

Wednesday afternoon.

Dearest Daddykins

Thanks ever so much for the check, and you were a duck to send the extra five dollars! It is cold and snowy here - I hope you have gotten the heating arrangements in order now so that you won't freeze. I went skating yesterday for the first time this year and it was great. Then I came in and wrapped my-self up on the couch by the window and watched the sunset. You

just haven't any idea of how perfectly beautiful the sunsets are. Every night for an hour the sky and the mountains and one star are glorious, and the towers of the new chapel and the new library look as if they belonged to ancient castles.

Frances Anderson has had a hard time lately -- her father came to New York to consult some physicians, Frances went down to see him and he was very ill while she was there, and has

now started back to Florida alone when he is in no condition to travel -- he insisted on Frances' coming back to college, and poor child is just worried to death! She isn't very strong anyway, and seventeen is too young to come to college no matter how bright you may be.

I think it was too sweet of anything of Dora to say she wanted me to have that coat, and I am just about to write and tell her so. I'm furious at the Hodges and the Hollidays for giving their parties before I get home. I got a note from Marian Miller the other day. She says she has been having a mighty gay time this winter. I must write to Dora now, so farewell

Lots and lots of love

Peg.

POUGHKEEPSIE DEC 7 5PM 1904 N.Y.

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