

Sunday evening

Dearest Mamie

I don't feel much like writing to-night so you needn't expect anything very interesting in the way of an epistle.

As to the tree ceremonies, they were great. All the sophomores met in the tennis-courts at half past eight on Thursday night. The moon shone brightly. We all donned costumes that consisted of a black slip and a white sheet draped over

one shoulder -- most ghostly looking upon my word. We were all supposed to be druids I believe. Two and two we marched out very slowly chanting a monotonous minor melody, went to our tree, and formed a double circle round it. Then came our tree song which was to the tune of the Kerry Dance, little Bootoo's suggestion, and which I'll sing to you when I come home. Then there was a

Druid Prophecy, all of which were impressive to see but are impossible to describe.

The Play given last night was perfectly exquisite. You can imagine how ideal Midsummer Night's Dream would be, given on a moonlight night on the slope of a hill with pine trees and apple blossoms for a background.

To day Hilda came at half past ten and stayed till half past three this afternoon. She was perfectly dear and we had an awfully nice time. I feel decidedly lonely now that she's gone though. I'm tired anyway of studying. We have to work too hard and we get too weary and worried for anything. I'm going to see what can be done in the way of getting some easy courses next year.

Well, farewell

I'll try and write a better one next time

Peg.

I had already sent my article to Mrs Sewall when I got your letter.

Tree Ceremonies

She's going to take easy courses next year

INDIANAPOLIS, IND MAY 13 1130PM 1903 [REC'D]

Miss May Louise Shipp

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Indiana

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