Dear Helen,—

I suppose you think I am dreadful not to write you before this, but as you are a college girl yourself, you have something of an idea what a busy life it is. The girls are always running in and we don't have any time to write letters. Our room is right next to the bathroom, and we call it the "waiting room." Everybody stops in while they are waiting to go in; you see the door is always locked. We have lots of fun though. The girls are all dandy. I haven't them all learned,
but know most of them.

It is just nine-thirty p.m. now. I took a bath an hour ago to avoid the rush, and dressed again to be more comfortable. We went to vespers tonight and it was dandy. There was a short speech by a lady in memory of Mr. Durant. She graduated in 1880. This morning the sermon was by a man from Boston on 'God is Love.' We went clear in the back and couldn't see anything so I don't know much of about it. The first Sunday in the year here is called 'Flower Sunday,' and the front of the chapel was all decorated in flowers. Martha Myers and a friend of hers called this afternoon. She invited me to go to the first party of the Barn Swallows with her; I think it is next week.

Last night I went to the Christian Association with Maudie White. I had to go clear up to Laguere after her. It was raining so we wore raincoats and didn't dress up much. I walked up with Alice Coasa, who was going with a girl at Beete. Maudie took good care of me and introduced me to lots of people. I have over fifty names on my card. She makes me think of both Sue Winans and Mildred Lee Oates. Did you even think of it? I think Isabelle McCready is just the dearest thing. The reception was a grand crush. They had speeches by the Dean, Mrs. Durant, the Christian Association and Student Government presidents, then sang Wellesley songs and gave the 'musical cheer'.
Persis Pursell came to see me today but I was out. I found her note when I got back from vespers. Katharine Pandeo was in the other day. She certainly is not pretty but is nice. I haven't seen Elizabeth Bryant yet. Have been by tissek several times but always in a hurry.

I suppose Mamma wrote you about our purchases in Boston yesterday. You wait till you see my evening coat! We are supposed to wear them to vespers but I didn't want to.

I am to have my physical examination Wednesday morning. I dread it like sixty.

Well I think I must stop now. The ten o'clock bell just rang and that means shut up. Our lights don't go out though - not all night.

As ever,

September twenty-fifth. Mary.

Nineteen ten.