

alone effry nighd—or maybe even worser if you don't go home alone—that's the only thing what it makes me for a second regret if I choined the army.

I couldn't ask from you you shouldn't talk by no other man while I'm away. But I wisht I could. Missus Efflyn, I wisht awful I could.

Anyways, please remember sometimes your buss-boy soljer and if you don't mind, would you please cry a liddle.

From the heart of a fighding man, mit luffings.

GUS SCHIMMELHAUS,
Corporal, U. S. A.