

Sunday Oct 19, 1902.

Dearest Mamie

Where is my Sunday letter? And why haven't I gotten a letter from you in I don't know how long?

I haven't a thing to write about. I had Claribel Kahn to dinner with me to day and have just washed my hair. Tuesday I am going to dinner with Nora Taggart. Yesterday I read about seventy pages of a

book on Economics by president Hadley of Yale, and it is more interesting than I can say. I am doing this to find out something about labour problems in general before tackling the particular one of the strike. The thing I like about argumentation is that we do everything ourselves. The instructor merely gives a subject to eight girls and they take sides, divide up the subject, and find out

about it in whatever way they can. The knowledge that the whole class will hear the result of your work, and the wish to have your side win, make your work hard.

Last night M. Starr had some eats and I ate so much that I feel a little headachey to day, so perhaps that is the reason that I did not enjoy Bishop Satarly (can't spell it) of Washington in chapel this morning, but I didn't and I thought he looked ridiculous in his bishop's garb of black, white, red, and orange, and we knelt and rose till I was simply exhausted. I shall go to prayer meeting to night and get some simple religion.

How is daddykins. Give him just slews of love

With love to yourself

Peg.

2nd Edition - Mon. morn.

Here is a letter I've just gotten from Hilda, and I think it worthy of her, generous and sincere. I am as sorry as she if there is to be a break in her friendship with Eloise. Eloise in her letter to me asked me if I knew that Hilda had deserted Miss Colgan, and I wrote her a twenty page letter, ignoring the question entirely. It was so

plainly asked and so plainly not answered that I don't know whether I was wise or not. It's a pity Miss Colgan doesn't see that it would be better for herself in the end if she kept still. I'm afraid she'll get everyone down on Hilda, and make any number of people unhappy. I'd like to tell her what I think of her.

Send Hilda's letter

back. I just got yours and am awfully glad you had such a good time at the house show Farewell

Peg.

Here is a verse of Ruth's apropos of a debate on "Railroads" which she is to lead next Friday.

When girls go home for Christmas vacation  
The railroads give them a rebate  
But when they go to argumentation  
The railroads give them a debate.

And here is another of hers, a parody on the song called "On a Sunday afternoon" -- over.

On next Friday afternoon  
On next Friday afternoon  
Would I were in Greenland or far away  
In Africa's forests or Hudson's Bay --  
On next Friday afternoon  
You will see this maiden swoon!  
Not a thought in my head,  
And I'll wish I were dead,  
On next Friday afternoon.

Here is a verse written by Ruth's sixteen year old sister which I think is worthy of Edward Leat: --

I knew a young person at noontide  
Who in a large pudding her spoon plied  
A most terrible pain  
Drove her nearly insane  
And in a hospital she soon died.

Penny and C Kahn, Nora Taggart  
Eloise + Hilda + Miss Colgan  
OCT 19 - 1902  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. OCT 20 5[PM] 1902  
Miss Shipp  
1010 N. Delaware St  
Indianapolis  
Indiana

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