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Dear Mary Jane  
I am awfully anxious to see you I wish you could come out here and spend a week. It is lovely on the farm. The only place for kids. There are plenty of fresh eggs and milk and air. I am going to be a farmer when I grow up. Uncle Jack says it is monotonous but anything grows monotonous to some people, especially being rich. I don't know any who does but they grow weary of themselves which is worse. If you have good health and a good disposition and a few thousand dollars a month, you ought to be satisfied I think.  
Good bye Buster.

