

The Waldorf-Astoria
New York.

My beloved Dad

Here we are at the topmost pinnacle of glory. We came from Boston to New York on the fastest train in America; we ate the biggest dinner last night we ever did in our lives; in fact everything we do we do in the superlative degree

2.

This is the most beautiful place I ever saw in my life. If the people only wore powdered wigs, it would be just like an ancient court -- with its marble pillars lovely coloring, and furniture etc. Mrs Snow says this is the time when it is the very gayest of all.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxx

3.

Well, my dear, Mr and Mrs Snow have just taken us through New York. We went to Brooklyn, Jersey City, to several of the peers[piers] where we went through two steamers, one the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse. This is one of the largest and finest. Then we

went to an aquarium and saw all sorts of queer wonderful fish. By the way this is I think the finest aquarium in the world. I think I shall have to end this epistle as it is time for the evening meal to farewell

Peggie.

Tuesday morning

Dearest Maurie

The Underhill house is way up high overlooking the Hudson. Just at Ossining the river is most beautiful; the Palisades are there -- those steep high rocky banks that rise straight up out of the water. On Friday afternoon Ruth and I went for a beautiful long drive, up hill and down dale, past the mansions

of "the great plutocracy," past the place where Andre was captured, past Washington Irving's church, and the house where Ichabod Crane's lady love dwelt, and the road where he took his terrible ride -- on, on, till we came to Tarrytown. We got home just in time to eat an enormous quantity of good things. After supper we found that they had that same collection of songs that

we have with Punchinello in it etc, and to Margaret's accompaniment, who plays very well, I sang and sang. Mr Underhill was most complimentary, and the result was that I was begged to sing then again before some young men whom Mrs Underhill invited to

come in Saturday evening. Well, I did, and we had an awfully good time, had welch rarebit and coffee and enjoyed ourselves generally.

The next day was Sunday and we had a nice talku quiet day. Now they always take tea Sunday evening with Ruth's grandmother, Mrs Underhill who lives in a little white, white house about a square away. She is a dear old quaker lady that said: "And where does thee live, Miss Peggy." I never heard anything so pretty as the way they all said thee and thou to each other. We had the nicest

old fashioned tea you ever saw! Just what you read about grandmother's having -- and afterwards I sang hymns to her for a long time, and she did seem to enjoy it so. From there we went to the station -- and here I am, back in Poughkeepsie, with lots of work (and play) to look forward to. I have almost finished "The Egoist," and I don't know when I have enjoyed anything

so much before! Why I never read it before is beyond me. I am fortunate enough to have gotten in Miss Key's section in Literature for this semester -- Ruth and I are both in it. If I haven't told you about how interesting Miss Keys is -- I'll wait till I know her better and then do her justice if possible. I found no flunk notes awaiting me on my return. However -- Miss Reinecke tells

me that though I passed my examination I didn't pass it well enough to make the average of my semester's work high enough, so I'll have to take another exam in German, alas! But I don't much wonder, for putting aside the fact that German is the hardest course in college, and particularly troublesome to yours truly, that exam came the last one of five, and directly after a two hours exam in chemistry which is my next to hardest subject. But never mind, I can solace myself with having gotten through French, History, Argumentation, and Chemistry. Last night having taken a hot bath and a glass of milk before retiring, I slept well for the first time in three weeks. Did I ever tell you that Fraulein Reinecke is the daughter of Karl Reinecke the composer, and director in the Conservatory at Leipsig? She is awfully

attractive and interesting, but everyone is scared to death of her. With much love, Peg.

Extra.

Did you ever hear this story about Andre? When he was captured he said "I've gotten to the end of my string now!" "Oh no" said his captors, "there is rope left."

Have you been well lately Maurie? And how has dad been. An how's your coal bin?
What have you been doing for a week (weak) back?

Tra la

Your idiot sister.

Lovely

All about [unclear] house

Reading "Egoist"

Has to take reexam in German

Miss Reinecke - daughter of Karl Reinecke

POUGHKEEPSIE, FEB 3 530PM 1903 N.Y.

Miss Shipp

1010 N. Delaware St

Indianapolis

Indiana

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