Dear Dad,

Your letter came yesterday A.M. and I intended answering it yesterday (I mean last night), but I'd used my eyes so long Mon. night that I had to retire early last night.

Yes, my books have come & are very satisfactory: the 12 O. Henry books...
in green cloth & The 6 Kipling in red " The Kipling are "Plain Tales from the Hills", "Barrack Room Ballads & Departmental Ditties", "Life's Handicap", "Soldiers Three", "The Light That Failed", & "Under the Deodars". There are 20 more vols. of him to get in. The future so I shall get lonely for something to do right away. I have paid the first dollar. They need a little account book. I think, thankyou.
I'll keep up the payments myself. The rest of this year. It's good for me to do regular things like that. I looked up the advertisement of the offer to see if there was a magazine offer with it. There isn't, you must have seen something else. Have you seen the Xmas offer of "St. Nicholas" or "Century" for $4.50 — a saving of $2.50? Austin 'ld like the "St. N" — for Xmas probably.

Well, I've found out definitely about my work at the Newton Technical High School. My hours are every Wed. from 12:05 to 1:30 P.M. & I'm to have a class of senior boys & girls in Comp. for 10 weeks & then a freshman class for 10 & after that I don't know what. I brought back a bundle of papers to correct. The amount of work rather frightens me; but it ought to count for
something in getting a position if I do satisfactory work. The head of the Dept., Mr. Thurber, is a wonderful teacher and his five assistants all seem good too, so we're sure to get something out of it. Helen has a freshman Eng. Comp. class in the A.M. every Wed. Mr. Thurber said, "you are to consider yourselves as members of the faculty here." —

I hope to get a letter.
about the blue silk. Tomorrow A.M.

It doesn't seem possible that two weeks from tomorrow is Thanksgiving & five weeks from tomorrow I start for home. My, there's so much to be done before then—which I suppose will get done sooner or later—presumably later.

I stayed home from Shakespeare tonight on purpose to study and now, at 9:15, haven't done a lick. So I must get busy.

All awfully sorry Mother's
cold is worse. Tell her not to hurry about my dress— it doesn't need to get here till the twenty-fourth— that'll give me time to fix it if there's any little mischief (which there probably won't be). Tell her to have Florence do most of it, please. Also, when she sees the dress, will she send some small samples of silk, so I can fix some slipper boxes as I can't get silver or blue slipper, but only white or black.

Try love to all.

Sure, the 'publicans got in, but they're all a bad lot in politics so don't be too "uppity."

We're going to have a fire drill in thirty minutes or so.

Now I must close. As I said before, love to all,

Janet.