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# MRS. MILLS WANTED A 'LOVE' NEST'; LETTERS BARE PASSION FOR HALL

The two generations Fitzgerald's Hair Song Only Medicated Cocoanat Oil Shampool, Sepi the bair of millions of the better of School Children and Ladies "he come contact with dust, disease germs and all of people (on the cars or at their place index of people (on the cars or at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at their place index of people (on the cars of at the place of people (on the cars of at the place of people (on the cars of at the place of the pla Exaltation and Pensive Longing for Her "Sweet, Adorable Babykins" Mark Singer's Notes to Slain Rector

### 'WORDS-NOTES ARE USELESS, IWORSHIP YOU, MY DARLING

RU-BON will remove every spot. Don't be micrable. A few drops of Ru-Bon used on the skin will give you contentment and happiness. The realization of a perfect skin is worth a housand times the price. Ask your Druggist bout RU-BON. Sexton's Wife Referred to "Simon Called Peter" Depicting Romance With a Minister Similar to Hers

> New Brunswick, N. J., Oct. 18 .- Strong currents of love that swept her into moods of exaltation and of pensive longing were described in letters by Mrs. Eleanor Reinhardt Mills to the Rev. Edward Wheeler Hall, which were given out today by Prosecutors Stricker and Beekman.

> The choir singer frequently referred to the rector as "sweet, adorable Babykins," and wrote of a "love nest" and a woman's dreams of "true love" and of a woman "loved and loving without the conventions."

When writing some of the love-letters Mrs. Mills evidently had in mind passages in two novels by Robert Keable, "Simon Called Peter," and "The Mother of All Living." The first book describes a romance between a clergyman and a woman similar to that of Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills.

The letters were found strewn about the bodies of the choir singer and the rector as they lay under a crabapple tree on the old Phillips farm, two miles from here.

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The rector had placed pictures for me. My dreams are as big as the earth. I need the great outdoors to for Mrs. Mills in her hymnal and it is what I feel a part of, and I a "Minnie" used the book. Mrs. Mills refers to the incident in this letter: "Dearest, dearest boy, wasn't I happy to find a sweet note, for I truest to nature and things that God don't expect you would risk leaving created. "But this love nest, you know dearie, one for me yesterday. Such delicious eclairs. And the book is more

interesting than you thought it would be. As I read it we will talk cept a mate? After that He knew that we would find other things that He created for our comfort and pleasure. about it. My darling, how well you money by seemed today. I must have caught What a joy to read the Bible. How it coming to cold, but I don't know when, and 1 tells of God creating all these worders Leary's for am tired today-want to lie down for us. "Darling, I could rave for hours,

but I must stop as there are peepers around. I only know this, dear, as with you and rest for hours. "And, honey, you put the dear God the Creator is real, true, nature is real, true, so our love is a most vital pictures in my hymnal. Oh, you sweet, adorable Babykins of mine. power, the truest that can be known in this life and hereafter. Please don't Minnie used my hymnal for the Minnie used my hymnal for the laugh at this. I know I am a crazy organ and I wonder if she saw them. cat, but I can't be different. Charlotte alks; then Don asks questions. Well, I don't care one bit. She he annoys, so how can I write?" provokes me so at times, and to-

#### Calls His Love Prayerful

night if her flowers are still here I'll put them in the kitchen. Not

darling, there isn't anything to be . Not so much physically but prayerfully -exalted, and you see, darling, the physical fits in and doesn't dominate you what I thought of first. She couldn't swear I put flowers on your it and was there just the same, not to be denied-never. Dearest, believe me, won't you? Never will I say you want lesk. She surmises it was I. Oh. poor Minnie, she is easily contented my body rather than me, what I really em. I know that if you love me you will with crumbs, isn't she, dear? "How are you today, darling

will appear so at times.



Mrs. Eleanor Reinhardt Mills and the Rev. Edward W. Hall, figures in love tragedy as re-vealed in series of "heart

church bids, forgetting everything but that you are the priest.

Another letter refers to the rector's love for her as not so much physical as prayerful. It says: "Dearest darling boy. I love you most when you love me as you do today." ure it was, dearest, sweetest boy, Oh, how good you are. As I raced along I thought this is where I find my greatest joy to be near my man. What care I for what other people call pleasure? To be near you, although I didn't dare look at my noble boy's face, this is all

"How are you today, darling you seem rested and happy. We didn't have a minute alone, but "Dearest, there isn't a man who can even make me smile. As you said to-

to talk about in the book. We must take it with us when we ride and talk about it, especially the marked places. This man Keable certainly knows people's hearts. I love Chris and Cecil's few hours together. How he vows he will kiss her before leaving Mallory's. Oh, it is sweet, darling—but nothing compared to our love. How they linger behind the others, their love vows, and how they rush into cach other's arms. ow they rush into each other's arms

"Earth's Longings Now Fulfilled" "Earth's Longings Now Fulfilled" "Take the book with you-or else I will leave it in your room. I don't want to read such books sgain, ever. Why? You know. They make me dream. Yearning for what, perhaps, I miss in this life. And to think now and here-after I will never escape this longing until our souls are at last one. I hate to come back to realities—as I always have to. Reading books (oh, I love them !) makes me yearn, and as much as I love it—why does it pain to have to come back to even taking food for nourishment? So I long for the time when I will have you forever and dream, dreams—no yearnings. "All earth's longings now fulfilled?"

dreams—no yearnings. ""All earth's longings now fulfilled?" Yesterday I was happy, in aiway. On the boat and in the water. But, on the way home I was thinking hard, darl-ing; it is as if we have had a glimpse of what our souls cry out for and then be denied again. And I feel as though I be denied again. And I feel as though I never want to hear you say again 'I love you' or caress, or kiss me so hard it hurts. You haven't any right to and then wake me up. Or is it myself? "When any one else calls you an endearing name and you say 'dear,' it is far more merciful of you to stab me. How can I even call you 'darling' as I have this morning.

have this morning. "O. I ought not make it harder for you-but that is what you do to me and

I am not repaying, just stating what is the truest fact. You say we are couraged or discontented. I am not blessed with material things. I have the greatest gift and blessing and I favored for having such a great love favored for having such a great love. But always—it is so and will ever be— we must always take the bitter with the sweet. And I hope I don't see you today. What is the use, when you always leave me. Oh, my darling babykins, what a muddle we are in. But I will be content. I WILL." don't need anything else. I am holding my sweet Babykin's face in my hands I am looking deep into his heart and reading there the message that makes me live, gives me strength and

"Oh. honey, I am fiery today, burn-ing, flaming love. It seems ages since I saw my Babykin's body and kissed On Her Knees, Worshiping, Adoring In the letter, Mrs. Mills says she s 'on my knees darling, looking up at my noble man, worshiping, adoring. It follows: "It is 3:30 and he hasn't returned.

"Dearest, dearest boy of mine, good

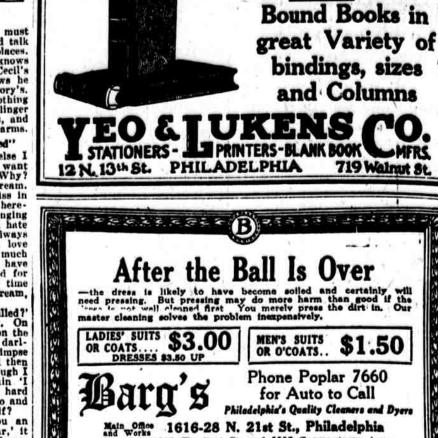
I may wait until he comes back and then I can be sure you will get this. Good night, my true heart. I never buy morning. "What joy and peace is ours today. such goodles as you do for me, but if we go on a picnic I will make whatever what joy and peace is ours today. And strength. How gracious God is to privilege us to know this most joyous greatest blessing. "Precious true heart, I will write this afternoon when I will have more

"I am on my knees, darling, looking up at my noble man, worshiping, adoring. "Wonder of wonders—that I love you

"Dearest, how fast I can read. remember, too, honey mine, what a lot there is to talk about after reading the

that you are the priest." Her "Heart Sings for Joy" In this letter Mrs. Mills tells of her rips with the minister along "our laston avenue road": "Darling main the beginning-she saw in Cecil what Chris loved-would she recoil at the last "Darling main the beginning-she saw in Cecil what Chris loved-would she recoil at the last ment in not seeing the rector the day before. She had advised him not to call upon her because "he was here." ed in him? She meant to have himfair or foul-and she was too clever to fair or foul-and she was too clever to let Cecil have him, for didn't she read he was a man worth having? But not until Cecil made him so. He is the winner, for Cecil's great, pure love the winner, for Cecil's great, pure love made him perfect, but not for Cecil. lows:

For Pamela. For Pamela. "And Cecil's great, all-knowing love told her he was unworthy of her love. Perhaps if she had never known of his trek with Pam (although she would have found out the real Chris some time) she would cast\_everything aside and take what she thought she was get-then. Love made him what he was in himself he lost what he prized most-Cecil's wonder love. "Six o'clock. "Oh, darling, darling mine, what painful hours today. When I got back from church, in addition to my pain I was so troubled about you. As I told you I didn't speak a word to any one, got undressed and sat in a rocker, no pence anywhere. I guess I was weak from the pain and no sleep last night. Soon I became drowsy and lay down and slept for an hour. When I awoke torturous, dear, I cannot tell you how it has pained. I was alone then and had no one to telephone to



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WALLACE REID

letters"

I usk. "How friendly our Easton avenue" long and ache for my body. Have I "How friendly our Easton avenue ever tempted you dear? Have I ever roads seem to us and, dear, dear boy,

day, our hearts are true as steel. I am of love every time you do, pretty. I know there are girls 'My heart sings for joy. I could with shapely bodies, but I'm not caring fling my arms about you and our kisses on my Babykin's head and Grandma is here, I must stop. Babykin's head and face As I look out of the window I form no thoughts in my mind. Just a drifting on staring at nothing in particular, as my body is—scrawny my skin may I want to talk to you. ill of thoughts. Why do you tonight.

is dreadfully lonesome with just me there. Did He say we need a jewel?

Then



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cannot be alone always. "How glad I am school resumes sea-slons tomorrow and I can be alone to and I must get some rest, as I expect to "How glad I am school resumes seawrite. I could never belong to a club be up early, about 6, to pack lunch."

or go where there is incessant laughter and conversation. I need my dream times, my hours alone and other people irritate and disturb me.

"There isn't much of interest in the papers today. One line in an article, says 'all life is a hunger' and how true that is. A hunger for what will sat- alone. He is always near. In what-isfy, but what a variety of tastes in ever we do, even in physical closeness. neople and because you and I hunger for the same things there is a meaning ; for our longing to be together as much as

possible "My love is deep, calm, quiet today. am in a mood to listen to music.

Overhears Some Gosstp "Yesterday I was talking to Mrs. life-a desire to be like his always, for-

Burns. Couldn't pass and not listen, ever beloved Cecil. as she was ready for conversation. She was shown's feady for conversition. She will remember it. Pam's mother was saying some one next to Hopkins' English (page 40). was married yesterday and they were was married yesterday and they were "I had much work I ought to do but queer people. Told Mrs. Hopkins they I can't today. I must wait until this live in a different world than some mood passes and I come down to e again. Do I love you too much? people. Mrs. Burns is too ignorant know that now I could leave, yes, even to understand that, of course, and my, your physical presence and go into a I wish you heard what disrespectful convent. You are always in my mind and heart, but there I wouldn't see any one else, but you, call you dear, love your tired body, sew your torn and never do if I can avoid it, but at trousers.

-isn't this true?-I live in a different one else but you can call me dear names. One time I told you I hated

dear, the people is that they had differ-kins' really meant that they had differ-ent aims, conversations, education, in-tellects, than some people. But Burns tellects, than some people. But Burns the that brings tears of joy to you the burns of joy to you the burns of joy to you the burns of joy to you eyes. Oh, I know it is because you Burnses' ignorance that screeches like are a true priest-born for it. And because it is your supreme joy and a screech owl. The very air is tainted satisfaction I am merely your physical

with their warped minds. She Would Build a Love Nest

#### "Oh, darling, if I had an income of

my own I would be very, very selfish, I guess. I'd build a waiting love nest, where I could dream unmolested and not my dream. People would mean nothing.

you my darling. will hate the winter nights. Then I need you. This one tells what a "gay, happy girl" was Mrs. Mills the state dream of curling up in a chair with you, Oh what dreams I have. Will it ever was Mrs. Mills the day she wrote it :

"My dear, dear boy, when I said I would leave a note I forgot that it may not be wise, but I may take a Calls Rector "a True Priest" chance, for I cannot have you disap-

In this letter Mrs. Mills expresses jealousy of the minister's calling and refers to him as "a true priest." "I don't know why I feel this way today. It will pass, as you know. God, I know, oh'i I know as much as I know you are my true heart, that He is watching and caring and we are never alone. He is always near I wakat In this letter Mrs. Mills expresses jealousy of the minister's calling and refers to him as "a true priest." "I don't know why I feel this way have never shown my real self to

Ask me any part of the book and I and I come down to earth

Real Man Can't Be Tempted

every bit of you.

make.

low :

then and had no one to telephone to "Oh, dear, I knew you would be "Oh, of course, he was true to Cecil

"Six o'clock.

"Words Useless—I Worship You" Here is another, short and sweet: "Words are useless. But I worship un g darling. "I love you, you, more than ever I red you."

"How completely she loved-but the "I wish some one would be merciful true voice of that great love showed her to me and give me something to put the truth that Chris wasn't worthy. to sleep, to forget, forget you to me and give me something to put the the truth that Chris wasn't worthy. Her ideals she would always cherish and love the Chris she thot he was, but he dragged himself through the mud, tempted by physical passions, and so deserved to lose Cecil, although she would love him forever. And Cecil was clever. She knew by having another child she would see her duty to Hugh and not for a weak moment be blinded into going away with Chris, and so she weed that way to prevent herself. Pamela got him, but with his ideal love

watching and caring and we are never alone. He is always near. In what-ever we do, even in physical closeness. He is near, for we know He meant His children to taste deeply of all things. "Was Pam religious. Did sne feel God? Yes, I think so, but she hadn't found her soul nor did Chris. Chris wasn't Cecil's maid no more than Hugh. The Chris she though he was he swars the true mate. 'I am the resurrection and the life,' and if he knew that then there would be pathless but a prayerful life—a desire to be like his always, for-ever beloved Cecil.



333 MARKET STREET THEATRE WILLIAM RUSSELL MEN OF ZANZIBAR"

ANITA STEWART

# **Rector's Love for Singer Revealed** by His Diary

and never do if I can avoid it, but at times I must be polite even if it is to listen to her ignorance, and, honey mine —isn't this true?—I live in a different -isn't this true?—I live in a different

pencil, opened with a reference to a large party went in George Kemmer's tryst shortly before Mr. Hall was leav-launch to Somerville. I had hoped to ing for Maine. Some of the entries fol-stop at Seal Harbor to see if there was

inspiration and you see in me what you teach, you, the priest." Says "Our Hearts Are Bitter"

The following letter seems incoherent, but presumably refers to matters under.

stood by the rector: her way to New York to meet my sis-"I don't want to stay for service care if I ever saw people to talk to. Books and music, pictures, oh, what pleasures I would have. The birds, but-terflies, wild squirrels and all I could see in the woods and fields and sky is my dream. People would mean nothing.

dear with death, was further revealed by a Rockland and took boat for Seal Har-bated diary the rector kept last July and bor. Fog all the way, Reached Seal h, I August. world. "Today I am not wide awake. I am not said, but quiet. Yesterday I was rollicking. Oh, I love those moods. They mean intense life-fire. Of course, dear, the people who live next to Hop-kins' really meant that they had differ-kins' really meant that they had differ-

a card from you, but we were so late "Monday, July 31-On board the we had to come directly back to Isles-Calvin Austin-Dear, dear heart of ford. I hope surely to go to Seal Har-mine, they were sweet moments we bor tomorrow. Good-night, darling. I had together this morning-but, oh, so am living with you, rather, we are toshort. I am looking at you yet as you turned and walked down Huntington street. I started on schedule and met." "Friday, Aug. 4.—Another disap-

t. I started on schëdule and met er at Jersey City and took her on way to New York to meet my sis-The boat left at five-every mo-t I have been with you, dear heart. I have been with you, dear heart. mother at Jersey City and took her on

my dream. People would mean nothing. "I'd rather watch the bugs and ants as they crawled along. Don't you love to watch an ant as it creeps along? Honey, there isn't a house large enough