Saturday A.M.

My dear Artie,

If writing could bring you good luck and fortune I'd sit here from now until Doomsday with my pen in hand. I can very well imagine how busy you are, studying for exams, and as usual I wish you all the success in the world.

It's great that you beat Brown (wish it had been Harvard).
and you bet I'll be with you this afternoon, both in Ithaca and New Haven.

I had to laugh when I read about Miss. Steven's new doll. Did she tell you how much she paid for it, and what it was reduced from?

My chief amusements since I wrote you last, have been rehearsing for the concert, dancing a bit, and...
calling on sick friends. One of them is Malde. The poor girlie has been quite ill again.

I must tell you about the "pathetically funny" time we had Monday afternoon. We performed successfully at the guild meeting, then went into another part of the church to rehearse the difficult part of the program. The violinist and elocutionist did their part
very well, but Gladys either flaked or shaped everything she sang. She went over each piece many times, but couldn't overcome it, and finally grew so discouraged that she threw herself on her back in one of the pews, and began to cry. She really has a lovely voice, and we all felt sorry, but nothing we said comforted her. Her sobs grew louder and louder, till pretty soon a lady from the meeting came in to find out the trouble. Her father, (who happened to be there) who
is always full of fun said, Don't be alarmed Mrs. -ss and so the girls are rehearsing for a play and Gladys has just reached the emotional part. "Laughter! Then everything was quiet for a while, until Gladys let forth a terribly mournful cry, "Uh! I've failed, I've failed. I'm tried and failed." Her Dad looked at her with the funniest expression and said, "Dearie, Sarah Bernhardt has
nothing on you." More laughter, but glory, if it wasn't followed by two other evidently sympathetic girls, starting to sleep, too. That copped the climax. Dr. Burnor rushed over to me, put his head on my shoulder and cried, "Ah! Alas! Alas! I've failed. I've failed," etc. Well, Artie, I nearly died, it was so funny, but the more we laughed the harder Gladys cried, and
it ended in her having to be taken home in a very nervous state. We're hoping nothing like that will happen Friday night.

This afternoon I am going to a wedding in New York! The bride-to-be and her mother are friends of my aunt's. They met going to California three years ago. I have never seen them, but they have heard a lot about.
sister and me and insisted upon Auntie taking us today. To-morrow I am going up to Dowdun's. Maudie had a friend visiting her from Sparkill, N.Y., and we three are going to have a comfy little party together. Monday I have another rehearsal. Tuesday a card party at Forest Hill. Wednesday—Oh! I forget. But every day something is to happen. That you will have luck, more luck, and then some is the sincere wish of P.S. Greetings to the other Hamiltonites.