

[1913]

Monday Mar. 3

Dearest Mother -

I simply must take a half-hour out of whole cloth this blessed minute and write you for I know you'll be wondering what has become of me. I'm doing a very interesting (but not always aesthetic) topic for House-Sanitation on the Prophylaxis of Tuberculosis. i.e. the nature, care, etc. of both consumption and the various other tuberculosis ailments. I certainly have come across loads about glands and glandular troubles in my reading. In the course itself, just now the lectures are upon contagious disease - scarlet-fever, mumps, whooping-cough and all the rest of these and it does seem as if "glands" came into every last one of them. Being particularly

interested in that phase, I suppose I notice it more than I would otherwise. Our topics or papers, do not have to be in until after Easter, but for once being I'm being fore-handed, and have completed my note-taking in preparation for it, although I am doing more reading on it. I think I wrote you that I have also furnished a Psychology topic. The girls think I'm going crazy and perhaps I am, but it certainly is going to be nice to have all that work out of the way early.

I am so pleased! Guess what! I have been asked to be on Junior-Senior Boat-ride Committee - did I tell you? My! But I am pleased, and

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I'm to be in the "mob" of Second Hall Play. It is to be J.M. Barrie's "Little Minister". I tried out for the part of the little boy, Micah Dow, but I didn't get myself accepted, though the part lay between one other girl and myself. As a sort of sympathetic recompense, I was asked by the chairman today if I cared to be in the [...] and I said "surely" - so there you are.

Miss Chittendon is much gratified with the work I am doing for her, and wants me to play at a reception in N.Y. Saturday afternoon the 29th of March. She wants me to play that terrific 6#'s [Chopin] Impromptu that I've been

working on ever since the semester began.

There! I reckon I've blown my own horn enough for awhile and will tell you some of the things that have happened recently at college. Friday evening we were given a wonderful lecture on the Yellowstone Park by Prof. Shattuch, of the geology department. It was illustrated with colored photographs and at times with moving-pictures of the party of Vassar girls that he took on a camping trip thru there last summer. Saturday morning I worked from nine until twelve-thirty in the library and then Glad came for me to go to the Inn for lunch with

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her and Norma and Howard (Lyall) who was up here to see Glad. In the afternoon I went to German play - very good indeed, although I understood just about a dozen sentences in the whole thing. Saturday evening I went to a big tea given by one of the Sophomores for her visiting sister-in-law, and went to various and several impromptu parties varying all the way from mere "chocolate debauches" as Dr. Thelberg calls them, to a bridge-party across the hall - I served, not being particularly proficient in the act of bridge-playing. Well, anyway Freddie Mossdrop - whom you met at the theater one night - and Betty Cutter 1912 - who is

back assisting in Biology - spent the night with us and we had breakfast in the room in the morning. It was some Sunday and while Florence upheld the family-reputation by attending church,

Freddie and I stayed home and made fudge. I cleaned many shoes and did odd jobs that have been accumulating for weeks. By the way, did you ever know that you could clean satin slippers with plain ordinary wood alcohol? You should see how nice my dance-slippers look now and they were terrible! In the p.m. Florence and I called on Mrs. Murdoch- she asked us to stay for supper, but I had promised to go off campus with Luella Cole 1916, so we couldn't

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I can't remember much about Sunday evening except that I know I did yards and yards of German beginning at about 9 p.m.

The celebrations coming this week are several. Wednesday p.m. a Miss Graves of London gives a song-recital and in the evening Prof. Gow is giving a big reception for her to which I am invited. Saturday evening is the Southern and New England Club's German, to which I, a member of the N.E. club (ha! Ha!) am going with Alice West 1916 of Boston or thereabouts who knows Gertrude Zeiss very well - and has a splendid photograph of her. Isn't it queer the way things will interlace?

I could go on for hours and tell you much and much and them much, but I must go to sleep. I'll send you a copy of my house San. paper if you want it. I'm saving that paper I wrote on Music in the P.S. for you to read.

I can't remember whether or not I told you that old Mrs. Murdoch died at Christmas time - anyway - she did.

Please tell me if you think of anything I can make - preferably embroider - for your birthday. It has to be started early here, you know, for my sewing [affaires] are few and far between, even if I did darn seven pairs of stocking Saturday afternoon. All kinds of love, dear, Muriel  
Where's Dad? I'm going to write him tomorrow

[written along right edge]

Please pardon pencil, pen 'pears to be, not present

POUGHKEEPSIE

MAR

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1913

N.Y.

Mrs. B.O. Tilden

The Gregorian - Ap't 710

Detroit, Mich.

High and Park Sts.