

1312 Filbert St.,
November 24, 1882.

My dear Caroline,

I am seriously uneasy about you and fear you must be ill, it is so long since I have heard from you. I came upstairs early on purpose to devote a good long letter to you, but as I passed Mr. Paige's door he called to me to see if I would play cribbage with him, and he has just gone home, so I fear this won't be any longer than several of its predecessors. I have a raging headache from making out averages this afternoon. The school month ended today and tomorrow morning all the teachers have to go up to the school and enter the averages. By the way, how did it get into this

Miscellany about me? I congratulated myself on not appearing there last month and was quite surprised to see it. What do you think of the Miscellany so far this year? It startles me that the editor evinces a spirit of hostility. Do you agree with the reviewer of "Three Vassar Girls"? I do not. I admit of course that there are [crudities?] in the book, and some parts are rather hackneyed, but as a whole I was favorably impressed by it. I had an article sent me, cut from the N. Y. Times in which the remark was made that the book was not liked at the college, but I will send you the extract.

I was surprised about the new society hall as it was

not mentioned in the Miscellany. But where will they have gymnastics or are they to be given up? Mr. Norris still at college? I know he intended to leave during the summer. Now I want to ask if you don't think this queer; I wrote to [I...a?] two weeks ago, in answer to her letter, and invited her to come on and spend Thanksgiving with me, and she has not replied in any way. Possibly she did not consider it formal enough for an invitation but I intended it as one. However, don't for the world say any thing to her about it. Yesterday afternoon I made some calls with Aunt Mary and we had the extreme good fortune to

find only one person at home. I presume that will seem real heathenish to you, but you know how I hate to make calls. I see Miss Goodsell has really put an end to promiscuous Sunday calling. Does it not materially diminish the number of calls made? Delta's Hall Meeting been approved yet? how many members have you now? I am rejoiced if she is no longer the smallest and weakest. Is it now in [four?] [weeks?] that I shall see my dear? I can scarcely wait so long. The time passes

pretty slowly here. I really think it would be far better for me if I had some work to do out of school for I get real blue some days and I am convinced that the only reason is because I am too much of a lady of leisure. Some days the afternoon and evenings seem perpetually interminable. I wrote you about my visit at Judge [Hanna's?]; I had a very pleasant time. They are charming people.

Have you sent your invitations for Phil yet and have they all been accepted? How I do want to come. I pity my children on that day for I know I shall be as cross as a bear. Why wasn't I born rich and then I should have had to consult nothing but my inclinations in such matters. But it was not so, and now my only chance is to marry rich, and I never shall marry so there is the matter in black and white. I tremble every letter I receive from you lest you shall tell

me that you have transferred allegiances to one of the sterner sex and have become one of Mrs. Ray's clinging vines. I shan't go back on you, my dear, but I am in great fear of the terra firma.

My head is in a perfect whirl and I must stop. Write very soon, my dear, your letters do me so much good, particularly when I am feeling blue.

Devotedly your friend
Flo.