

Wednesday Mch 12.

Dearest Mamie

I have a back attack of spring-fever. It is after three o'clock and I went to sleep accidentally after lunch. I woke up just now and found it was too late for me to go to Greek so I am writing this letter I had intended to write to night.

Yesterday I got a

perfectly lovely letter from Constance which I answered this morning. She is so sweet and fine. She is sad too, I think, and I hope you will see her at Easter. She goes home Mch 26th and has to be back April 3rd. I also got yesterday a terribly cute letter from Natalie which I shall answer as soon I I have time. My dear, last week

I spend days writing a treatise on My Theory of Poetry! It was terribly hard to do, and of course we weren't supposed to read anyone's else opinion on poetry. Now I am reading Pater's Essay on Style. I should like it better if I didn't have to read every sentence over three or four times in order to find the subject and predicate. Miss [Braun] has ordered for me the prettiest edition of Jeffries Pageant of Summer! It is the Mossure (don't know how to spell it) edition, with a very artistic cover, and printed on Japan vellum paper. She is going to get them for us for 65 or 70 cents.

The other night Mary Pratt had a grand celebration in her room. An aunt of hers who lives in Kentucky had sent her a great big box with all the good things to eat you ever hear of. There were slews of ambrosaic[ambrosiac] beaten biscuit!

jars of jam, olives, and p i c k l e s, oh such luscious home-put-up ones! Then there were slews of chicken croquettes which I heated on the chafing-dish! and last of all, the biggest layer cake I ever saw!

Yesterday when I took off the red shirt waist, (the thin one) which I had been wearing, there was a great rent in the back when it was too tight. My shoulders seem to be getting

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Lots broader and I don't know what to do. Maybe they (shirtwaists, not shoulders) would fit you better than they do me. I think I'll be needing those shirt waist suits very soon now.

I got a note this afternoon asking me to be in the chorus of the Greek play they are going to give out of doors this spring. Won't it be fun? I am crazy about it!

Don't forget, honey, to

send back those snow-storm blue-prints, and also the examination papers as I want to paste them in my Memory Book.

It is still awfully muddy out but the sun is out and it's nice and warm. Polly and I waded downtown and back yesterday and enjoyed it muchly even though it was such hard walking. At the present moment I should rejoice and be exceeding glad if it weren't that my nose tells me we are going to have pork for dinner. I never can touch it. I must say one gets a little tired occasionally of Whitlock diet and Whitlock grouches and Whitlock relatives. I have just purchased a glass of jelly and a box of crackers with which to console myself.

Faretheewell now, to yourself and dad

Your little Peggy.

Theory of Poetry

Food

Whitlock

POUGHKEEPSIE, MAR 13 930 A[M] 1902 N.Y.

Miss Shipp

1010 N. Del. St.

Indianapolis

Indiana

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