

Vassar College,
Dec. 5, 1893

My dear mamma,-

I have a special reason to write this time. Hortense Lewis, or Hort, as everybody calls her, has invited me to go home with her at Christmas. She lives in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York city, where several other girls with whom I am well acquainted, live too. She says she is very anxious to have me, and wants me to-rewrite and ask you right off. You see she was at home Thanksgiving, and arranged it then. She is a rather queer girl in some ways, sort of helter-skelter, but she is really very nice, and I like her. From the other girls I found out about her family, and they say her family is lovely, her father, her stepmother, who is as nice as she can be, and two little sisters.

The fare to New York, one way, is-about \$ 1.50, but the girls generally go down on what they call family tickets, for \$ 1.00. That is, some girl buys fifty, and sells them to the other girls, because in that way you can get them for a dollar. The other girls say I would have a lovely time at Hort's.

I think I would enjoy myself if I stayed here, too, judging from the Thanksgiving vacation. During this vacation I found time to do a good many little things that have needed to be done for some time, in the way of darning and mending and washing my hair, and then I spent three mornings in studying American history, and besides that I went to town, visited around among the girls, went to the President's reception, and ate the Thanksgiving dinner.

There wouldn't be nearly as many girls here at Christmas though. They say there are only from twenty to forty girls who stay at college for Christmas. Every letter I get has in it something like this: "How nice it will be when you come home Christmas? Of course you are com-ing home then, aren't you? " It is rather funny. Ray's father said in his last letter, that it was certain that she could come home for Christmas. Of course she will come over to see you. She got back from Brooklyn yesterday noon, and said she had had a beautiful time. Her brother was there, and several cousins. One of her cousins brought her the prettiest calendar for next year. It will be quite an addition to our room.

The comforter and shawl came yesterday afternoon. Thank you for them ever so much. I needed the comforter last night. It is quite cold here. The ground has been covered with a few inches of snow for several days, and it is snowing quite hard now. The lake is all frozen over too, so that it seems quite like winter. I am afraid you will need the shawl at home. I know they were always wanted. But it will be by no means wasted here. In fact I have been wishing for a long time that I had one. They can be used so much here. You see shawls of every kind, color and description on every occasion. They are so convenient to wear over to class when you are in a hurry. I wouldn't be without my red cap for any thing. I only need to wear my blue hat to town. I wore my red velvet once to church on a bright Sunday. Perhaps I shall need it if I go to New York.

Every one now is talking about Phil, [crossed out: now] (as they call the reception of the Philalethean Society). It comes on Friday night. There is something in the way of exercises in the chapel at half past seven, after that eight promenades, ten minutes

long. They won't allow round dancing with men at all, here, and square dances are not popular, so they just have promenades, and we will walk up & down in the Hall of Casts. They are going to have refreshments, but they charge fifty cents for them to all who are not members of the society, and so I didn't put my name down, because I don't want to spend fifty cents just for something to eat. I will wear my white silk.

We have just heard that Miss Richardson is anxious to have us finish geometry before Christmas, so that we shall have more studying than usual to do, I would like so much to get a little time to make Christmas presents, but I am very much afraid I won't.

Wed. morning. I have been writing this letter at intervals ever since yesterday, but have been interrupted about half a dozen times, so I must send it off now, even though it is not finished. Edie's letter came yesterday. I do not need to use the medicine now, I am glad to say. I have not yet had the least sign of a cold. The snow is now six or eight inches deep – It snowed off and on for a few days, and steadily and hard all day long yesterday.

Your loving daughter
Adelaide. [Claflin]