

Thursday March 10 1904

Dearest Mamie,

I am at present listening to Hayden's oratorio "The Seasons" as rendered on an orchestral (automatic organ arrangement) by [Gow] boy. I am almost asleep, but quite happy. It is just after lunch, and as I'd go altogether asleep if I just listened to the music and nothing else, I decided I'd begin a letter to you. (Prelude has just been finished) Gow boy is going to sing part of it now -- he can't sing for a cent, but don't shoot him, he is doing his best!

By the way, you remember don't you that the verse about Miss Bacorn was on her fondness for coeducation? Well my dear, what did she do after reading it at the table but announce her engagement as a grand surprise! Did you ever hear of anything so odd in the way of coincidences. None of them have found

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out positively as yet that we got up the party but I am suspected -- Miss Reinecke recognized my handwriting I think.

We are all feeling very sorry for dear little fraulein Berukopf to day. She got a cablegram yesterday with the news of the death of her mother. Of course she can't go home, clear to Germany -- isn't it sad! She is so young and so very un-American. Fortunately there are several of her country-women at Vassar.

Sarah Beireinster is going to sing now -- you remember her don't you? She has a perfectly exquisite voice +++++ there, that was worth listening to. Good for old Hayden.

I'm so sorry you feel tired -- if it is as sunny and beautiful weather at home as it is here to day you must be feeling better 00 my own spirits are way up (Sarah just struck [unclear] I think). Had such an interesting Shakespeare class this morning -- we discussed papers we had written comparing Romeo and Juliet with Stephen Philip's Paola and Francesca -- Miss Keys said

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such a good thing about Stephen Philip -- "He doctors his atmosphere, distinctly, do you not think so?"

I am awfully anxious for my shirtwaist suits to get here so I can see them. I know they'll be stunning.

I think Cerene Ohr has the worst manners, the worst taste, and the most material way of looking at things I ever knew of. I saw such a lot of Polly while she was at home, but I just can't go Cerene. I think she's sweet -- yet, and pretty, but! I dropped in on them last night, found them both in and was having a nice time with Polly. Cerene said all of a sudden "Polly's coming out to visit me late next summer. You'll do something for her won't you? I'm getting afraid people will get tired of giving things if I have so many guests. I suppose mother can get the Careys to give something." Well, I said "Well, I just guess I would give something for Polly" but I felt like saying; 1st, Polly is just as much my friend as yours and

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needn't talk as if you owned her; 2nd, when I have guests I don't find it necessary to ask people to entertain them; 3rd, and in any case I should not do so in the presence of the guest. I didn't say any more though and left very shortly. You can't do anything but putty a girl like that -- and keep away from her. She actually doesn't know any better. Polly didn't say a word, but still I don't believe she minded it -- there are lots of things Polly doesn't mind that I do, or she never could room with Cerene. Cerene looks ill though and I feel sorry for that. My friends are so much more interesting than theirs I think. Our table is so nice -- every meal is a pleasure.

I must get ready to go to a history lecture now, so goodbye, you nice old thing!

Oodles of love to you and daddykins

Peg.

Stephen Philips  
Paola + Francesca

Head at Cerene Ohr  
POUGHKEEPSIE, MAR 10 1904 N.Y.  
Miss May Louise Shipp  
1010 N. Delaware Street  
Indianapolis  
Indiana.  
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