

Betty Cutter's room-
7:30 Thursday p.m

Mother o' my heart -

Your letter came this afternoon and Glad brought it over to me - of course, the package hasn't arrived yet, but I'm looking for it. I had an idea, maybe it's a wild one, that if weren't successful maybe I would do this: get some white charmeuse silk and make a plain little draped dress over sermester's week-end. You see I have a vacation from Wednesday noon till Sunday night, so I'd have plenty of time to do it, since you-all say no New York. Dorothy wants me to go down on the Saturday a.m. train, go to the opera with her in the afternoon and come back that night. The we had another plan that we might do as lots of the girls do and go off on a farm and just

rest - that appeals to me more than anything else just at present.

I have put the money in the college bank and am drawing it out in \$5 installments - I went over to sign up for music-lessons today, and was invited to plunk out \$5 for advance payment on the music, so I reckon I'll have to do that tomorrow sometime.

Just at present Betty and Glad are in a wild discussion over glands! Betty's sister, Katherine, aged seventeen, is having a Terrible time with a similar trouble just now. She always has been bothered with them off and on if she got run down or caught cold, but this time they've been unusually stubborn, and have yielded only a little to treatment. Poor child! I wish Dr. Maguire could fix her up. She lives in Leominster, Mass.

[2.]

It has poured great guns all day - consequently we had no chapel tonight and have been dancing in Josselyn parlors err since

supper. Such fun as we did have! My friend, Gretchen Thayer, of whom you've often heard me speak, has been selected chairman of our Junior-Sophomore Prom. It comes off February 15 - my dance-order is all filled already - I wish it weren't, for I have loads of other people I'd like to give dances to.

We've had our last classes in every thing - almost - before exams. I only have one narration class tomorrow and then the awful events begin. I must get down and learn the whole German grammar by heart before Tuesday afternoon, I suppose.

Would you be interested to read the Philosophy song we sang to Prof.

Riley at our last lecture? Dorothy Smith and I wrote the words to the tune of Solomon Levi. They are:

" We are because we think we are
We think because we are
But if I say I think you think
You say I've thought too far
Our feelings and perceptions and sensations
by the score
Act on our [minds] and there
we see
Red carpet on the floor.
What's the matter? That's the
Question now;
What is matter? What's it's why
and how?
The matter of this matter is that
Matter matters not -
If we believed all we were told, we'd
sure believe a lot
And so we do our best to learn
And swallow [Bacon] whole
We put our feelings under Locke and
look for Hume on soul.

[3.]

Every line is, of course, fraught with meaning - referring to things he has said in lectures

- it was very successful and everyone liked it.

Dorothy Smith has just been elected president of our class for second semester and we serenaded her in full force last night. You would not recognize the other officers if I told you who they are - so I won't bother.

I have a whole narration story to write tonight and I must get at it. I'm mighty glad the children are getting along so well in school. (this is Betty's pen and it's atrocious to write with.) My best love to you all. Do write as often as you can - it's a long while from one day to the next these times -

Yours
Muriel

Dear Mrs. Tilden -

Muriel asked me if I wanted to add a line to her letter, and I surely do. I'm loving Muriel a lot these days Mrs. Tilden, and I keep reminding her of the things I know you have told her. Sometimes I wonder she still likes me, I scold her so, but I do it because I love her so. I make her talk about you a great deal and so try to share you with her. I am going to be in Brooklyn next week-end and how I will wish for the Tilden family.

Very lovingly -
"Glad"

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