

Vassar College -
[May 2, 1911]

You poor dear!

To think you should have had to wait all that time in such a dingy stuffy little old station - it's a perfect shame. You might just as well have heard the concert as not for it was over at 9:30 - you could have gotten the 9:40 car and made your train besides - I'm mighty sorry.

We had room drawing last night and out of a possible 172 - I drew 130 - did you ever hear of anything like that? Consequently I don't get a room in one of the halls next

year either - I have a single on the first floor of main - noisy as all out-doors and nobody anywhere near me that I know except one Edna Thornton Smith, Esq. whom I abominate. Well, cheer up, such is life. After the rain, sunshine - last night I wept, this morning I smile and the world goes on just the same.

A senior has just come biking over here post-haste to see if I'll give a talk on "Alaska" at the "House of the Friendless" tonight. She said Ted Wheeler - that's the girl

for whom I did it before - said I was very good (imagine!) and wouldn't I please give it for her at this House down-town. "Sure" says I - so after chapel will see me with my cutey little hat on going down-town I suppose. Room-drawing wasn't over last night until the wee [sena'] hours. Therefore I was very weary this morning and didn't get up in time for Latin class - wonder what will happen to me?

Do let me know as often as possibly - just by postal will do - about the babies - I've

fairly haunted the post-office the past few days.

Do let's go to Cottage Park this summer and get the children there as soon as possible - never mind about the school - you know as much about teaching them as any Miss Grundel that ever breathed. I can pack up and come straight from college

without landing in Flatbush at all. I guess it won't bother my young Cornell friend in the least not to see me and vice versa.

Write soon - love to all

Muriel.

P.S It's no use - I've written all along the edges of my letter and I just might as well a p.s. and be done with it. Of course, you made an everlastingly grand "hit" up here - you always do. Elvy Kush rushed up to me after chapel and said "oh, dear, Muriel, has your mother gone! I just adore her and I wanted to see her again." Marjorie Woods thinks you're a "perfect darling" - Martha "loves you to pieces" etc, etc. You may say those are all

school-girl effusions, if you like, but what will you say when and a staid and dignified Physics teacher (not Edith, this time) calls you across a hall and when you approach in fear and trembling says "Miss Tilden, I want to tell you how glad I was to meet your mother - she is charming and I don't wonder you talk about her so much." Miss Holbrook always did think I was some queer in explicable specimen from Hindustan, so I was much elated to have her say that

especially so since it was a "voluntary contribution."

Do come up again - it's grand having a pretty mother to make a nice reputation for one. Oh! something else Miss Holbrook said - She wanted to know if you were my own mother - she said you were altogether so young looking to own a great lummoX like me - she didn't use precisely those terms but that's what she meant.

Must stop and do Math
Muriel.

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I hate to think of you without Mrs. [Buyer] there - I wish I could be
in two places at once.

[left margin of page 4]

Thanks ever so much for Daddy's address.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

2--PM

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