

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod

of Nova Scotia.

Office of the President.

Bridgewater, N.S.,
April 16, 1913.

Dear Mother:-

As the time has come around I will write you again to-night, although news is scarce and I haven't much to say. I intended to go out canvassing this week but the weather has been so bad that I could scarcely get out of the house. It has been raining almost every day since Saturday. Sunday it rained so hard that none of us got out even to Church. To-day I expected to be at Lunenburg and in Smith, but it rained all day and I didn't get off. At present writing it is still "making wet." Yesterday was a pretty nice day but proved to be a storm-breeder. Last night - the "School moon" of our section held a "Pie-Social" in the school house to raise some funds with which to purchase some school supplies. As the children of the Home wanted to go I went with them. There were 23 pies (you would call them cakes) auctioned off and they brought in, all told, about \$10⁰⁰. The cakes were all trimmed up with vari-coloured fancy-designed tissue paper and looked pretty, but the young men, who are the main reliance, did not bid very eagerly and they did not bring on an average more than 40¢ a piece. One of the rules of the game is that the purchaser of

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of a fire must then and there eat it with the purchaser who brought the pig. I did not buy any and consequently suffered no such humiliation. I paid in a small cash contribution instead. To-day we killed our last pig. It was a fine one from the middle of June. We did not weigh it, but I am sure it would dress over 400 lbs. I suppose we will sell four or five dollars worth of pork and keep the rest to tide us over till fall. We have another pig, a young sow, that we are keeping as a breeder. She will have pigs about the second week in May and if we are lucky we will do quite well with her. Young pigs, 3 weeks old, are bringing \$4 apiece now. Yesterday I sold a ton of hay for \$17 in the barn. We will still have plenty left to feed our own cattle. I have 100 bushels of potatoes to sell yet. The price is low here, but I think by shipping them I can get about 50¢ a bushel for them. Our new girls are getting along fine and seem well contented. We like them better than any we have ever had around, and things are consequently going along much more smoothly than heretofore. I had an application this week for placing two more children in the Home. I have not heard yet whether the conditions I made are acceptable or not. If they are we may expect them

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in the course of a week or so. They are both girls and are from Mulhous Bay. We are all quite well and the children are growing and developing fast. You would hardly know Conalus and Herman any more. Herman has one of the finest shaped heads you ever saw and has pretty wavy hair. Bonnie thinks he has a finer shaped head than Conalus; at any rate he has prettier hair, Conalus's being very straight and somewhat stubborn though not coarse. Conalus is very eager to learn. He spells everything he sees from the titles of books, the letters on the furnace and stoves to the sign boards over the stores. He can write a little too and is quite proud over his accomplishment in being able to write "let" with his finger by blowing his breath on the window pane. You should hear him recite "Laveny's lens". He knows the whole piece and gets it off with great expression. He and Herman almost fight with each other for the possession of my papers and periodicals, especially the Literary Digest. Even Marion shows sufficient literary taste as to tear the papers I am reading when I have her on my lap. But I must close as I always come to the end of my letter when writing about the children and I don't want to break precedent. With love to you all, I am

Most Sincerely yours,
Corall H. Litten