

Wednesday morning

Mch 19, 1902

My dearest daddykins

I got a New York Times from Mrs Whitlock yesterday to read about the Bryn Mawr fire and discovered that it was Denbigh Hall that burned -- the one in which Constance was! Poor child, I am worried to death about her. Thank goodness the dormitories here are lighted by gas. There isn't

an oil lamp allowed on the campus. It must have been a terrible nervous shock to wake up and find the house on fire, and of course I suppose the girls lost all their clothes and pictures and pretty things!

The other day I didn't do a thing but read seven copies of the Outlook through from cover to cover. I think you make a mistake

in not reading it. It is simply fine, and you can find out about everything that goes on without having to wade through column after column of sensational bosh.

What a nice time you seem to be having with aunt Banny. Sister says she is awfully pretty. I should like to see her ever so much. You both must have enjoyed the Contemporary club. It was a perfect shame that Marrie was sick and couldn't go.

I do declare, I think the Mason Griffiths fall-out is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. "What fools we mortals be." Ah me she cried and wildly waved her wooden leg with waggist wit!

I got a letter from Eloise yesterday and was awfully sorry to hear that she isn't very well. I hope she's not going to be sick.

Yesterday afternoon a Miss Helen Brown, (an alumna of Vassar since '78, evidently a person of note though I'd never heard of her before,) gave a lecture or rather read an essay to the freshmen on study: as a delight, an ornament, and an ability. It was very good indeed. She didn't say anything new but she said what she did say well. I verily believe that during the

fourteen years I spent in the G. C. S., Miss Sewall said pretty nearly everything there is to say on nearly every subject, both moral and intellectual, and all these big bugs that come to lecture here say just the things she said, only of course the point of view is often different.

The other day I picked up a French magazine, the Revue de Paris, in the library

and read a long article on Theodore Roosevelt. The article praised him the the United States up to the skies. The French seem to like us pretty well. M. LeRoux who gave a French lecture here last week said lots of nice things about us, but he thought we were

too rich and too extravagant, and he laid a great deal of stress on the charm of French women, and though he didn't say so, I think he likes French women a good deal better than the free and independent American woman.

I read an article the other day in which the author said he thought too much stress was laid on the trained mind in women's colleges, and not enough on general information. I agree with him exactly. If anybody can produce a convincing argument in favor of the study of higher mathematics, I'd like to see that person. Algebra is not only training my mind, but it's [unstringing] it. Well, I haven't time for anymore

So bye bye, slews of love, from Peggy.

Good. Mad about Algebra. Trained minds. Tennis event.

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