

415 R.H.V.C.
Oct. 10, 1908.

"Dear Sister Jean":--

You think you're a real wit, don't you, so go and have a birthday and be lovely— Susan! Well, I won't deny the wisecrack, but I do wish I was there to say "Many happy returns" in true Bromide fashion. Senior Parlor opening was beyond my wildest expectations, and never saw so many pretty frocks together at once. Grace wore a dear green one with queen gold embroidery on it, and Elsa had a love of a pale blue silk Empire one. You ought to have seen Lilias:— She was simply beautiful, in a pale blue Liberty satin dress, made in those perfect straight lines, with a long train of cases from Kinsley's shop. The parlor is done in old blue, but it is not decided, at all, for of course the oak panelling on the walls is just the same as 1908's. I don't think the parlor as a whole is any better-looking than 1908's, but some of the individual things are—the pictures, for instance; they are perfectly exquisite, and there is a real St. Francis plaque which Dorothy did very well. The china is adorable, white, with a very gold band, and the crest of 1909 on it. I don't know whether you like the details or not, but I thought maybe you would, and I was certain the family would. 1909's group was too beautiful to be described. First Beulah Baker sang a solo with an accompaniment of humming, and then they sang it all the way through. Ours was good, but of course not so good as theirs. Their melody was "Think," "Call for You," and Beatrice now, Frances Curtis room-mate, wrote the words. Ours was to "The Four King's Cover," and an encore, which was best, was to one of Annie Jacob's songs. Here are the words, if you'd like to see them:—

1909 to 1911.

Song of the Journey.

So long is the road that leads over
the hills,
The road that is calling us on;
In storm and in sunshine we rise
forward it still.
Till the light of the day is gone.
But there's always a song on the
road for me,
The strength is all along
When your step with mine on the
road swings free,
And your hand with mine clasps
strong.
Oh, always, always,
The road along.

1911 to 1909.

We know a place that is famous
of old,
Away from the world's gay throng;
Best lived is where ideals toward
Their destined goal
It chooses more along.

Some famous for strength
Some worthy of praise
Some Oh! so beloved, you know;
And the 'reach was something
Its own, 'tis true—
We've been that they're all met
in you.

For you have had strength,
And you have won praise,
And you have been loved, you know;
You're so perfectly great,
There'll be none for your place,
Oh Seniors! please don't go!

Encore.

When I was just quite a little
girl,
I always used to play
I had a baby sister
Who was sweet and dear and gay.

But when I came to college
It no longer was alone
For I found two hundred sisters
Here
To be my very own!

Now, dear one, take care of
yourself, and be good. I love
you a whole great lot.

Ever so devotedly
Marge