

Montreal, March 24th, 1921.

Darling :-

I am very busy to-day and shall have to satisfy myself and you with only a few lines in answer to your dear letters of the 22nd and the 23rd. your mail has been irregular recently owing to the holidays, I suppose, but when it comes it gladdens a lonely heart - one surrounded by loving friends and yet missing the greatest thing in life.

I have become a good girl again in so far as going out with the boys goes, for last night I refused an

invitations to a formal dance at the City for April 6th. The poor fellow must think me foolish in the head. You know the boys I went out with last week are old pals and until they know the new situation, must not be offended. However, I shall try to avoid accepting further invitations of any kind.

I think that you received only three letters in February! You ought to investigate and unearth the missing ones, if possible. At least two others had snapshots affixed.

you are wise when you say, "I know one's weakness is to improve it." I cured myself of my worst habit - lack of continuity. I would lose interest in a task before it had been completed and knowing this, I resolved, at the age of seventeen, that I would never commence a thing unless I was reasonably sure it could be finished, and to-day I consider myself reliable in any work I undertake.

you must do your utmost to

work up a good practice and be successful
in your chosen field. Once little Rosie
starts asking for comforts, there will
be no let up and Saucy will be
kept busy hunting for the wherewithal.
I know you are doing all in your
power to hasten the happy day - it
is entirely up to you. I feel mean
for writing those words. I know I
could say we can marry anyway
and worry about our resources
later, but that is not my way
of doing things. This is the way I
feel at this moment, but there

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are times when I want to write to
my angel and say that nothing
matters except that we be together.

you could sleep on your desk and I
on the typewriter just so long as we
were near each other - we could
hold hands!

This message was to have
consisted of a few lines, but it has
lengthened into a real letter. I
feel like talking with you, dear -
I have so much to get out of my
system. It just seems as though

I always have something to say or ask, and yet my pen refuses to obey. Its just like its owner. I shall love and honour you, and behave sometimes, but never obey unless I feel like it. Mother says that if I love you I shall obey you, but she doesn't know everything. I may occasionally comply with requests, but shall never obey a command. Now you can imagine what you will have to put up with. These modern women are

fiere!

Shall write about the Fair to-morrow. I bought a lovely edition of the Rubā'iyāt of Omar Khayyām there.

Every now and then Mother wakes up in the morning and greets me at breakfast with, "No, you shall never go to Vancouver. Since the idea formed itself, there has been a stone in my heart." Strange I don't feel that way - I want to go - I want to be with my beautiful Morris in his beautiful city.

Your own loving
Dumy Fare.



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