

Sep. 20. 1874.

My dear Mother

I suppose it is hardly necessary to tell you I am safe since I sent a postal from the depot but you must all about my shopping: It was pouring when I got out at N.Y. [so?] I tacked up my dress as high as decency would permit and sallied forth: the dollar store was just filled with beautiful things, it was hard to come away without some of them but one dollar was all they got out of me: then I tried to find the pattern place but with out success though I wandered up and give it up.

I took the 48th ave. cars which took me to the door of the dipot: the hair man advised me to take them as "it only cost seven cents while the stage cast ten" I suppose I [crossed out: had] must have looked poverty stricken:

A few minutes before the train started Annie Barcalow surprised me by walking in with Genie Doughty, she said she had expected to go to Jersey city on Friday but the rain prevented her, then she expected to go to the Dramatic and had her dress laid out and was very much disappointed that it was postponed, she's a queer mixture. There were very few Vassar girls on the train and quite ^a number will not come until Monday, but all my own friends are here I walked in to 32 my new room and there found a new girl for my room mate Lillie Rea will not return; her name is Julia Holt and she comes from Maine as I found by looking in one of her books, she is nice enough but I don't know her very well yet and she is one of those prodigies, a girl who entered Freshman. the other girls are not here yet except Miss Pidgeon who has a single room.

It is raining so hard I have not had time to see the outside alterations, but inside the Reading room is now in the old Library and the Library is in the ^old art gallery which is over in the music hall.

Miss Hoyt came up and spoke to me and I am glad she did for I never should have known her. I have seen the Swifts to speak to but not at a distance, of course I dont mean that but never mind.

My trunks have not come and I feel forlorn. My dress was dreadfully draggled in spite of holding It up. Dont forgot to send the keys.

Your loving daughter

Mary.

(Mary E. Gaston, ex-'78)

I hope to hear from you to-morrow.