P.S. All we who take Botany have to go to Cambridge this week or next and see the glass flowers.

P.S. What about my ticket, etc. home? If I'm in Boston next week shall I engage the berth?

11 Croplou,
Wellesley, Massachusetts,
7 March, 1911.

Dear Mamma,-

Just a few lines before we go to work at the other play - "Hope-You-Like-it!"

We have advertised a rehearsal for tomorrow night at seven o'clock and have only written a little over one act. We are rehearsing every night now, - from seven to seven-thirty only. Miss Swift thinks we can have it all right.

I forgot to tell you that I also need a coat and some gloves. My long white ones I had cleaned, and they are now torn worse than ever, - too badly to look nice.
My blue gloves are worn through at the tips. There are just two things that I seem to have a plentiful supply of—handkerchiefs and stockings.

Received your letter this afternoon. I'm glad you didn't go out anywhere and also that you seem to like Allegany County air once more.

Helen Stearns came back yesterday. Isn't she wonderful? She is as cheerful around the house as though nothing was the matter, although of course not as buoyant as before. I marvel at her every minute! She went bright to her teachers yesterday afternoon and found out about her work. We are so glad to have her back.

1914 did finally get a quorum yesterday afternoon, and elect three new officers. But the meeting lasted till way
after six, so of course we were awfully late to dinner. I had on a middy blouse and looked like everything, but it couldn’t be helped. I was up in the library the whole day long, getting material for a research theme which is due on the 21st, the very last Tuesday. It is to be about the visiting nurses. I never heard of them before but it is really very interesting.

The Senior Operetta is this Saturday night. Of course we are crazy to go. I don’t see how those people have time to get up a thing like that.

Do you remember that last summer I had a letter from Ernie Russell, a senior? She came to see me here once, but I was out, and she never came again. I didn’t have a chance to go and see her. I’m so sorry now that I didn’t, because she is very prominent and I’m sure I’d like her. She is Treasurer of the Christian Association.
but her long suit is music. She sings in the choir—really has a very nice voice—and plays the piano well. She also has written several Wellesley and class songs. She has charge of "swing" etc. occasionally. Today she was at a faculty recital that I went to, to hear the music. I hate to go and see her now because it would look queer.

The recital was given by Miss Hard, one of the piano teachers, and Mr. Currie of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It was awfully good. I'm more sorry every day that I can't take music here. Wouldn't it be possible for me to take some lessons of June this summer? Then perhaps I could get in the orchestra next fall.

Had a history quiz today which was quite bad.

Must stop now.

Sincerely,

Mary

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