

Vassar College.

Oct. 22, 1893.

My dear Lou, --

It was a good while ago that you wrote to me, but your turn for an answer has come at last. In church this morning I wished that I were sitting beside you listening to--Dr. Mears-- None of the sermons I have heard so far, (except--frr~President Taylor's) have been nearly so good as his. But I enjoy Dr. Vincent's Bible Lectures.

We had a concert Friday night -- a violin and piano recital.

I would have enjoyed it more if I had not been so sleepy. All the lectures and concerts are free to all the college.

Yesterday Ray's brother Harry sent her some good things to eat. He tutored a boy this summer, and the boy's mother seemed to take a fancy to him, and has sent him several nice presents. This week she sent him a lot of good things to eat, and it was some of these that he sent to Ray.-- two cans of sardines, a can of boneless turkey, a jar of olives, and some raspberry jam. There is a little grocery store in the main building where we can get soda crackers to eat these things with. Tomorrow night we are going to invite a half dozen girls in for a little while during the evening, to help us eat them up-. I did not expect to have a spread quite so soon. We are in rather an embarrassing position too, for neither Ray nor I have a single dish here. But we can use pieces of paper and hatpins, and a tin soap dish of Ray's.

They had Senior Parlor Opening yesterday afternoon. This is a small parlor which is given up to the Seniors every year. They furnish it just as they want to, and then have an "opening". It is very pretty, and has some very nice things in it. There is a famous oil-painting in it now, which a gentleman in New York, the father of one of the Seniors, lent to them for this year. The girls take away their own ornaments from it at the end of the year. Only the Sophomores are invited to the opening.

The next event will be the party given by the Sophomores to the Freshmen, in two or three weeks. Each Soph, will escort a Freshman. I have already been invited by a very nice girl.

I should like to hear how High School is getting along-- How does Miss Beaumont get along without Mr. Muckly to do chores for her. Does Miss Beaumont still have a girl put the clock back every morning with the window stick? And is Mr. Lothmann just as cranky, Dr. Zeliqzon just as solemn, and Mr. Weimer just as jolly as ever? What is the name of that smart boy that moved away -- the one you thought would be Valedictorian? Do you have to study hard? Do you like Virgil? Our Latin -- we are reading Livy -- is pretty hard. Ray's Latin teacher is ever so much stricter than mine. So I suppose she will learn more than I. But my teacher is nicer.

Your loving sister Adelaide.

[Adelaide Claflin, '97]