

[Dec. 6, 1912]  
203 Josselyn Hall-

Mother, dear -

You will chortle when I tell you that afer all, there was a jar of peaches broken, but otherwise everything came O.K. You were a trum to put those crackers in - we had some of the peaches last night, and they certainly were good.

I very nearly telegraphed you right before last to know if I might go to N.Y. this Saturday night with my San Francisco friend, Dorothy Parker. She asked me to go down to the opera with her - stay at the Martha Washington - be chaperoned by Mrs. Leile of whom I told you. I was very anxious to go, but on

second thought I decided it was better not to think of it at all, especially since I want very much to be given permission to do something Christmas vacation. Could I go to Chicago toawrd the end of vacation? Dorothy wants me to come and I certainly do want to go. School closes December twentieth and we have to be back here the eighth. That gives us eighteen days - now couldn't I go for a few days? I don't know how far Chicago is from Detroit, but I had an idea that they weren't very far

from one another. Please let me know your decision as soon as possible, for will want to arrange matters. As far as I know anyway, I'll take the 12:20 Chicago express from Poughkeepsie Friday noon. I don't know yet what time I get to Detroit, but I'll look it up and tell you - it's a Michigan Central Train.

Yesterday the matron of North Hall had an apoplectic stroke, an after-effect in some way the doctors said of yellow-fever from which she suffered years ago when a nurse in Louisiana - she died about noon. She was very much liked in the college, particularly by the maids - and her death was a shock

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after Christmas when she intended to go to a sanitorium and rest. It was all very sad - as you can guess.

Wednesday afternoon there was a most interesting lecture-recital given here - a Russian talked of his native folk-songs and then sang examples of them in russian. He ended with the Russian National hymn - he had the most interesting way of talking - rolled his r's and accented queerly till I expected him to end with -ovich or-sky on his words. He was short and dark and had a bald spot - and besides that was a good lecturer.

The choir is practicing vigorously for it's Christmas

music the last Sunday Evening before the holidays. I don't care particularly for the songs this year, but there's one very charming effect - there is a "gallery-choir" that sings responses to the main choir and as they sit in the back of the chapel and we're all up front it makes a splendid effect. Then, too, there is one number with harp-accompaniment. There are three girls all at the same time in college who have that rather uncommon accomplishment. Also, there is a girl in the Freshman

class who plays the 'cello. She is going to play for us in Josselyn after dinner next Sunday. I have been asked to play in Senior Parlor between chapel and dinner. It's the first time I've ever been asked to, and I certainly am pleased. After dinner I am to play in Lathrop. I think I'll play that little composition of my own that I like so much as one of my two numbers in Senior Parlor.

I knew there was something else I wanted to ask you - and I've only just now

remembered what it is. You know neither Paul nor Dick can come to our Prom. here in February, so I don't care particularly whom I have up for it. Glad Lyall's brother is coming up to go with her and his room-mate wants to come, too. Glad is very anxious for him to go with me, so I'm writing you to know what you think best. Of course, I do want to go to the dance; I don't know whom to ask; and I reckon Mr. Stark is nice from all I've heard of him. Glad says he's a good dancer, too - so there you are. What would you do? I told Glad

I wouldn't answer definitely until I had heard from you.

I'm going to take my pink dress to the dressmaker this afternoon. At last, I've finished dressing my Christian's doll, and she certainly did look charming. I didn't attend the Doll Show yesterday, [illustration of dress] but everyone says it was very attractive.

Wednesday night Dorothy Parker and Muriel Miller (1915) gave a dinner - party at the Inn, to which I was invited. It was a Yale

Party- bull-dog in the middle of the table (papier-mache, of course), Yale place-cards and everything.

Dorothy just tells me that the 12:20 arrives in Detroit at  
one in the a/m/ but it seems the best I can do -

Must go to class, now.

Bye-bye.

Muriel

Please write me! I want to hear about Babe and things in  
general.

M.

POUGHKEEPSIE

DEC

6 1 30 PM

1912

N.Y.

Mrs. B.O. Tilden

"The Gregorian". 108 Park St.

Detroit, Michigan

Ap't 710

[stamp]

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AMERICAN RED CROSS

1912

HAPPY NEW YEAR