

[postmarked 24 May 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Amen. I just wrote my last word on my seminar "encyclopedia". It is 103 double-spaced pages, exclusive of bibliography and table of contents. Now I have to spend all tomorrow reading it, correcting, etc. It will be a most boring job.

Miss Cowley paid me a one hour call last night. I was amazed, at her viewpoint in advising me about next year. She urged me to take a rest, and not to tie myself down beyond maybe "dabbling" at Pitt. She said--"Look at me, up here teaching year after year even since I left college. It doesn't pay unless you have to do it". I certainly was surprised at her, the grind of grinds, and typical student, to advocate loafing. She was so urgent in it, and meant it so sincerely, that I really felt sorry for her. I always thought that she thoroughly enjoyed her monotonous life, but I guess she hasn't always.

Classes are over Wednesy, May 30, Mother. There is no intermission before exams. The typewriter ribbons came. Once again, the dress is all right!

Let me know about the lot. It sounds good, but I don't picture the location exactly. Don't forgot, as I'm actually most interested!

My exams are not bunched, Mother. I have only two actual exams Thursday A. M. and one Saturday afternoon.

The number of the house is 18, the same street as the Wagner Inn and McGlynn's. I'll have to go and investigate to find out the name of the street. I don't know it.

Love,

Fannie