

Saturday evening

Dearest May Louise,

This afternoon was perfect -- such gorgeous weather to begin with -- and the play, *The Taming of the Shrew*, given out-doors on a hillside with the trees as background! Oh it was so lovely. It was splendidly given, and the play itself is so lively and full of fun. It wasn't so beautiful to look at as the moonlight performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream*

last May, but it was better acted.

A night or two ago I'd been working hard on my Shakespeare topic and couldn't go to sleep, so in bed I composed a Lyric of my own. It began with the sound of the name Kris and for general idea I thought of how "Kris" lets me go on forever in my youthful enthusiasms over things in general and then says with a laugh, Yes, I did so, or thought so "in my palmy days." Of course she does it just to tease me. Well, here it is:

A Lyric.

1.

There's a lady that I know
Often says -- Yes, I did so
In my palmy days -- But O
Pretty Kris,
Why say this?

2.

An she weren't so wondrous charming
One might think her plight alarming
Pity her, "Alas" -- no harming --
"What's amiss
Pretty Kris!"

3.

Surely she cannot believe
That there's really cause to grieve!
Does she herself deceive?
Pretty Kris
Is it this?

4.

Or would she a way be seizing
For to do a little teasing,
-- Thereby being doubly pleasing!
What of this
Pretty Kris?

5.

Shame on her to tease at all
One who's far from big and tall, --
So amusing-young, so small!
Cruel Kris
To do this!

6.

But I cannot long abuse her,
-- If I did, 'twould just amuse her --
Soon, she goes away, I lose her.
Then, ah then how much I'll miss
My pretty, pretty Kris!

I took it over to her this morning and she was too pleased for anything. She laughed and laughed over it and said it was ever so pretty. She was sort of surprised I think to see how well I knew her amusement sometimes at my infantile ways.

I'm so tired I don't know what to do and I won't be sorry to stop work in four weeks aside from the joy of getting home and seeing you. Dr Harley gives me a lovely tonic to take in milk three times a day -- but I'm not sick. It's nothing but mental weariness and I've been very careful not to stay up late or work too hard. Guess I'll to bed now and write some more in the morning. Oh, while I think of it though -- Douglas Pierce was up this week for a day or two with

Theresa, and called on me. I was out, but I saw him afterward and had a very nice little talk with him. The two Sullivan boys were up yesterday to see Cerene -- I was that they had on very conspicuously new straw hats, but that was from my chamber window -- I didn't see them to speak to them. I stayed in bed till half past twelve this morning, and I've been in my white silk kimono reclining on my couch all afternoon. It has rained all day, and just suited my lazy mood. Different people have come in and regaled me with amusing chat. College girls do certainly know

how to talk. To be sure we laugh a lot at things that aren't really funny, but there's about as much of the real article floating around as you're likely to find anywhere I fancy -- invitation is a fine art among some of the girls; they can do it to perfection. Elsie Rushmore can take off to a T at least half a dozen of the instructors. Have I ever told you about how nervous and fussy Miss Reinecke across the hall from us is? Well, she always going round to different one of her neighbors and telling them to be more quiet -- a thing instructors here are not supposed to do. Not long ago, the choral Club was given a song to sing composed by her father and called "Oh, grateful evening silence." It has become a watchword -- we sing it softly whenever we think

we're likely to incur a visitation from "Charlotte." She's really very nice on the whole though and can be exceedingly entertaining when she wants to be.

Bobby French and Betty have just made me some lovely milk toast for supper so I'll stop and eat it now

Farewell

Slews of love

Peg.

Taming of Shrew

Poem to Chris[Kris]

[Talk] - Miss Reinecke

POUGHKEEPSIE, MAY 16 130PM 1904 N.Y.

Miss May Louise Shipp

1010 North Delaware Street

Indianapolis

Indiana

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