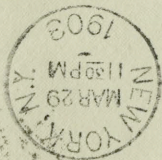
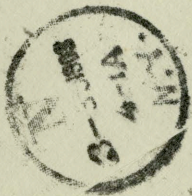


Mrs Thomas L. Greene.  
49 West 68<sup>th</sup> Street,  
New York City.



Merion Hall,  
B. M. C.  
March 29<sup>th</sup>  
1903

Dearest Mother,  
Thank you ever  
so much for the beautifully  
mended chemises and for  
the lovely new collars which  
are all the rage and just  
what I wanted. As my supply  
of neckwear is running low,  
the College Settlement rum-  
mage sale having carried

of most of it. How do you find  
time to think of me?

This week has been warm  
and lovely, most suited to  
basket-ball and tennis, but  
not at all suited to essays.

It was like pulling teeth  
to press any ideas from my  
exhausted brain. I succeeded,  
however, in writing twenty-  
four pages and in posting  
them last night. This  
being done, I went to

a party at Dorothy Arnold's.  
where we ate ice cream  
and sang tunelessly to the  
dulcet strains of the mandolin.

Natalie Lucas wrote  
me yesterday that she was  
going to visit in Phila  
during Holy Week and  
wished to visit the college.  
Monday night, Hopkinson  
Smith is to address the  
college and be entertained  
at the De Rebus reception  
afterwards, so I think I will

(4)

invite her out to take dinner  
and spend the night. She  
can see the basket-ball in  
the afternoon and in the  
evening can meet Smith. For  
the reception I need a stylish,  
low neck garment. Do you  
think the blue chiffon will  
be all right?

A good many of the girls  
have their shirt waists trimmed  
with that Persian trimming  
I think that collar, cuffs  
and bands down the front

5  
would look well on one of  
my white suits, don't you? I  
am afraid to have them  
no collar because I can't wear  
them here with my gown

Dorothy Arnold and  
Elsie Henry are going abroad  
in June to pass the summer  
in some French watering-  
place. Dorothy tells me that  
Glady Seligman is now  
in Egypt coasting up and  
down the Nile, and that  
she varies the monotony

of existence by refusing the  
offers of countless inpecunious  
barons

I found out some interesting  
side lights on the character  
of my West Point friend,

Van Wormer. It seems that  
he was the terror of the  
town in which he lived,  
respected by all the boys  
and hated by all the



older people. If anything ever went wrong in school, the teacher made a dive for Gus Van Worman. One of the girls here knows him and says that the West Point training has improved him a good deal. I imagine however that he is still pretty unmanageable.

Natalie said that she Jayta and Wolf were going to West Point to

9  
see Fred Humphreys.

The big College reception  
is the first of May, so if  
the boys will come down

I will give them a tea,  
take them to the games,  
and then introduce them  
to the elite, in evening  
dress.

I wish I were home  
with you, darling; you are  
bearing more than your share.

Lovingly  
Aunt