

Saturday A.M.

My dear Artie,

If writing could bring
you "good luck and fortune," I'd
sit here from now until Doooms-
day 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 Maude. 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
[flated] [flatted] or sharpened everything she
sang. She went over each piece
many times, but couldn't over-
come 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 com-
forted 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.- so 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’ve 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 weep, too. That capped the climax – Dr. Burns rushed over to me, put his head on my shoulder and cried, “Ah! Celeste, 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 an awful 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 Aunty taking us to-day.

To-morrow I am going up
to Dowden's. Maude has a
friend visiting her from Sparkill,
N.Y., and we three are going
to have a comfy little party
together. Monday I have an-
other rehearsal, Tuesday a
card party in Forest Hill,
Wednesday – Oh! I'd forget, but
every day something is to happen.

That you will have luck,
more luck, and then some
is the sincere wish of

Lessie

P.S.

Greetings to the other Hamiltonites