

Vassar.

June 10, 1894.

My dearest Papa and Mamma:

At last I can say the last Sunday letter. Doesn't it sound well? To think the year has really come to a close! I am so glad and so sorry. Today is Baccalaureate Sunday, and Dr. Taylor preached a fine sermon this morning. But it made me feel sad and weepy for I do hate to have '94 leave us. They are a lovely class, and will take a big slice out of the college. The numbers will soon be made up however, but I only hope as well. The next class '98, will be my class, and I am anxious to know what they will be like.

It is very very warm here today, but very pleasant, and I do hope it will keep so for Class day. There is a June concert tomorrow night and Class Day Tuesday. Commencement Wednesday. Then oh then! The Sophs will be busy making the Daisy chain to-morrow I expect- We have to make yards and yards of it, as big round as your head and twice as big - but as there are some eighty of us to do it I don't believe the work for any one will be very great.

Ethel invited me to go over to lunch at the cottage this noon - She has to stay over there during these festive days. She is going on to Cambridge and later to Fall River. Kate's mother and brother came on for Commencement, but Kate's mother is still so ill that they fear she cannot come out to college after all. Is it not too bad? They say she may not live very many months - I don't know how true that is, and I don't believe Kate knows it. They are going down to Cape May as soon as the festivities are over here.

Miss Altah Stone was here last night and I went down to see her in Celia's room. She is going to take Celia away for a week. Thinks she is too tired to go home. Celia has been working pretty hard I guess. As for myself, I feel much more rested than when last year closed. I scarcely feel tired at all. I do not Intend to make hard work of my packing so shall come home feeling well, no matter how I may look. The girls who came back say "You're just the same as ever"- So you see my frantic efforts to become beautiful are all to no purpose. Never mind, though, I shall be glad to get home: and you'll find in me a most "devoted" daughter and sister (like Lottie Mamma) I assure you- There are so many mothers and Fathers about it makes me all the more crazy for these few days to pass quickly. They'll soon be gone now- Will write you a few lines on Tuesday, to tell you that I am well, tho' I could tell you just as well now.

My bestest love to you all

Yours, Nett.

(Nettie (Brand) De Witt, ex-'96,)