

[Oct 1, 1912]

203 Josselyn Hall -

Mother, dear -

As usual, I start my letter with "There is little to say that would interest you" - but I must tell you about a caller we had Sunday. Florence was writing a theme, Alfreda Mossdrop and Bertha Leslie were on the window seat writing letters and Margaret Armstrong, our class president, and I were sprawled out on the couch. I was reading Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" for English work. The room was quiet as it could be except when somebody's spoon jingled on the saucer of their tea-cup. In the midst of our quiet little Sunday afternoon party came a knock at the door and Miss Cooley, a Physics instructor came in when we called "Come." She

most politely wanted to know if she might bring the minister (!) and his wife up to see our room. We smiled sweetly and said "Yes, surely." So Margaret scuttled down the hall to wash the cups - Florence bustled around lighting up the tea-kettle again, and Bertha and Alfreda disappeared down the hall. I had just gathered up Margaret's cape and the girls' coats and tossed them into my bed-room on the couch when another knock came on the door, and in walked Dr. Taylor, the minister and the Mrs. Minister. Well, I was madly endeavoring to shut my bedroom door in spite of the fact that there was a chair-rocker in the way. Dr.

Taylor then remarked "What's the matter with the bedrooms? Can't they be shown off too?" "Certainly" said I, and dashed wildly

across the room to Florence's bedroom door which I opened that our visitors might inspect. As if all that hadn't been funny enough, just at this critical moment Margaret came back with the clean dishes - but wet hands. But wet hands and all she shook hands with Dr. Taylor, the Minister and the Mrs. Minister just the same. I realize it doesn't sound very funny to tell it - but if you could have seen it I'm sure the entire proceeding would

have appealed to you as being highly ludicrous. We are so proud now at having had our room "shown off" to Dr. Taylor and his guests - that we keep our library door open all the time now for the benefit of the public.

I had a very nice note from Mrs. Murdoch last week asking me to come down as soon as I cared to, and as often. Betty Ralston spent the week-end at college and Sunday Evening she was over here to see our room. It is the envy of Everybody in college just about and I don't wonder in the least for it certainly is attractive.

I had to play in class

in Interpretation today. I chose that simple little "Wild Rose of Mac Donnell's", as it was to be used for analysis work. I also played and accompaniment for Betty Zahner to sing a dear little lullaby

It is getting very homey here in Josselyn now although as yet the bells aren't in working order. We are called to meals by a maid's banging on a dish-pan much as the method used in the Windsor Hotel and just about as musical. We hope to be belled through [within] a few days - the men were at work on them today.

I see quite a lot of Helen Shaw - she is very tall

now and, I think, quite pretty - though I may be biased in my opinion for I like her very much. I didn't know her the first time I saw her in chapel and had to be almost introduced by

Helen French before I could remember just where I had seen her face before.

I must stop now and g.b. a letter from Margery today tells me you're not feeling well - I do hope you're all right by this time. I certainly was glad to get Margery's letter and will answer it soon.

Lovingly,
Muriel

Pardon my letter-paper; it happens to be all I possess just now.

POUGHKEEPSIE

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