

Sunday.

Dearest May Louise

I had the most perfect time ever yesterday. Florence took Betty and Kath and me for a grand sleigh-ride -- Miss Mann and Miss Haight couldn't go after all -- and then to Smith's for hot chocolate and stuff. Last night was the party at Prexys and it was very nice but I was sort of tired and sleepy. I talked to dear little prexy for quite a while. I do like him so much this

year since I've seen more of him. We sat down at little tables for six for refreshments and I sat with Kath, Hazel Straight (the one who visited the Richard Harding Davis's and borrowed the clothes) Helen Babson, awfully nice and interesting, Lilian Griffith daughter of William Eliot Griffith who writes things, and President Slocum of Colorado College -- so there was good talk and awfully good things to eat too; lobster salad, chicken croquettes, rolls, coffee, and ice cream and cake. The house is lovely inside -- just made for entertaining and all in awfully good taste.

Monday --

Yesterday Betty gave a party for a dear little girl who came up to visit from Bridgeport. We had a grand supper which Betty cooked and a good time generally though I was sort of under the weather -- it's snowing out so I'm going to stay in this afternoon. I've been trying to write a valentine for the one I want to be my valentine most of all -- can you guess who it is? My brain isn't working very well though, -- but if the valentine gets to her late, the person mustn't be anybody else's valentine anyway -- she must just wait. I got the sweetest letter from Mrs Robbins this morning telling me to come surely on the fourth and she will take me to the opera Faust Saturday afternoon, and Charles will take me to anything I want to see at the theatre [at] night she sent me a list of all the plays and told me to choose the one I wanted! Maybe I'm not looking forward to it. I asked Marie Morse about the fare to Washington -- its ten dollars the round trip from New York; then of course it's a dollar from here to New York making

Twelve in all just as I thought. Farewell, Slew of love, Peg.
Do give my love to cousin Fanny. I'm oh so sorry for her!

Miss May Louise Shipp

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POUGHKEEPSIE, FEB 13 630PM 1905 N.Y.

Food at Prexy's party

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