

Sunday morning

Dear Mamie

Yesterday I had a nice time -- Choral Club rehearsal in the morning, a lovely walk in the afternoon with Rudgie and Bootoo, and a beautiful concert in the evening given by the [Daunrenther] Quartet of New York. I had worked so hard all week that I needed a rest. Just at present I am racking my brain for ideas on an essay to be handed in tomorrow, the subject being a comparison between Roister Doister, Gorboduc, Tamburlaine, bringing

out the rise and development of the English Renaissance spirit as shown in them. Which means that having just finished wading through those three plays, I'll have to go to work and read them over again, and I don't relish the idea. I've just finished reading Richard III and Twelfth Night. We certainly have an enormous amount of reading to do for literature and I'd like nothing better if only there weren't so many other things to do.

Evening -- Got your nice little note and left much comforted, but I haven't yet been able to write that awful essay. I've tried all day and

it's absolutely hopeless. It would be all right if we could take a flight and theorize about it, but oh no -- we have to prove by examples every single thing we say. If we say a thing lacks unity we've got to tell why! I heard to day of such a funny thing Miss Keys said to her Shakespeare class one day -- "You should not come to this class merely to be entertained, but to entertain some ideas." She knows all righty how entertaining she is, I imagine. She is more fascinating everyday. I am perfectly crazy about her -- can you wonder? Oh she is so clever! Why oh why, is she wasting herself in this wilderness, for such it must be to the instructors. I went to call on Miss Mann tonight but she was out as usual.

Next Saturday is the night of the Wellesley-Vassar Debate, this year to be celebrated here. My but won't it be exciting --

I do hope we'll win. About a hundred Wellesley girls are coming here, and as they aren't allowed to travel on Sunday they will have to stay here, dead lumps on our hands until Monday morning! Imagine how exasperating that will be for us which

ever side wins. If we win it will be hard to keep from gloating, and vice versa. We won't be able to entertain them any on Sunday, so goodness knows what they'll find to do.

The first of May is the Founder's Dance to which I've just invited Douglass Pierce, but haven't yet gotten an answer. I hope he will come because it's no fun at all unless you "have a man." Well, it is ten o'clock. Shall I go to be, or shall I write my esssssssssssay sssay? Alas

I fear I'm doomed anyway, because if I go to bed and don't hand my thing in tomorrow -- she won't like it. If I stay up and write it, I'll be so sleepy in class tomorrow that I won't be able to say anything. Now which did she do? You will never know whether it was the lady or the tiger.

Farewell

Peg.

I look forward to the skirt with much pleasure.

(over)

Here is a poem Rudge reeled off to day.

I

When mother comes to college

She glances round my room:

"Your pictures aren't quite straight dear,"

And, "do you use a broom?"  
She does it for you? still , "you nee  
Some slight housekeeping knowledge."  
-- I stand contrite before my judge.  
When mother comes to college  
II  
From unsuspected secret nooks  
She pulls the stockings out (realistic touch)  
Each garments darned and put away  
That's anywhere about.  
With unfamiliar button holes  
I struggle on in pain,  
Till buttons are displaced by pins --  
Then mother comes again.

Good Essay --  
Compare "Roister Doister, Gorboduc + Tamburlaine [bringing out]  
- - -"  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. APR 20 930AM 1903  
Miss Shipp  
1010 N. Delaware  
Indianapolis  
Indiana  
[Invites], Douglas Peirce  
Ruth's poem on mother

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
APR 21  
1230PM  
1903

