

Feb. 1, 1913

En route to N[ew] Y[ork]

Saturday a.m.

Dear Mother -

Of all the tired scramble to catch this 8:20 Train this morning I'm wondering if you think I'm [...] to be going down after all for your second telegram came too late for me to get my ticket reserved with Dorothy so I can only get standing-room for this afternoon. As soon as I heard from you, Dorothy telegraphed for tickets for herself and Dot Couvay and just barely managed to get them, so unless my "guardian angel" has his eye on a ticket for me I reckon I'll stand up for the performance.

Thank goodness! Exams are all over - I only had three to take for neither narrative nor Composition have any exam. Last night I went up to see Dr. Elkins about about Philosophy, and she said I had handed in a very good paper. Though it had one fault - that I talked all around the point instead of directly making it. I'm positive sure I passed Interpretation, for the assistant in Music, Beula [Lauphries], 1911, said I had done very good work. Now the only thing I haven't heard from is German, but I'm pretty confident about that - anyway class work would put through [three eerie] if my exam [were] poor but I don't think it was. I think I wrote you that I'm sure about taking music lessons next semester.

I saw Dr. Shelburg about dentists and she said that there were two in town who could do any straightening for me; she herself preferred Dr. Poler who had attended to her son's teeth so Monday afternoon I am going to [lie walk] down there and see the gentleman.

The weather here is just like the spring the grass is all getting green - pussy willows are swelling - we've even seen Yellow butterflies out - as for ice! Well, one of the janitor well said that if this weather kept up - the lake hasn't been frozen over once - that we would have no ice-cream next year, for they depend on the lake-ice that they cut, to use for freezing purposes -

Alice Flannery is going to meet me for lunch today - and I've got to go to Altman's or somewhere and purchase me some short white [shoes] for the 'ofery' - I think I'll call up Uncle Jim just for fun, too. I do wish you-all had been much nearer than Detroit this week - just think! Ever since Wednesday [...] I've been free from classes. All yesterday afternoon I spent fitting my chiffon waist to wear today. I took the collar in and put hooks and eyes on the sleeves so as to be able to hook them over to some semblance of fit. It took all afternoon, but the waist really looks nice now. My Irish collar isn't progressing very rapidly these days - I've only done half a grape-leaf since I've been back. I took your advice and have spent most of the last few days in sewing the buttons and hooks and [sewing] in the ribbons. I've sent my high black shoe and my black [juceps] to the cobblers to be half soled and heeled - so my shoery (?) will be in quite good order when they get back.

The dress (crepe de chine) is quite a success, I think, at any rate, so that I'm going to wear it to the Prom. (and not try to make the charmeuse) Florence bought a beauty down town at Lucky Platt's the other day - white brocaded satin trimmed with maribou [sic] - and a train. I saw a darling white brocaded satin myself in one of the shops - waist all of fine white lace but I'll be willing to wager that it would cost a pretty penny.

Dorothy Parker has moved down to room with Gertrude Worrell in 300 Strong

because Gert's erstwhile room mate has gone home - she has extra credits and isn't coming back till next year. It certainly will seem queer to have Dorothy in a double, after she's been in a single all year - but from the looks of things, I reckon they'll both be happy. Dixie (Emma Dix, Brooklyn) was through with exams. Tuesday! and went home that night so she's had quite a vacation, too. One of the girls suggested that I go home, open the house and have a house-party. I said I thought that was a beautiful [place], but that I seriously doubted if it would meet with my family's approval - but wouldn't it have been fun. Oh, dear! I do wish you considered me staid and sober enough to be allowed to do things like that without fearing that I'd burn the house down or overflow the tubs or something.

Last night I went to a marshmallow-fudge party in North at Freddie Mosscroft's - do you remember her - you met her at the theatre the time we went to see Billie Burke - and while the rest of the people [slurd], I read out loud to them. I read Kipling's "They" and if you haven't read it, I do wish you would and tell me what you think of it. The girls here are all talking about it and say that the outside world shakes its hoary old head mysteriously whenever it is mentioned. I've read it several times and have worked out an interpretation of it for my own benefit and I can't see why people speak of it with bated breath. Will you read it sometime please and tell me your opinion?

This is the dirtiest trip that ever was! Every time I start a sentence I have to stop and shake quarts of cinders off the page.

I did have a note for Mrs. Maguire, but as yet I haven't answered it you're the only soul I've written a word to since I came back to college except for a correspondence card to Helen [Crislee]. Will you send me Ina's address? I must write her, though I suppose you have long ago - and thank her for the little powder-bag she sent me.

It doesn't seem possible that only week after next the dance comes - I'm not wildly excited over it this year somehow though. I have a very nice order and - so they tell me - a very nice man. Of course, I'm glad to be going to a dance again - I'm afraid in about another month I would have forgotten how to "trip the light fantastic toe." Fantastic certainly is the word for the queer and peculiar dances that are being done now.

I could write on for hours, but the jiggling of this train is giving me spasms - and that would never do. I was very glad to get Babe's letter and will answer it soon. Florence and I are going to dinner with Mrs. Murdock tomorrow. \$32 more has been stolen in Josselyn from a Freshman, she got her money out of the bank to go to N [ew] Y[ork] in the morning and it disappeared.

I'll write you Sunday about the opera. I'm awfully glad you're letting me go -

Love From

Muriel

Grand Central Station

Feb 1

11 30 AM

1913

Mrs. B.O. tilden

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Detroit, Michigan

High and Park Sts.

