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From "The Breakers."

The following interesting letter was written by Miss Margaret Lowry, who is at "The Breakers," Wash., as a delegate from the Chemawa Y. W. C. A. to the general convention of that association which is now in session at "The Breakers":

DEAR MRS. CAMPBELL: I will write to you to let you know what kind of a time I am having and also to tell you about my trip up here.

The day we started we arrived in Portland about noon and went to the Y. W. C. A. building to get rooms for the night. We spent the afternoon in looking around and admiring the "Rose City."

The next morning about eight o'clock we took the boat "Lurline." The boat was crowded with delegates from other places.

We sat outside on the boat until we were almost frozen. The wind was blowing rather hard, but I was determined to get the benefit of the views in spite of the wind or anything else.

I certainly enjoyed the ride until a little while before we arrived at our destination. Just before the boat landed I was so seasick that I didn't think I would get back to Chemawa alive.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when we landed, and about an hour's ride on the train brought us to the "Breakers Hotel."

I had a mental picture of the ocean

before I saw it, and it is just as I expected it to be. A number of the Chemawa people advised me not to go near the ocean, but I made a reckless dash for the ocean the minute I got here.

We have taken several long walks up and down the beach in search of shells and seaweed. All that I have been successful in finding, so far, is the shells of old dead crabs, but I hope to have quite a collection of curiosities when I return.

The last thing I did before I came was to get weighed. I weighed ninety-nine and a half pounds, but I expect to weigh at least a hundred and ten pounds when I go back.

I am acquainted with a number of girls of my age, and they are real friendly.

I will send you a copy of my address, and you can burn it, tear it up, or do anything you please with it. If it isn't good I'll gladly write another one.

I suppose all the class will know their orations, etc.; to perfection when I get back. Give them all my kindest regards.

I will close now, hoping that you all are having as pleasant a time as I am.

P. S. My pencil is as bad as the one that Levi uses.