

**THE GRIMPY LETTERS: A  
SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN  
BY A YOUNG GIRL TO HER  
OLD LADY CHUM**

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The Grimpy Letters: A Series of Letters Written by a Young Girl to Her Old Lady Chum by  
Mary Dyer Lemon

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**MARY DYER LEMON**

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MRS. S. H. WRIGHT  
"Granny"

not in R D

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# Grimpy Letters

A Series of Letters Written  
by a Young Girl to Her Old  
Lady Chum.



By MARY DYER LEMON  
(POLLY DEE)



NEW YORK  
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\* Library Journal - Jan 30/18

DEDICATED TO—  
Why, to  
Mrs. S. H. Wright  
"GRIMPY"  
OF COURSE





## *The Grimpy Letters*

### I

Dear Chum Grimpy,—

I almost wish I were an old lady like you right now, in a peaceful pansy bonnet just like yours, and then it wouldn't be up to me to amount to something. I should already have amounted, and we could sit down quietly and rock and crochet and talk about how dear and good your Major was and my—my Colonel, we'll say, when they were living. Ambition is such a nagger. Napoleon must have been a miserable little fellow.

The rub was this, dear Grimpy: I received our college Alumni News Letter a few days ago, published every so often, which told of all the wonderful strides my classmates had made at

## THE GRIMPY LETTERS

home and abroad, playing missionary in places with queer heathen names, pitching ball for big leagues, practicing law in New York, teaching school and mining in Mexico—and I, being little Merry Sunshine at home, totally eclipsed by a grouch of late that won't rub off. Since then I have haunted the want ads and applied to all the family guests for a job. But Grimpy dear, don't ever be fooled by a want ad, and send ten cents, no matter if they promise you half of their kingdom in return. They are trifling—all of them.

Then just this morning remorse was once more mine when I received a can of delicately scented pink Jasmiol cold cream of which Jabe, my college roommate, is the sole manufacturer. Think of it, dear lady! Our plans for her had been grand opera, but if she can earn a little honestly—cooking and canning cold cream, why not? Don't you think you need a can, fifty cents f. o. b.?