

Nov. 1, 1906.

My Ruth:
It is only three days since I saw you last, but still it seems a whole month. Time goes so fast when we are together and it only seems a minute for the hour. May be you think I never get satisfied, well I dont, and I dont want to be. I'm like cracker Jack, The more I get the more I want.

Next Sunday we are invited over to Miss Johnsons place, all right I must have been mixed up last Monday night when I said a week from Sunday. But when ever it is I got to see you ~~or~~ or I will know why.

Last night Oscar, and Ed. saw
Miss Swanstrom, she is a little
better now, so she will go through
all right. When the boys came up
there her sister and her ^{sister} friend and
mother was up there, her mother
is there nearly all the time.

Last night I was a good kid too.
I stayed in, I mean I ~~was~~ went
to the Engliwood night school,
from there home + to bed, didn't
do any bad things at all.

Tonight I am righting to my
girl tomorrow night I may

go hunting and stay till Sat.
I got an invitation for a party
in May street, each boy is suppose
to bring a girl, I won't go for the
lunch isn't very nice and I don't
think you would ^{like} be with them.
I can't think of any more to
write, it's a ~~so~~ short letter but
every little bit helps to show
I haven't forgotten you

Your own

Ped.

CHICAGO, ILL.
NOV 2
3-PM
1906

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Miss Ruth Swanson

640 W. 57th Place.

Chicago.