

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1912

1 Day Past

365 to Come

Today was clear and cold, and not a pleasant day out of doors.

We spent most of the day quietly at home, ate our dinner of chicken, cranberries, &c, by ourselves.

Late in the afternoon we called on Forrest Moss and his new wife. They have recently moved into a small apartment on First St. near St. Catherine. We had some difficulty in finding them, as I had forgotten their number which Mr. Moss gave me some time ago. We finally found them by seeing his name on the face-plate at the door.

We spent the evening at Mr. Leake's playing cards. Following their usual custom, Mr. Leake had prepared some egg-nog, and we regaled <sup>myself</sup> ourselves with this and cakes.