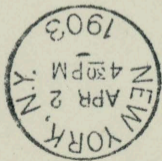
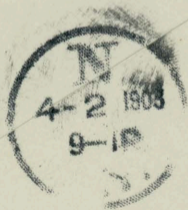


Mrs I. L. Greene  
49 West 68<sup>th</sup> Street  
New York City



Merion Hall,  
Bryn Mawr.

April Second.  
1903

Dearest Mother,

I wish I could

pick you all up and prop you  
in the midst of our flower-  
carpeted woods where there

are no coughs or pepper pots

Yesterday a girl and I hired  
a chariot and drove way over  
the hills. On reaching a secluded

(2)

Spur among some trees where there  
was no sign of man except a  
small white cement house in  
a distant meadow, we pulled  
the horse over to the side of the  
road and produced two paper  
boxes of ice cream. It is true  
that we both are "in training"  
and are not supposed to eat  
between meals, but this refreshment  
like Rip Van Winkle's drink, "did  
not count." Just as we were  
luxuriously absorbing the  
cream by the aid of a paper



(3)

Spoon, a tally ho horn blew behind

us and we dropped our boxes,  
whipped up the horse and  
tore down the road to escape  
the elegant ~~turnout~~. At a

safe distance we stopped again  
and were again interrupted  
by a fashionable on horse back

Why do strangers unceremoniously  
Enter a ladies dining room?

By surreptitious mouthfuls  
when none seemed to be  
looking, we finally scraped  
the platter clean. The cause

and  
d

of this celebration was the last  
appearance of the rabbit. With  
a vicious blow I cracked his  
skull and dropped it in the  
ash barrel

Dirge of the Rabbit  
"My Beagle Belle"

And art thou gone,  
My furry one?  
How I shall miss  
my lovely bum.  
Thy dainty smell  
I loved so well  
And now by force  
We say farewell!  
Sorrowfully,  
Aunt.