

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y
[Feb. 20, 1911]

Dear Mother -

It's frightfully late, but judging from the strenuosity of this week-end that is fast slipping away, tomorrow will be so busy that I won't have time to write a sane and readable letter - consequently, I'm going to write a brief one tonight and add to it if time allows tomorrow. The express-box came and the dresses weren't jammed at all - I wore the blue one tonight (more about that later) and the white one last night. The new sailor-suit is a dear and fits beautifully - it's rather long but the girls like it that way and say that washing will probably remedy any deficiency as to too much length. It's just as sweet

as it can be and I love it.

I'm going to tell you all the essentials and then I'll be free to expound upon tonight's grand, much swell, affair. - Enclosed bill represents tuition still up to June and the charge for last semester - I almost had a Dutch fit about the laundry-end of it until I had seen some of the other girls' - their bills were not so large in some cases, but in those - they had had all their white clothes, - shirt-waists, white petticoats, white shirts done at Sloss's - so I guess it isn't bad after all - considering that Marjorie's was \$8 odd. The 75 cents extra meals was when I was laid up with my back - likewise the infirmary charges - the \$1 for guests was twice when I had off-campus people to dinner at 50 cents apiece. I can't just see where Dr. Theltery gets a bill for \$3.75, but considering the back-business and my getting that finger dressed several times that may be O.K. I'm sorry to have to

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That plan of \$15 for 2 wks. suits me beautifully, I endorsed the other check and handed it over to Miss Chittendon for the music-deposit required, O.K?

send such appalling bills home, but will also send Dr. Gunnisons's letter (please return it, as I want it for my [pick]-book) - maybe that will take the sharp edge off a little.

You wanted to know about my bicycle. It is reposing in somewhat thus fashion in the entrance--way to this beloved Observatory. I don't think I mailed the letter I wrote to Evelyn sayin that Jane Elizabeth was

no longer sharing this abode with me - she got Miriam's old room. I went over and confronted Lady R. with the information that I knew positively that the room was to be vacated and inquired if there were any specific reason why one of us poor benighted mortals couldn't have it. She hemmed and hawed and finally said that J.E.M. could have it (since her application was in first), so

she got it. It's hard for us to make a fuss very often because we don't hear of the empty rooms until some off-campus person has already been called on to fill them, but in this case, we, beat the lady at her game so she had to give in - Therefore, I have this grand big room all to mine self just now - but how long this state of bliss will last is uncertain.

Tonight was the big Junior Sophomore Dance - Oh! such wonderfulness - such clothes! such girls! such men! Such everything! Mildred was a dream in blue (she was a Freshman runner to the dance) and Edith Taft was a vision in pink! Only a

few especially good-looking freshmen were allowed to go as runners -

that is, to do or help do the work-end. I can't begin to tell you about it - it simply was wonderful - no other word fits it. I can scarcely wait until next year when 1914 will be sophomore and allowed to go - I do wish you could have seen the beautiful dresses (and trams.) I expect to dream of them for the next week, so I might as well start in, I suppose. Sleepily but lovingly
Muriel.