough to bear with my Buddie's ~~to~~ gibes particularly since he is ill. Will he cease to love me altogether? Well there can come such a time. I guess I was too sentimental in this most beautiful ~~starry~~ moonlight to understand. I lost my sense of humor — and my temper alas!

And we made up — sweetly made up. We did not mention the moonlight, and pulled down the curtains to keep the delinquent marauder out.

Saturday May 25

A lazy day after the storm. Buddie and I eat our meals together downstairs again, Buddie on his cowl and I on my work-bags. Much barking of dogs to keep marauders out by the way.

Radishes, radishes — and lettuce the gift of our neighbor the Hewells, — a spring luncheon with spring love.

An electrical watch, and a storm scene at Ray Hess' complete the day! I am tired and rest in Buddie's arms till Morpheus claims me. He loves the moonlight — again!

Sunday May 26

Two late mornings o' mornings makes a man "loungy" and lazy. I look down the Hall way, and find Buddie sitting as usual out the window staring at the flames. The chief performer called today. Mr. Hands and regaled us better than Bowman Hall could do.

Buddie and Ils are much on my hands. Lively dudes, they spend their leisure time in play. Callers interrupt. a mad chase. The siege is set. Mr. and Mrs. Partyne. Grim supper is continued two hours later over the kitchen table! A nice restful Sunday!

Monday May 27

A happy happy day! The Eternal Triangle and me read and discuss it together. I spend my time chiefly in doctoring Buddie's sores. I believe Buddie likes to be doctored, he lies so still.

I attend an all morning session of Gamma Phi at the Pellet house with a view to buying same, — and Buddie, bless his heart announces to me happily that he's written up my diary!

Tuesday May 28

Three months anniversary and the day started well, but Buddie grew ner-vous and cross. How little Buddie-Boys understand of women's ills, loves and affections. Neither can women, even nurses, understand the why of this storm after the very happy yesterday.

We go to the office, Buddie's first visit; we view a few flowering spring trees and we go home.

Wednesday May 29

The barometer is up again. Like an eager busy Boy Buddie helped me all day, straightening drawers closets etc, and once again order reigns in the Ekblaw kitchen achieved by the Master-Organizer. Here's hoping Mrs. Organizer can live up to the pattern set! But she won't; she's not that kind I fear, except for the possibility of a great change within the first year of Her Married Life!

Thursday May 30

A full day, much too full for happiness. My Buddie* leaving off to Chicago on Arcana business while his wife fears for his health. Three laborers labor for "sweet cleanliness" in the Ekklesia abode one day. Would that the smile would be as everlasting as Memorial Day.

Autumn Goldfish's arrival keeps me from being too lonely when my Buddie is gone.

Friday May 31

At Gamma Phi Reunion Day, Ella Nicholson, Katherine Nelson and Emma Jewett, who stutzis for her M. A. The pleasant visiting that we girls had came too soon to an end. When shall we three meet again?

The rest of the day naught but my memory can record, — sad and sad, sad, sad, and the one high light was the telegram from my Buddie saying he is well. Dear loyal Buddie!

Saturday June 1

And my Buddie is home again, and we love each other to — cancer. How glad I am to see him! The gloomy atmosphere I had been living in faded at once, while I felted like a mag. fire burning out my thoughts.

Grand. President! Honor yes, but my Buddie does not need more Honor. Not too much time and strength I can spare for my splendid body.

Sunday June 2

home and missed Jimmy Tee, and I am weary unto death. I have tried to-day to appreciate my Buddie in the way that might make him understand.

My delayed Liberty day I took this afternoon and evening not with pleasure but perforce, and in my absence Buddie prepared two portions good food, and alas wasting me in vain ate them both! Little Boy, how does your Tommie go?

Monday June 3

I am still here in Urbana in spite of my intentions, and notwithstanding all the things I have to do I played away for two-thirds of the day to make these next days pleasant, I fear. And like Adam I reluctantly but still truly place the blame on a most well-meaning culprit. Prudence well and strong is utterly incorrigible. I've been "kissed — beyond recognition.

Mr. Stopp continues to be our brain with the Kaa, this time with the assistance of Oliver Wilson.

Tuesday June 4

This day finds me
in Rocky Mound Park, my
beautiful town deck
with foliage and
wild-grown spaces!
My first wake-up glance
was the sun shining
through open lacy
leaf-work right at my
bed's touch. The Bird-
ies would Love en-
joyed it! Besides the
quietly breathing Lake
George's and my
careless chatter be-
came conversation
changed to communion
- not a word, not a sound.
How much richer it should
have been for you!

Wednesday June 5

A long languorous day when our friends called on us all morning, and we on all our friends in the afternoon. All the good friends were also most kindly interested in you! Strange is it not? Do you love dates and grapefruit for breakfast? Well, as I cared remember. But this recipe for "Barbadines" will tempt you, I know.

More long walks, more wild flowers and the lake and no Buddie!

Thursday June 6

Commencement was over last night, and the fevered haste and hurry of the year. and one things of the past. The wheels ground too exceedingly slow for George to appreciate the program but for Augusta' kay now safe beyond this sea of unrest they whirled serenely by. I laughed with high glee and delight for I was glad, glad without a tinge of regret that I had left all this behind. And three three kisses are yours to-night!

Friday June 7

A third attempt to see the Runnings necessitated a second luncheon upon my arrival at my old abode! Dear Lady R. is still regretting that my Buddie took me away, so we had a most pleasant meal.

I looked over the hall, the living room, the fireplaces, my room and the rooms now deep, dark and shady — all my old haunts so full of you + and left a message that the "afterwards" is full of promise and fulfilment.

Saturday June 8

After a short sleep here at Willard Hall I find myself rushing for the La Salle Hotel for a 4:30 Gamma Phi meeting, which outlasted and out burned my patience.

I am so very livid that everything seems muddled but you, just everything. Bird. Are you/ such an inspiration, such a firm fixed Boulder when the Official Grand Secretary and presiding Delegate of Gamma Phi Beta would be but a Clematis.

Sunday June 9

A long, hot day spent at the La Salle on Gamma Phi Council Meeting. And even a long dinner here with music and much mulatto glamour failed to divine me. The long session made me miss Adal Grundy en route to the East. I did wish to see her for it well possibly be my last chance for a long, long time.

Two bright spots however, redeem the day, - two gleaming fields of purple iris as I remember them fleeting by on the "L" and two Buddie like messages from you.

Monday June 10

This day I went back to Highland Park to spend the night with the Pennings and to see about my silver. Dear Daddie gave me the fruit knives for a wedding present. The family and I visited until late in the night, and all are anxious to see you. Also we have a standing invitation at the Women's Club from the Jews, should their home be too far away!

No letter from my Buddie today, and I waited till late before starting northward! I wonder what my Buddie is doing!

Tuesday June 11

Back to the city for the day and a very hard day it was too with the theatre in the evening. "Friendly Enemies by Louis Mann and Sam Bernard." very good play for Pro. Swedes and others too.

En route I met Mrs. Miller just returned from Europe, who related to us much concerning the landslips in Europe. I also met Mr. Cole, an ornithologist on his way to a Chicago meeting Mr. Cole [illegible] me his card with the hopes of receiving correspondence from you. I imagine you and he might have a good chat.

Wednesday June 12

Another day in the city when for a second time I tried to purchase a volume of Burroughs for you in vain. I shall compromise on Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" which may not be so erudite, but which can perhaps furnish us some real fun and laughter.

I am tired of the city and people and noise! As I lost my way and tried on the "L" this morning I meant to fill this page with "I love you's". I guess I never really knew what Love meant before.

Thursday June 13

this day - if I can get breakfast - it is 12 now and I've waited an hour and a half - I hope to get away to come home to you. I can't stand it another minute! Are you ill? I have not heard a word from you, dear. Did your Commencement go off well? I ought to have been with you so that you did not overtax your strength, for I know you did.

I love you Man-o. Come. I want you, and I am coming.

Friday June 14

I am at home happy and content with my Buddie by my side. We can work play — pray together. A most satisfactory, complete, and entitled day.

We pick the peas from our first garden. We read a little from the "Angler" and from Bury. We decide upon tents and shades for our dining room, and incidentally discuss our new home of the future.

Saturday June 15

Buddie became my workman to-day and we put our much disorganized house into a semblance of cleanliness and order, four rooms upstairs, and four rooms downstairs

The Cook and the Hired Man eat from the Kitchen Table back unaware of them both on the happy companionship of working side by side. Now although I am tired to death I can say "A Day well Spent."

Sunday June 16

Our Wonder Day.
The Day of Adventure!
The Day of The Adventure!
The Day of Wild Roses!
The Day of the Cardinal!
The Day of Days!!

Monday June 17

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Tuesday June 18

Wednesday June 19

Thursday June 20

Friday June 21

Saturday June 22

Sunday June 23

Ring Day in the Peoria Woodlands!

Yes, I have it in a safe place. Here it safe I should wear it to-day, but at this day's absence with my possessions at several different places might cause me to lose it.

I was glad, indeed, that Buddie took me through the Bryandrea forest of real old monarchs. I was glad, too, that I had a long, solitary walk beside them. Why did not my Buddie kiss his sweetheart within their shadows?

Monday June 24

After a long eventful jitney ride to town, late lunch-a-dashing, and long long night with little sleep we arose early to the orchestra of Kingsing ne-plumes. I love Buddie! He is my Rock and I feel ever so much better to-day, even if sleepy.

We spend the day in visiting Elmer's friends. How they do love and admire him! I was so busy taking stock that I fear I almost failed to be courteous at times.

Tuesday June 25

Another hard yolt on Mrs. Gordon "J. W." car brings us home again. I am glad to be here again. We cut classes and sleep late, that is, my lady does. Buddie reads the paper, and teases his sleepy mistress.

I clean house all the rest of the day. In the evening Buddie and I take count of how much paint we shall need for next year. Late again! 12:45- When Augusta may fall asleep. A busy holiday coming.

Wednesday June 26

I am well, well, well again! Health is more than a fortune, more than anything. I can be happy again. How I worked all day!

A new portière for my dressing gift of my Lord! Sometimes more banquets downstairs and our home looks like a bower! Two lovers inhabited it all day too amid the sweet peas, daisies, cornflowers and poppies.

The publication of more "difficulty"; study our French in the back room till callers interrupt us!

Thursday June 27

Friday June 28

Saturday June 29

Sunday June 30

What a happy, happy day this has been. The very happiest day I think since Buddie two summers ago. What did we do? Absolutely nothing. We were very sure only to ourselves, but what an alarm the door bell sounded while we two guilty children played in Buddie's study. We "French-exercised" and loved the whole happy day away.

Monday July 1

And our French lesson was stupid to two very bright pupils! We are still very happy in the gaiety and aftermath of the yesterday but a shadow has entered our Garden. Buddie, my Buddie for whom I've longed and waited for many a long year may have to go forth to war. I can't bear it! Our love's dream has barely commenced! O Buddie I love you! Brave? Yes I'll try and you need never know the pain.

Wednesday
~~Tuesday~~ July 2

Is my Buddie getting cross? I would seem so; the possibility of many painful things looms up before me and it bears heavily upon her and my spirit.

The Tempest in the cool evening air winded the lazy trees rouses us and we are one again.

We go to the office read over one of B's manuscripts on Plants. It is excellent, the very best he's written, and then we go happily home.

~~Tuesday~~
~~Wednesday~~ July 3

Je mis très fatigué's, Buddie aussi! Pourquoi?

We work at our Tunnel and determine to be in bed by 10 o'clock, and as late as even it is late, but we resolve to salah up Thursday the Fourth.

We are under the shadow of the impending extension of the draft. What a lot that might mean! I can't - won't let that dire thought spoil our present moment, and a form pressed close which Buddie put in my pocket portends all that is good..

Thursday July 4

Fourth of July! Our Liberty Day and into Liberty because I chose to stay with my heart-sick Buddie-Boy. The World is too much with him to-day, I fear; and in the twinkling of an eye my Lappy, playful Laddie Boy turned into a forlorn and world-weary Man. The Swift Heart was unable to comfort him much, although she took him to Crystal Lake to hear the frogs, see the cows, hug on the splint-bird and watch the fire-flies rise across the brink.

Friday July 5

Dr Ruddick is not much better to-day, but according to that good book, the Diary, I must be good and kind to make up for the many years the past has brought. Accordingly, his sweet heart went this night to give comfort and balm to his sorely laden heart. She longs to see him smile again, and to talk in his old infectious way, and she wonders if the manner will show the fruits of her medicine.

Saturday July 6

It did! My Buddie is a happy Boy again and labors all day like a galley slave at our paint & dolled ~~mud~~ mud-cabin. What a long laboriful day, yet what fun! I like to work with somebody. I think I'd like to do anything if Buddie were always near to lend companionship. What a store of provisions we have all carefully stored away! And what a jolly home now that the Master-Huntsman is again abroad!

Sunday July 7

A lazy, long, rainy day. The raininest July-day that I've ever seen. There were also a Lazee, and a Lazier. Hence the day was very lapsy. I slept two hours away into comfort and perfect relaxation, and behold I hear the sighs of awaken sleepers tumpled to his couch in the study room.

The Lazee loans the Lazier reads some of his favorite poems, and tries to read the Literary Digest in vain. And stores of Kisses for a Rainy Day!

Monday July 8

A day of arming the
fires of a beginning
on that basement, of a
mice long rode into the
country, and of work
togetted. We are both
this fatigues and go
late and sleepy to bed. It
is as much as two newly
experienced mortals
can do to keep this abode
running. We neither
want nor covet visitors,
we even lock our doors
forbiddingly and pull
our curtains darkly
down, and still there is
so much to do! Will we
ever learn how to run
our menage more I

Tuesday July 9

Mau-Chow and Bus. Mau. Chow went this evening for a walk to take inventory of their Dynasty. They found the little chow doing very well even amused the by paths of far East Atlanta.

In celebration I wore two pink cornflowers and two good luck clovers which my fond lover provided me, and my favorite red poppy grales my mirror ever since early this morning.

Mau-Chow, you are very good, very kind, very bonnie Lover - Mau.

Wednesday July 10

Thursday July 11

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Friday July 12

Saturday July 13

Sunday July 14

Monday July 15

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Tuesday July 16

Wednesday July 17

Thursday July 18

Friday July 19

Saturday July 20

Sunday July 21

The day of Elmer's guests — the Kukuses: Well it was an ordeal but I hope I was able rise nobly as Elmer's wife should. I hope I did not once show how hard this day was!

And at the breakfast table Buddie nearly cracked the heart out of me. 'How cruel men can be! And then he explained and because I love him I'll try to understand, and forget all about my own hurt — I wonder if the day showed him.

Monday July 22

The after and the aftermath. We donat go to French, but I spend the day nevertheless cleaning up the ravages of yesterday. Too bad the yesterday's company was such a bore to Buddie, while I was so busy.

It is to laugh! Our late Sunday night grape juice was indeed a 'philosophical affair.' Men are but boys grown tall. This has been a very happy, though very tired day.

Yr

Tuesday July 23

Today we try to catch up on our Trench after a week's absence. I wonder if I will ever be able to catch up. My time seems so frittered away sometimes over details, but if my Buddie ever gets his words off to "Quack" I shall feel that I have helped. Everything I do seems so indirect, so remote after so many years in the thick of things. I wonder if my wit is growing dull, Buddie. You're a mighty big man to live up to.

Wednesday July 24

This has been my hard day two full of tasks to enjoy any one of them, I fear. My feet hurt — one feet hurt, and this hot weather. I resolve to go to bed early for once, but the glint of the full moon through the clouds tempts me to linger long. After a cool long rest I go to my own big warmish bed to sleep fitfully because of the heat. But behold my lover comes to waken me a kiss the next morning.

Thursday July 25

I wore purple cornflowers today, the gift of my loving lord, a royal purple mass and my red poppies spilled their love red petals all over my dish and two of my favourites red-tipped with white hearts stood guard before my mirror, while a yellow nasturtium made my white skirt and waist resplendent, all the gift of my Flower. Lover. Husband.

But the day has been hot even with happiness and we go to bed eager for rest. I in the south room where my Buddha has

25

Friday July 26

Another hot day and we eat a cool luncheon of muskmelon and breakfast dishes. Buddie is a very pleasant being to cook for. Except for condiments and chocolate he likes nearly everything.

For tea we had corn out of our own garden, delicious green ears as sweet as could be. After our repast we lasteined down to the Orpheum to Pershing Crusaders, where we met Dr. Stuart who admired Buddie so much that he delayed some predatory purpose

Saturday July 27

My Liberty, my first for a long time — a day that was not real liberty after all since I perforce spend it all on Jamma Phia. Although it was late afternoon when I left, I hated to leave my Buddie. Boy who was supposed to play to-day. In order that he might not feel neglected I tried another color bread — a fair result — and sewed buttons, and washed a lot. Weather shirt was extras to my day's work.

Has Buddie enjoyed his Liberty too?

Sunday July 28

Sunday has been a long day of rest and happiness spent at Mother Ehrlans. What a fine mother she is. Did my Buddie get his cheerful happy nature from her? Does she have "the blues" I wonder. My Buddie must be cured! I am going "to love him back to his natural self.

To make me forget the pain in my toe three rosy coral flowers graced my breast, the gift of my lover husband

And my Buddie smoked three cigarettes. Neither his love nor his mother approved. It is to smile, dear!

Monday July 29

my good chronicle makes me recall that yesterday marked the end of the first third of our togetherhood. I've had more of pleasure than pain, much more dear. The readjustment has not been much differ. ent than I had pictured it. Two souls as different as ours will often stray, but our times of happiness are sweeter & and deeper than those of most people; and we should not have had that moments without our togetherhood.

Tuesday July 30

Yesterday was a busy day for the laundress, and I worked so — as I always do when I disturbed my Buddie by beginning it. Buddie helped. We cleaned the rugs, and the yard that looked not clean! It is to laugh!

To day my Buddie wanted to go to bed. I walk. Buddie dear, you hurt me deep to day, but love will help me over it. And it has, for we make and eat waffles at ten o'clock. Our new iron is fine!

Wednesday July 31

This has been a busy day for me. Elmer's father took dinner with us for the first time, and opened our house. Our second guest was the Captain who grew loquacious after dinner, when Elmer took our pictures against the white house next door.

The evening I gave to Buddie correcting his papers preparatory to sending them off. It's fine to have accomplished so much.

July 31

Thursday Aug 1

Dey Buddie. Boy was very ill last night, so many of our good garden vegetables amid the lot, I guess. I did n't know, dear, that a great big man could be so sick. I am glad, though, that I could take care of him a little. If he should go to war, who'd take care of him then? Even big Buddie. Boys need help sometimes.

And now we shall diet Buddie Chelsea, even if you do get thin. Good Doctor Evans advocates the same, and he is an Illinois man.

Friday Aug 2

I went to the plays at Warren Hall with Lurgan, Buddie declining his and Dr. Ruckmick's tickets. I gave Buddie's to the Captain who could not thank the two ladies enough who exerted him some. I like the Captain very much. Capt Stopp whom we know very well, made an excellent old man, and "prefacer".

This hot weather, and impending things hang over my Buddie. Boy very much I wish that this Pray might stem him up.

Saturday Aug 3

Our Buddie is but a little boy after all, very much like his mother told me. He's climbing up the mountains to-day; and I've had visits beyond measure, and all the old cheerfulness, and loquacity are here too. That old expedition knit my Buddie sadly, and I must be "very patient, very kind."

We startled an ouzel and grew forthwith as real as Jews. What fun!

I'd like to try the book.

Sunday Aug 4

My Buddie has reached the mountain top again, and is hopping in the clouds in spite of the hot enclement weather. For Him I kill the fatted calf, and he feast on the product of our garden, Mate. Has tea, and a cake! We eat, late all day. We garnish our bum. rumps and grow sicker. We love each other very much, and go to Bed wealthy indeed.

Monday Aug 5

W. E. E. left in haste to-day on his business trip to Minnesota. He rose later than we expected because my golden gift clock failed to "alarm". I trust my Buddie will not have to suffer undue from the heat. He can not stand the heat at all. So there!

I was afraid to come home alone; so even at ten last night I rustled Hannah out of bed to come stay with me. This home without Buddie is most bereft.

Tuesday Aug 6

Beastly hot! The second hottest day this year, and everything in our garden is parching. I am wondering how long my royal blue cornflowers of yesterday lasted, the two others I enclosed in a surprise message to Crookston. Will he call for the big letters at the General Delivery.

Found you dear, by Jas. Lee this morning — two pounds of sugar per month per person! I am, we had our cake and maple frosting Sunday, are n't you?

Wednesday Aug 7

This day again Miss Augusta Gray Krueger receives a burning message from her lover. And he is still a lover! What a splendid description about the heroine, "cast as immobile as a statue, intent upon his own breakfast" Quite like my beloved diaries. My Buddie must express all the beautiful pent-up sentiment in his sensitive soul. Tis good for both of us. Do his busy girl big enough for the inspiration. I fear, oh much I fear. How she does love him!

Thursday Aug 8

A day full of many things makes my mind full of many thoughts.

Yes I am eager to begin a book with you. The idea grows more fascinating. In these days of my Dad's Minnesota trip I've thought and thought of ways to be of real assistance. Perhaps this would be the way, dear.

Ray Bradner's poppyful love letters turn my thoughts yardward, and now at three in the morning shall I can or not the luscious red tomatoes that ripened today? Away — I shall try to can!

Friday Aug 9

Saturday Aug 10

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Monday Aug 12

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Friday Aug 16

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Saturday Aug 17

Sunday Aug 18

Monday Aug 19

Tuesday Aug 20

Elmer meets Mr. Ridgeley for dinner and I want Mr. Cavin but the pain prevents our finding him. Strange to relate I improved sufficiently to day to take dinner on time! Some managerial am getting proud of myself.

We enjoyed Mr. Ridgeley very much; he is a very interesting talker full of fascinating information. And he stayed too, so I guess he found mutual entertainment in my Buddie

Wednesday Aug 21

The Poppy-Girl's Birth Day, the Year-Post Day.

This day brought my mother for her first visit to our home. Our Kaly kindly lent his car as conveyance.

Mother and I had a good chat. Buddie presents me with a Nuremberg gift book in memory of the day. Do I get older? I neither feel nor think 20. And each year I think this age as the most satisfying to live with!

And poppies for her breakfast table and her dresser!

Thursday Aug 22

Mother and I continued our shelling this day, we are not yet done, strange to relate.

Mother mends my saddle is much belated socks, and with mother love to lend company and inspiration perhaps I shall get all of my sunday tasks done I do love to work with people.

Mother and I enjoyed a sunset walk, while Elmer and Mr. Ridgley prospected over a book good luck to it.

Friday Aug 23

A long distance to-day from Brother tells me that he leaves Sunday for school at Evanston. It is the beginning of his "off to war," and my heart is heavy: mother feels it too, for she has abruptly cut her visit short to leave this afternoon for home.

Mother enjoyed Elmer's pictures and "Katzie's" company while to the train. Afterwards we picked up an officer and his wife and took them to their destination, and came home for ice-cream, cake & coffee

Saturday Aug 24

All of the days are full, it seems; a housekeeper can rarely do what she has planned, in this moisture to write all afternoon after the morning's cleaning is done. But behold lured by the Tempter I walk to the University, and return to my tasks at noon to be interrupted by Lent. Leslie Hedge for luncheon! After a meal sufficient I think for a lady soldier I enjoy a twenty minutes chat with our guest.

Sunday Aug 25

This good day we spent for each other. Buddie prepared breakfast and I packed. Leisurely almost up to noon we read our Sunday paper. The wife, then, made lovely busy to prepare a real dinner of apple pie, - her first and a success; and broiled beef steak we feasted like a king and a queen, and then made love like the prince and the princess in the story which has not yet ended.

Monday Aug 26

Your sweetheart fell
ill all day monday
and everybody else
Everything dragged
even her spirits
and the weather.
Ill fortune does
thus pursue. Ben
Buddie, too, went in
for a relapse at
Camp Field & mined
his hair because
his watch was slow.
Fortune changed
however, on that
it brought my Bud-
die home early after
a rousing Natural
forth unexpectedly.

Tuesday Aug 27

This day did we celebrate for the morrow we going to Paxton to visit the town of our memorable though brief sojourn of six months ago. We dined at the same hotel, and heard the same clanging and impertinent town bell striking the quarter-hours. Time has not ceased to run for it, or for us.

A very pleasant day among all of Burdett's friends.

Wednesday Aug 28

The Anniversary Day at the end of the first half year, and we can call it good, good, good. We spent the morning chiefly enjoying the afternoon talk of the Yesterday's Lecture by Mr Paxton. Three poppies amid dull gold brown foliage made our table blessed, and one of my rose-colored favorite made itself opaline resplendent in my mirror after the long drought. Thus do we celebrate. Also later with my candy and a little

Thursday Aug 29

A very hectic day, too busy I fear for lovely or sweet thoughts. My room and I claimed the whole house, — and then my Buddie could honestly see no difference! It is to laugh this pest of housekeepers, — one reason why I don't like house-keeping. But I baked a lemon pie for my Lord, and perhaps my efforts will receive a better reward, for I think it is a very good cake.

Friday Aug 30

Your Ray has been too ill all day to care whether she lived or died, and wondered when the day would end. It has, and I trust the night will help me over my great nervousness.

I am thinner than I have ever been since my college days – too much indoors, too much nervousness I must get out more to keep up my appetite, and the college year opens soon with every kind of opportunity

Saturday Aug 31

All day long I've laboured to wear off my nervousness but in vain. My head, my back, my body aches.

I baked 4 9 oatmeal cakes for my Buddie's lunches, for like a school laddie he must nip at bite. This amuses me, who am not at all used to lunches.

Our yard looks like an Italian garden so neat and trim it is after the work by the 'Master Gardener.' And now we shall have pictures of our home for the album. Goodie!

Sunday Sept 1

This day all day we played - a long, cool autumn walk to Crystal Lake, a rest, and then home again for lunch with our hands filled with wood-bine, barberry - and bitter sweet, for we stole all three!

After our late lunch dear guests came and we went strolling till after six this time to the South Campus, bringing home the white and purple aster.

Another hot to eat, a short stroll around our cornfield and then to bed.

Monday Sept 2

Quarter all day, rainy and quiet to the players. We rise late, read our faithful Chronicle, sleep a little, eat long and hearty, and then I become industrious at the blue emblems, while my lords essays about. We shoot, and read a bit together out of his musty books, chiefly Keats.

A hasty, romping two miles in twenty-five minutes, and his sweetheart is warm enough for bed.

Tuesday Sept 3

A long day, for the Lady of the House has been far from well. I wonder if I'll ever enjoy my old enthusiasm in health again! It seems that I am never really well ~~again~~ more. I must plan some definite thing to take me out each day, something that interests me. I am surely falling to the dead level of most house-wives who's lives never rise above the routine of their daily work.

Wednesday Sept 4

This my mother's wedding day.

Thursday Sept 5

Friday Sept 6

Saturday Sept 7

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Sunday Sept 8

Monday Sept 9

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Tuesday Sept 10

Wednesday Sept 11

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Thursday Sept 12

Friday Sept 13

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Wednesday Sept 25

Thursday Sept 26

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Saturday Sept 28

Sunday Sept 29

Monday Sept 30

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Thursday Oct 10

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Saturday Oct 12

For the sorority girls of the university this has been a feared day. Seventeen pledges to Gamma Phi's tall. For the rest of us who are out of it all, it seems like such a frantic struggle for such questionable results... Well who's to blame. The dean, or the girls? I wonder if Buddie's and Dr Bailey's progressive argument will decide. I await the reports at the next luncheon hour. Some crisis, this. I vow!!

Sunday Oct 13

'Tis being a beautiful day in October we went forth to the Sugar Loaf out beyond Crystle Lake Park to take our lunch. Clean beside a flaming woodfire which my Buddie built. My Buddie is, indeed, a Fire Bringer, and we enjoyed a hearty dinner at four o'clock, the warm sunlight, and "the Forest" by Stewart Edward White — on a slope with a friendly cow as company.

It has been a lovely complete day.

Monday Oct 14

once more we work.
Buddie off to the univ-
ersity, and I alone
at home all day. I
long for company some
one to chat with. The
happiest memory of
these days is the
breakfast hour when
Buddie and I
read and eat over
the bon bons. Except for
this bright hour
should be lonely in
deed. — I don't
like fall, I guess. The
winds sighs and
whines through the
trees.

Tuesday Oct 15

This day brought an event I went down town to buy groceries! I spent half an hour in the vault, and another such hour Graham before I turned back to meet my Buddie for a walk through the forestry. And now a real event occurred, Buddie produced a pint of ice cream and we ate it like summer shipped passing the sun. It was fun.

Wednesday Oct 16

Buddie left me to-day to take a long auto-ride to Canton on an errand of sorrow, while I - not liking to stay at home took my Liberty day and sought for myself something I could eat. It was a delightful change, and every thing tasted so good. Besides I got several splendid ideas for Buddie's further menus.

The "Flu" made me avoid peopled places, and soon I was weary and came home to rest.

Thursday Oct 17

Buddie thinks he has it. Tim; and I very much do not wish him to have it, so I've sent him to bed early, and then lay awake half the night wondering if he were asleep. Dear man is very like a little boy after all! What I'd do if I were head of the geology department! Well, you could do it, I know! If I were ten years younger, I'd take education — I think I'd like to have you do it anyhow — now so that we might work together.

Friday Oct 18

Today the 18th and a good luck day I hope for I've begun on my diary again. How miserable, how listless I have been, and I wonder if this pain will ever cease!

A miss came to grace our portals today, and it must be stowed away among the other non-approved-of-by-Buddie things. I wonder what I'd do if I disliked things so much, and still have to live with them all the day. Women must certainly play a humble part in this world.

Saturday Oct 19

A very busy day. I cleaned my house from top to bottom so that we might rest in peace & on morrow recuperating from the "Tlin".

Florden came to call, and in the evening we took a short walk. It was a very pleasant day in spite of our illness.

Buddie stayed home with me in the afternoon helping me dust etc. I like to work with someone.

Sunday Oct 20

A beautiful October day, and the two convalescents enjoyed it to the full — three walks and two calls, while we eat between times.

We discover the hotel-hotel is now blooming, play our dictionary-game, and read an hour from Fiona Macleod's Amor — till I fell asleep. We are healed of our disease.

Monday Oct 21

My Liberty Day again and I rest quietly at home trying to conquer the revitalized Flu germs. My Buddie also - a victim again goes off to meeting.

I had much to do today and did nothing that I had intended I seem to have neither strength nor energy. I wonder when I'll recover my old interest in life, my old vigor in just living?

y Oct 21

day again
quietly a
to enquire
"This gene
has a meeting
off to meeting
it to do to
did nothing
intended
we neither
or energy
I'll
old interest
old rejoi
ning."

Tuesday Oct 22

My Little Girl's Lonely Sorrow Day.

No this is not the Sorrow Day, it comes to-morrow, although I appreciate the beautiful "wyckhazel" letter very much.

Buddie went forth to-night to a meeting which did not meet, and I improved the time by reading a pamph. at which he did enquire, sitting forth my interpretation when he came home, but Buddie being pleased and tried "all gay best."

Wednesday Oct 23

I am very ill to-day and find it necessary to stay in bed all day. I've never been ill so much in my whole life before, and I can't say I like being an invalid. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't think — I wonder what is to become of me? I need my own father very badly.

Thursday Oct 24

A letter from Brother to-day tells me that he is suffering from his "shots," and would like to hear from us. Thus is it ever; when we trouble the dear men call for their womanly comforters. Until then they are valiant, self-sufficient free. I'd like to be a man!

Friday Oct 25

I attempt my first outing in two weeks, my first excursion & kept me away from this house in two weeks. I've been caged, caged, and I'll never be able to stand this imprisonment for the next months.

Well I went on the humble errand to provide forage for my good husband, and I came back fast - ill. I do wish there were at least someone I could talk to, some gentle, comforting woman. I seem so far away from my real friends.

Saturday Oct 26

A very busy and a very hard day full of the usual routine of duties kept up till 4:30 when I was too exhausted to do anything else but to go to bed. I had hoped to be able to go out in this beautiful sunshine. But we used the time for that making a "Feni Bouquet for a deceased class-mate.

Buddie went forth, after supper, and I to bed too ill to stay up.

Sunday Oct 27

Tis is not the twenty-eighth but I celebrate it as such anyway for the reason that Sunday brings gives us the opportunity. I prepare my first roast chicken with all that goes with it.

A glowing red poppy burst open also to-day, and a huge gathering of bulbs kept made our dining-room golden.... -- We have prayers again for breakfast, and I laugh.

I wonder if Buddie knew what day he celebrated.

Monday Oct 28

This day has been a very hard day full of pain and anxiety. I wonder when I shall ever be happy and well again.

My Buddie went out this evening, and I to bed, even though this day decree is my play-day, and our anniversary too!

Tuesday Oct 29

I feel somewhat better today, but like the weather I rain and shower my thoughts and feelings have been up and down.

The only bright spot has been the visit of that golden sunbeam, T. Lord Hastes, who brought me a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. Bless her!

Wednesday Oct 30

Laundry and a "wash" at last! We get clean once more. And the day is right and. Here the very first one of Indian Summer O how.

A sweet letter bearing a royal blue emblem came to me from Uncle Sam to-day. I liked this letter very much.

Thursday Oct 31

More housework! And I am very tired — too tired even to read, and I got to bed at nine. I frequently go to bed at nine these days, a thing I can't remember having before I was married. I wonder if this pain and discomfort will ever cease.

Friday Nov 1

I am tired and nervous. Buddie and I scrap. Why will he scrap with me? My petulance is due so largely to my poor health, I know, and I, who am not used to being ill but doing all manner of things with zest and enthusiasm. I am very sorry however, very sorry. . . . We agree not to scrap till Christmas! That indeed would be a fine gift, Buddie.

Saturday Nov 2

To-day we had Mr. Stephenson to luncheon, and although as inexperienced cook it took me all morning to a luncheon for three it was a very pleasant meal indeed. Mr. S. is a very genial guest, and when full up and satisfied does all the talking himself most entertainingly too. Some one enjoyed themselves very much, because my Buddie stole him away from the Budget Factory.

Sunday Nov 3

Another all day
frosbery for two guests
Mr. and Mrs. Ruckwick,
with a call and a
short walk besides.
It was a beautiful day
which we ought to have
spent out-of-doors,
but with Buddie as
a companion I was
able to endure
staying in. Buddie
makes a fine play-
mate, when he is not
too busy.

Monday Nov 4

Today after and I take us Liberty day in order that Bradie and I may eat up the good left-overs. It has been a beautiful day. As usual instead of attending to my correspondence my home-wifely duties demand my time. When will I ever be able to get a happy combination of each? I often despair, I am so inefficient

Tuesday Nov 5

A wonder-day has my Buddie called this. Why? Because he's loved me so much. Well, we loved it, too, as a wonder-day, for we play all afternoon at the skating, at the chrysanthemum show, at the ice-cream festival in the dark room — and all evening, — and I've been kissed both on private and public many, many times.

Wednesday Nov 6

To-day is another beautiful day the sky blue, the sunshine golden, and the air crisp and invigorating. I shall accomplish much to-day I know, for I have already done much.

A sweet love-letter from my Buddie came to make me glad. I like dick to receive letters very much. They are like jewels in these gray, monotonous days.

Thursday Nov 7

A day spent in nothing else but housekeeping. I've cleaned and baked till my hands look and feel clubs. And it will be the same thing all over again to-morrow. If one could get some real intellectual manna out of it, I think I might enjoy it, but I've not had an idea, or a thought for an eternity. I grow old and stale.

Friday Nov 8

It has been a long dreary, rainy day. I has tired and indisposed, and Buddie was, too.

This evening my Lord went forth to the Graduate Club, and I stayed home alone. I had always thought that I, too, should be going forth to the Graduate Club with him, but mind is changed when one is married, and stays home to think it all over. I wonder if I'll ever be well again to do things as I used to do.

Saturday Nov 9

A day of house-wifely duties and cuttle else. A long distance call from Chicago tells me mother is coming down.

Buddie arranges to meet her, after we had been to the Bangs lecture. Buddie meets the Cote train and is peeved. Kruger-Elblan train combination = as uncertain.

The British invasion was stirring. & Dr. Jones' words food for thought for the rest of the winter. "Live to the level at which

Sunday Nov 10

Monday Nov 11

Tuesday Nov 12

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Wednesday Nov 13

Thursday Nov 14

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Friday Nov 15

Saturday Nov 16

This day was to be in celebration of Indian Summer, but it summered but a little while this afternoon after a day of real rain and struggle which skeered us even at the Illinois - This game to be beat! Same game! Illinois now in the race for championship.

After dinner Art we went to the Sturkow-Ryder Proctor Concert. very pleasant but oh the germs we got in that hall! A days fine fun ends, and only my stupendlemum

Sunday Nov 17

A very, very busy day. Church in celebration of peace at Trinity to hear a fine sermon by Dr. Baker, a call on Mrs. Wood at the hospital, and then at home to two S.A.T.C's who stayed till taps! - and to Mr. Hammond just returned from Sheffield Neck and chock full of war gossip. We tea-d at 9:30 - all three of us. The left at eleven, and we went to bed at twelve after a full-spent day.

Monday Nov 18

This day has been all groanings, my body has been all pains, and my throat all pain. But a surprise came. Buddie and a pint of oysters for stew, and it was a lively supper indeed.

I keep Buddie trying to do his Chemistry lesson and get some of Knud Rasmussens Second Thule Expedition by car, while I doze off — and then to bed.

Tuesday Nov 19

Another gray day; last part of it spent in bed puts me in proper trim for the Geology Club Party to-night.

Twas some party. Buddie talked — and then the party ate. Dill pickles, sandwiches, pumpkin-pie, and drank cider.

We came home in the cold, and stay cold till we go to bed when we roast beneath the rabbit skin blanket.

Wednesday Nov 20

Another cold bleak day. I am still recovering from a cold, contracted in the Auditorium Saturday evening at the concert. But aspirin will do the work I know.

My Buddie is cheered up to-day again, and consequently I've been bored unmercifully.

Thursday Nov 21

Well, I did not get well; I got the Flu — the doctor says so, and now I am in it for how long? How miserable to feel! And now we can't have Tom Barger, nor the other friends from Highland Park or Decatur. This is the first time since I left Decatur over five years ago that we have missed each other! Well it's too bad for Buddie too, for now he must take care of me, when he ought to be busy with his own work.

Friday Nov 22

I am sicker to-day. I can't get warm in spite of all the Indian blankets and the rabbit skins, so Buddie moved me out of the cold north room into the sunny study where he has put his desk too, and brightened me and the room further by chrysanthemums yellow and delicate pink.

Now that I know that I have the "flu" Buddie can't furnish his warm body for heat as he did before so recklessly

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Saturday Nov 23

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Monday Nov 25

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Wednesday Dec 25

And the mistletoe is full of berries - the dare is accepted.

On earth peace, goodwill toward men.

Thursday Dec 26

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Saturday Dec 28

Sunday Dec 29

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Dec 30

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Tuesday Dec 31

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Memoranda

Memoranda

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nda

CALENDAR
1919.

JUNE. - MAY.	APRIL.	MAR.	FEB.	JAN.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
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2	2	2	2	2	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
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6	6	6	6	6			1	2	3	4	5
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9	9	9	9	9	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
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11	11	11	11	11					1	2	3
12	12	12	12	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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15	15	15	15	15	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
16	16	16	16	16							
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27	27	27	27	27	30	31					
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DEC.	NOV.	OCT.	SEPT.	AUG.	JULY.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
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