

American Sanitary Works
Tilden Building
105 W. 40th St. Near Broadway
New York

Sunday, March 31, 1913

Mother, dear -

After all our controversy and correspondence here I am of a Sunday afternoon sitting at Aunt Julia's desk and writing to you instead of sitting at your desk and writing to Aunt Julia. When your telegram came last night, it delighted the heart of the telegraph operator at Easton so much that he had to talk to Dad about it for half an hour or so before he told what it said "It's the first telegram from the flood-district to come in to this office, and I received it myself", he said. I left a sadly demoralized college, so to speak, on Friday. Girls by the score were receiving telegrams "On no account, try to come home. Remain at college". "Do not attempt under any circumstances to travel west." "Stay East, do not endeavor to travel." Even girls living in Massachusetts received news of wash-outs and were forced to go home by way of N.Y. or not at all. One of my very dear friends, Molly Dawner, 1916, Lives in Dayton, a block from where the first levee broke, six houses from the river and up to the present time

she hasn't heard a word from her family to know whether or not they are alive. She's pretty certain she has no house and is anxiously awaiting hour by hour for a telegram answering her of their personal safety. Poor child! She's as white as a little ghost, [bit have]! My goodness! She's brave, as plucky as you make'em. I'm hoping she's gotten word by today. The newspaper reports are so encouraging, that I [ohmed] think she'd be a little less worried anyway.

I expected as much as anything to take the Thursday night Wolverine, but Mrs. Lillinghurst "required communication with

one's family before permission to travel West is given". I called Dad up and he said not to try it, but to come to N.Y. - so I took what I supposed was the 9:55, but in reality was a special made up at Chatham, for service return. Poughkeepsie and Albany was out of business. Syracuse was unattainable, etc. etc. Uncle Joe met me at the station and then I went to lunch at Browne's Chop House with Dad, Uncle Joe and Uncle Will. After that, Dad and I went to Oppenheimer and got me a darling suit-hat for \$8.50. It is Alice Blue straw lined with black satin and with a wide piece of black velvet starting on the right winding up in front as per diagram and finishing in back with a flat bow under the narrow brim. A silly little wreath of flowers is chasing around the crown. It's a little hat,

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very simple to look at, not at all queer, but - very perky and up-and-coming. I'm sure you'd like it. There were several other, same price, that were pretty, one of a royal blue, with a blue ribbon sticking out behind; another of duller blue, more of a summer shade-hat variety with blue bow dangling off in back, like a Dolly Varden milk-maid. It was really very attractive, but did not fit my needs in the least. Dad and I both liked the one I got, so we didn't bother to look anywhere else. I knew it was just about what I wanted when I just looked at it, and I thought I'd better take it while I could.

We had supper in Hoboken station and arrived in Washington around nine o'clock. Yesterday I served and went up to the factory about half-an-hour before luncheon to get Dad. In the afternoon I played ball with some youngsters in the back from about half-past one to half-past two; came in and served some more and then slept from four till six-thirty. In the evening,

Uncle Herbert and I went to the movies and came home with
pop-corn about quarter of nine

This morning I represented the family at the Methodist-Episcopal
down the block - heard this very poor new minister - we went
across the street to Mrs. Davies' for a fine dinner and here I
am. Dad and Uncle H. are up at the factory. Aunt Julia is
reading the "Gadfly" by Voynich - a splendid story - quite the
best I've read for some time, - one you would like I think.
Tomorrow after lunch we are going to Trenton, then Boston and
then if the roads are O.K. I expect to go to Alfreda Mosscroft's
36 East Boulevard, Rochester, N.Y. Please don't think anymore
about my clothes - I'm sure I look as neat and sweet as possible
now. With my blue suit pressed so that I hardly sit down, new
hat, new black ties and white doe-skin (washable) gloves, I
don't need another blessed thing except some petticoats which I
expect to purchase either in N.Y. or Boston. As for your
worrying about the Flatbush bunch, I didn't write a soul I was
coming home, Paul doesn't strike town until the eighth, and I'm
not keen on going home to a neighborhood minus Glad, etc.
Anyway. I'm enjoying Dad's society immensely and he seems to be
getting quite a lot of pleasure out of mine - I'm very sorry not
to be seeing you both, but under the circumstances the present
arrangement seemed wisest. Tell Marg. I was very glad to see the
picture of Mrs. Maguire - does she want it back, or has she one
all her own? I'm

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going to send you a Christmas, I mean a birthday present that I hope you'll enjoy as much as I have mine. I had no idea what to get you that would be useful, cart-aroundable, and practical, so I'm [aruthering] a guess on this. If it isn't satisfactory, return it and I'll try again. I think, however, if it works all right, you'd find it will prove a joy to carry around in your bag. I wouldn't part with my own for a good deal.

It's raining here again - it seems as though the poor old U.S.A. were certainly getting its share of a spring-cleaning this year, all right, doesn't it? I'm glad the storm didn't do any more damage than it did in Detroit. I was quite worried for awhile from the newspaper reports of high winds, etc.

I'm going to write to Grandma W. and a number of other people this afternoon so bye-bye. Do write often as you can, every correspondence isn't overburdening us these days in any particular.

Love to all
Muriel.

WASHINGTON
MAR 31 6 AM
N.J.

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