

Vassar College.

Dec. 3, 1893.

My dear Ed,-

It's too bad when you were so angelic as to write to me three or four times that I can't write to you oftener. But If the family were not so large I would get around it sooner. O you ought to hare been here to Thanksgiving dinner.' You would have been filled well enough to last a month. There wasn't a thing on the menu but what was awfully good, though of course we couldn't much more than taste of most things. Of course I didn't waste my appetite on the common vegetables that I can get every day, so that I appreciated the good things at the end. We enjoyed Thanksgiving Day very much. In the first place, during vacation we did not have to get up till half past seven. On the table after breakfast we found some bread and butter and ham and cookies and apples, which we took up to our rooms in our napkins, just as we would put up our own lunch at home for school. Then we could eat this whenever we pleased, for dinner was not to be until three oclock. At nine oclock there was a short service over in the chapel, to which I went, though some of the girls went in to town to church. Then I spent the rest of the morning in the library, reading American History, in which I am going to take my exam, on Saturday. At noon a half dozen of us ate our lunch together and loafed until it was time to dress for dinner. About half of the girls had gone away, a smaller proportion than usual, they said. When the dinner bell rang we gathered near the dining room door (all of us in Strong Hall went over to the main building), and Dr. Taylor's little girl and Dr. Thelberg's little girl, both about three years old, headed the procession into the dining room, followed by the President and those of the Faculty who stayed. They all sat at one table. Then the girls followed, two by two, singing a Vassar College song. I happened to go in among the last, and got at a table where there were only six; most of the tables had fifteen. We stood behind our chairs while Dr. Taylor asked the blessing. He usually has his meals with his family in his own rooms. We found our menus in our glasses, and since there were so many vacant places at our table, we each took another menu. Of course there was a good deal of time wasted between the courses, but we were two hours and a half at the table. In the middle of this time Morgan Taylor, the President's little boy, got a telegram telling about the Yale and Princeton game, and Dr. Taylor stood up and announced it. Then all the Princeton girls clapped. The girls in the East are so interested in those games, and almost every girl is either for Yale, or for Princeton, or for Harvard etc. They wear little pins representing the flag of the college which they stand up for. Dr. Taylor, in the morning service spoke about Thanksgiving football games, and said he was very sorry the custom had grown, since it took away the religious and domestic character of the day, which it ought to have. He thought it was especially to be regretted that this had been done by the college world.

After dinner we came home and talked with some girls. Then the President always has an informal reception in the evening. We went over to this about eight, after we had spent more than half an hour in coaxing a shy girl to come. Her name is Fannie Hart and her home in Charleston, South Carolina. She finally went with us and enjoyed herself ever so much. I got acquainted with several nice girls whom I had not met before. About half past nine we all went out into the dining room and had some ice cream. We would have had a good deal more than we did, if a maid had not come to our table and calmly asked the girl at the head for five pieces of ice cream to take up to

some girl's room.

That night Carrie Hardin, the daughter of the missionaries in Syria, came over and spent the night with me. During vacation we could stay up as long as we pleased.

Friday morning I spent in the library again, and after lunch I helped a girl put up some curtains for some girls who were away. Then I walked into town to Nan McClelland's house, (she lives in town but rooms at college) and helped her to dress her "Christian" doll. You see every year the Y.W.C.A. buys dolls which the girls take and dress; some girls take two or three- Then they have a doll show and exhibit them, then send them to the College Settlement in New York city, to be distributed among poor children.

After dinner Friday I helped another girl dress her doll; at eight I went to a spread, and had a piece of cake an orange, some chocolate to drink, and a piece of candy. Tell Edie not to be alarmed at spreads. I have only been to three or four, and they do not occur at midnight. It's just the same as eating a little between meals at home. I have just known of two girls having a fit of indigestion and they probably had been to a spread every night for a week, as a girl at our table has. I think only Freshmen are as foolish as to go to them as often as that. This girl happened to be invited to all these because her friends' families had all sent them boxes for Thanksgiving.

Friday night I went over and spent the night with Carrie Hardin. She was left alone in four rooms. Her three roommates had all gone off for vacation.

Monday morning- As usual the bell rang before I finished this last night, and I will not have any more chance to write till this afternoon. So I will finish my story to some other member of the family-

I am much obliged for the 'Adelbert you sent. It was more interesting than usual. Why don't the Board of Managers, or whoever attends to such things, have it sent to the reading room here? They have ever so many college papers, on a separate [crossed out: paper] table, some from colleges that I never heard of- And I am sure when there are thirteen or fourteen Cleveland girls here, that we ought to have the Cleveland college papers. The other day I found there a paper published by the Cleveland University School.

More another time, from your loving sister Adelaide.