

Xenia, O., Aug. the 11th, 1891

My dear Father:

Don't think that because this time my letter is dated Tuesday instead of Wednesday I intend to change my day. My letter will not go till tomorrow and I only begin it now because I shall be so busy then that I shall not have time to write much. Now I suppose you are curious to know what has made me so busy all of a sudden,—I acknowledge it is unusual enough to surprise you. But I don't intend to tell you, —not yet. No, sir, I am going back to my old plan of beginning where I left off last time and going straight (you can understand the rest) through. And I shan't hurry either, but shall drawl along and spin out what little there is to tell just as long as I can. I have been treating you abominably on the letter question, I know, —putting you off with just a page or half a page with no news in that. But maybe that is better than two or three with the same amount, I really shouldn't wonder if you, at least, preferred it. Don't you?

Well, let me see. Wednesday I begin with. What did I do then? I wrote a letter,—maybe you would call it a note, but I don't. And I also went to prayer meeting in the evening. It wasn't a very inspiring evening, for it seemed a good deal like those Quaker meeting one reads of, where the "spirit doesn't move anyone." It was not quite that bad, but nearly. Afterwards the official board had a session. May heard them speaking of her and it took me five minutes to make her understand why they should vote on her. That finished up Wednesday.

Thursday I did the most unheard of thing! You could not guess what it was if you tried all day. I used to be very fond of doing it, but I got over it, and now very seldom have a relapse. This is the first in two months, I guess, but before that I hadn't done it for

months-es and months-es. I made a call!!!!!!  
On Amy Walton and Helen Barlow. Helen is as tall as I  
and oh! so much older! Do other folks grow up partic-  
ularly fast or I particularly slow, I wonder? There i  
isn't anyone between Julia Shugert and such girls as  
Amy Walton, now, and the former is so much younger and  
the latter so much older that I am at a loss for play  
mates. . . But making a call wasn't the only thing I  
did Thursday. Dear me, no! You see, our stepladder ha  
gone over next door during the moving, and we needed  
it, so I went into the lions' den and got it. And I do  
not know Mr. Ely and never saw his wife! By the way, he  
and Mr. Hartley, the lawyer, are the city examiners  
this year, and they say he gives harder questions tha  
anyone else. I guess I'd better go in and get on good  
terms with him if I take the examination the last of  
this month, as I now hope to. The city examinations,  
it seems, have music, drawing and writing in addition  
to the subjects for the whole county. Professor Cox,  
Superintendent Mitchell (of Alpha) and Mr. Flannery  
have the county examinations. I am almost tempted to  
try them instead of the city. But Aunt Lizzie has some  
thing to say about that.

Friday. I went up to see Mrs. Shugert and Mrs. Heath  
with the Home Magazine. Mrs. Heath is not very well,  
having a great deal of headache. I don't think any-  
one has told you that Julia ~~is~~ is at Loveland just  
now. There was diphtheria in the neighborhood and her  
aunts were very anxious to have her make them a visit  
She went a week ago Saturday, -I ought to have told  
you in my last letter. I suppose you know that the  
Oldhams have moved into the other half of that house.

Saturday I intended to call on Miss Wilgus, but I  
had a little bit of a sick spell in the morning and  
didn't feel well enough in the afternoon. Therefore I  
did nothing at all, all day. It was dreadfully hot,  
and I guess that was the chief matter with me, -at any  
rate I was not sick enough to count.



I just noticed that I printed the last page upside-down. I am sorry, but I guess you can read it just as well. At school we always had to turn our examination papers that way (till within the last month or two), and in that way I got into the habit. And "Habit is a cable" etc. etc., as you have heard a few times before.

Sunday I was still a little limp and it was very oppressively hot,—ninety six in the shade I think, and not a breeze stirring,—so, although I had to go to Sunday School, I missed both the church service and the Young People's meeting. Maybe next Sunday you will (phonetic spelling) be here,—I look for you now every Saturday for I suppose you will try to surprise us and I do not intend to be surprised.

It is late,—almost nine o'clock,—and I must be off to bed so goodnight and very pleasant dreams to you.

Your own little daughter, Maidie.

Wednesday Morning,

Here am I, oh my father, bright and early, just down stairs and with the sleepy seeds not out of my eyes yet. I must hurry now, for I have very little time left and there is still a good deal to tell.

Hm. I believe we left off with Sunday. Monday, then is the first thing to be attended to. And here comes out the secret of why I am so busy. Teachers' Institute. I started Monday morning (it opened at ten o'clock) and ~~Monday~~ ~~Monday~~ ~~Monday~~ of the meetings except the Social Monday evening. When that came off we were waiting and watching for Mr. Man. You see, he started out at about seven and promised to be home about twelve hours later. Seven o'clock passed and he came not. Half past seven, and we began to wonder. Eight, and the affair looked serious. Half after eight and we thought he must have missed his train and be walking in. "Poor fellow", we said, "he will be worn ~~out~~ out". Nine, and we were badly scared. Then how the minutes crept along,—but finally, at just ten minutes after nine, he put his hand on the gate. And he wasn't



very tired either,—we had wasted our sympathy, for it was only a train break-down that had delayed him an hour and three quarters! He intended to go again Tuesday, but forgot to go the station at the right time (phonetic again). Oh dear! I have to stop now and will finish this letter as best I can during the recesses and spare moments at the institute this morning. So goodbye for a little while.

*I intended to turn this page bottom-up, to match the second, but alas! my memory is not to be depended upon,—like the blue heron's tail, although I have one, it must not be spoken of.*

I have a few moments after all before I must go, so like the little busy bee I will improve each shining hour.

I shall not tell you much about the goings-on,—you can read them in the paper,—but perhaps a few little stories may not come amiss. In her first lecture, Miss Sutherland told this (almost unbelievable one). In a teachers' examination she was asked to examine in reading; the candidates being several young ladies from an Ohio High School. She holds that a knowledge of the authors is a part of reading, and intended to ask a few easy questions on this. The first read a selection from the Wonder-Book (Hawthorne) and when she was through Miss Sutherland asked her who the author was. She looked surprised, and the question was repeated. Well, she didn't know, but she rather thought it was McGuffey's Reader. She was dismissed. The second had something from Irving, and as Miss Sutherland did not want the other mistake repeated, she told her the author, asking her to name some of his other works. The girl could not. "Why", said Miss Sutherland, "didn't you study any American authors in your school?" "No," she answered, "very few, only Shakespeare and Milton." If I had been the examiner I don't think I should have tried to do anything more that day.

*Here I am at the institute with Valley just behind to poke me if I get restless,—she has not come before on account of her eyes and the glaring cross lights in this room. Don hasn't attended either, of course, but I have*



made up for them. They are indulging in a music lesson just now, & as I am not very much interested I guess I can spare a little time for writing. There are several girls here, that, like my illustrious self, are attending regularly without becoming members of the institute. Among these are Ella Kumbuhl and Olga Schlesinger. Olga takes her examination next Saturday, and Aunt Fizzie thought of sending me then, but I am not quite ready yet, and, as I said, shall wait till the last of August. It is hard work to write & listen at once, - if I get incoherent & begin to discuss tones, pitch etc., you will know what the matter is. Prof. Collins seems to think the teachers here all belong in the first year grade!!

I have seen Miss Pierson to know her for the first time, - she isn't renowned for beauty, - is she? I was introduced to Mr. Mitchell last year, but this time I have become quite well acquainted with him. He seems to have a great deal of fun in him. Mr. Steele is giving lessons in "muscular movement" writing and perspective here. I am rather glad of the latter, since I have to be examined in it. Oh! how very wearing Prof. Collins is!!!

Prof. Tufts is here this morning. He rode up on his bicycle; and half-promised to come & call on us.

I guess I can't write any longer though there is plenty to say yet. So goodbye,

Your loving daughter,

Mary Jessie Newton.

I forgot to say that the Greene County fair began yesterday, consequently our drouth was broken up by a lovely shower in the evening, and it is cloudy today (that is the reason that Halley could come here). This is the day for my music lesson, but possibly I may not get home tonight early enough to give it. This letter was full but 8 o'clock yesterday - but I



guess they won't this time.

If anything interesting happens this morning I will write it down for you. It is lucky I began my letter last night. With lots of love and the best of wishes, I am,

The Lieutenant

Recess is over, - also Miss Sutherland's lecture, and writing is about to begin. Nothing has happened that you would care to hear, except that Prof. Tufts is going home with us to lunch.

I had to leave off my writing pretty abruptly, and, as Prof. Tufts was here at the "noon-spell" I couldn't write any then, but left my letter for Don to mail, - he told me he wanted to enclose something. But, as usual he was faithless, and forgot to mail it, and ~~he~~ hasn't even any enclosure. What shall I do with him?

Your letter came during lunch, ~~and~~ I thought the hot weather must have troubled you that you was so slow. But it seems it was only the Noels.

There is nothing more to tell, therefore, - for the third time, no, the seventh, - goodbye.

Your very loving daughter,

Leslie.

And for the seventh time I add to my letter. But only to say that Prof. Tufts has promised to send ~~see~~ Stella down to spend a day.

This letter is surely long enough to last you two or three weeks, if it had been written on ordinary letter paper (written, not printed, ~~and~~.) it would ~~be~~ surely have needed extra postage.

M.L.N.