

Tues Dec 29th

new address → 125 South Marks St.

Dearest Lois

1909

A Happy New Year.

Now I know I'll be comfortable. It looks as if it would be a dream of a boarding-house. I'm going to move in tomorrow night, if all goes well.

After this — — — I don't know what to call it anything decent will be Heaven. These people told me for the first time on Saturday that they wanted me to move out, as they were going to Pat Arthur — and they're "grouching" already because I'm not gone.

I can't say anything to them because then they probably would not lend me their hand-sled to assist me in moving. Anyway what's the use.

Of all the people I have ever struck
they are the limit.

~~✱~~ The trouble is, they have nothing whatever
to think about. Smoking is revolting - drinking
a frightful crime - dancing immoral - card
playing devised by the devil - the theatre
heaven knows what. - And then they try to
steal my last cent. They won't pay for my
laundry until I've given them something special
for that purpose and then they forget to give
me back the change. They are under

the impression that I gave them \$10⁰⁰
instead of \$15⁰⁰ - until they see that
my accounts balance every day to the last cent

In ~~the~~ contrast to this, ~~when~~ I offered my
prospective lady \$23⁰⁰ and she said
she ~~did it~~ could it accept more than
\$20⁰⁰ for only 2 meals a day.

I nearly dropped dead. - So far gone
was I that I said "the stars aren't out"
when I meant "the cars aren't running"