

Saturday evening.

Dearest Mamie

Well, it pays in a way to be disabled. I have been given this week by various of my friends two boxes of Swiss Sweet chocolate, a box of Huyler's, grape fruit, oranges, a plate of fudge, a plate of molasses candy, and a lovely bunch of flowers! Yesterday, being tired of staying in the house and not being able to trot around in the snow, I went for

a sleigh ride with Elsie Rushmore and Miss Mann. Of course we had a lovely time. The air was fine, we had a good fast horse, and a driver. I felt pretty tired afterwards though and stayed in bed all day to day until dinner time, but I think I'll be all right by Monday. They had intended to have the skating carnival to-night but (fortunately for me) it snowed all afternoon and they

couldn't get the ice cleared off in time so it is postponed until next Saturday when I shall be in fine skating trim again.

Polly, poor child, is in the infirmary with quincy, and Sally Duke is there too. The latest news from Cerene is that she will be back after semesters.

I've been having such a good time to day reading Maeterlinck. I've read three hundred pages of French in two days -- how is that? I've just finished such an extraordinary play -- La Princesse Maleine! I was a good deal relieved to find how true a critic of his own characters Maeterlinck is, when in a preface to one of his volumes of plays he says he knows that the characters often seem like "somnambulists who are a little deaf." Alas though -- they say that Maeterlinck is married, has an automobile and is ceasing to be a "mystic" any longer!

That was a very nice note from

2.

Dora which you sent me, and the one from Mr Ross is delightful.

My French is going to be quite nice next semester I think. It is both a reading and writing course. I don't know that I shall care particularly for Miss Epler, but I always like French. The reading will I fancy be very easy for me. We shall study French literature of the eighteenth century -- Le Sage, Voltaire,

Saint-Pierre, Hugo, La Fontaine etc, and poetry too. I should have preferred the course in French comedy with Miss Rogers for some reasons, but the hours are the same as those of my Shakespeare class, and then there is no writing in the course, and that is what I need more than reading.

I really oughtn't to sit here writing to you -- I have enough to do to turn one's hair green! But I'm

trying nobly not to worry about exams this time. The one thing I love to cram for is history, if it only weren't such an overwhelming piece of work. What I don't have to read for English and Philosophy in the next week isn't worth mentioning.

Well, once more must I tackle "What is Art?" My but that Tolstoi man is interesting.

Lots of love to you and dad

Peg.

++++ Sunday -- not that I have anything to say, but here goes. Rudge came over for dinner to day and afterwards we read the Land of Heart's Desire aloud. It positively bewitches me. Betty, the naughty child, keeps calling the author "The Martyr Mystic," or "Yeats

3.

the Yellow Yearner." After our reading and talking we went for a little walk. Then I met two nice freshmen whom I know, Louise McNeal and Margaret Lamby, and brought them in to five o'clock tea. The new apron was a prominent feature of the entertainment. Now it is supper time and I am tired and cross. I am somewhat consoled though when I see and smell the sweet bunch of narcissus that

Henrietta Rushmore gave me. I have on my green skirt and my white silk waist, the flowers are green and white, and I feel like an advertisement of my class (green + white being class colors). If I were only the princesse Maleine the color scheme would be complete -- she had white eyelashes and a green complexion!

I've used my banjo quite a little since I brought it back. Fanny Bell and I play together,

she on her violin, and it really sounds very well. We are going to play for a corridor dance sometime. Betty and I are going to give a grand party between semesters. We have a sort of vacation you know from Thursday till Monday after the exams. It is to be primarily an "author's reading" of the worst of our freshman themes -- they are returned to us you know in our junior year.

Bien, I have to go to chapel, worse luck, and right after that I'm going to bed, so bonne nuit.

Toujours a toi

Peg.

Here is a picture of Lincoln-Douglas. Isn't he sweet! He is on the table across the room and I couldn't resist drawing him.

Food for being sick.

Maeterlinck.

Freshman theme returned Jr. year

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