

Sunday Oct 18,

Dear people,

Here is a picture of the creature who conducted chapel services this morning. He was absolutely the [limit]. His gown looked exactly like a white kimono, and the way he made people stand, sit, and kneel was a caution. I stopped after a while and just sat still. How I dislike the spiscopal service, and especially when it is conducted by a man whose voice gets pitched up in [A.], and sticks there for an hour and a half.

This letter is not to be a tale of

woe however - not all of it anyway. I didn't get to take Dr. [Mann] out rowing and that was extremely disappointing, but the car in which she was coming up from town to meet me was out of order and late, so that we missed each other.

I spent the morning roaming round the campus alone reading J English. I chanced to meet Miss Wylie as she was waiting for a street car. She stopped me and we talked together for fifteen minutes and the adorable creature asked me to come to her

Thursday afternoons! I was so tickled I didn't know what to do, for to know Miss Wylie well is now one of the ambitions of

my life. She is so individual, so immensely interesting. She lives down town and keeps house with Miss Buck (the one [mrs forest] knows and who writes for the [century] now and then). You just can't think how nice it was to be asked to come, for one usually feels one is boring an instructor awfully by going to see [them] without a special invitation.

On the strength of my elation I went to see Miss Keys in the afternoon. She was delightfully cordial and talkative, but I'm afraid I'll always continue to feel just a little uneasy with that genius. Somehow I never say such brilliant things as I'd like to say before her. I'm not afraid of her at all in class though. She was talking the other day about her ideas of the really scholarly way to study Shakespeare and she said, "And observe that most of what is said in classes about the characters in Shakespeare is mere gossip, I think you will all agree [with] me there, will you not - that it is mere gossip" Can you remember her inflections well enough to hear her saying it? I thought it awfully good. We certainly are studying in a scholarly way if hard work has anything to do with scholarliness. The way we have to read folio editions and variorum editions and pastoral literature in both French and English is a caution.

Margaret Underhill has been here since Friday evening visiting Rudge, and if she was attractive last year I wonder what you'd call her now! She is the most ravishingly pretty and charming creature I ever

saw! How I wish you could see her. She is stunning as to style, carriage, manner, everything. She has qualities of beautiful yellow yellow hair and great grey eyes and pink and white skin. I had her over to dinner with me to day and everyone in the

dining-room turned to look at her – and with all her beauty she is less conscious than Ruth.

Friday night Edith Talbut gave a party and last night Rudge gave one – and it was a corker. We all went dressed up. Several of the girls were army officers, Betty was one and I went as her little brother, Wee Willy Winkie, the mascot of the regiment. Rudge was the Virginian and did him perfectly, Esther was an English lord, Margaret was M. Beaucaire, and there were some American gentlemen in real

sure enough dress suits. And everyone kept up his part the whole evening. There was a policeman there too. The eats were fine and so was the fun. Most of us were from Lathrop and we left Strong at a quarter of ten. When we got home we found lots of girls in the parlors, someone played the piano, and we had a lively dance in the corridor. To day after dinner I listened to the finest pianist I ever heard except [Paterewsky]. She is a freshman, a Russian named Milovouski (can't spell it). Her father is a Russian officer in Poland, her mother an American, is a Vassar graduate. The girl is very foreign looking, has no beauty or style, wears her sand colored hair down in a braid, but she has an interesting face, and

her playing is wonderful, wonderful! She'll be a proffessional[professional] of course. She sings too, and they say she has an unusually great range.

I'm afraid this letter isn't very interesting, and it's a pity because my "material" was quite good I thought when I began, but I'm so sleepy I just can't keep my eyes open.

Good night

Slews of love

Peg.

How she feels about Episcopal service, [unclear], Studying, Milovouski
13.

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Miss May Louise Shipp

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