

Friday night.

Dearest Mamie

I'm not as negligent as I seem in not having written to you before, for I poured boiling sulphur over my right hand in the laboratory and couldn't write with it before. It wasn't burned badly and is about all right again.

Here is a list of things I want you to bring. First and especially, that book of German Songs. Then The Tempest, which I need for literature. Prince Prigio if you have room.

My pink dress [if you have room]

My clothes brush

I have just discovered that I have a contralto voice -- at least so Mr Gow said. He examined my voice t'other day and said I could belong to the Choral Club if I'd sing alto -- so tomorrow morning I go to practice.

I spend one afternoon this week pressing out my colonial costume, which I shall wear tomorrow night. Rudge is to be a man and take me to the play. She has an adorable cherry colored silk coat and trousers with lace ruffs etc.

I am so sorry you've been so cold and uncomfortable at home. It's awfully cold here too. I'm like an icicle when I waken in the morning. I'm studying French awfully hard this semester and like it better than most anything. I give up on German. I cannot do it. I work + work, and flunk and flunk. I hope to goodness you can help me a little with it when you come. I'm in despair about it.

I've been to two fudge parties tonight and read the Murders in the Rue Morgue -- so I think it behoves me to retire and rest up. Before that however I have to do up my hair so has to have a Janice Meridith curl for tomorrow night, and you know what an elaborate process that always is with me, so farewell
Slews of love
Peg.

What her Sister should bring. Mishap in Chemistry

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. FEB 21 930AM 1903

Miss Shipp

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Indianapolis

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