

*Sunday, December 24, 1916.*—Christmas Eve. Looking back on all the Christmas Eves I have known—Mary and I going down in the snow, her red hood, ruddy cheeks, the snow flakes falling across the glow of the street lamps—our little expenditures—such trifles for father and mother and Uncle Will! Then other Christmas Eves—John Ross, and Sissy Kiefer; one evening at Chicago John Eastman and the sleeve-buttons; Springfield and then often at home or in Toledo; last Christmas eve in New York, and the tree in Madison Square; and now this depressing atmosphere. Ah me!