

415 R. St., N.Y.C.
February 7, 1908

Dear Susan and Jen, —

What wouldn't I give to have a chance to see you tonight & how I wish you were here instead of at what's? It seems so dreadful to have you so near as N.Y. & yet not see you — it makes me want to pack up and go down with Miss Taylor tomorrow morning. What I suppose is the usual "let-down" after exams, is now "on." We are all tired — dinners have no charm I think, even that kind of do-less, means a backbone feeling. This time of year we make ourselves harder by loathing about it! Wednesday I went over to trust for Theater Hall Play, but missed out. I don't feel quite so badly, however, as long as Dennis is so busy that frankly got it. Grace Dann-Val has made it of course; she was to be Lady Brocklehurst — Lady Mary's future mother — in "Less you may remember." Thursday Margaret Brady and Mary Beebe came to see me but nothing. It was more fun. Dear Mary, in her usual manner, having lost Miss T., we wandered cold for her dinner time at 3.45, arrived in my room to collect me at 3.50! And we were like—

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quarters of an hour late — for most she was really right up to it. Mary, I think that a perfectly good night too, for Mary was working in the library & naturally finished when she was doing. There instead of dropping when it was little. Poor Mary! She broken-hearted. She went down the Thursday of exams — made not ordinarily sensible, and spent Sunday of course before old Dennis. That Thursday evening I went to chapel with Miss T., and after wards Miss McCabe came up & said she worried she was about Mary. I told she had finished too little. You know how tired I was and can imagine how I felt at that piece of upsetting news; I could have at right down on the aisle & cried. Miss T. was dear, of course, & was furious at Miss McCabe or telling me then; but I'm glad she did, & relieved she trusted me. Edna, too, found her cheap. I calmed, but what

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girl but she did not smile. She is a most curious mixture of foolish-ness and strength, of responsiveness briefly and thoughtful kindness. I get so vexed at myself for feeling peevish with her so often when she irritates me. Do you suppose I'll ever be able to keep looking out for the big end of the thing, & may be stopped by the little petty things? She mother is a splendid woman, and was mighty nice to me — and, well — I remind Philomel — is that wrong to say, I wonder? It's weak, anyway, no such pretense — I didn't say it. We have a bad record about people who are deficient — few girls have flunked out, & our unusual majority are deficient. How I bless Miss Greene and my other prep a- ration — my Latin Prose — which by the way was unusual-ly early. I was almost allright! (Conceited monkey!) Margaret was telling me about some questions that were asked on some examinations that her aunt gave to some dumb littleries she has & the answers they gave. When asked to compare one, mighty

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They said:

Positive	Compar.	Superlative
poor	poorer	early
mighty	almighty	(her ingenuity gave out here)

Asked when asked how it felt inside, the answer was: "to get inside you dispute the face of the note!" Aren't they gems. Give my love to Edith, and tell her to come soon to college. I so want to see you dear. The dickens, I do love you mightily.

Yours most lovingly.

Margie

P.S. I know no G.P.O. — Gross Dept.
request that their letters be sent to S.S.

Poughkeepsie
Feb 8
2 PM
1908
N.Y.

Miss Harriet Jean MacCoy
c/o Mrs. Edward B. Reid
215 Bishop Street
New Haven
Conn.