

Chicago, Illinois
September 22, 1916.

My Dear Grace:

I will probably
get my pen in working order if
I tease it along a little bit.
I hope you won't blame me for
the pen. How is your cold?
Honestly Grace, you did look
sick last night. To me you
looked very pale. I didn't
mean awful when I said it.
Do you get me, (Tom Boy.)

Maybe you are a serious proposition.
Really. (cross my heart to die) I don't
believe you are so worst. Of course
you can make your self so. But for
a change be good. I do not want to
be serious with you or severe unless
I have to. I suppose I ought, like a
teacher lay down some rules for
you to learn and practice I will
have make some up, but first you
will have to promise to obey. Get
me? I know I am going and also
that there won't be much lost when
I am gone.

No Grace, I will never forgive
you for not letting me know that
you were in the auto last Monday
night.

I have not spoken as yet to
our switch board operator and it
was a week last night. I guess I
can keep my promise once in a
while. She will have to speak
first. Then maybe, kiss and be

friends again. You see, Ladies
first this year.

I am going to watch Oak
Park play I saw to-morrow.
I wanted to take you but if
I am not mistaken I heard
Myrtle say when she left last
night that you all were to
meet at 1:30 Sat. Am I right?
I hope that I can take you
some other time instead. I will
make the date two weeks ahead
too. Well be good as I am good,
Yours,

Dave.