

Thursday morning.

Vassar College,

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Dearest Mamie,

I've been "laid up" this week, as Miss Keys would say. Monday afternoon I spent two heavenly hours skating on the lake, and all would have been well if Helen Beebe going full speed had not made a sudden turn and run into me. Of course as she weighs about 170lbs I went

backward in the twinkling of an eye, and she landed on top of me. Fortunately I didn't hit my head, and on being put on my feet and led to the shore, I walked home, but the end of my spinal column hurt like sixty -- I took a hot bath and went to bed. After supper Dr Thelberg came over with the awfulest looking lineament you ever saw. Polly put it on later with the skill of a

trained nurse. Next day Dr Thelberg put on plasters and such, and to day it is very much better though I can't walk up and down stairs without its hurting. Otherwise I'm feeling fine.

Polly got a letter from Cerene this morning and it seems that her physician has said she must go south unless her health improves very much within the next week. She can't come back to college at present anyway, and very likely will not return at all. Isn't that too bad?

I'm glad you enjoyed Mr Yeats -- I've been reading Tolsor's[Tolstoy's] "What is Art?" and some of Maeterlincks essays + plays in the original for Shakespeare. You certainly ought to read them if you haven't -- [Interieure] is a wonderful play! Read them in the original though -- it's easy French and the translations don't get the spirit at all. They are ludicrous. Adieu

Much love, Peg.

Tolstor[Tolstoy] --

Hurt herself skating, Cerene

Maeterlinck

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