

(Dec. 17. 1900

My dear family:-

I have just 10 minutes before it is time to go to get my lunch and so am going to write to you. We have just been having a class meeting sandwiched in between the fourth hour recitation which ends at 20 minutes past 12 and lunch at quarter to one. We voted to sign a petition to have some distinguished gentleman come and address the college at commencement Instead of having the girls who have received honors read essays. It has been signed by all the classes. Well thats as far as I got. It's now dinner time. And I am In such a state of excitement. What do you think a messenger came to the room and said President Taylor wished to see me In his office after Chapel. What can he want. Cora and I amused ourselves with making the wildest suppositions (?) about it while we were dressing. (I wasn't going to change my dress but changed my mind after the mess. Luger had come and put on my brown dress. Well I have seen the president. He had heard I wasn't feeling well from Dr. Thelburg and wanted to see If he could help me In any way. Wasn't that nice in him? He wished to be remembered to my father. I wish everybody wouldn't ask how I am and so on. What made you write to Dr Thai, about me? Didn't you believe me when I said I was feeling better? Certainly I am an only daughter, and there Is no use trying to disguise the fact. As to what I want for Christmas, It is a serious question and it took me most an hour of hard thinking while I was out walking alone one morning to decide I am very sleepy but I will try and think the things up again. First I couldn't think of anything I wanted at all. But of course books I always want, and I should like little Shakespeares or some of the Thackery's or anything. Then I should like a pair of skates. And pictures framed, perhaps some of my English pictures or postal cards. I should like a set of furs. This I think you might as well give me any way. Just to fill up the toe of my stocking, you know. It's so little and inexpensive. Then a chafing dish or tea-kettle. And some little five cent cups. I dont want nice ones. Or whatever you happen to see that you think I would like. Well I am going to give up and go to bed. I am good for nothing in the evening. It isn't half past nine yet. But I just can't think and so am going to leave my theme and go to bed. Ruth.

(Ruth Adams, '04