

Dear Lady:

I have just been down to the Erie station and mailed twelve campaign letters that I have written today. The typewriter has been folded up & put away & I won't open it again now — there are only a few minutes till supper.

I wish I could think of some clever things to say in my little speech at the Buffalo luncheon; but the subject doesn't seem to call out cleverness — unless one's style is the story-telling sort, which mine isn't.

Yesterday Dr. Harris had a luncheon — one table in the college dining-room; — Miss Lufa, Miss Lummis, and some people from our department, Dr. Gregg, Dr. Leighton, Dr. Langdon, and a guest of Dr. Langdon, and me. Of course Dr. Langdon's guest is none other than the girl who is appointed to come into the department next year; but none of us were told that!

So funny - this secrecy, especially when nearly everybody knows about it. Dr. Harris knew that we English people know the rumor, and yet she never implied that this was the person, though she took her out away from us after we came in from the dining-room & they had quite a protracted interview, apparently - which looked rather "marked" to me. The girl's name is Craze, and I hear that she is related to Dr. Langdon. I wasn't awfully taken with her; she seemed to me to combine the peculiar subscholarshipiness of her two colleges, Radcliffe and Bryn Mawr. But I may find myself mistaken and hope I shall. She is a cultivated person socially. If she is a relative of Miss Langdon, I hope to like her, for I like Miss Langdon so very much. She is the choicest person here, I think. This Miss Craze is just a Ph. D. after all. I guess she is part way towards it. She

is younger than Miss Langdon, apparently.
Miss Langdon was a class-mate of Louise
Atherton's, you know, 1903.

I have told Dr. Harris, you know, that
I would not tell the "information acquired"
by Dr. Lanyon, as she pleased it: she didn't
state what the information is. But don't
pass any of this on to outsiders.

I wish I could have got my Yale girl
for this position. But if Miss Lane is a
relative of Dr. Langdon's, it may have been
a foregone conclusion, any way.

Hugh Walpole, the novelist, is
coming to lecture here soon; and I have
actually taken an afternoon + evening
off to read one of his novels, the only one
I've read. The Cathedral, his latest, is
the one — awfully like Trollope —
Trollope modernized, so to speak. I
like it rather well.

Last evening I took a motor car
and went to the theatre — Leicester gallery —

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with a couple of my friends — so tired
of keeping my nose on the grind-stone.
The acting was good, but the play poor.
Dr. Gregg isn't awfully satisfied to
go to a thing like that with; she
is so un-literary; Dyer, isn't
it, in her profession! She doesn't
discriminate.

Tho' I have my nose to the grind-
stone, what have I to show for it?
Took not one. Many things un-
touch'd.

Supper-bell - Love to my darling
Lady,

Vally.

April 22.

After supper.

Bishop Macdowell is speaking in the chapel
tonight & I must go and hear him.

Dr. Harris went right after her luncheon
yesterday to Clifton Springs. They had sent for

her because her sister is worse. She is expected back tonight. When she goes away, I think she gets a practical nurse to come in and stay with Miss Whittaker and Gertrude, for her maid doesn't live in the house, and only comes for part of the day. I think Dr. Harris is very courageous.

Well, the bell has rung: I guess I'll have to go.

Would you just as lief send this to one of the girls and ask her to send it to the other?

Monday. This letter has just come from Ellen. I think it will be nice if the club gives her little play.

How cute Wally is!

I meant to tell you about the breakfast we had Saturday morning - Miss Brown and I, for Dr. Hight & Miss Tilton. No breakfast was served in the building that morning, as the dining-room

was not yet freed from "Prou" decorations.
 We had coffee, toast, doughnuts, poached
 eggs, bacon (really that boiled ham you
 can get sliced as thin as paper, which we
 freed), and fruit. We had our two little
 grills going in my room & the tables set
 very prettily. Dr. Hight was "awfully
 pleased"; Miss Tilton also, tho' less.

I meant to thank you particularly,
 Lady, for the advice about Dr. Lee's telling
 me to go to the Deane about that Chaperone
 matter. It is good advice and I will
 follow it.