

Montreal, February 21st, 1921.

Dearest:-

If you were here now, I feel sure I should be addressing you as plain "Saucy," but with no one here to see my blushes, I am very brave, and greet you as above.

It's a mighty good thing you left when you did. If you had given me another few days, there would surely have been an "inspiring flower" among the missing in Montreal. Its no use, I simply cannot get you out of my mind - sleeping, waking, working - your spirit is with me.

Yesterday afternoon, I was out walking with Clara Solomon, prior to our honest meeting, and I was bubbling over with happiness. "Rose," she said, "what is the matter with you?" And I said, "Clara, my heart singeth! Can't you hear it?" She looked at me suspiciously and said, "There is only one thing that could make you so radiant, but I would know if that had happened." (She is my private detective). "Oh, no, Clara, don't get excited," said I. "nothing like that has entered my life yet. I suppose it is because hopes of meeting

my ideal are high to-day. She seemed satisfied, and they lived happily ever after.

Then at the meeting, we talked "Kerew Kaysod," and our petite President was having a difficult time rousing enthusiasm in the girls. So I forgot myself, in my own enthusiasm, and first thing I knew, I was making a speech. Evidently, when one speaks from the heart, it is contagious, for when the meeting adjourned, all felt confident that we should have no difficulty in doubling our quota of \$1,000. Time will tell.

Later, during the tea and gossip hour, Adele McKinley mentioned you. She said you told her you thought I was charming. How could you! And then she told me twenty-nine nice things about you, some of which I did not know before. She thinks you are marvellous. All I said was,

"Yes, I found him rather interesting."
 Ye gods, when I think of the multitude of lies I have told my dearest friends since you came into my life, I get weak at the knees. A "fibster" to my mind, has always been the

most contemptible of creatures, and this is what I have come to. Perhaps they can be termed as 'white' lies, but even so, there are pages of them on the debit side of my Judgment Book.

But you shall be my Saviour, and when the bold, bad man from below reaches up his sneaky arms to grab me, I shall cling to you, and I know you will not let me go down alone. And as I said before, "Even suffering is joy if it be shared."

I was a little worried about your cold, and am glad that it is

a little better. You took it all with you, for I didn't even sneeze.

You do not know how frequently I wish you to write! Well, if you feel that way, how about writing once a month, and my doing likewise? But seriously, down in my heart, I like you to ask these foolish questions. All I can say is that you cannot write often enough to suit me. Every time you feel like licking a postage stamp, do so, address an envelope and enclose a message.

Yes, I have changed my mind -

and a little too soon to satisfy Reason. I never dreamed that in a thousand years I could feel as I do now and ever since you left. I think my letters convey these sentiments to you, for I am writing absolutely without reserve.

I hope you are having no difficulty in the readjustment of your affairs, and with all good wishes, remain

Lovingly yours,

Rosana.



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