

Tuesday Monday[crossed out] Morning

Oct 8, 1901.

Dearest Daddykins

I have just fifteen minutes in which to write you a little letter to tell you that I am up to my fighting weight as you would say. When you see Mr Kiefer give him my love and tell him that I am having the time of my life. If I don't get a letter from somebody at half past eight (it is now eight) I won't know

what to think of my family.

I haven't done anything new at all. I just sleep, eat, walk, row, talk, study, and go to recitations.

Wasn't it exciting my going to church with Miss Sousa? I wish you could see Miss Honecutt. She is perfectly darling. One of the girls took a lot of kodak pictures of me on the lake t'other day, and when they are developed I'll send

them to you.

Well I am afraid the mail-man may come before I finish so I must say good bye to my dear little daddy

With bushels of love

from his Peggie.

Oh the postman has just come and brought me two luscious fat nice [neway] letters.

You and Maurie are angels. I am so sorry you have been sick honey. You must get well right away or I shall have to do something to you. Tell Maurie that the rubber fit all right and that my feet aren't so abnormally large as she seems to think. Tell her likewise that she is a peach for making me the cover for my tea-table. I really feel quite flattered to think my letter created such a sensation! Wouldn't it be lovely if the Holidays took the house?

Bye bye for sure now, for I have to study

POUGHKEEPSIE. OCT 8 130P 1901 N.Y.

Mr Joseph P. Shipp

1010 N. Del. St

Indianapolis

Ind.

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