

Chicago Ill.
Sep. 20. 06.

Dear Ruth—

It is now long since I wrote to you but I will now try to write a few lines to see if I can.

I wish you would come over for dinner next Sunday. As it is so long since you was here I don't think it is out of the way if you come. I was going to ask you last Sunday night but I forgot all about it.

To night I have been studying
like a good boy but the other
kids are out in the street yelling
for all there worth.

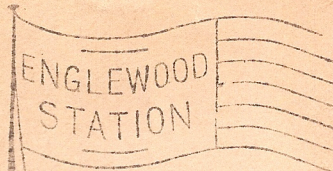
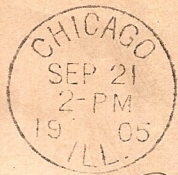
And you what are you ~~doing~~
doing. sewing as usual I
suppose or teasing your sister
Pappa has got the same job
as I writing a letter to Valmer
but I think he is ahead of me
for I am a poor letter writer
because I never get enough to
write I can hardly fill one
paper

To day is Wednesday so there
is three more days before I can
see you again but I hope they
will soon go by.

I cant think of any more to
write this time. So asking
you to excuse my writing
and spelling. I beg to remain

Your own.

John.



Miss. Ruth Swanson.

640 west 57th Place.

Chicago

