

Dearest May Louise

Here is one of the flash-lights we took t'other night. Doesn't Polly look sweet? There was one taken of me alone, but it hasn't been developed yet. I'll send it

as soon as its done. Here is a dear one of Margaret Starr in her little old Quaker gown. Isn't it sweet? And it was such a pretty idea, having her stand in front of the curtain. Edith took the picture.

Please tell dad the bill came all right and are paid.

They did have a sort of a Skating Carnival between semesters when I was in Elizabeth, but the ice wasn't very good and there weren't many girls there. They intended having another night after the laundry burned, but the men were so worn out with fighting the fire, that they couldn't make the bon-fires, hang the lanterns etc, and now it has gotten so warm that I'm afraid there won't be any more ice, though usually there is skating all through March. I am very much disappointed, because I was just learning to do such glorious fancy stunts!

This morning I went to see Marie Honeycutt and had a fine time. Dora Waring was there and they were both just as nice as could be.

This is a picture of M. Starr, Rex, and last but not least, of the snow as it looked from our porch after the storm. Isn't it glorious. These two loose blue prints I want

you to send back as they are the only copies I have, and I want them for my memory book. They are not very good, but they show how deep the snow was. The little black line in each, is all that was visible of the fence between our yard and Van Ingen's! The one with the house in it shows the college buildings, so dad can see how far it is from our house to the college.

This -- I mean next week Eliza Davison is to be opened, and every single

Freshman, yea even the special students, will get on the campus except poor us at Whittock's! This is a sad world! Woe was we, wisely wailed wee Willie Winkie, wildly waving his wobbly wooden wooly wig with waggish wit!

Thanks sooooo much for getting E's present. I know it must have been awfully pretty. Bien - maintenant I have to write a theme on Matthew Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman." I simply adore it, don't you, but I don't fancy writing a theme about it -- especially as we are supposed to write to an audience that dislikes poetry, and try to make them see something in this poem, though it is probably the last poem in the world they'd care for if they didn't like poetry in general.

So. farewell

With gobbs of love

Peggy

Give my love to dad.

Saturday, March 1, 1902

Four weeks till spring vacation

Pix of Washington's birthday

POUGHKEEPSIE MAR [1] 530PM 1902 N.Y.

Miss Shipp

1010 N. Delaware St

Indianapolis

Indiana.

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March 1, 1902