

Dear Mamma, -

I got your letter yesterday and cut out the center of the holes in the paper, to see which would fit my fountain-pen. The ~~[crossed out: big one]~~ little hole just slides over my pen, so if the edge of the tape is not thick that one will do very well. But if this measurement is the ^size of the outer edge and the cover is thick you had better ~~[pick?]~~ the big top. If the edge is thin get the little one. There is no special hurry, you can send it when you send the undersle ~~[crossed out: aves]~~ ^eves.

We all went over to the dance the other night and sat on the steps watching the girls ~~[crossed out: walk]~~ promenade. They danced in the dining-room in Main and promenaded up and down the ~~[crossed out]~~ corridors, which were all fixed up with ~~[mission?]~~-~~[crossed out: wood]~~ furniture and palms. Lady K. received in the parlors and some of the rest of the faculty. The girls looked dear, and we had lots of fun discussing them and their men. I should not have thought they would have wanted us gazing at them. In the afternoon I [...red] around with Margery Fulton. There was a lecture by President Hadely of Yale. We tried to make up our minds to go, but as we were afraid ~~[crossed out: to]~~ ^we would make a noise going in late and he did not look a bit interesting we decided just to take a good look so we could say we had seen him. You have no idea how funny it is to see men every way you turned, a third of the people at that lecture were men. Saturday morning the upper class girls who had men for the dance, chartered a boat and all went for the morning on the Hudson.

I can't find my gold chain ~~[crossed out: any]~~ anywhere. Did I leave it home? Won't you look and write me right away, for I don't want to lose it. If I did leave it home, don't be scared, for I may find it yet. I know it is not in my trunk or beaurow [sp:bureau], but I am not perfectly sure of every other place yet. My locket was not with it. I have that.

There really was ~~[not?]~~ much ~~[crossed out]~~ ^more happened to tell about. Today I have been wandering around, about everywhere. Before church I went to see some girls on the other street, that is Helen and Vera, then I took a walk with a girl, who used to live in [Euolia?], next I went to chapel, then took a walk with two other girls. The father of one of them is a professor of Greek at Bowin College, and we were wondering if it could have been he, who wrote that address of Dana's once. After lunch I started this letter and when I got about two pages of it done, Doris Ockley came in. She is the girl, who used to like in Newbur[y?]. After a while I walked back to the campus with her and went to see Bess Walson. I happened to see some water-color paintings on her wall and ask who made them. It was her mother, I said mine modeled ~~[crossed out: at that ...]~~. We had a strong bond of sympathy, and she siezed my hand as

we both told how we had been taken to art gallerys - the Metropolitan especially - and told how wonderful the statues and paintings were. How we had ^been forced to gaze [crossed out: d] at them [crossed out: f] hours, until our mothers finished admiring them. But we ended, by agreeing that after all there was some good in it, for when we came to writing English themes and see the things as statues, it was [crossed out: some] a little easier for us than for the girls who had never tried to see beauty in them before. Later I went to see [...] Evans. She is an awfully nice girl like everybody else, quite a wonder. She is only just twenty, that is twenty last February and has had almost every mathematic course in the college. [crossed out: But ... she is a] Well I stayed with her a while and [then?] she walked back with with me and I walked back with her, and then came home & had supper, and am now writing again, and as I have to get up early tomorrow, am going to bed at eight o clock --

With lots of love to you & Papa  
Margery

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