

Baylor College,  
Belton, Texas,  
January 26, 1919.

Dear Mother,

This is Sunday night and it is almost time for the lights to go out, but I will have time to write a little to you.

I wonder how you are. Mother, please be careful and do not exert yourself after you feel alright, for that will be dangerous. When you feel alright you still have to be careful. I hope you will not be as long feeling alright as I was. But just remember that you don't have to do a thing that you don't want to. Your time is all yours and don't you do one thing that you don't feel in the mood to do. You see I know for I could not study when I got up.

I sent you a special yesterday for I thought that you might get lonesome. When I thought about my themes, I thought that you might want to read them, and now when you were sick you'd be as good a time as any. I didn't send them because they were good but because you might enjoy them.

The game, last night was fine. The faculty team was not as bad as we had expected. The score was 7 to 9 in favor of the seniors, and they surely did have to work hard to get it. One of the girls on the senior team fainted and I was one to help carry her out. She was a long time getting alright.

I sent you two undershirts yesterday, I guess that you will get them Monday. I surely am sorry the way I have done you about them,

I didn't have a chance to go to the postoffice before, and now the house president can't give special permission, but we have to get them from Miss Campbell.

For five~~s~~ Sunday nights, we are going to have worsh~~ip~~ in the dining room after we are through supper, and then we are going to the mission study classes. Two hundred and eighty girls study missions at the same time on Sunday night. Camelle is one of the leaders, and the girls meet in our room. There about twelve girls to each class - course in Home and Foreign missions; I am taking one in Home Missions. They are very interesting. The book we are studying is THE GOSPEL TO A WORKING WORLD. by Harry Ward.

This is Monday morning. I have been terribly busy. Got my laundry up before breakfast. Cleaned up the room and changed my bed. Then darned a terribly wholly pair of stockings. At ten o' clock the sophs played basket ball. Some how mother, I don't believe I'll ever be a good player. I washed my head when I got back and have been studying a little French. This afternoon I will spend in writing my theme. It is almost time for dinner, and I am terribly hungry.

Mother, I feel so sorry for you, because because I know just how you feel. Just don't you try to do one thing - really I mean business I hope you wrote to me yesterday so I will get a letter to-night.

Martha McQuery told me yesterday that Wildon and Webster met in France and sent a cable to their folks when they met. She said that the folks had not heard from Wildon for a long time. Did you know that he had had pneumonia? I didn't. I have just changed my ribbon I will. The dinner bell is about to ring so I will have to quit. b

Love to all  
RUTH.

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