

306 Main V.C.
[Sept. 26, 1913]

Dear Mother -

Your letter received, and I suppose the package will be tomorrow. I'm mighty sorry you can't come up this weekend, but if aren't, I think I'll accept an invitation I've had. Six of us including Priscilla (whose invitation it is) are going to start off on bicycles tomorrow afternoon, take a 17 mile ride to Stockville (I think that's the name of the place) spend the night there with a Mrs. Ross (friend of Galt's), have Saturday's breakfast and early luncheon there, and leave in time to be back for Christian's reception in the afternoon. I hope it will work out all right, and none of us get a puncture at the crucial moment, for I have to be back to lead the Glee Club's performance at the reception. Saturday

2.

Evening (I think) is the first meeting this year of the Student's Association, and it is to be held in the new Student's Building, which by-the-way I have never been in as yet. It is said to be very complete, and it certainly will fill a great college-need. Now if some kind benevolent old altruist would only donate some decent

walks, the college would be quite fully equipped.

I went over to a party, the first of the season, at the Maid's Club House tonight and came home feeling about as big as a good-sized peanut. One of the maids came up to me just as I was leaving, and fairly begged me to give her music lessons. I told her that I wasn't planning to do any

3.

Club House work at all this year, that I was very sorry, but I positively would not teach anyone unless it proved absolutely

impossible to get enough teachers. Then while I came home I felt as mean as dirt to have been unwilling to share with someone that wanted it, my gift, which isn't in reality my own property at all, but that of the world's. I have been

trying to justify myself to myself by saying that after all it isn't real music she wants, but merely knowledge of how to bang out a rag-time, and I can't spend time out of my own life to pound that into the head of a stupid Norwegian. I want so much to progress in my own music this year,

4.

that I am very loath to give up valuable time in that way. If I have any extra minutes outside of my own work, which seems to keep my time fairly well employed, I'd rather put them into athletics or something on that line. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, I feel excessively cheap and un-Christian and

selfish in spite of the fact that I do think that is the only view to take of the situation. I think a night once in a while devoted to helping make their Tuesday Evening parties successful, is about all my conscience will allow me to spend over there. What do you think?

5.

Well, the hour waxeth late, and all my good resolutions to keep training are fast vanishing into thin air. Glad Lyall sends loads of love, and needless to say mine is past the measuring-point -

Will truly write Dad soon.
Muriel.

P.S.

How is Evelyn's dress coming on? and do you like the things Mrs. Gage has made for me - you never expressed a single opinion on them in your letter!

M.

POUGHKEEPSIE

SEP 26

1030 AM

1913

N.Y.

Mrs. B.O. Tilden
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Brooklyn, N.Y.