

Tuesday evening Feb 18.

Dearest Mamie

I never in my life saw such a snow-storm, or rather blizzard, as there was here all day yesterday. The snow came up above your knees! and there was a fierce wind that lashed your face, and heaped up the snow in great banks! I never saw anything like it out in Indiana, ahem! but

it wasn't a bit cold so I went to school big as life with the other girls and got soaking wet. Of course I changed my clothes when I got home but I was sort of tired out anyway and I got an awful backache. 'Twas not gone this morning so I skipped over to the doctor's office, saw Dr Thelberg, told her my tale of woe, she looked

upon my emaciated? form, felt my pulse, stuck her darned little thermometer in my teeth, said I had a little fever, then says she to me, says she, "go home and go to bed and don't get up" says she "till tomorrow noon when," says she, "you can come and see me if you feel better; otherwise I'll come and see you." With this threat she gave me ten or eleven different kinds of pills and bade me farewell.

As a result I have spent one of the most carefree, peaceful, and enjoyable day I've spent for ages. First I read some of the Golden Treasury, then Heroines of Fiction, then English Lyrics, and I've just begun Mrs Browning. My but how I do love and adore poetry! I could read it forever! I'm so much muchly obliged to you

for sending the English Poets! I am certainly looking forward to their arrival.

I am enclosing my doctor's bill for last semester which you can give papa. Besides the four dollars to pay that I would also like three dollars to pay the initiation fee to the Philalethean Society -- the big dramatic club of Vassar. There is going to be a play next Saturday night and

I have to fork up for a ticket so as I can go, and my cash on hand at present scribbling is a dollar and twenty cents, and I owe twenty five cents of that.

I was sorry to hear about the trouble you've had with Miss Merrill's book, and I hope your story comes out all right. How funny it seems for you to be writin' a story

an' we not there to hear about it!

By the way, Eloise's birthday is on the twenty first I think. Do you suppose she'd like another one of Trollope's novels? If you think she would, and will get it, I'll send you the money for it as soon as I get some, and shower blessings upon thy little pate! Or else tell dad to give you the money for it.

Well, methinks I must stop now, so fare thee well. The girls are all planning what they will dress up in Saturday night. I'm afraid it was too much of me to ask of you to have

that skirt made when you are so busy, but if you have had time for it, remember that it has to get here Saturday anyway.

With lots and lots of love

Peggy

Polly sends you slews of love, and many many thanks for the Valentine

Tell dad I got his nice letter Sunday.

Sick. What she is reading

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. FEB 18 930A 1902

Miss Shipp

1010 N. Delaware St

Indianapolis

Indiana.

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