

Chicago, Illinois.

October 10, 1916.

Dear Grace:

Did you ever feel sick all over? If you did you will know how I feel now. I came down to work at 1 o'clock after having slept all morning. It started last night and I can't say that I am much better today. But then it is all in life. Don't you think so? I am glad Grace that

you feel that way. I like the way you  
express your feelings also. That word  
"Pal" suits me to a Tee. Sure we can  
be pals, I want your friendship. After  
thinking it over I guess my letter was  
a bit too serious. Well forget it Grace  
and we will still be good "Pals."

Grace, I wonder if you can put  
yourself into the position I was last  
Sunday night during the meeting. I  
had a feeling of both gladness and  
sadness. You might think this  
queer, but that is just the way  
I felt. I had not prepared any  
speech, but it was just a personal  
testimony. I will explain myself further.  
I want you to try to ~~see~~ put yourself  
in my place as I write. First remember  
I am ~~in~~ a Christian. One that really  
means business. Then as 1<sup>st</sup> Vice of the  
Epworth League, a league supposed to  
be made up of young people. Then  
not having one of them to back him

up. This is where the sad part comes. But then there always is a glad part. To know that I am doing my best. That if I see no results here on earth I will get my reward in heaven. Now can you see Grace where that double feeling will come in. You might think it funny that I tell you this but as a Pal, I do. Good come out as often as you can and take some one else along.

I knew you would like "The Birth of a Nation." I think

I will go and see it again.

Yes I guess I did vanish  
Sunday night. I waited a little  
while but I saw you staid  
with that crowd so I beat it.

I can always forgive and  
forget too. I though what you  
ask forgiveness for I don't know.  
It's up to you, if I may have the  
pleasure of seeing you home.

If I take you home some  
night I will tell you what I  
mean with October 29<sup>th</sup>

Who's the editor for the  
Mizpah annual. Don't you

have enough copies to give away?  
I always thought you were a c—p  
bunch, but now I know. Now get  
angry, please.

Thanks very much for your  
good wishes and the same to you.

Dave.