

Vassar College, P'keepsie, N.Y.

October 15, 1893

My dearest girl:

How I did enjoy your delicious, long letter this week, and how I wish I had time to reply as lengthily, but we have to go to church so much up here that I don't have much time to myself on Sundays and I don't have any time other days. Your letter was so nice and newsy; I almost felt as if I'd had a real talk. I did so want to see Packer on opening day, - dear old girls, I grow fonder of them all the time. The girls up here are charming, however, but they are of every possible variety. They are intensely interesting, and almost every girl one meets is very, very bright. They are so keen and so much in earnest - don't think that it's silly to talk about serious subjects, and are so much interested in their studies. I feel much smaller than I did at Packer, but the girls are inspiring. The spirit of the whole community is so earnest and so sweet, - oh, I wish you could come to college, Jane. I am getting better and better acquainted. Jennie Estes rooms near us, and we sit at the same table, too. Her best friend, Bessie Boyd, is said to be the brightest girl in 95, and is just too lovely for anything. This letter was interrupted by the dinner-bell, and its after tea now. I had a lovely walk with a jolly girl this afternoon, then went to make my daily call on Miss Franklin - poor little creature, she gets so many calls for me, - but she and Louise I can talk to, and that is agreeable where so many people are

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new, even although I am getting acquainted. Did X tell you that Miss Franklin is a Ph.D. tho¹ the last person you'd suspect it of. She's such a little darling, joist like a girl and yet one feels instinctively that she's the kind of a person it does one good to be with. I've told her about you, and I hope that you'll meet each other before very long. You must come up to see me soon, Jennie dear. You mustn't come on an essay Saturday, but then I won't have another for a month, and let me know a week before you come so that I can get everything studied and have nothing to do but devote myself to you. You can't stay in college, but will have to stay at one of the cottages. The cottages are very pleasant, and they feed one better than the college does, however I mustn't complain, considering how much college fare I dispose of. There is one thing I hate to have to say to you, dearest, and that is that I can't invite you to stay at my expense - as any civilized person would be expected to do. However, you know that I'm seeking to economize on every penny up here, and how I hate to have to tell anyone such a thing, but I don't mind very much telling you. The board at the cottages is \$1.50 a day (including lodging, of course) or if two people share a room, it is a dollar apiece. I can't promise you any gay times, Jennie dear, for our apartments are hardly adapted to swell receptions or our pockets to elaborate spreads, but, oh, I v/ant to see you so.' It isn't probable that if you⁴*!" come, you'll have much more than me

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and walks and talks, but this place is worth seeing, and I promise to do better for you on your next visit. Grace wrote something about coming up here before she left on her voyage. How I wish you and she could come together, and sometime soon.

Sarah Taylor is not at Vassar, and by the way, Eloise Carhart's mother did die this summer. She died of heart-disease, and was found dead out in their garden. Mollie has been telling me a great deal about Eloise. I don't believe any of '93 knew her well enough to appreciate her. Mollie says she is one of the most perfect girls she ever knew, and that she was wrapt up in her mother. Mollie is going down to see Eloise in a few weeks.

What a charming time you must have had with Aunt Hennie over in the Dakota! But, oh dear, I just can't think of her any where else but at the Dakota. I am so glad that you can keep on with some studying. I hope that nothing will interfere with your keeping on In the way you have started off. Give my love to all the Packer girls you see, especially to Stella, and Mollie. Give Kippie my love too, on condition that she hasn't yet forgotten me.

I wish I could write more, but I'm getting so sleepy. Do write me often and write me a lot like you did last time. Give my love to all your dear family, with ten bushels of hugs for you
from your Winifred

Winifred Kirkland, '97 to Jennie S. Liebmann, Brooklyn, N.Y.