Camden, Maine.
March 17, 1914.

Dear Brother Mi—

It wasn't because I didn't think you would do me the favor that I have not asked you but because I was afraid you would misunderstand me and that the other party concerned would too, but now if something I have just heard is true I guess it will have to be postponed for awhile as they could be pardoned for misunderstanding my motive under the circumstances. If the time comes and my courage comes I shall certainly be grateful for your help. I wish you would tell me who you meant. Praps I'm blessed (?) with

more than my rightful share of woman's curiosity, but you've certainly roused a lot of it. I have an idea it's the same one I refer to. This sounds awful foolish, doesn't it. To "beat around the bush" like this, but honestly I can't seem to write it any easier than I could say it.

I don't know whether you were insinuating anything when you mentioned your postals but I can honestly plead "Not Guilty" this time. I love to play jokes on people as well as anyone but hardly to the extent of forging anyone else's name. Ow those two I sent a little

while ago I didn't put any name or initials. I might have known she wouldn't mention them, she never will when the joke is on herself.

Your letter has "gone up in smoke" and I know you will do the same with this.

I don't know what I have ever done for you that is worth appreciating but I appreciate your being willing to do me the favor if I ask it. That sounds like "soft soap" all right but I don't mean it that way. I hate it as much as you do, it never "rings true".

Sincerely yours,

Flora Pillsbury.