

Saturday night.

Dearest Mamie

Thanks so much for the General Joy Program, and dag nab the Reader for not taking your Henry James article! The samples of your new gown are altogether fetching and those colors will be particularly becoming to you. Yes, I guess you'd better send the cape if you think it's not too dirty to wear. As I remember it though it looked rather gray. I spent yesterday afternoon

and most of this morning working are Vassarion drawings. Then I went to Choral Club, and after luncheon Elsie and her sister and I took a lovely walk and didn't get back till half past four. Just now I feel pretty tired. The hay fever sort of wore me out this fall because I haven't felt very energetic since I've been back, even in the walking line, but I'm gradually picking up and I certainly don't feel sick at all. Wish you could have seen the size of the dinner I

consumed tonight. What sort of a cook is Pearl? Your plans for the upstairs sitting room sound great. Guess I'll wait and finish this tomorrow -- I haven't got mind enough to spell straight tonight. ++++

Well, here it is Sunday night and another twenty four hours has gone by, but nothing has been [doing]. I have eaten three meals, read two stories in McClure's, part of Bernard Shaw's Candida, and part of a Fabian Society tract by said author on the inconvenience of being a millionaire forsooth. The rest of the time I just sat.

Got a note from Eloise in which she said she was crazy about our "little two by four home." Hope she'll hurry up and come to Poughkeepsie. And don't you give up coming. Has Mrs Griffiths gone to New York yet? Politics is the topic of conversation at V. C. just at present. I've decided there are too many republicans, so I'm going to vote for Parker.

Betty is a violent republican, so we are going to get two posters, one for Parker and one for Roosevelt, and put them outside our doors. Tell Mr Kiefer I thought of him when I decided to become a democrat.

Ruth McCulloch was telling me yesterday about Constance's saying she'd like an opera coat for next winter -- Mr Lewis sent to Chicago for the most beautiful one he could get, and he said

Constance's one moment of ecstasy at receiving it repaid him a thousand times over. She has a birthday on the second of November and I certainly want to send her something.

Monday morning

Thank you for sending the cape Mamie. You're a duck and no mistake. Don't do too much and get all tired out. Farewell

Slews of love to you both  
Peg.

Nothing  
[Fabian Society]  
POUGHKEEPSIE N.Y. OCT 17 5PM 1904  
Miss May Louise Shipp  
1010 North Delaware Street  
Indianapolis  
Indiana