

November 15, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Debate tryouts come tomorrow night, so if I don't write tomorrow you will know why.

We had some Spanish lesson for today. I worked three hours on it and just did it very superficially. Most of the class did not even do that, though.

I worked in the libe all afternoon, reading essays on the Romantic revival in poetry, and working on my beautifully indefinite history topic.

We are having horribly cold and penetrating weather--I do wish the fur coat would come, if it is to be of any use to me. Please send me the address of the place, so that if it doesn't come this week, I can write about it.

Lucy came up to me in the libe today to tell me that she and Harold went to Bill Wasserman's room immediately after the game and waited there until it was time for her train. She said that she knew I would like her to see you, etc. From the way she talked I don't think she knew that you had Grace there and I didn't tell her because you seemed to prefer mystery. She told me she met Some of Harold's friends--I could hardly keep a straight face, how I envy her(?)!

I hope your letter about this game will be as interesting as the one about the last game.

Thank you for the Red Cross button, Mother. It came just in time.

I thought that after Miss Landon's report about what Professor Moulton thought about me, Mother, that any further questions would be useless.

I have Miss Peebles in English mother. She has been here quite some time, but she is not old enough to have been faculty when you and Miss Hamilton were here. I don't think she is a Vassar graduate, either.

We got approximately eight hundred dollars in the French collection. We were out for five hundred. It was quite a success.

I have written to you at various times, I think, about the girl from Prague across the hall. She is a very fine girl and a very bright one, too, but I don't think her college education in America is going to be a particularly happy memory--she got a letter today informing her of her father's sudden death. That is sad enough in any case, but it must be terrible so far away from home. I feel so sorry for her but there is nothing on earth to do for her I guess, except to leave her alone. The corridor is as silent as a tombstone.

[enc w 15 nov 1920]

Dear Papa:

I have a lot to do tonight, but having your speech around and not reading it was too much for me. So I took a few minutes off and read it hastily. Of course I did not digest all the information and deep thought therein contained--how could that be done with so wonderful a speech unless much time and intelligent thought were spent upon it. Pap, your speech demonstrates conclusively the truth of the law that practice brings success. Compare your feeble attempt at Peabody high school over four years ago with the masterpiece produced at Harrisburg! Is it not ludicrous? Yes, indeed, I know that if you would but persevere in your noble efforts, I would some day be the daughter of a famous man, although I must admit, that at the outset judging by your early rate of progress, I feared it would be many years before that distinction might be achieved. But surprise sweetens success! Ah, father, that was a noble speech, even unto the odor of tobacco on the paper. What a sweet, dreamy odor that was, as though the speech had been preserved in the humidor! But, Father, did you say that you wrote that speech? Here Sherlock Holmes enters on the scene. Some of the wording had the familiar ring of the pet combinations of words of one frequent visitor at Winebiddle Avenue, of one

who not infrequently makes speeches himself. And most shocking of all, some of the notes and even the last page of the speech was written in handwriting that I have seen before and that I connected with the above-mentioned person! Father, could it be?--ah no--I cannot conceive of your brain not being great enough to work out its own weighty thoughts. For my eyes were opened last year when Miss Cowley told me that I had a bright, wide-awake Father. I could not believe my ears when she said it, but then I concluded that she was older and more experienced than I and therefore more able to judge people. However, the evidence seems conclusive--it was not all the product of your genius.

Tonight my poor tired brain has to work up a speech for tomorrow. More than ever I realize how mediocre is my own ability--how could I feel otherwise after reading your manuscript? Such is the sadness of contemplating from our humble vantage-ground the sphere of the great and mighty! Come to earth! 8:30 and Chem, Ec, and Spanish still to be done! Thou must not burn the midnight oil!

Your overawed daughter,