
Word from Hosea Woodward Again

Frank Paulson has received the following letter from Hosea Woodward who is now in Union City, Pa., employed in a chair factory. From all indications Hosea is as jolly and fun-loving as ever.

"I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I have got to take the bitter with the sweet. But it is my lot to have it all bitter nowadays. When I was here in Pennsylvania a year ago, and all men and boys were in the army, all the old maids, old widows young widows and grass widows would say "how do you do, Mr. Woodward, come and make me a visit." I have shook hands with so many that my shoulder would be lame. But now since the boys have come back, none of them old maids or widows will notice me no more than they would a yellow dog, and I feel worse than any American soldier shot full of poison gas.

HOSEA WOODWARD

P. S. Women are deceitful.
