

A
BATCH
OF
LOVE
LETTERS

BETWEEN
ALDERSHOT
AND
OAKLEIGH
MANOR
BY
BEATRICE
HERON
MAXWELL



ALDERSHOT, June 25.
MY DARLING Margaret—Al- though it is only a few hours since we parted, I must send you a line just to tell you how I miss you and how dull and lonely everything seems, coming back here. Six weeks of it at least before I shall see my little "Midget" again! (What a shame that she should have turned your sweet name into that!) But you will come to the big review, won't you? Bring any one you like. I'll give you lunch at the mess and we'll have a look round afterward. Tell your cousin, Millicent, that I shall expect her, too, although she was so loffy to me all that last day. It struck me—but perhaps this is only my fancy—that she did not quite approve of our engagement. I expect she thinks you ought to have done so much better! I can scarcely believe that a week—no, two days ago even—you were only "Miss Hume" and I "Mr. Pemberton." We made up our minds very suddenly, didn't we, "Midget"? Perhaps if your horse had not bolted and I had not "saved your life," as you called it, and you had not fainted in my arms and looked so—well, never mind what you looked—and if you had not said "Geoffrey" when you came to and glanced up at me with tears in your sweet eyes, we might never have discovered that we had fallen in love.

I had not an idea of it myself. I confess. I thought I was just enjoying a jolly house party in my usual happy-go-lucky way and couldn't have told you why everything seemed so much more worth while than before. Well, I know now! Don't forget me, "Midget"—and don't flirt, and—another don't—you need not include that arch-bowdler Miles in your party to the review. We can do without him; at least I can and hope you can, under the circumstances. How I do dislike that fellow! It's a matter of amazement to me that your stepmother tolerates him—coming to the house. If he had less "brass" of all kinds, he wouldn't ever have been admitted, I should think.

Well, little girl, this has spun out into a regular yarn. Write to me by return and tell me everything you are doing and thinking and all the news about every one; also whether your stepmother is more reconciled to parting with her "Midget" to a "man with moderate means," as I heard her saying disparagingly to your uncle.

Tell me you have not changed your mind since I left, and remember, I am yours ever,
GEOFFERY PEMBERTON.

AND YOU HAD
PAINTED IN
MY ARMS.

you dislike and my christened one.)
Aldershot, June 27.

My Own Little Love—What a sweet letter that was you sent me! Do you know I had an idea you hated writing—you told me so one day—and that you always get some one else to answer your letters for you. Well, that would hardly do in this case, would it, Midge? But I did not know that you were such

GOVERNMENT BOARD
MAKES MANY CHANGES

THE Russo-Japanese war has raised many a perplexing question as to the spelling of proper names. The different spelling of the name of the same place in newspapers and magazines is confusing and has created a demand for some reasonably definite authority, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

In a manner so quiet that very few persons have ever heard of it, Uncle Sam has been conducting a small but very select spelling school for some time, and has issued several installments of a new spelling book that will greatly disturb teachers, scholars, map-makers and a host of other people who would ordinarily be champions in any spelling bee.

The forms Allegany, Alleghany and Allegheny applied to five counties, a large city, a river, a mountain range and many smaller places, have long puzzled good spellers. Uncle Sam now spells the river and mountain Allegheny, and leaves the forms of other places undisturbed. Chinese and other Oriental place names heretofore compounded are spelled as one word, viz: Hankow (river, China), not Hoang-ho; Liaotung (peninsula), not Liao-tung; Niuchwang (treaty port), not New-Chwang. In British Indian terminology "pur" has taken the place of "poor" and "pore," viz: Cawnpur, not Cawnpoor or Cawnpore. Russian names in Alaska terminating in the equivalent of, off, ow or ov are given in the form of, viz: Baranof, Pribilof (not Prybiloff).

The island of Puerto Rico (rich port) had its American name fixed as Porto Rico by act of Congress (April 12, 1900). The old terror Apalachicola has been relieved of some of its power to embarrass by having one "p" cut out, as here given. According to the rule, the "h" in Pittsburgh should be omitted; but the people of that city are very tenacious of that letter, as it appears in the city's charter. Two cities that are constantly appearing in print seldom fail to puzzle a writer or speller: Baireuth or Bay-reuth is the Bavarian city noted for

the Wagner musical festivals, and Beisut, Bairut, Berut or Beyrout is the Syrian seaport where an anti-Christian outbreak occurred in the summer of 1903. In each case the preferred form is the first one here given.

FOR UNIFORMITY
IN SPELLING NAMES

All Chinese provinces are now spelled as one word; so also are the six divisions and the cities and towns of Japan, Korean ports and both single and compound words, and with a few exceptions Russian cities and towns are single words. Among foreign place names much confusion arises from the Anglicizing of the vernacular, as Livorno (Italian), Leghorn (English), and in very many instances the vernacular has had to be retained. In the subjoined list will be found the new spellings of places that are seen most frequently in the newspapers and magazines according to Uncle Sam's spelling book:

So you did not guess why this fortnight has been such a happy one to you and to me, except the last, when I had to part with you. But perhaps I did; perhaps I knew even better than you why the roses and the river and the summer had never been so perfect. It was you, Geoff! (You told me once that all the people who cared for you most called you "Geoff.") You came like a fairy prince and turned everything into sunshine and sweetness. You wakened the whole sleeping world with a kiss, as fairy princes always do by right and privilege.

YOU WILL FIND ME
BY THE GARDEN
GATE, WAITING FOR
YOU.

an accomplished little scribe. It will make me very greedy and I shall want a letter every day. I should like one twice a day, but I suppose that's hopeless while there are tennis and boating parties and other festivities, especially as every one wants to monopolize a little person who calls herself "M." I must find a name of my own for you. What shall it be?

That day on the river when I kissed you.

Milliecent: I may call you Millicent, may I not?—can you ever forgive me and let me some day plead my cause with you again? What an angel you are! and what a fool I felt as if I should go mad if I did not rush to the Manor and find out the meaning of it. Because you see it was the thought of losing you—the "you" whom I had loved in your letters—the ideal whom I believed I had realized in your little cousin Midge, that distracted me so. And when I met you at the garden gate and you said: "Oh, Geoff, try to bear it well, dear; she has deserted you." I could hardly take in the meaning of your words.

For I was thinking how beautiful you looked with the divine compassion in your face, no longer proud and cold, but all aglow with feeling, and what a voice sounded when you said my name.

It brought back all the joy of those first days at the Manor—those days whose happiness I thought I had found the reason for when I asked your cousin Margaret to marry me.

You see I had just begun to care a little for you, Millicent, that day on the river when I kissed you—and you seemed so cold, so angry with me. (I remember you wouldn't even speak to me. Was it—tell me, darling—was it because you cared?)

I have been reading your letters over again—reading between the lines this time—and I know that the girl I love and have loved all these three weeks is Millicent, not Margaret. Won't you take me back, dear? for I was yours first, though I did not know it, and you, by your own confession, have only guessed it.

Let me have an answer soon. I shall be longing for it. Yours,
GEOFF.

The Manor, July 5.

If you really care to come, Geoff, you will find me by the garden gate, waiting for you. Yours,
M.

So Miles is still hanging about and giving his opinion unasked, is he? If any one is going to be jealous, it strikes me there's more cause in this direction. Why, you foolish little Midget, your cousin has the greatest disdain for me. We got on very well at first, but—well, it was my fault I suppose—I offended her one day—and that's enough about her. Won't she really come over with you to the review? It's rather unkind of her, isn't it? After all, I'm going to be her cousin whether she likes it or not.

By the bye it was with her I quarreled at croquet, surely—not with you, darling—and you never told me the real reason I got you were your favorites! What a lucky guess on my part! It wasn't quite a guess either, because I remember I took a lot of trouble over those roses. I asked your cousin what you were going to wear and what flowers she thought would go best with it. She knew, of course, and I owe her a good turn for telling me.

I miss you more and more every moment and think I shall get a night's leave next weekend and run over to the Manor. Would I be welcome if I did? Tell me, sweetheart. Your GEOFF.

Aldershot, July 2.

Five whole days, Midget, and no letter from you! What does it mean? Every time the post comes in my heart jumps and then it sinks, for there is not a word from you by way of news. I think it was your letter that showed me. The girl who could write like that is worth loving, I said to myself. And then, you cruel little child, you leave me without a line—staring on silence. Is it only that you are busy at play or has anything happened?

Let me know by return for I am very anxious. Yours,
GEOFF.

The Manor, July 3.

Geoff, dear, I am so sorry. Your note gave me the heartache. Have you really been worried? I wish I had written, but I thought perhaps it was better not. It is no use trying to save people a little pain in the present if it is going to make it worse for them later, is it? Don't come over to the Manor; wait a little. You would be welcome to one person, who calls herself "M." but she is not everybody. And don't be hurt, Geoff; I think you had better wait until you hear again. You see (I hardly know how to explain it to you) sometimes people say "Yes" in a hurry and mean it for a moment, then afterward find that they ought to have said "No." And when that happens the best thing is to say as little as possible. Your little Midget is not quite what you think her. You must forgive her if she made a mistake, because, you see, she's only a girl and she did not mean any harm; it was just thoughtlessness. She will write to you by to-morrow's post more fully. Your sorrowful M.

Aldershot, July 4.

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