

Tuesday Mch 18, 1902

Dearest Mamie

I was awfully sorry to hear that you couldn't go to the contemporary club and to the dinner! It was a perfect measly shame! I am having troubles of my own. Here is a note I got yesterday. You may destroy it when you've read it, as I don't care to put it my Memory Book. I got back a Latin prose paper to day though that had only three little mistakes in it and was marked good. Such is life. I don't know what to do about the Algebra. Of course

I'll flunk the final exam which comes a week from tomorrow. I think I'll ask Miss Smith if she thinks I could get through if I tutored. Everybody pretty nearly is being tutored in one thing or another and maybe a few lessons now would pull me through. If they did they would be worth what they'd cost.

The man who owns the vacant lot next door has given us permission to make a tennis court there and we are going to do it right away, each girl giving 50 cts. You promised last fall to give me a tennis-racket, so don't you want to make

that your birthday present to me? Mary Pratt says you can get a nice one for two dollars and I could get it here. It sounds awfully cheeky, as I read it over, -- this specific designation of the benefit which you are to confer, but then it's what I should most like, and I know you want me to play tennis.

It was just a little unfortunate -- your writing to Dr Harley -- as I always went to Dr Thelberg. Besides, you may be sure that in case of any seniors illness the family of the girl is informed of the fact if the girl doesn't do it herself, so don't write again honey. I think I like Dr Thelberg better in a way, than Dr Harley, for she is cleverer and funnier to talk to. They both know their business and are awfully sweet but Dr Thelberg is more animated, and more like other people.

I have just heard that one of the dormitories at Brynn Mawr has burned down. I hope to goodness it wasn't Denligh Hall in which Constance is!

It is lunch time so farewell with slews and gobbs and chunks of love for you and dad, from thy little Peg.

I have my Xenephor here, and I'll send it to E if she still wants it.

Flunking Algebra [note]

"Wildly waved her wooden leg"

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. MAR 18 130P 1902

Miss Shipp

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Indianapolis

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