

Vassar College.

Nov. 12, 1893.

My dear Papa, -

I think I have gone the rounds of the family now, so that it is time to begin at the top again. I didn't tell what happened the week before last, I guess, because I didn't have time to finish my letter last Sunday. So I shall have to begin way back at the Sophomore joke, or rather, lack of a joke. That was at Hallowe'en, when it is customary for the Sophs to play a joke on the Freshmen, and the Juniors one on the Seniors. When we woke up Hallowe'en morning we found a similar tack on all the Freshmen doors, and thinking that the Sophs intended to hang something on them during dinner or chapel, we all carefully removed them, and kept watch all the time. So they didn't have a chance to do what they intended to, and they were awfully mad. So they had to resort to the plan of printing some "Hints to the Freshmen", and got Mrs. Kendrick's permission to put it on the official bulletin board. Of course this wasn't much of a joke, since it depended on the Faculty, as no one is allowed to remove anything from the official bulletin board. The "Hints" were quite funny though. It was advice to us as to how we should behave, etc. written as if for small children, for instance, that it was not proper for us to walk in the Senior corridor, or to invite the teachers to come and see us. But the Sophs were extremely quiet the next day. They didn't crow any over their "joke". There are three Sophs at our table, one of whom lives in Cincinnati. Her name is Maud Warner, and she lives in Walnut Hills, and goes to the church that Mr. Simpson had until he became President of Marietta College. You know Mrs. Holway went there too. She says her mother knew Mrs. Holway. Maud is an awfully jolly girl. She is always making jokes. She is such a good doctor that the girls call her Dr. Warner, and when they are sick, but not sick enough for the real doctor, they always send for her. The real doctor, Dr. Thelberg, is awfully lazy. She has two Freshmen classes in Hygiene once a week, and has a half an hour a day for office hours, and has hardly anything else to do, except to draw her salary. She doesn't take the trouble to go and see girls unless it is absolutely necessary, so they always have to go and see her. Last night about ten o'clock a girl over here had a sort of nervous spasm, and when they sent for the doctor, she said she couldn't come because she had just taken a hot bath and gone to bed, and she would catch cold if she got up again just after taking a bath. So they got Mrs. Flett, the nurse. Poor Mrs. Flett always has to do the doctor's work for her, like that- But they say that if any one is very sick, the doctor wakes up and takes splendid care of her.

Last Sunday a girl who belongs to the Friends' Church in Poughkeepsie invited Rachel and me to go there with her. So we went. I think these Friends are rather modern, for it wasn't so different from other churches as I have heard about. There were only three or four old ladies who had the Quaker dress and bonnet, and the men did not sit on one side and the women on another. It was conducted more like prayer meeting than church, they had several prayers from people in the audience, and a sermon by the minister, but no collection. There was about five minutes' silence between each thing. Toward the end, a girl proposed a hymn, and then we saw that a few of the young people had Gospel Hymns No.5. There were only about three young ladies and a boy who sang, of course without any instrument to accompany them. They say the older ones don't like it a bit, to have singing. The tune they sang was a lickity split one too. I never heard it before. I think it is mean of the young ones to want to sing when the older people disapprove of it. I think if they want to be just like other churches, they

ought to go to them, and not spoil the Quaker service. We are not going to spend our time any more, though, in going to Quaker churches, when we only have the chance to go to town to church once a month. I'd rather go to a Pres. or Congregational one. They say, that from the census they took of us here, they found that there are more Presbyterians here than anything else, Episcopalians come next, and then Baptists.

I went to an Art Lecture Tuesday night. Prof. Van Ingen, the teacher of art here, is going to give them once a week, I believe. He has stereopticon views of famous paintings, and he tells the name and artist of each one, and describes it a little. He is Dutch, and a little hard to understand.

Friday night there was a lecture on the Municipal Government of London, which they said was very interesting. I did not go, because Ray and I had previously promised to go to a spread. Of course we had a good time there. We had sardines on crackers, cheese, apples, grapes and "fudges." Fudges is a kind of candy, made of 2 glasses of sugar 1/4 cake of chocolate one glass of milk and a little butter. This boils over a little gas stove, until it hardens in water. Then you pour it on a piece of paper and let it harden, and it is good. Make Lou try it and see- that is, if she has any "leisure time".

I am so glad McKinley was elected. I saw it on the bulletin board at noon the next day. I could tell what girls came from Ohio, when I heard them talking about it. But McKinley seems to be very popular all over the country. For girls from all over were rejoicing over his election. Poughkeepsie went Republican. How is the Republican Club getting along ? I mean the one in the Eighteenth Ward. I suppose you had a big celebration over the Republican victory. Are you very busy at the shop now?

With love to all the family and lots for yourself.

Your loving daughter

Adelaide Claflin.