

Sunday

Dearest May Louise

Awful sorry you feel or felt blue -- p'raps you are all right again now: you must be if the weather at home is absolutely perfect as it is here. It is just as warm and bright as can be. I think I'd be writing verses if I didn't restrain myself -- but don't worry, I shan't waste any of my precious time doing that. By the way, I enjoyed so much the poem you sent me of Josephine Dodge Daskam, and the

one by Miss Buck I liked too. She compresses her thought so that I think one has to read her things very carefully to appreciate them, but she seems to me to have a good deal of ability. Doesn't she somehow look poetic -- you remember her picture in the front of the Vassarian don't you? I shall have her in English next year. I'm going to cultivate her and Miss Wylie and Dr Harley -- Miss Keys is going abroad on a years leave of absence, and -- now here is a dead secret which I was told not to tell even

Betty so you mustn't breach it, but Miss Mann isn't going to be here next year! She is either going to Anarbor to get a doctor's degree, or to Chicago University where her brother is a professor. You've just no idea how sorry I am -- she's been just too nice to me for words this year and I saw a lot of her. We like each other in such a nice rational way and I shall miss her ever and ever so much. Are you still thinking of coming here in May? Better asks every little while whether you've mentioned coming lately. I must dress for dinner now -- farewell till later.

8 P.M. Stuffed at dinner, then talked to girls for a while, et alors I went for a perfectly lovely walk with Betty and Elsie Rushmore. Such a day I never hope to see again! We didn't get back till after five, then we had to dress for supper, et voila tout. Betty is all right again now I'm glad to say. Out-door gym work begins tomorrow and I expect to spend

an hour every day out in the athletic circle. The sample for your shirt waist suit is awfully pretty I think. Oh, I remember a question you asked me in one of your letters "can you read my writing." Yes, with the greatest ease, but nobody else can. Occasionally, when I show sentences to people, I have to read them myself in the end. I'm sure I don't see

why though -- it's as easy as pie for me.

We are going to have some good concerts and lectures in the next two weeks, and the [next] Founder's Address on May 1 is to be given by ex-secretary Lory.

Nothing has happened lately -- for my part I've been very busy studying and probably shall be for some time to come.

I'm most awfully sleepy -- just about ready to pass away, and I feel that I am drooling,
yea, that I am writing "worcs, words."

Here is one of the songs with which we regaled ourselves at [Roxmor].

Tune -- Where oh where are the verdant freshman

Where, oh, where is Sophia Richardson (math instructor)

Where, oh, where is she?

She is sitting on a parallelepiped

Down in the world below.

Sis Boom Bah! I smell her burning

Down in the world below!

Farewell now, I must to bed

Oceans of love to you and dad

Peg.

Tear this up.

About Miss Mann's leaving

About Roxmor

POUGHKEEPSIE, APR 11 12M 1904 N.Y.

Miss May Louise Shipp

1010 North Delaware Street

Indianapolis

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. APR 12 2-PM 1904