

Monday Nov 11, 1901

Well Mamie dear

I got your letter and read your thing on Peggie which was great, and how nice it was in them to send you the little books! I got papa's registered letter to day, with the checks for which I am very much obliged. He seemed to be very much impressed by your beauty on the night of the dinner party! He said likewise that the eats were very good. I have just been

As you may divine

Oh sister mine

I do not pine

This night at nine

But I feel gay,

My wits do stray

Quite far away--

They do not stay.

But Oh 'tis fun

To let them run

After the gun

Marks setting sun

But back again

They come, and then

I drop my pen

To work till ten

Farewell

Peggie.

Poem on school

POUGHKEEPSIE, NOV 12 930A 1901 N.Y.

Miss Shipp

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