

Fry dear Willie,-

This is a beautiful spring day and in a little while I'm going walking with Carrie (Miss Woodruff) and Clothilde. People are beginning to come out in their spring hats; I saw several at church this morning; and I realize that a large part of my year at Yale is gone.

Friday evening of this week I went to a debate between Harvard and Yale, on the question of municipal ownership in New York City of the street railway system, elevated, surface, and sub-way cars. It was very interesting; but the decision, which was unanimous for Harvard, was a great surprise to nearly every body, and is not accepted as quite just. I supposed of course Yale had it, for their arguments seemed to me much stronger, were most undoubtedly clearer, and were better delivered. The Yale men - that is two of the three, - made a few rather personal remarks, which may have counted against them, probably did, I think. The judges were three New York men, the honorable Melville Stone, Rev. Dr. Mc Carter, and Rev. Dr. Buckley. I was very glad to go to a big debate, for I went to so few while I was in college, and of course those might be thought smaller things than this, any way. The Yale team was composed of

one College man, senior, and two Dignity School men. and the Harvard team
of one College man and two Law School men. The editor of one of the New
Haven dailies was in the chair. No admission was charged, but people were
admitted by ticket, the students had the first chance at the tickets and
after that the rest were given to whoever came first & all seats were reserved.
It was in Wolsey Hall, one of the largest college halls and the house was
full. I wish you had been here to go with me. I went with Carrie and
the Purnells.

But this isn't the most exciting thing at which I have been present this
week. Wednesday afternoon Carrie and I went out for a walk, having Mrs.
Sarkop's dog, Buff, along with us. Since Buff went we were soon followed
by Rover also, a dog from next door - both Scotch collies. Presently up comes
a fierce black hideous bull-dog, rushes madly for Rover, and after de-
vouring him, so to speak, returns for Buff. Buff is an awful coward
& when he saw the bull-dog approaching, he edged up to her, the bull
dog following. A hot skirmish ensued, during which the two dogs
ran straight against your dignified sister and pushed her off into
the nearest gutter, which was some eight or ten inches deep with water
and slush. We were some little distance from home and had the
pleasure of continuing our walk in this fine appearance - I like



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