

(Scot. 1900?

Vassar

Dear people:-

At last I am starting a letter to you. We didn't get up for breakfast this morning and I had to tear around to get ready in time for church. And as it was we had two batches of callers before we were dressed I had to drape something artistically around me and pick around the corner of the door at them. The second one was Mary Taylor who came to ask Cora to go to church with her, but C. wasn't out of bed yet it seemed impossible. The sweetest soph, asked me to go with her. I fell perfectly in love with her. I met her last night at Christians. And oh dear, I met such a lot of people. Christians was lovely. They had the most gorgeous tableaux you ever saw. Advertisements. I wish you could have seen them they were great. And Julia Stimson was the most stunning man that I really have ever seen. She she very large. (I don't mean fat you know.) and she did certainly look exactly like a man and an awfully handsome one too. It made you feel so funny. I was introduced to some of them I had never met before. And I really found it hard to realize they were girls. Oh I must tell you the best thing I've just heard. The first tableau was Whitman's chocolate a man stands in the middle with a girl leaning on each shoulder eating out of this box of candy! Well this misguided freshman asked if the girl in the middle (dressed as a man of course) was president Taylor's son. Did you ever hear anything as rich. I hope the sophs won't get hold of it but of course they will. Then another thing I heard of. Julia

Stimson saw a freshman going by looking rather forlorn and thought perhaps she hadn't been asked to Christians, so she asked if she had been invited. "Yes," said the girl "Somebody asked me last week. Luck for me, wasn't it". Then she saw Julia looked rather queer and discovered what

she had done. How anyone could mistake Julia for a freshman though, I don't see. Lucile is such a dear, you can't think. I do so want her to be president. I shan't tell you any thing about Christians now. I'll leave it for my mid week letter. Oh I forgot to say my dresses came I like the lawn ever-so much. Mrs G. forgot the belt and I had to fly around and scratch one up. I have the brown on now but I don't like

it so awfully well the white over the shoulders doesn't fit so very well. I wonder if you could get me some ribbon. I tried in every store in Poughkeepsie (there aren't so very many) to get some dark brown to go

with my brown suit and some green to go with that new green waste, and couldn't find any thing that came within miles of it. You have samples of both haven't you I should like a yard and two thirds of each kind. I look my poster down to be framed couldn't do anything with it except a narrow black frame. It looks neat but not as artistic as it might. It is to come home next Sat. Oh I must tell you about our registration. It was more fun. All the building was divided up into different wards and poles put up in each ward. The poles were manufactured out of these very high black screens. Inside were two girls (dressed as men) sitting at a table. You can't think how well they get themselves up. Well you went inside and they put any number of perfectly absurd questions to you and- which you were obliged to make up answers and finally they would say they thought you were qualified to vote and you wrote your name down as republican of democratic. There were crowds around the poles all the times roaring at the questions and answers. So every now and then a girl dressed as a policeman would come and clear away the crowd. I must tell you some of the questions they asked me. "Have you fallen in the lake yet?" "Do you expect to?" "Have any of your class fallen in the lake yet?" "Have you passed resolutions to the effect that none of them shall." Of what does fraulein Bartleman remind you" "Why." "If Miss Gentry's eyes were two points

in space could a plane be passed thro' them." "Why" "If there were 16 seniors and one elevator how many ways are there of getting to the fourth floor" "Why." A perfect string of things like that. Oh I remember any other. "Why did Jimmie shave off his moustache." "What makes you think so" Jimmie is Dr Baldwin prof. of History. Miss Salmon has gone down to New York so I haven't gone to see her but Miss Ellery says I must go as soon as I get back I mean she. Oh dear. But don't you think the registration was lovely. We have parades and Luimp speeching and go thro', the whole election just as they really do in the other world. Even to the final voting. We elect one of them oresident Isn't that fun. Oh I met Miss Dunning what came over on the steamer with us this morning!!!! You mustn't mind my not going properly round the paper on this sheet. I thought I would only write two pages more then I decided to finish the four. Margarale Mather lives right up above us and they had a spread up in her room last night and they poured the water out of olive bottle out of the window and it fell in at our window Tell Mrs Morris I have met Elsie Mendell and like her very much. She wants to have Frances up here. Her father was a classmate of Mr. Morris, love Ruth. I am not getting unpopular on accountt of the canvasing. But I shall be unhappy if Emily Welch get elected.

(Ruth Adams, '04