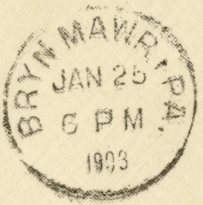

Mrs Thomas L. Greene.
49 West 68th Street.
New York City

I don't want the bag returned

NEW YORK, N.Y.
JAN 26
1 - AM
1903

Merion Hall
B. M. C.

My darling Mother,

The snow is falling fast and I am sitting in a disorderly little study writing you what I am about to do before I begin to do it. The full sum of me, now, like the rest of the students, is intermittently studying and raving at the Dean. Our revered

president, through the faculty
has just ordained that there be
proctors to every three people in
the coming Exams. We have
risen in a body to protest
If we are worthy of self govern-
ment, we are worthy of an
honor system during Exams.
Friday we had a mass meeting
and drew up a petition requesting
that the proctors should be
withdrawn for next week
and stating that we would

pledge our selves to remedy the
Cheating. The Dean refused
to Call a meeting of the faculty
Thereupon the officers of Self.
Gov., Under grad, and the classes
Called upon Miss Thomas to
ask an explanation why she
had not granted our right
of appeal. The Dean talked
steadily for two hours, and so
great is her hypnotism, that
the girls felt shaky, till

they got out. But she was forced to promise them the honor system for the finals, ~~even~~ though it is too late to change the arrangements for the Mid years.

Such excitement as this makes us talk steadily all day and sends us to bed pretty tired. Please dont say anything about this out side the immediate family, because

Civil wars are bad for the reputation of the college and everything will probably come out right. We are so angry at "M. Carey's" double dealing that we can't say a nice thing of her. She brought this whole thing to pass by telling the faculty that we wanted proctors, and by telling us that the faculty insisted on it, because we cheated. She has gotten tangled up

in her ~~tangled~~ intricate
web of lies

To return to more personal
matters – The Settin Alumnae
is planning a dance for Friday
the Fifth – "a dove affair". I
am not sure that I want to
attend, though I suppose it is
my duty.

Elsie Henry's mother is
giving a tea or "Rappee Klatsch"
on Saturday the Seventh and
she wants me to receive

with Elsie

I am longing for Tuesday. These plagued Exams are an awful strain and a week at home would set me down to the ground.

In one of the physiology Exams the professor said "Trace your breakfast" and a timid student wrote "I didn't eat any". Even Midyears have a funny side

Your loving daughter
Anne.

Jan. 25th [1903]

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