206 College Hall,  
Wellesley, Massachusetts,  
9 November, 1911.

Dear Papa:

Of course you realize that it's a great treat for me to have a nice letter from you, such as the one which came to-day. When I think of how you dislike to do them, I appreciate it all the more. I was much pleased to have all points answered so carefully.
I hope Mamma has reached home by this time, which is quite likely. I'm sorry she couldn't be spared now to come out here. But I am planning a lot on your visit in February.

I feel like shouting when I think of all those dry towns back then. It looks as if Prohibition was gaining, doesn't it? It is interesting to note that the majority against drug store is more than in anything else. Did you know that Honeoye Falls went dry too? I mean the town of course, not the falls. They are dry quite often.
We had a fire drill tonight at nine-fifty (some time ago). It was very quiet and not a bit exciting. The costumes ranged all the way from kimonos to evening capes.

I might explain that training lasts only during the sport season, which terminates Field Day. Of course we don't need to keep training for gym, which is supposed to be highly beautifying in itself.

Our music "piano class" or whatever it is, had its first meeting this afternoon. It was very interesting. Mr. Hamilton talked and gave us information about various pieces which were
played and sung by pupils. We wrote it all down on cards for future reference.

Miss Stowe gave me the good news that next week I am to have my lesson on the chapel organ, as the music I play now demands three manuals and more stops. Doesn’t that sound like progress?

Chapel has been changed to eight-twenty in the morning, which makes us hustle some but gives more time afterwards.

If you were here, you would send me to bed now, so I think I better go anyway. Wish I could be home over Sunday with Helen.

Lovingly,

Mary.